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CHRISTIE STREET

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

German George is back from Triboro Hospital and has begun to serve dinner again. The doctor said he should have juice and real milk daily. So maybe Walter can order special from DeFalco and Charlie Keefe can guard the juice. Greta is back from several days on retreat at Labre House in Montreal and again a willing prisoner of the clothes room. Arthur informs me his clothes room window fell out and also the one in the third floor bathroom.

Mike Sullivan has taken charge of mailing out the paper and all runs smoothly. Al Whitehead does breakfast and soup Saturday and Sunday to give Charlie a break. The number of men for lunch is climbing again to two hundred.

Mint Green

Our ground floor looks beautiful now thanks to Gregory, Elin, and Bob who have been painting in the evening. The ceiling is white, the walls mint green, and behind the stove is silver. Gregory gave Bob such a good haircut that Bob got a job at N. Y. University which includes the right to free classes.

Three Days

One afternoon a man came into Christie St. and said his friend had been sitting across the street for three days and three nights with a broken hip. He had fallen on the cement. The police came and the ambulance took him. Later that afternoon he was sitting in the doorway next to us. The hospital said it was only a bruise and that they had no bed. He stayed and ate with us a few days and then went on.

About a month ago the AA meeting was broken up when a car

went wild and crashed a new parked car two buildings from us. The parked car belonged to Joe our speaker for that night. Gas was dripping into a pool under the car. A crowd of kids milled around with the usual cigarettes. The fire company had to come and hose the cement till the tank was empty. An hour and a half later the meeting continued and Joe told his story.

Hattie

Hattie and Scotch Mary are finally off the sixth floor thanks to Bob Steed who moved to give them a second floor apartment on Kenmare St. Beth and Francis moved and left their refrigerator for Hattie. A man in a truck on the Bowery said he would move the refrigerator for ten dollars if we did all the lifting. So we borrowed a hand truck instead from our soup bowl wholesaler. Charlie Bazanetti and Mike Herniak did the heavy stair work. When Charlie had heard about the ten dollar offer he said, "We'll do it for a Pepsie."

Marie

Marie Ashe who worked so well with us this summer was going back to school in Boston. So Stanley came in and there was pecan and strawberry ice cream, and cake that Mike brought from Ninth St. Stanley had printed napkins which read, "Crying Handkerchief for Marie Ashe. This Crying Handkerchief will be used by us . . . her Catholic Worker family . . . on this the most doleful of occasions: the departure of Marie Ashe from our midst."

Some will remember Tony Morris who worked in the clothes room (Continued on page 8)

Appeal For William Worthy

Bill Worthy, foreign correspondent for the Baltimore Afro-American, is being prosecuted for the "crime" of going to Cuba without a passport and then returning to the United States. He is being denied the natural right of free access to foreign lands and return to homeland. He is being denied the means necessary for him to follow his profession. The American people are being denied the right to know what their reporters see in Cuba without having it refracted through the State Department prism.

He faces a maximum penalty of five years in prison and five thousand dollars fine. He has been found guilty but his case is being appealed. You can support the right to travel and return, the right to see and report, the right to read; and you can support a courageous journalist by contributing what you can to

Committee for the Freedom of William Worthy
Suite 301, 217 West 125 Street
New York 27, N.Y.



ROTC On the Catholic Campus

By JAMES W. DOUGLASS

Why one might reasonably object to a compulsory ROTC program in a Catholic university can be shown by an incident at my undergraduate school, one of the many Catholic universities which require their students to complete two years in the Reserve Officers Training Corps. During an enthusiastic mission drive, the members of the student sodality conceived a publicity stunt designed to make every student mission-conscious. With the aid of the ROTC Department the sodalists wheeled what must have been the Department's largest piece of artillery so that it stood directly in front of the campus church. They proceeded to hang upon the barrel of this imposing man-killer a poster which in militant terms reminded every student passing the church of his duty to support the missions. In fairness to the school concerned it should be said that this exhibit of missionary zeal was removed very quickly, perhaps by someone aware that its symbolic value would not be missed by Miss Dorothy Day, who was about to speak at the university.

This incident indicates the central concern of this article: the assumption underlying the compulsory character of Catholic university ROTC programs, that there is a necessary affinity between a Catholic education, or the Church herself, and a militant patriotism. Our purpose here is to distinguish these realities, a Catholic education on the one hand and an obligatory military program on the other, and determine whether or not they belong together.

A Catholic education has at least one assumption running

through it which is common to colleges of arts, sciences, engineering, and business alike. That assumption is that the student, regardless of how specialized a skill he wishes to pursue, must become familiar with the meaning of his Faith. He must develop an understanding of the Church's teachings, a growing awareness of their interior meaning, in order to place his skills at the service of his deepest beliefs. Any factor which hinders him from unifying those beliefs with his vocational powers should be eliminated.

On the other hand, if there is one ethical principle which our students possess in entering college, it is probably that as young Americans they have the duty, if called upon, of serving their country in uniform. A patriot, we would say, must be willing to be a soldier. This is not however, a principle which the traditional teaching of the Church accepts without heavy qualifications. Any use of national force, even in a war begun by an enemy, must comply with certain conditions before it can be called "just," and before any citizen can justly participate in it. The concept of the just war, first formulated by Augustine and further developed by St. Thomas, Vittoria, Suarez, and Bellarmine, is a permanent part of the Church's traditional teaching. From the Catholic point of view, a patriot must be willing to examine his conscience and that of his country before he becomes a soldier. Furthermore, the responsibility which a citizen takes upon himself in agreeing to fight and to kill grows as the extent of his fight-

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Pilgrimage to Cuba—Part 1:—Setting Sail

By DOROTHY DAY

So now I am going to take our readers with me to Cuba, those who wish to read about it, even those who read what I write with doubts as to whether I am going to be truthful, or see the whole picture. I'm afraid there will be plenty of readers who will say that I am going to see only what "they" wish me to see. They will say that I will see only what I myself wish to see.

I have been thinking about that, because I wish to be truthful. But the trouble is if you have only managed to survive the filth, the misery, the destitution of our U.S. Skid Rows by seeing Christ in the people thereon, you've got yourself pretty well trained to find the good, to find concordances, to find that which is of God in every man. The trouble is that our country has severed relations with Cuba, a country the size of Pennsylvania, 90 miles away from Florida. I am afraid that I can only look upon this original breach of friendly relations as a cold war over possessions, what we claim are our own possessions in Cuba. When the revolution which we cheered at first turned out to be very radical, getting to the roots of the troubles of our day, and when a start was made to build a new social order (not within the shell of the old, as Peter Maurin always recommended) but by doing away as quickly as possible with the old, then the trouble began. The history of it is in all our journals, the history of the past as well as the history of the present.

The fact of the matter is that now Cuba is a Marxist-Leninist

country, a Socialist Republic and we are supposed to have no relations with her. To get permission to visit Cuba, I wrote to the State Department and also to the Czechoslovakian Embassy which is representing Cuba in Washington. (The United Nations and the Vatican both recognize Cuba still, and of course England, Canada, Mexico etc.) If I wish to be in touch with my own country in Cuba I must go to the Swiss Embassy there.

Permission To Travel

One of our readers tells me to be sure and say that the U.S. granted permission first, and that there was more delay on the Cuban side. Someone else said that the Czechoslovakian Embassy had twice their own work to do now. I looked them up in the World Book, a very good encyclopedia which my grandchildren use in high school in Vermont, a thoroughly conservative and republican state. It was printed in 1961 and stated that Czechoslovakia had outstripped all communist block countries in economic gains and was second only to Russia in granting foreign aid-funds to underdeveloped nations.

When the permissions were in order I went to the offices of the Garcia Diaz line and got my ticket, tourist class, for eighty dollars. It is a big office on the ground floor of the Cunard building, and there were twenty-two desks there and only five of them occupied at the time. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. Unless I wished to go by bus to Miami and by plane from Miami to Cuba where there are two flights a day, this was the only way I could go by boat from

New York. The Bull line used to go there, but now all trade has been cut off.

There was no one else but me there as I got my ticket, which when delivered turned out to be three pages like a bill of sale, the first for me, the second yellow sheet for the purser and the third the passage contract, a blue sheet full of finely printed rules and regulations, forty of them.

Under Franco Rule

I read them all; and learned that I would be under the rule of Spain while I was on the boat, and probably sitting under a picture of General Francisco Franco. There is also a chapel on board, and though the trip will be mid-week, I was assured there would be Mass on board. But the contract speaks only of Sundays.

There is medical care on the boat, I will be in a cabin with three other passengers, and rule sixteen says, "no passenger will pretend to use a cabin by himself unless he had paid for sole occupancy of same." So if there are no other passengers, I will keep strictly to my fourth of the cabin and not "pretend to use it by myself."

It is to be understood moreover that there may be delays in sailing and that the captain can change the route. Also the captain and company is not to be considered responsible for "total or partial non-execution of the transportation contract caused by the cessation of labor, total or partial strikes, boycott of patrons, workman, officers sailors or employees

of whatever class, whether in the service of the Company or otherwise; or because of the disarming or total or partial stoppage of the steamers of the company, owing to a general or partial lockout, regardless of who are the promoters. It is understood that the expense and risk of such delays shall in each case, be borne by the passengers." Rule 9 says that neither the company nor the ship is liable for loss of, or injury to the passenger or to his property . . . occasioned by accidents, fires, explosion, peril of the sea, or any unforeseen circumstances or by bar-ratry, fault or negligences whatsoever of the Captain Pilot, sailors or members of the crew or passengers.

If I did not remember that the Spanish have been sailing the high seas for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, I might begin to get worried at this point.

Keep Your Place

Furthermore, I am not permitted to trespass the limits of my class which is tourist. Rule 25 says that I must deliver to the purser, for his custody, "fire arms, munitions and any other dangerous articles, otherwise the passenger will be responsible for all the dangers resulting therefrom." Rule 23 says that passengers are responsible for all "injuries or prejudices caused during their stay on board."

At this point I stopped considering the rules and regulations and tucked the ticket away in the beautiful new passport case which Stanley V. bought for me as a going away present. I also have two ten dollar checks from friends and a Spanish missal from Fr. La

Fontaine who is pastor at Holy Crucifix Church.

That brings up the question of money for travelling. Our lives are such open books at the Catholic Worker that we not only "have to give an account of the faith that is in us" as St. Peter told us to, but make an accounting of our expenses besides. So let me say here that a legacy enabled me to contemplate travelling, and the money which will come in for speaking engagements this winter will reimburse the office later. I shall travel as usual by tourist, bus, and so on and be grateful for hospitality offered.

What I Want To See

To get back to my initial paragraphs and amplify them — of course I am going to see what I want to see, and that is the farming communes, whether they are state farms or collectives. I want to see how far they have gotten in diversified farming. I want to see how the family fits into the new economy, what the school situation is, what the church is permitted to do in giving religious instruction, whether any new churches are being built in the country districts or on the new collectives. I want to see a country where there is no unemployment, where a boy or a man can get a job at any age, when he wants it, at some socially useful work. "There is nothing better for a man than to rejoice in his work." Ecclesiastes.

Cuba And Peace

Of course I know that the island is an armed camp, that all the people make up the militia. It is

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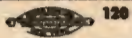
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As Faulkner Lies Dead

By ANNE TAILLEFER

"Once there was—Do you mark how the wistaria, sun-impacted on this wall here, distills and penetrates this room as though (light-unimpeded) by secret and attritive progress from mote to mote of obscurity's myriad components? That is the substance of remembering—sense, sight, smell: the muscles with which we see and hear and feel—not mind, not thought: there is no such thing as memory . . . As grief goes, fades; we know that—but ask the testaments if they have forgotten how to weep. Once there was a season of wistaria . . ."

Who has not been stopped in his tracks by a smell recovering in one sweep some distant, long forgotten past? The flesh is quicker than the spirit in more ways than one and things and places are part of ourselves to be lost or redeemed to the extent that we are fruitful to them.

As the news droned out its habitual list of calamities and trivialities on July 6, how many people, one wonders, realized that the United States, as a country, and the world, as a whole, were in deep mourning: one of the very few geniuses had just died: The poet, the judge, the historian and above all the prophet of our strange age, William Faulkner lay dead!

How many, even among his professed admirers, could recognize the above passage extracted from Miss Rosa's musing soliloquy in ABSALOM, ABSALOM, the most unrecognized and maybe the most death-defying of Faulkner's achievements. This paragon of a novel is described by the French magazine ESPRIT—in an article on the new novel (*le nouveau roman*) as a novel that is the very architecture of a novel; a novel that typifies how a novel should be written.

Faulkner was the South's memory and Absalom may well have been his testament.

Old David's desperate moan calling back to life his young son, Absalom, symbolizes in this book the voice of the whole South calling back its son, its true son, issues of its two races, builders of its history, first repudiated and then murdered by the other son, the white one.

"Where did the design fall" cries out, in his old age, fierce Thomas Sutpen, the poor white parvenu, turned back from a rich man's door, as a child, by the Negro butler; his savage promise to himself is to, one day, own the power that humiliated him. He is to attain riches and splendor by stepping over every obstacle in his path, including those raised by humanity and love and will see his posterity doomed and his sons dead or worse than dead, himself doomed to be murdered by Wash Jones, a poor White, who worshipped Sutpen as a gentleman till he discovers that he is not even a man. Wash with his scythe on his shoulder, who also stands for Time!

Every character in the book is a historical part of the South, from

the decayed gentry mowed over by the Civil War, who let their heritage fall into Sutpen's hands, to Coldfield, the little petty merchant who really hated the South and only drew money from it. The scene is set by Miss Rosa Caulfield's reminiscences, the desiccated, loveless spinster who never lived but only heard and sniffed the South's romance, that she, its by-product, tells Quentin Compson who will relate the tale and some of his own father and grandfather's memories to Shreve, his Harvard, Canadian room-mate, the crude, innocent North, absolutely ignorant of the turgid, dark drama; Quentin who will kill himself shortly after having heard Shreve's exclamation: "But you hate the South really" recognizing that he does hate it, that he cannot bear its burden of responsibility. Quentin fated brother, Greek hero bowed to fatality—and not to endurance—the last of that dynasty of desperate Compsons: Faulkner's Atrides.

"And yet they loved," muses Miss Rosa, "Henry and Judith did love," the doomed pair brother and sister monsters, victims of Sutpen's grand design. The latter, in his youth went to the West Indies where he made some money and took a wife in the midst of the revolt in Haiti, some rich planter's daughter with Spanish blood, they said. It does not take him long to find out that the so-called Spanish blood is Negro heritage and to repudiate both wife and new-born son. By violence and craft he establishes himself in Mississippi and builds there his fabulous House: Sutpen's Hundred on land wrested from an ex-Indian king, with the help of wild West-Indian slaves and a delicate brave French architect that he holds a prisoner till the work is done. He marries genteel respectability in the person of Miss Rosa's elder sister, Ellen, who bears him two children, Henry and Judith. It is only poetic justice that, twenty years later, Henry should bring back from the university, a creamy faced, dazzling young man called Charles Bon (Good) from New Orleans whom he passionately admires from the depths of his naive provincial soul and to whom Judith surrenders, as it would seem through Henry's eyes, one heart in two bodies! One glance will have aroused the worst possible fear in Sutpen and time proves him right: Charles Bon is his discarded son: One word would have settled the whole tragedy: My son! But Sutpen never utters it. And so, from now on, only horror can write the pages of the book. Sutpen forbids the marriage and confides half the truth to Henry: the relationship. Henry choosing Charles, his friend leaves his home. The war breaks out and they are companions of arms. And, as the marriage seems inevitable, Henry abetting it, Sutpen who now is a colonel summons Henry to his tent: Henry, my son! and tells him the other half: the race being what he is. Henry is beaten,

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THE COUNCIL AND THE MASS

By DOROTHY DAY

We as laymen have said little so far about the coming council and Christian renewal. Partly it is because as lay people expressing ourselves at all times about such important issues as man's work, his present unemployment, the situation of the family, materialistic education in Catholic school as well as public school, man and the state, war and peace—it is endless, the issues we have covered, the articles we have written over almost thirty years. One might say we were preparing the ground, pointing up the issues.

This is probably my last chance, this issue of the Catholic Worker for me personally to write about some things that are in my heart about the Mass, for instance, that holy sacrifice, which is the heart of our life, bringing us into the closest of all contacts with our Lord Jesus Christ, enabling us literally to "put on Christ," as St. Paul said, and to begin to say with him, "Now, not I live, but Jesus Christ in me." With a strong consciousness of this, we remember too those lines, "without Me, ye can do nothing," and "with Me you can do all things."

The New Man

We know through long experience how hard it is to think in these terms, and only through constant exercise in the works of love and peace, can we grow in faith, hope and charity. Only by nourishing ourselves as we have been bidden to do by Christ, by eating His body and drinking His blood, can we become Christ and put on the new man.

These are great mysteries. Most of the time we do not comprehend at all. Sometimes the Holy Spirit blows upon us and chases some of the fog away and we see a bit more clearly. But most of the time we see through a glass darkly. Our need to worship, to praise, to give thanksgiving, makes us return to the Mass daily, as the only fitting worship which we can offer to God. Having received our God in the consecrated bread and wine, which still to sense is bread and wine, it is now not we ourselves who do these things except by virtue of the fact that we will to do them, and put ourselves in the position to do them by coming to the Holy Sacrifice, receiving communion, and then with Christ in our hearts and literally within us in the bread we have received, giving this praise, honor and glory and thanksgiving.

How inadequate words are to say these things, to write them.

Which brings me to what I want to say. One morning Eddie Gerlock, newly ordained priest of Maryknoll, came to us to say one of his first Masses at the farm. We have known him as a truck driver, delivery boy bringing clothes and bread and apples. He was thin as a rail in his black cassock and I prayed he'd have the strength for the missions. He preached a little homily, short and simple, saying that the aim of his priesthood would be to bring joy to people. He wanted people to know the happiness of God.

Understanding the Liturgy

The Mass he said was the Saturday Mass of Ember Day, and every word he spoke during the Mass was slow, low and distinct. We heard the Latin and certainly those of us who had been following the Mass for many years, could understand, could pray with him. I would say that most of us could. Such words, such key words, Caritas, Alleluia, Gloria Patri, et Filii and Spiritus Sancto, Christe Eleison, Kyrie Eleison, Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis, laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te, gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam . . . All of those words John Filliger, Hans Tunneson, Joe Roche, Joe Cotter, and all our others too numerous to mention, knew. They had sung them in the masses we had at Easton in the old days when

it was not permitted us to have the missa recitata! Of course we are all for the vernacular, but still we understood those parts of the Mass.

It was a low Mass because Fr. Gerlock was going to sing his first high Mass later at Binghamton, New York. Each word was slow, but distinct and reverent. We participated. The words sank into our hearts and became part of us.

To many it will be unimportant that I, a lay woman am saying these things. I might better stick to my own field, I will be told and write about the poor, about the slums, about social justice, about rebuilding society within the shell of the old.

Our Mass

But the Mass begins our day, it is our food and drink, our delight, our refreshment, our courage, our light. And it is our Mass, not just the priest's Mass. There was one unbalanced young man with us all one year who went into rages against our dear priest, Fr. Foley because he spoke of "my Mass." It put him in an ungovernable rage. He stood outside Father's door sneering and taunting him and wounding him with poisoned



**Raise up in Thy Church
O Lord, the Spirit
wherewith our holy
Father Benedict, Abbot,
was animated: that
filled with the same,
we may strive to love
what he loved, and
practise what he taught.**

shafts of hatred. Trying to tear from him his self respect, his dignity at being consecrated to offer his Mass (and ours) to God each day. Indeed there are saints and martyrs in our midst, and for all I know this young man was an instrument of God permitted to go off the deep end so that he in a way could be a voice of God in insisting on the great truth that it is indeed our Mass.

Fr. Foley was slow and deliberate and always we could count on a Mass that took three quarters of an hour to say, no more, no less. It was so terrible a privilege that he stammered over the words of consecration, and I used to hold my breath, praying he would get through them. He is no longer with us and we hope he is praying for us in heaven.

And now we come to our real criticism, the point of all this that I am trying to write. Most priests rush through the Mass as though they were going to forget the words unless they say them as fast as possible. Not only the Latin which is garbled so that it sounds like magic, but also the vernacular, the prayers at the foot of the altar. In those prayers we do have the vernacular and all the priests who are crying aloud for the vernacular do not seem to realize that those prayers they are saying are important too, and the intention with which those prayers are

said. The words of an angel, the words of Elizabeth in the Hall Mary, repeated three times. The Hall Holy Queen by St. Bernard who left the field of battle and drew his whole family after him into the monastery and feared not to be called pacifist, appeaser, coward, seeker for an ivory tower. Then we invoke all the saints and go on with the prayer to St. Michael who is the patron of Russia, and my patron too since they celebrate his feast on November 8th, my birthday. After that come the thrice repeated prayer to the Sacred Heart, a devotion which especially calls to mind the humanity of Christ, His human love for us, His life on this earth, with its hungers, loneliness and fatigue. And now Cardinal Spellman, God bless him, has added still another prayer, the Divine Praises, Blessed Be God, Blessed be His Holy Name, Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God, true man; and so on, like a creed, a declaration of faith. It is indeed an invocation of the Name.

The Power of the Name

In regard to the Name, Abbe Louis Bouyer in the Meaning of Holy Scripture, University of Notre Dame Press, has this to say of "His Name; it is the supreme expression of His presence (after the Angel, the Face, the Shekinah, His presence in the fire and the cloud) more spiritual and more personal than all the others."

Do we believe this, do we believe in the Holy Name and the power of the Holy Name? It was reading the Way of a Pilgrim, published by Harper, and also included in Russian Spirituality by Fedotov, a collection of the writings of the Russian saints, that brought me first to a knowledge of what the Holy Name meant in our lives. Reading of Gandhi who repeated the name of God at his spinning and during his demonstrations, in times of fear during demonstrations, that again emphasized it in my mind. Fordham Russian Center has a pamphlet "On the Invocation of the Name" which teaches us to pray without ceasing with every breath we draw, with every beat of our hearts. And lastly, J. D. Salinger in the New Yorker, in his stories Frannie and Zooey, later published in book form, brings again to us a concept of the meaning of the Name.

A Plea to Celebrants

With this recognition of the importance of the Word made flesh and dwelling among us, still with us in the bread and wine of the altar, how can any priest tear through the mass as though it were a repetitious duty? This is the impression they give people when they do this, like the children at Fatima who used to say only Hail Mary, or Our Father, and think they had said their prayers, and perhaps they had if they realized the holiness of these words, the priest often says the first words and slides through the rest in a meaningless mutter. And some of the best priests I have met do this, abusing the prayers of the Mass in this way.

I am begging them not to. I am begging them to speak as though the words were holy and inspired and with power in themselves to produce in us the understanding—the participation that should change our lives.

"You cannot fail to see the power of mere words," Joseph Conrad wrote in his preface to A Personal Record. "Such words as Glory, for instance, or Pity. Shouted with perseverance, with ardour, with conviction, these two by their sound alone, have set whole nations in motion and upheaved the dry hard ground on which rests our whole social fabric."

So I am praying that at the Council, at all the Masses and at the Council, the word made flesh will be among them. Forsake them not O Lord, Our God.

Book Review

BLINDNESS. WHAT IT IS, WHAT IT DOES, AND HOW TO LIVE WITH IT. By Fr. Thomas J. Carroll. Little, Brown and Co. 1961. Reviewed by Deane Mowrer.

I first learned about Fr. Carroll's book from a fellow patient at the Eye Institute of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center where I underwent an eye operation in June. Since this fellow patient spoke with such enthusiasm of Fr. Carroll's remarkable success in rehabilitating the blind and of the excellent book he had done on the subject, I felt that this was a book I should like to have read to me as soon as possible. Fortunately Fr. Carroll had already sent a copy of the book to Dorothy Day so that my wish was granted sooner than I expected. Judith Gregory and Diane Gannon began reading the book to me during visiting hours at the hospital, and Margaret Alsworth finished the reading after my return to Peter Maurin Farm. It speaks well for the book, I think, that my readers were as much impressed as I.

Perhaps the reason this book is so absorbingly interesting is that it is the work of one who knows his subject thoroughly. The fact is that Fr. Carroll has been working with the blind since his ordination in 1949 when he was assigned to the Catholic Guild for the Blind in Boston. During the Second World War, Fr. Carroll began helping in the rehabilitation program for blinded war veterans, and has since continued to serve as Catholic chaplain for this group. In 1954, making use of the knowledge and experience gained through his work with the blinded veterans, as well as with other blinded persons, Fr. Carroll founded St. Paul's Rehabilitation Center for the blind. From many reports I think there is good reason to believe that St. Paul's has had notable success in retraining blinded persons to function happily and usefully. It is heartening to learn that Fr. Carroll has received national awards and recognition for his outstanding work with the blind.

Fr. Carroll's book is intended primarily for the recently blinded adult, for the families of blinded persons, and for those who work with the blind. The first part of the book is a mature, thoughtful, exhaustive analysis of the twenty major losses which make the multiple handicap of blindness so difficult to cope with. Fr. Carroll emphasizes that the loss of sight is a kind of dying, the death of the sighted person, that the recently blinded person must accept this death, together with the grief inevitably accompanying such great loss, before he can hope to begin effective rehabilitation. This analysis also demonstrates incontestably that the greater part of our sensory impressions, by which we orient ourselves and proceed from thought to action, come to us through the eye. Moreover the popular idea that blinded persons find compensation in the superior functioning of other senses or in the development of some mysterious sixth sense is utterly erroneous. The contrary is often true. Recently blinded persons frequently have difficulty in interpreting the sense data provided by the other senses. Only expert retraining will enable the recently blinded person to use his other senses as a substitute for the sight he has lost.

The second part of this book on blindness is mainly concerned with techniques of rehabilitation, particularly as they are practiced at St. Paul's Rehabilitation Center for the Blind. At St. Paul's sixteen trainees are put through an intensive sixteen weeks course under the careful supervision and instruction of a staff of thirty. The restoration of mobility through the proper use of the Hoover cane, learning techniques of communication—braille, typing, handwriting, learning poise, balance, and quick recovery from a fall through fencing, mastering the techniques of

daily living so that one can care for oneself, one's clothes, and perform one's household chores, learning to accept one's limitations and to recognize in oneself—with the excellent psychiatric help provided at St. Paul's—guilt feelings, self pity, hostility, and resentment so that one can regain that inner strength which is the mark of the whole person—these are merely part of the learning processes used to help the trainee resume his own function in a predominantly sighted world. The problem of retraining for a job and the special diffi-



culties the handicapped person must face in looking for a job are also analyzed by Fr. Carroll.

Throughout the book Fr. Carroll warns against patronizing, sentimental, pitying attitudes toward blindness which set the blind apart as different and relegate them to a specially protected, segregated role in society. He also warns the blind against such sentimental, stereotyped notions of blindness which can prove a serious obstacle to total rehabilitation.

In a brief appendix Fr. Carroll discusses religion and the blind. He deprecates the notion that blindness confers on anyone a special obligation to be holy. We are all called to sanctity. The blind no more, no less than others. True and full acceptance of blindness, as of any suffering, can only bring one closer to God. But one must first undergo the anguish, the agony in the garden. One can undergo that anguish better, I think, with the help of Fr. Carroll's book, through the profound insight into the nature of blindness and the problems and needs of blinded persons, and his creative, practical approach.

Catholic Worker Books Now Available

Copies of the following Catholic Worker books are now available at the Catholic Worker office, 175 Chrystie Street, New York City 2: *The Long Loneliness* by Dorothy Day, Image Book edition, \$0.85; *St. Theresa* by Dorothy Day, \$3.25; *The Green Revolution* by Peter Maurin, with woodcuts by Fritz Eichenberg, \$2.50; *Peter Maurin, Gay Believer* by Arthur Sheehan, \$3.75. Copies may be ordered or purchased at the office.

POLARIS ACTION—SIX ARRESTS

Civil Disobedience Demonstration At Launching of Polaris Missile Submarine

By TOM CORNELL

The Alexander Hamilton, a submarine carrying 16 Polaris missiles in the twenty-five hundred mile range was launched on August 18, at New London-Groton, Connecticut. The New England Committee for Non-Violent Action was on hand to offer civil disobedience in symbolic protest over the launching of another weapon of mass, indiscriminate murder. The demonstration climaxed a summer training program that had included study at the CNVA farm in Voluntown and demonstrations in New London-Groton and Boston in memory of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Three men had planned civil disobedience. They notified the proper authorities. They were willing to pay the legal penalties for their actions.

Rev. Ross Anderson, a Methodist minister, stood in a vigil line at the main gate of Electric Boat Corporation Shipyard, from early morning till noon. As the braided and bedecked dignitaries and their ladies passed into the launching area, Ross joined them. But Ross had no braid, nor fancy hat, nor pass. So Ross Anderson, 62 years old and virtually blind, was arrested and carried limp to a waiting police cruiser and jailed. He was charged with trespassing and breach of the peace.

Henry Wershaw, 19 years old and arrested six times previously this year in civil disobedience demonstrations, was escorted to his point of entry by twenty Pacifists and two policemen. He intended to climb the fence and head for the Alexander Hamilton at its drydock just before the champagne. He climbed a few feet up the fence. The police laid hands upon him, and with deliberateness and impressive dignity, Henry relaxed into their arms and was carried to a cruiser. He was charged with breach of the peace and trespassing.

Dennis Weeks, 19 year old leader of the Chicago to Washington Walk for Peace, was the last scheduled civil disobedient. He had informed

the authorities that he intended to swim into the path of the Alexander Hamilton in an attempt to board, directly after the launching. Dennis and about twenty of the CNVA vigilers left the main vigil line and walked to Dennis' point of entry. At least two policemen accompanied them. Dennis planned to walk down a strip of privately owned property to the water. The property was barred by two ropes with KEEP OUT signs hung from them. As Dennis approached the first rope a police officer lifted it for him, as if offering an invitation. He proceeded down to the water's edge accompanied by Brad Lytle and Gordon Christiansen who were photographing the demonstration, two newsmen, Bill Henry and others.

With no interference from the police, Dennis disrobed down to his swimming trunks. Bill Henry stood by to take his clothing. He was told he was trespassing, so he left the scene as soon as he got all of Dennis' clothing. A police boat and a Coast Guard launch were edging into the area where Dennis aimed to start his swim. Brad and Dr. Christiansen continued to photograph the happenings from a retaining wall over the water. A policeman jostled Brad. He nearly lost his footing. He told the officer that he would leave if told to do so. The police seized him. Brad went limp when he was far enough away from the wall not to endanger anyone. He was carried to a cruiser and charged with trespassing. Dr. Christiansen was jostled too, but he was not arrested.

Bill Henry had walked up to the supporting vigil line on the street. He stood near the police cruiser into which the police had put Brad Lytle. He was holding a sign, oil cloth over a steel frame on a steel handle. It read END THE ARMS RACE—LET MANKIND LIVE. A policeman stepped up to him and grabbed the picket. Then another policeman grabbed Bill from behind. Two other policemen joined in pushing Bill to the ground. Bill

knew that it was his right to hold onto his sign. He had not been arrested. He held fast to his sign. His fingers were tightly wound around the steel tubing, but the rest of his body was perfectly limp. He told the police loudly and clearly that he was not resisting, but that he had a right to hold onto his sign. They dragged him along the pavement, stamped his hands into the asphalt with their heels, twisted the sign and Bill's arms and his whole body so that he was turned over from stomach to side to back. They twisted and bent his fingers. It seemed that his arm would break. Two of the women on the line were weeping uncontrollably, Bill's wife Beverly, and a young girl from Philadelphia, Mac Splaver, who had never seen police brutality before. After about five minutes Bill thought that he had made his point and let go. The sign was ruined. Bill was carried off and charged with trespassing, breach of the peace, resisting arrest and conspiracy.

At the arraignment a few hours later, Captain Kenner of the Navy Sub Base and Commander Fox of the Coast Guard appeared. The Navy calls the shots in New London, where the life of the community depends upon the creation of implements of mass death. They went into a side room and presumably spoke to the prosecuting attorney. Marj Swann was then called in and charged with conspiracy. It was at this time that the conspiracy charge was added to the list of offenses of the five others. It is clear that as New England CNVA's effectiveness increases, the vindictive pressures of the Navy and the government to cripple opposition to Polaris will mount. The Navy wants CNVA out. They have hurt Polaris' public image and they can no longer afford the luxury of allowing CNVA to exist. By charging the leaders with conspiracy they hope to decapitate the movement.

Mr. Hullivan, the Jailer at Montville State Jail has not allowed Marj's and Bill's minister to visit. He has not allowed books to be brought to the accused. Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Thoreau, George Fox and Thomas Merton had written "pro - Communist trash." Marj was able to communicate this message to her minister, Rev. Joe Schneiders at the court:

"I cooperated with the authorities and walked to the isolation cell myself. I requested that no food be sent to me . . . Mr. Hullivan shouted at me, 'We make the rules and you'll follow them!' The matron and the policewoman then undressed me and forced a nightgown over my head. Mr. Hullivan and a guard then dragged me by pulling my nightgown over my head. I didn't think about embarrassment . . . I just felt numb at being treated like an animal instead of a human being. Since then I have been in a segregation cell. I was given no towel, no soap or washrag which I requested. After a considerable time I was given a blanket and a paper cup . . . I am not eating, only drinking water."

Marj was released on bail and has come off her fast. Bill Henry is out on bail too. The conspiracy charge is worth fighting in court, so all have pleaded not guilty to it, and asked for 12 man jury trials. Some others have demanded that they be included under the conspiracy charge. Hopefully this law which many Connecticut lawyers think is unconstitutional will be taken off the books by this case, and the Navy will have to find some other way of getting rid of opposition.

In the meanwhile, Polaris Action has grown into a valuable and unique center for training in non-violent action. It could become the prototype of many other peace action training centers around the country. In this way it will be possible to build a really effective non-violent response to the madness of the arms race.

MAN, BABY, LOOK!

(for Bertrand Russell's 90th Birthday)

"I fight a daily battle to keep hope alive."

THE Microcosm is all steamy and the Macrocosm warm
And sweating from His hands.

It was the getting born that was awful, in the corner of the field,
And the heaving for breath and kicking out in all directions,
While cow rough-licked her calf's soft eyes and gummy nose.

Minutes later, it's all alive; the whole straddled Universe
Breathing and swaying and carolling in the expanding light.

All the geometry of the atoms, the spider-spaces between stars
Are pattern of roof and floor and beams of the carpentered
Barn, where born is the little and tender and wailing, mighty
Lord of life. In these days it's always warm Christmas
Awaiting bright Easter, yeast risen in bread.

Evolved in a birthday-song the volcanoes,
Polar tides whelming, earthquakes, stars bursting!
And marvellous wings of time eternally beating
Between action, reaction: sweet cause, sweet effect.

It's nursery-rhyme. The whole thing's good:
Breast-fed. A washed nappy. Solar systems smell good:
Plum-blossom in orchard, pure promise. I see right uses
For this cradle-universe. Put man there!
Let him cry, take his chance. (A good nose for milk.)

And the Christening is next week?
Water is spring-water. There is an everlasting spring
They say and fountain under the hill.

Ah, but I recognize tragedy. I recognize hands pierced when I
see them,

And the nerve exposed to the electrode: in rapturous agony
Tortured and torturer. Children have been burnt alive, and
raped child

Murdered. Gloucester's eyes. Auschwitz. Hiroshima.

But balm now. Water for healing in abundance at a given depth;
Those tears of blood augment the stream of suffering in the world,
Rescue the withered, death-despondent branch in Christ Tree.

O man, grow green. O twig, come bud. O baby human-kind
O tender race of men, O little drops of seven-skin men,
It's dark no more. The womb is dream. The day is bright.
It is the light of day and day of light.

Act in the universe!
The sun springs up like seeds!
Man, baby, look!

—Denis Knight

Since the first great world-war which ended in 1918 it has become increasingly apparent that the most urgent practical problem for humanity is how to keep the peace amongst nations. With the discovery of the atomic bomb this problem has become infinitely more pressing; for on its speedy solution may depend the very existence, or not, of the human race in the future.

This being the state of things it is a very astonishing fact—as Montessori pertinently points out—that there does not as yet exist a Science of Peace in any degree proportionate to the Science of War.

It is impossible for a mere layman—for the man in the street—to form an adequate idea of the stupendous development which has taken place in the science of war. One has only to think of the immense complexity of a battle-ship, submarine, a jet aeroplane or a rocket H-bomb, to be lost in admiration at the genius, skill and patience which have been expended in the construction of these engines of destruction. More wonderful still—if possible—has been the skilled research, both theoretical and practical, which has culminated in the invention of the atomic bomb. Furthermore, it is not only a matter of the mental energy of War, but also of the fabulous expense, \$600,000,000 were spent in less than 5 years in the discovery of the atomic bomb alone.

During the Second World War Britain spent on an average of \$17,000,000 a day in carrying on the struggle, and the other nations spent proportionately. In fact the mind simply reels back, stunned and bewildered, when it attempts to form a true notion of the amount of human energy which has been and is still being devoted, through hundreds of thousands of channels, to the science of human destruction. Now considering how much more precious to humanity as a whole is the state of peace, is it not passing strange that, up to the present time, not a millionth of this mental energy and material wealth has been devoted to the building up of a Science of Peace "comparable in outward development with the development of the Science of War."

It is only to be expected, then, on a priori grounds, that there are certain cataclysms in nature—such as volcanoes and earthquakes—which are beyond all human control. Yet this fact does not prevent many persons devoting their lives to the study of their causes though with no hope of stopping them. But, war, on the other hand, being an entirely human phenomenon, should, more than any other, be open to human research and thought. And yet no such science exists.

Surely no subject could be more worthy of patient and self-sacrificing research than that which deals with the causes of war. For it is obvious that we must be quite sure of the real causes before we can hope to eliminate them. In this sphere of study, as in every other, we may find that there are surprises in store for us. In every related group of phenomena which forms the basis of a science—whether it be Chemistry, Physics, Biology, or whatever it may be—research has always laid bare hidden and complex factors which were unsuspected and unforeseen. In fact it is just the study of these more remote and not so easily recognized causes and laws, which gives rise to each particular science, distinguishing it as a science from popular notions and fallacies.

It is only to be expected, then, on a priori grounds, that in the great and complicated phenomena relating to wars between nations there should exist, unknown to the ordinary observer, "indirect and complex factors worthy of study, which would give rise to a powerfully organized science." Nevertheless, according to Montessori, the science which should deal with these matters does not exist even in its most rudimentary stages.

"Where," she exclaims, "is the laboratory where the human mind is endeavouring to seek the truth and find out the real facts relating to the establishment of peace? Nowhere."

"How astonishing is this fact! Man has solved many of the riddles of the universe; he rules the earth and has conquered many occult forces. And yet how curious it is that there should still remain a vast unexplored region yet to be studied in man's inward energies!"

No Clear Definition of Peace

It is one of the lamentable results of this fact that there is no Science of Peace, that "our very concept of peace is not yet clear and has never properly been defined."

What we, at present, call peace is simply the name given to the absence of war. "When the last war finishes—when the last shot has been fired—then 'Peace is declared'."

"This is a purely negative definition. It is as though we should say that a man was temperate because he had at length ceased to be drunk; or that a man was chaste because (for the time being at any rate) he had ceased to behave in an uncontrolled and lascivious manner. What we call Peace is, in fact, the name given to that state of tension which exists between the victor and the vanquished at the termination of a war. "Peace is the forced adaptation of the vanquished to a state of submission which has become final . . . The vanquished nation is compelled to renunciation as though it alone deserved punishing—because it has been vanquished . . . Such a situation, although it marks the end of the fighting, should not really be given the name of Peace."

This does not mean that there can be no such thing as a just war. No one could doubt that—things being as they were in Europe in 1939—there was not any other course open to the freedom-loving nations at that moment than to take arms against the Nazi tyranny. Nevertheless, to go still further back, there are few people who would maintain that, in the Treaty of Versailles in 1918, there did not exist the seeds of future wars. Nor can it be said that the Peace which has followed on the Second World War contains in it no tensions between the victor nations and the vanquished that tend towards future trouble. One has only to mention Poland without going any further.

It has become a commonplace thing to say that in modern totalitarian war no nation can be said to win the war in the sense that it is the better off for it. Victor and vanquished are alike dragged by far into a complete dis-

location of the productive elements in civilization and the state of exhaustion, mental and material, which follows the struggle affects all those who take part in it; and to some extent even those who do not.

"War," says Montessori, "may be compared to the burning down of a palace filled with works of art and other treasures. When that palace has been reduced to a mass of smoking ashes, reeking with poisonous fumes, then the disaster has reached its ultimate consequences. Those cinders and the suffocating fumes they emit may be likened to Peace—as that word is generally understood."

Mysterious Hidden Causes of War

There seems to be something mysterious about the phenomenon of war, especially "total war" as we know it today. The peoples of the world, taken as a whole, do not want it; nevertheless it comes—relentlessly, pitilessly, unavoidably—like one of those natural cataclysms mentioned above. Now, more than ever, since the atomic bomb has been discovered, do the peoples of all nations wish to avoid the catastrophe of war; and yet now, more than ever, are they haunted by the dreadful fear that it may come in spite of themselves. It is as though the vast mechanical forces which man has called into being have taken the control out of the hands of their creator and are about to destroy him—as was prophetically depicted thirty years ago in Capek's brilliant play about the Robots—the mechanical men. That is why, as Montessori says, "man of today is like an abandoned child who finds himself lost in a wood at night, and is frightened by the shadows and mysterious noises of the night. Men do not know what are the forces that draw them into war; therefore, they are absolutely defenseless against them. Evidently war is a complex and mysterious phenomenon."

The causes of war, Montessori maintains, are to be found deep down in the subconscious of the race; in the "vast unexplored region of man's inward energies." Though man has learned how to control the physical forces of the universe "he has not yet succeeded in conquering his own inward energies as they accumulate." "There exists therefore an unwritten chapter in human psychology, which should deal with those subconscious elements in the life of nations which form an untamed force of infinite danger."

The real causes of war are, so Montessori avers, much more recondite and remote than we think they are. What



ST. ISAAC JOGUES

we usually put down as the causes of war—such factors as social injustices, and the tensions set up between nations as the result of treaties at the end of previous wars—are already effects. They are but the immediate causes of wars: the real causes being so hidden, so remote, so disguised, if one may use the term, that we are not properly aware of them.

The Simile of the Plague

In order to make clear the kind of research which is waiting to be done, and should be done, by the science of peace in tracking down the hidden causes of war in order to remove them, Montessori makes use of a brilliant and striking simile. She compares it to the work of science in its investigations into that other great and terrible scourge of humanity—the Plague, or Black Death. This simile is so illuminating that we shall quote some extracts from it.

"The plague, as we know, appeared at long intervals just like wars. After a certain time, it disappeared spontaneously; but society, which did not know its causes, could not intervene actively to hasten its departure. It broke out as an appalling chastisement, and caused ravages which have become historical, like great wars, (25,000,000, people were killed by the plague in the fourteenth century alone)."

Like war, the plague appeared to be something fatal and inevitable; and like war, too, it left a trail of terrible effects; a general stoppage of productive labor on the one hand, and a lowered physical, psychic and moral vitality on the other.

Developing this comparison, Montessori points out how similar were the explanations given of this scourge to those which are attributed to wars at the present time. "All through the centuries, to the end of the Middle Ages, we have in contemporary documents the same explanation: The plague is caused by wicked men who disseminate poisons." Montessori even mentions the case of a lawsuit which was brought against two men for having deliberately started the great plague of Milan in 1849 by means of poison. What is most extraordinary of all is that the case went against them, and they were convicted and condemned to death. In the light of our present scientific knowledge it seems to us utterly absurd that a question, 'so patently pathological' could have been discussed as an act falling under the sanction of law, and should have given rise to a lawsuit, brought against men who were

MARIA MONTESSORI

World-Peace Through

Being an account of Dr. Maria Montessori's ideas, the best means of removing them.—Selected and arranged by the author of *Maria Montessori Her Life and Work*, Accademia

utterly powerless to cause such a stupendous disaster. Yet in generations to come it may seem to us just as absurd to foist the responsibility of a world-war upon an individual e.e., upon the Kaiser, the Czarina, the priest Rasputin, the "regicide of Serajevo" or, we may add, Mussolini, Hitler, or Stalin.

Developing this simile still further, Montessori points out how, during the times of pestilence, people used to congregate in churches to pray; and organized religious processions, in public places, that the plague might cease. By doing so however, they caused the plague to spread still more. "This reminds us of the alliances made between nations to avoid war, which, in point of fact often worked in the opposite direction; for the balance of power, being so easily upset when it precipitates, not a few, but many nations into the cataclysm of world-wars." And to these remarks she adds the following warning: "If today all the nations in the world united with the aim of doing away with war, but left untouched within themselves the same tendencies and the same disregard of first causes, war might spread to the whole world, whilst men continued to hope, imagining that this war, the last, was necessary for the final establishment of peace."

We now know—"thanks to scientific research in the realm of the invisible"—the direct cause of the plague. It is not in the least like what everyone for centuries imagined it to be. It is something very small and very simple. The plague is caused by a certain microbe which is carried by a flea which lives on rats. How unexpected! How surprised, how incredulous they would have been, if—in the midst of the trial referred to above—someone had arisen in the court and made an announcement to that effect.

With the coming of the science of hygiene and a more sanitary mode of living, not only the Black Death, but other diseases also—such as smallpox—have almost disappeared from European countries. In a similar way, according to Montessori, we should build up a science of peace by patient research—also in the realm of the invisible—in the disordered soul of humanity; and by so doing trace back to their own that knowledge, we should set to work to establish a new and better mode of living—guided by the principles of a new moral hygiene.

An Ethical Chaos

But, unfortunately, there has been no advance in the realm of "moral hygiene" corresponding to that which has taken place in the sphere of physiology, medicine and hygiene.

In fact nothing more clearly shows up the lack of clear thinking on the subject of Peace and War than the conflicting and even contradictory moral judgments which are entertained by the generality of men on these subjects. "At one and the same time we honour the man who has made a discovery (such as a new serum) which will save thousands of lives; and also the man whose genius has invented some new ingenious weapon which will destroy thousands of lives."

Montessori attributes the prevailing chaos in our ethics—in part at any rate—to a decay in the use of reason. Though there are many who assert that the error of our age consists in the determination to base everything on human reason, the real truth of the matter is just the other way round. "It is precisely man's reason which is now obscured and vanquished . . . This loss of reason, this spreading and increasing madness, characterizes our age."

"The return to reason is the most urgent thing for us." Seen from the point of view of the necessity of a return to Christianity, this paralysis of reason is of the greatest importance. For though it is true that Faith and Reason are different activities of the soul they are not unconnected. A man—or a society—must use reason first, to clear the ground of inconsistencies and contradictions, before the edifice of Faith can be built upon it.

But it is not only the loss of reason which makes it possible for humanity to entertain such contradictory moral principles at one and the same time: it is also due "to the loose morality of the present day . . . For our conscience does not suspect the existence of dangerous and unknown quantities in the realm of ethics."

Without following Montessori's analysis in detail, we may say that, in her opinion, the two master vices in our society today are Sloth and Avarice. The former expresses itself in the desire to "work less, allowing machinery to make all the necessary effort." "In fact the very idea of work as something which is proper to man, something which ennobles him and reveals his true dignity has been lost." Before man can attain to his real stature—both intellectually and morally—he must rediscover this passion for work. For it is only through work that man can fulfill his "cosmic mission on Earth."

The other sin, the mortal sin of avarice, reveals itself in the prevailing desire to get rich. "Both these sins create the illusion that one is heaping up treasure; and both give the illusion of enjoyment. But pleasures which have their roots in such vices are really poisonous and mortal dangers." And so—"possessed by these secret vices, man holds himself aloof from his true life, and preys upon himself in the dark corners of the unconscious."

MONTESSORI

Through The Child

the hidden and remote causes of War, and the aged, with comments, by E. Mortimer Standing, Academy Guild Press, Fresno, Calif.)

Many people maintain, with a resigned pessimism, that "It is useless to make any attempts to prevent wars between nations, because—so they say—it is a fundamental law of nature that there must always be a 'struggle for existence' between living beings, leading to the 'survival of the fittest.' There always has been this struggle in the past, and there always will be!" Though it is true that the vast majority of those, who hold this view, have never read a page of Darwin, nor of any subsequent writer on evolution; and though it is obvious, to anyone who thinks independently, that in modern wars it is just the young and the most fit people who get slaughtered in their millions whilst the less fit survive—nevertheless this theory continues to have numberless adherents.

Of course it would be foolish to go so far as to say that in the past geological exodus there was no truth in it; but, even from a purely biological point of view, it is very one-sided, and very far from explaining what really does happen in Nature. Toward the end of the 19th Century Kropotkin published his famous treatise on "Mutual Aid" in which he showed that the parental instinct, which expresses itself in the care and protection of the young by the adult, is also of paramount importance for the preservation of the species—a point which Darwin too realized in his later years. This protection given by the adult to the new creatures which is in process of developing is then also a law of nature.

We have already spoken elsewhere of Montessori's ideas on this point, and have shown how, when the time comes for them to protect the immature members of the species, adult animals often lose their fighting instincts and become gentle.

Only the other day a friend of mine told me that she possessed three cats who were constantly at war with each

Meanwhile our current fortunes are soaring on wings of a bluebird that eluded the bigger publishers. So says an ad in the Academy Guild Press, 1317 Van Ness, Fresno, California. The bluebird is Maria Montessori: Her Life and Work by E. M. Standing (\$5.95). Academy's second book is The Montessori Method: a Revolution in Education, by the same author. Price \$4.50. Mr. Standing worked with Maria Montessori for thirty years. His books give a "bird's-eye view of how (the method) works," to quote one reviewer.

From Academy Guild ad.

other. But it happened that they all had kittens about the same time, with the result that they all became friendly to each other, and would nurse their own or each other's kittens with equal good will. A most significant incident!

In the case of some animals—bees for instance—this preparation for, and protection of, the development of the young becomes the dominant instinct of the race. With this thought in mind it is a wonderful thing to stand and watch a hive of bees at work. All that immense and continuous industry, that swift coming and going through the long hours of the summer day, that unremitting toil going from flower to flower; that ceaseless transport of wax and honey, followed by such exact geometrical architecture—what is it for? Not for themselves, but for the coming generation. What heroic self-sacrifice! What selfless devotion!

"Is it not strange," exclaims Montessori, "that men, who are the greatest builders of all, have not shown any parallel activity. The bees do everything for the race and nothing for themselves; but amongst men, what do we see? Where are the builders of corresponding magnificence made for children? Where is there any manifestation of an instinct to build for their children something finer and more beautiful than anything they have made for themselves? Where do they sacrifice their egotism for the construction of something higher, for the survival of the race?"

We repeat then that in nature we find these two instincts—one which is concerned with the protection of the individual adult (the instinct of self-preservation), the other, which is concerned with the protection of the species. Montessori is never tired of asserting that, in all the various civilizations that have existed from the earliest times down to the present day, there never has been a full and proper expression of that second instinct—viz., that protective instinct which makes the adult willing and eager to sacrifice himself for the fullest and most perfect development of the young of his species. Or to put it another way round. All our civilizations hitherto—including our present—have been built up on adult values. By this she means, built up on competition and the struggle for existence—which are, perforce, adult activities, since the young are too weak and immature to take part in them.

"In our social and political life we can only observe the instinct for the protection of the adult, of the individual. The child has been forgotten; and, with him, many sentiments which are necessary for normal life. The life of the survival of the race can only be accomplished by the two instincts together."

It may indeed turn out to be literally true that the only way to ensure the survival of our race will be through a new and fuller development of this protective instinct—one which will tame the warring adults (like my friend's cats) urging them into the united effort in order to protect the "normal" development of children the world over. We have already described Montessori's great discovery as the revelation of the truly "normal" child, the child who has shed his "deviations" and revealed to us—a "new order," which we did not know was a part of the child's very nature.*

But this "normality" of which we have had such alluring glimpses in the "New Children" in our Montessori Schools will never come to its full development until the human race, as a whole, takes up a new orientation towards the young of the species. This new orientation will correspond—on the conscious plane—to the fullest expression of that unconscious protective instinct in Nature of which we have spoken. This protective instinct has in it something so divine that God Himself, when He took human form, used it as a metaphor to express His love for that wayward race whose flesh He had assumed. "Jerusalem. Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not."

And by "protection" here it is well to remember we do not mean that sort of protection which leads to dependence. In fact just the reverse. What we, as a race, must learn to do is what the bees and birds already do—i.e., prepare an environment, or rather in our case a progressive series of environments, to protect the free development of the young.

The idea Montessori is trying to get across is something so novel, so stupendous, that—as she herself says—she really needs a new vocabulary to express it. She is obliged to use the old words such as "education" and "environment" for there are no others. But these at once suggest



a series of concepts such as school buildings, class-rooms, playgrounds, time-tables; school terms; vacations, class placings, examinations inspectors; etc., etc., and over everything an Education Department. But the very word Department shows us we are on the wrong track. In the bee community, highly organized as it is, there does not exist what one might compare to an education department. The whole life and work of the bee community from the queen down to the meanest worker is—in one form or another—devoted to the task of preparing for, and bringing up the next generation.

The Child an Entity in Himself

As we said in a former book,* we cannot begin to understand what Montessori is driving at until we have "learned to see a familiar thing, childhood—in an unfamiliar way," (which is after all only another way of saying we need a new vocabulary to describe her ideas.) In some countries on the continent peasant children still dress exactly like adults but in miniature. Though we in England and America have given up this practice (thank goodness), we still tend to think of children, in themselves, as miniature adults. Or rather we still think of them primarily as beings who are on the way to becoming adults—and whose importance therefore lies in their future, not in their present. In themselves, as they are, they have no valuable contribution to make to society—but, only in prospect as it were, by virtue of the contributions they will be able to make when they are grown up and able to work. As they are they are incapable of productive labour; they are mere dependents on adult society, mere appendages to adult existence.

That children, in their way, are just as important as we adults, and have a contribution to make to society, a work to do, as serious and as important as that of any adult, this does not occur to us. The great world of busy adults, intent on its urgent affairs, passes them by with a smile or a nod, or with absorbed indifference, perhaps even with impatient annoyance for getting in its way; but they never

*Maria Montessori: Her Life's Work (Academy) Chapter X.

dream—these great lords of the earth, these dominating all-powerful adults, so confident in their own powers, so conscious of their own importance—that there could be any other relationship between these children and themselves, than that of utter dependency. They are, in short, completely oblivious to the real truth of the matter, to that state of things which we have described as "The Two Dependencies." "Man," says Montessori, "has made the great mistake of thinking that the child, who has no physical strength, and cannot apply his reason, has therefore no importance in himself. The only thing man judges to be important is a being with a will like his own, which aims at the fulfilment of an external purpose. Because the child lacks this kind of will he thinks he is therefore unimportant."

But, as we pointed out before, the Child too has a work to do of equal importance to that of any adult, or of all adults together. His work is nonetheless important because its aim is internal and not conscious. The child's work is to create the adult-that-is-to-be; and he alone can do it, no one else. Society has never realized this in the sense that Montessori means it. (If you think it has, then it only proves that you, too, are being misled by the "lack of a new vocabulary," conjoined with the writer's inadequate attempts to express it.) This is the reason why all the civilizations man has made in the past, even the best of them as that of Europe in the 12th Century—have failed, and must fail. They have left out the child as a constructive factor in building up society. They have not understood the great truth that childhood is not merely a passage towards what people imagine to be the really important thing—adulthood—but a thing of infinite constructive value in itself. It is in fact the "other leg" on which civilization must walk. Hitherto it has tried to progress on one leg only—i.e., on adult values—and has failed miserably.

The Organization Of Human Energies. A New Conception Of Education.

All this means that we are on the eve of a new conception of education. It will not come at once, because new ideas take time to percolate into the general mind.

But the time is inevitably coming when, in the light of these discoveries about childhood on the one hand, and under the urgency of preserving world-peace on the other, we shall be obliged to broaden our aims and practices in education almost beyond recognition. We shall no longer think of education in terms of preparing individuals to take their own part successfully in the struggle for existence in adult society. It will no longer be largely a question of preparing Tommy to be a banker, and Edith a nurse. It will be seen as the problem of how best to protect the "normal" growth of the whole human species so as to ensure "valorization of personality"* at every stage of development. This, as we shall see later, cannot be attained without the fullest development of the social instincts. We must see to it that each individual will grow up realizing his responsibility to humanity as a whole. The importance of this moral and social development will be seen to be a matter so urgent for the attainment of world-peace, there will come a collective urge on the part of mankind to see that the means are provided through which the constructive energies in childhood and adolescence can be made operative.

Only when we have come to look on childhood in this way shall we learn how to organize the mental and spiritual energies of mankind to the same degree as we have learned to control the unlimited physical energies in Nature. "Man must become strong enough (morally) to dominate the mechanical environment by which he is at present overawed. We must regard human energies as of scientific importance; and organize man." Or to quote from another of Montessori's lectures—"He who has been able to master the cosmic forces must come to understand that the fire of genius, the power of intelligence, the guidance of conscience, are also energies to be organized—to be disciplined and given an effective place in the social life of man."

Education—The Armament for Peace

It is evident that the power to control the infinite cosmic energies so that they will not be used for the destruction of the race must be in the last resort a moral power—i.e., a human power having its seat in the will—in the goodwill of human beings. So it becomes equally evident, as a corollary, that the most urgent practical problem for the race is the production of a new generation of strong balanced personalities, endowed with well-developed social sentiments and a keen sense of their responsibility, not only to their own family and compatriots, but to the rest of mankind. In other words the problem of peace is the same thing as the problem of education. Or as Montessori puts it: "Education is 'the armament of peace.'" If we think of the importance of armaments today and of their scientific perfection, and if we consider that to these armaments we entrust the safety of the nations in war time, then we ought to say "In a like manner and to an equal extent, and with as much scientific preparation ought we to develop education! Education would then become the armament on which the peoples could count to establish security and progress. In speaking thus I am not discussing the value of mechanical armaments: I am not talking politics. All I say is that the true defence of the peoples cannot rest on arms."

How Is Education to Help for Peace?

If education is to help effectually in the salvation of mankind it cannot remain within the limits in which it is confined today. "I believe," says Montessori, "that there will soon come a time when it will seem almost incredible that in these days education was confined to such narrow limits that it was quite useless in helping us to solve our social and international problems."

This is our practical problem. How best can we modify our educational system so as to turn it into an "Armament of Peace"?

*See Life & Work of Montessori Vol. II.

(To Be Continued Next Month)

ROTC On the Catholic Campus

(Continued from page 1)

ing and killing grows. While a man should reflect before helping to fire weapons which would kill five fellow men, he should reflect far more deeply before contributing to a blast which would kill 500,000. And he should realize the increasing problem of reconciling more and more indiscriminate killing with the Catholic conditions for a just war.

What this has to do with the obligation of Catholic students to become ROTC cadets is readily apparent. It is a fact, attributable to American culture, that the student beginning college assumes without question his military obligation. It is also a fact that the Church makes no such unquestioning assumption. War must be justified by something more than an admirable love for our country. Yet despite the highly questionable morality of thermonuclear war, our Catholic universities continue to sanction by academic force a preparation for the use of nuclear force. A Catholic education is identified so closely with a militant patriotism that it is necessary for a student to learn the techniques of modern warfare before he can receive a baccalaureate degree. Not only is there an emphasis upon military training by making it a requirement, but too often there is a de-emphasis of the moral problems raised by such training. To use again an example from my undergraduate school, there was in that curriculum only one place where its students were exposed to the teachings of the Church on war. In a senior ethics course, approximately one month before graduation, they received a cursory introduction to the conditions for a just war. The curriculum of the university ignored completely the positive approaches to peace which our modern Popes have so greatly stressed. On the other hand, these same students had been required to spend two years learning the techniques of our pentomic army. After so light a qualification of his previous training, a Catholic college graduate could hardly be blamed for believing that modern warfare had been gently absorbed into the Apostolic tradition.

I do not believe that to be patriotic a Catholic university has to oblige its students to learn the techniques of modern war. If a student after serious reflection chooses to engage in an ROTC program, then he should have the opportunity to do so. The point at issue here is whether or not he should be forced to participate, as if military training were somehow as essential to a Catholic curriculum as theology. A Catholic university should not make it a necessary part of its purpose to thrust its students into a time-consuming military program, especially when they have had no introduction to the moral questions underlying it.

The argument for compulsory ROTC seems to rest upon a peculiar mixture of academic and military force. If you're required to take the first two years of ROTC, goes the argument, you'll see the value of it and continue toward a commission. And since there aren't enough farsighted students to like the upper division ROTC without being pushed through the lower strata, then the existence of one part of the program becomes the justification of the other.

I would like to suggest to those who claim to be living proof of this argument, that had they been compelled instead to take a two-year course in non-violent resistance, they might now be selling *Catholic Workers* much more happily than they claim to be shouting commands. If ROTC lacks enough evident merits to attract students without exposing them to a two-year period of indoctrination, then it should be allowed to die gracefully. But, says the defender of the program, how will the United States defend itself adequately without our college graduates acting as officers? This argument assumes fearfully that a chain

reaction would proceed from the abolition of compulsory ROTC to the extinction of most college programs. It is also a position which places experience before the moral questions I am insisting on here. If this argument is the ultimate reason for compelling our students to take ROTC courses, then let us at least admit that we have become pragmatists, at least in the sense that morality is no longer a matter of concern when it conflicts with the national interest.

I am not implying that most compulsory programs consist in a two-year training in the tortures of the Inquisition, or anything of the sort. However nobly a program is set up, it must, to be effective, gradually acclimate its members



SAINT PAUL

to participation in a pentomic army. And this returns us again to the question: should a Catholic university compel its beginning students to two years of modern military training, at a point where their understanding of the morality of war derives more from John Wayne movies than from the teaching of the Church? And in an age when the United States and Russia stand ready to unleash a multitude of bombs, each bomb having a greater destructive force than the entire explosive power of the Second World War.

This is not a period of history in which Christians should be overanxious to demonstrate a strict military allegiance to even the best of states. In his study, *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars*, Gordon Zahn has shown with chilling evidence what can happen when leaders of the Church accept uncritically the military policies of a modern state. The implications of Zahn's study extend far beyond Nazi Germany and serve to reinforce the view that nationalism is the modern heresy. Yet the internationalism of the Communists, self-proclaimed and illusory, rooted in violence, must wither before the universal love of Christianity. But we must give witness to that universal love. If the Church becomes tied to the increasingly murderous defense measures of Western nations, she will certainly not die but she will suffer from inner conflicts.

A compulsory ROTC program seems a small facet of the American Catholic attitude toward war, but it exists at a strategic point—in the path of a stream of young students anxious to absorb the traditions of their Church. It would be a bitter irony if what they were to be impressed by most in their education were a tacit approval of the movement toward a War which, if not absolutely condemned, is at least seriously questioned by traditional teachings either unrecognized or passed over lightly. No thinking Catholic would argue that the Church is not concerned with the problem of war. Pope John simply reinforced this concern in his 1961 Christmas Message: "With

the authority which We have received from Jesus Christ, We say: Shun all thought of force." But how much practical significance can be attributed to the Church's concern for peace when Catholic universities seem to consider the army a structural necessity in their curriculums?

Compulsory ROTC is, in effect, a waiving by a university of the mountainous moral problems of modern war. It is a directive which transposes conscription by the state into conscription by the university for the state. An obligatory program of military training assumes an unnecessarily close affinity between the Church and our government's military policies. If the university feels that it must cooperate with the government in order to survive, then the only response is: yes, cooperation is necessary and proper as well, but at what point does cooperation pass over into a compromise of the purpose of a Catholic education? I repeat that I am arguing only for the removal of the compulsory character of the ROTC program, a program which should be given the opportunity to prosper by its own merits, if these can be discovered.

Compulsory ROTC is more than just an undergraduate annoyance, because it contributes to our continuing moral lassitude in regard to thermonuclear warfare. The most urgent moral questions of our age center on the threat of a nuclear holocaust. These questions deserve earnest treatment in a Catholic university, a treatment not given them when the university simply forces its incoming students to learn the techniques of modern war. I do not suggest that the leaders of the Reserve Officers Training Corps be tarred and feathered and run off our Catholic campuses. I ask only that they agree to compete for the attention of students whose primary purpose is not military, and whose purpose may, upon examination, be discovered to be higher than the prosecution of a thermonuclear war.

Charity

"Whatever we love in the way of food, we love it to this end that it be consumed and we ourselves refreshed. But men, surely, are not to be loved in this way? There is, indeed, a certain love of well-wishing which urges us at some time or other to do good to those whom we love. But what if there be no good that we can do? To the lover, the benevolence, the mere wishing well, is more than enough. We should not desire that men be in affliction in order that we may practise works of mercy. You give meat to the hungry: but it were far better that there were no hungry and that you had no one to feed. You clothe the naked: oh, if only all were clothed and you had no need to clothe them! You bury the dead: if only that life were come wherein there is no death! You reconcile those who are at variance; ah, that eternal peace were at last here, the peace of the heavenly Jerusalem, wherein none shall disagree! For all these services answer to some necessity. Take away the wretched, and works of mercy are at an end. They indeed are at an end, but the fire of love, shall that ever be quenched?"

"With a truer love do you love a happy man to whom there is no good work that you can do: purer will be that love, and more sincere. For if you do good to anyone in distress, it may well be that you wish to raise yourself in his eyes and that you are glad that he, who is the occasion of your benefactions, should be inferior to you. He was in need and you came to his help: you, who brought assistance, appear greater than he who had to receive it. Long rather to be equal, that you may both be under the one Lord on whom nothing can be bestowed."

St. AUGUSTINE, On the First Epistle of St. John, Treatise 8, No. 8

On Pilgrimage to Cuba

(Continued from page 1)

too late now to talk of non-violence, with one invasion behind them, and threats of others ahead of them. And according to traditional Catholic teaching, the only kind Fidel Castro ever had, the good Catholic is also the good soldier.

Several of our old editors have accused us of giving up our pacifism. What nonsense. We are as unalterably opposed to armed resistance and armed revolt from the admittedly intolerable conditions all through Latin America as we ever were. In Chile, land is being redistributed and reforms are taking place in many Latin American countries. But how much land, and to whom, and with what means to cultivate it? Is it good land, or waste land, and is the redistribution made in the spirit of Ananias and Saphira? See the story in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles in the New Testament.

We are against capital punishment whether it takes place in our own country or in Russia or Cuba. We are against mass imprisonments whether it is of delinquents or counter revolutionaries. Incidentally Judge Liebowitz spoke of the rehabilitation of prisoners in the Soviet Union on his return from a visit to the penal institutions of that country.

No one expects that Fidel will become another Martin of Tours or Ignatius and lay down his arms. But we pray the grace of God will grow in him and that with a better social order, grace will build on the good natural, and that the Church will be free to function, giving us the Sacraments and the preaching and teaching of the Man of Peace, Jesus.

I know from long experience how few pacifist priests there are and how patriotizing is liable to incite the youthful middle class to such incidents as that of last week, when a group of students, in two yachts, shelled Havana, delivering sixty rounds into a suburb where Castro was supposed to be speaking. The State Department denies any knowledge of this attack, and considering the exposed activities of the CIA I would not wonder that the right hand does not know what the left is doing. And since James Donovan, famous lawyer, had just been sent to Cuba to negotiate for the release of more of the prisoners taken at the time of



the invasion a year ago last April, it stands to reason that such a weekend attack must have been embarrassing to the U.S. State Department.

An assignment like this is interesting but also presents the greatest difficulties. I am most of all interested in the religious life of the people and so must not be on the side of a regime that favors the extirpation of religion. On the other hand, when that regime is bending all its efforts to make a good life for the people, a naturally good life (on which grace can build) one cannot help but be in favor of the measures taken.

The motive is love of brother, and we are commanded to love our

brothers. If religion has so neglected the needs of the poor and of the great mass of workers and permitted them to live in the most horrible destitution while comforting them with the solace of a promise of a life after death when all tears shall be wiped away, then that religion is suspect. Who would believe such Job's comforters. On the other hand, if those professing religion shared the life of the poor and worked to better their lot and risked their lives as revolutionaries do, and trade union organizers have done in the past, then there is a ring of truth about the promises of the glory to come. The cross is followed by the resurrection. Orwell said one of the tragedies of the present day was the loss of a sense of personal immortality. But are those to be believed who see their brother in need and do not open their hearts, their doors, their purses to them? Whatever we have over and above what we need belongs to the poor, we have been told again and again by the fathers of the church and the saints up to the very present day. But how much does a man need to cultivate the talents God has given him? To raise his family and educate them and to take care of his older ones. How much land does a man need?

The land in Cuba is very fertile according to the American Peoples Encyclopedia, and grows not only sugar cane. One and a half millions acres is devoted to this crop in 1937 and American capital has spent millions on this industry. Tobacco was the second crop and is grown everywhere. Bananas, corn, coffee, tomatoes, lima beans, egg plant, pepper, okra, cucumbers, potatoes—the list is endless, and then from this out of date encyclopedia which can tell us much of Cuba in the past, we learn that 95 per cent of the crops are sent to the United States. The extent of the mineral deposits is unknown. Iron deposits believed to be 3½ billion tons, held largely in reserve by U. S. Steel companies. "Copper, manganese, nickel, chrome, gold and asphalt—extensive. The U. S. was Cuba's chief customer. Raw materials were imported for manufacture by cheap labor." Canned goods, sugar, syrup, molasses, cigars, tobacco, canned fruits, lobster, condensed milk, peanut and castor oil, sisal rope and cordage, cigar boxes and pencils, shoes from alligator skins, sponges, mother of pearl, tortoise shell, paper, furniture, cement, brick, leather, starch, textiles, alcohol and rum. The list is endless. But why was everyone so poor?

Forests used to be one half of the island and now in 1937 they were one sixth. Fish the year round and now provides large part of the food supply. There were railways, bus lines, cartroads and Cuba was an important point for steamship lines. There was a great influx of tourists. The Pan American and Royal Dutch Air Lines flew there.

Now there are no tourists, there is no trade with the United States.

When Columbus discovered Cuba (so named by the Indians) he found "mild, inoffensive tribes," ruled by chiefs who had religious beliefs in God and a future life. Cities were founded in 1512 and 14 by Velasquez: Baracoa, Santiago, Trinidad, San Christobal de la Habana. The Spanish could not exact labor from the Indians so they were exterminated and Negro slaves brought in. Slavery was only suppressed in 1845.

According to the World book, 1961, the rural population makes up 70 per cent of Cuba's population. Seventy per cent white, 25 per cent Negro and five per cent Indian.

Perhaps all these facts are known to our readers but I know I had to refresh my memory though I had read many books and articles about Cuba these last years. But what one reads in books is not enough. I will try to make the Cuban story come alive.

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Why Whole - Wheat Altarbreads?

The idea of preparing altarbreads from whole-wheat flour may seem at first a rather strange, if not "cultish" idea, but further thought will present reasons why they, and not the white, waxlike altarbreads, should be the rule instead of the exception.

From an historical point of view there can be no doubt that at the Last Supper the Lord used bread made from whole-wheat flour. All of us know that nowadays a goodly portion of the natural content of the wheat is removed in the process of making white flour. The versicle before Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament would seem quite relevant: "Thou gavest them bread from heaven, containing all sweetness." But much of that "sweetness" is taken out today from the flour for the "bread of the body" and the "Bread of the Soul."

Monsignor Hellriegel, one of the pastors who is using our whole-wheat altarbreads, points out in his book "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass" that everybody seems much concerned about the "purity" of the altarwine, but seldom do we hear a doubt expressed about the purity and fitness of the altarpiece. We are using a "by-product" of the wheat instead of its original wholeness.

Isn't it a mark of sentimentality when people speak of the "pure, white, immaculate hosts, so thin that they melt away." Did Our Lord say: "Let it melt?" or did He say: "Take and eat?" Also, "this immaculate host" of the offertory prayer is not immaculate because of its color, but because of what it will be after consecration, the "Immaculate Victim (Hostia), Christ the Lord."

Modern civilization is becoming all too soft, all too "refined," often involving a refining of reality right out of existence. In the religious sphere, for example, this has given us a weak Christ, no calloused hands and hard workman's body, but soft vapidity. A similar psychology lies behind the "white" altarpiece. Integrity is wholeness and where else is wholeness more called for than in everything that has to do with the central act of Christian worship, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass?

If you are interested, please write to:

T. McKiernan
The House of Bread
18220 McErlain Street
South Bend 17, Indiana

These altarbreads are six dollars a thousand for small, and two cents each for the large. We would appreciate your suggestions as to size and thickness.



come out on alternate weeks. There are thirty children in one class and forty in the other. The fees are graded up to three dollars. After that all children in the family can come in. I was quite amazed at the result of two weeks' classes. My youngster, nine, quite good herself as an artist, caught the spirit and sketched off a fine drawing in a few minutes. I could see how enthusiasm breeds enthusiasm.

Rockland County is such a fast-growing county. Land values are up now to five and six thousand dollars an acre. Marycrest was offered a large sum for part of their still unused land but they turned it down. They hope eventually to have twenty families. Frankly I feel one of the few hopes for lower income families is to get land cooperatively and protect themselves from the speculative spirit which makes home owning more and more difficult.

Many of the Marycrest persons were readers or writers or friends of the Integrity magazine group. Others went up and helped, with freely given work hours. When Ed Willock became so sick and had nine years of being incapacitated, many came to the family aid with personal service or financial help. Dot Willock now has her twelve children with her. Five worked this summer, helping to support the family. Ann is going to evening college. Marie hopes to get into nursing and Michael is finishing High School. A scholarship fund has been set up in the Brothers of Charity school in West Newbury, Mass. for the education of the boys. Two, Peter and Joseph, were there for the Summer camp and liked the place. Probably three will go there for the school year.

At the picnic on July 4th, Paul, who works with Summer camp horses, brought one for the children to ride on. The kids loved this. This letter will give the friends of Marycrest and the Willocks a little bit of news. Dot showed me half of the thousand letters she received at the time of Ed's death. They were very moving. He had a remarkable influence on so many. Priests, married couples, people in all walks of life said they kept his writings for as long as fifteen years and read and reread them. Some gave him credit for their vocation. Some hoped Integrity magazine would be revived.

Love,
Arthur Sheehan

Indiana

Dear Dorothy:

Monsignor Conway's recent remarks in the Sunday Visitor about the Catholic Worker raise a number of points. Briefly and partially, then:

Those at the Catholic Worker do tend to anarchism, but this is Christian Anarchism, not an espousal of chaos or disorder, or blind defiance of all law. Rather it is a Christian personalism, a commitment to personal responsibility within the wider but stricter boundaries of the Law of Love. It reserves the right to question all man-made laws which deny this greater Law.

Pacifists, and Christian anarchists generally, believe that war is evil, hence that laws promoting it are evil. Law is but a means to an end, and if either means or end is wrong, then is not only may not, but must not, be obeyed (unless the issue is trivial and grave social disorder would result). All theologians teach this. A bad law is no better than any other bad thing.

If pacifists are often "saintly, dedicated and idealistic Christians," perhaps we ought to judge most carefully the ideas of these men, under the principles that action follows essence and that holiness is wholeness. And if non-violence is "beautiful" and "Christian" and "ideal," as Monsignor admits, then it would seem that by

definition, it has already laid upon us the burden of assent and practice. Neither is pragmatic "effectiveness" the measure of moral truths, though Gandhi and the Southern Negro have proved that non-violence can be successful.

Monsignor says that it is against Catholic doctrine to deny the State the right to self-defense. There is no such doctrine. Moreover, the thinkers (not "crackpots," but "conscientious, qualified Catholic thinkers"), whom Monsignor quotes as advocating unilateral nuclear disarmament, in effect deny this right, because any State not possessing nuclear weapons obviously has no defense against those which do.

Finally, there is the remarkable, and most pernicious, statement that "no Catholic may appeal to his conscience as grounds for refusing to perform military duties for his country." On the contrary, there is nothing but conscience to which we may appeal in any moral act we perform. This is the whole point of conscience, so much so that even an erroneous conscience must be followed. What would Monsignor Conway substitute for conscience, man's law, emotions, public opinion? The traditional Catholic teachings about a just war, of which he speaks, are meaningless unless they help form one's conscience to refuse participation in an unjust war.

Perry McKiernan
South Bend

Michigan

711 Perry St.
Saginaw, Michigan

Dear Dorothy Day:

I have just started a magazine called "De Colores." It will be mailed to all the Cursillistas in the Midwest. Cursillistas are those that have made this new Spanish retreat.

Would like permission to reprint "Christian Ethics and Nuclear War," by Thomas Merton-March Issue. Would also like permission to use art work found in your paper. Needless to say, good art is hard to find. I want to be doubly careful not to use any of the blasphemous art found in such abundance today.

We are poor, have yet to put out our first issue, so I do not think we could offer any money, just a credit on the art. Cost will be kept to a minimum: our purpose is not to make money but to honor God. Please let me know.

By the way, am availing myself of art work and Peter Maurin's essay from your "Green Revolution." Will send you a copy when our first issue is out.

Yours in Christ,
Kenneth C. Gaertner



Colorado

238 Pitkin
Grand Junction, Colo.

Dear Dorothy Day:

Enclosed is the clipping that appeared in the local paper heralding the beginning of Demetrias House. We beg your prayers in our behalf and trust that some of your readers will be encouraged to offer assistance.

We have the usual difficulties but by far the worst is the defeatist and/or negative attitudes of "good Catholics." Eventually, however, we believe the work will

prosper and those who oppose our beginning will become convinced of the necessity for Demetrias House and support it.

Three lay catechists and two seminarians are busy every day and we are slowly making contact with the scattered migrant worker families. In addition to the house we have a store front two doors down the street which serves as a recreation center and a thrift shop. We have priced the clothing at nominal rates but give away as much or more than we sell.

Bishop Buswell has been our chief source of encouragement. We're so grateful to have a Bishop who sees and acts almost simultaneously. He and Abbot Michael Lensing are friends; Father Abbot will visit us in August en route to a meeting in Washington. He gave me the news on Elizabeth Burrows' death April 19th. I ask for her help daily. "How precious in the eyes of God is the death of his saints."

We chose the name Demetrias after Mother Demetrias, founder of the Mission Sisters of the Sacred Heart. She knew the worth of the minority groups and her zeal in aiding them is an example to us all even as your zeal, dear lady, prompted us to initiate this House.

God keep His Arms Around You
Jack Holman

California

Santa Rita Jail
California
August 22, 1962

Dear Dorothy:

Joan Abrams of St. Elijah House has been a faithful friend and occasional (when possible) supplier of the CW, for which we look forward eagerly. The three of us who are still prisoners at large do, that is, Sam and Bob are still in solitary confinement for non-cooperation. Sam refuses to be fingerprinted or to sign any papers and Bob refuses to become a "slave to the system." Besides getting 6 hours a day mandatory work from us (for which there is no pay) the federal government pays the county room and board. You can see what he means.

Meanwhile back on the farm (prison) Bart, Roger, and I have had a chance to speak to the conscience of the custody people by refusing to work on any of the several military projects here. We also demonstrated our concern about capital punishment by observing a day of silence on the date of the murder of Elizabeth Duhean by the state.

Through Lisa and Benny Bowman of Tracy, we heard of CNVA West's successful 12 hour protest against Russian tests this month.

Lynn Moss, Roger's wife, tells of the note she received from Ammon in which he writes that he was happy to hear we were in jail. Isn't that wonderfully like Ammon.

We are doing our time "day by day" as the saying goes and it is messages such as this and the CW that makes it easier for us.

God be with everyman.
Walt Chaffee

My Dear Dorothy:

Just got back from Oakland and San Francisco but fortunately got picked up in Oakland for jay walking and got 3 days in the cooler (jail). There were 160 of us in 1 small dormitory 3 bunks high at night during the day. We were in an air court with just a bit more than standing rooms, on Sunday there were services for the Protestants but nothing for the Catholics.

With all the priests in town there should be at least 1 assigned to say Mass for the prisoners on Sunday.

Why not give us some more of Peter Maurin's verse. His is always good.

Hope all the family is O.K.
Sincerely yours in Christ
Hugh Maddin
St. Elizabeths Hospital
Red Bluff, Calif.

News from Marycrest

5 Pinchurst Avenue
N.Y. 33, N.Y.
August 28, 1962

Dear Dorothy:

On July 4th, the two children and I went up to Marycrest and spent the day at the 14th annual picnic. There were twelve families from the community and about an equal number of visiting families. Also seven Maryknoll seminarians who played a ball game against Marycrest.

There were children's games, music, dancing, fireworks, tables set in the woods, cake baking contests. The children had cleared the brush for the tables. One told me the pay was "a ride to town and ice cream for all."

Everything was most pleasant and I "picked" a number of brains to get the story of Marycrest for I think the way they did things could be an inspiration to many others.

It began when Dick Bourret and his wife Barbara, were house hunting. They were living in a borrowed apartment on Mott Street. Father Jas. A. Egan, O.P., suggested to Dick that he talk to a lawyer friend, Charles Neill. This led to other mutual friends and the nucleus of the study group was formed. Two of the men were making a survey of city apartments in a Christian Family Movement inquiry being held by a group at the Franciscan Church on 31st Street. Following the usual THINK, JUDGE, ACT technique, they were doing the research by knocking on doors, inquiring about rents, number of rooms, number of children. Ed Willock became interested in their findings, then told them further study was a waste of time. Results were showing the almost impossibility of finding apartments for large families at rents that could be paid. Ed suggested they think of leaving the city. The researchers made their report to the CFM group but

it was received with no enthusiasm. They consequently joined together for the new study group which met in Charles Neill's downtown office.

Then came a chance to buy fifty acres in Rockland County. The man who had it was in a sanatorium. He sold it for six thousand dollars. The place was mostly woods, with only a logging trail leading into it. Jack Olive, new Mayor of Marycrest, said the clearing of land together, the working on the road developed a united spirit. A 100 foot shed was bought in Shanks Village, an Army housing unit being dismantled. The Marycrest men took it apart, brought it to their land and set it up as a tool and utility building.

A work system was developed. Each man got credit for the hours he put in on any project or house. That entitled him to an equal number of hours labor from his fellow communitarians. Material was bought cooperatively, some new, some good secondhand stuff. Articles of association were slowly hammered out at regular meetings. Days of recollection were held occasionally with Father Egan as "de facto chaplain," to use the wording of their own publication, Marycrest News & Views.

Now there are twelve homes and about eighty children. The newer houses have gone up more quickly for shells have been bought and placed on foundations. Previously everything was done the hard way. A number of the men are self-employed. One is an upholsterer, another has his truck and vegetable business, another does carpentering. A new and extremely interesting development is the barn, built with Charles Neill's financial help. The second floor is for meetings, get-togethers. The lower floor is a garage and workshop. Jack Dermody, a commercial artist, has arranged for an art teacher and a dance instructor to

AS FAULKNER LIES DEAD

(Continued from page 2)

brought to his knees. What can he do? In an apocalyptic ride, boot to boot and shoulder to shoulder, the two brothers charge till they rein up at Sutpen's Hundred, Sutpen's dream plantation; there at the gate, Henry kills Bon and drags him in, flinging his corpse at his sister's feet as she is hemming her wedding gown.

This is what Miss Rosa has heard in whispers and around corners—for she is younger than her nephews—the horrifying gothic tale, stripped from the love and passion that went with it. She will grow to abhor Sutpen who insults her vitally, to see everyone disintegrate, die and go back to the wilderness, for Charles Bon has a descendant from his common-law marriage to a beautiful octoroon who loved him. Rosa will hold the keys of the house to the very last, the sullen house boarded in, barricaded so as to hide Henry, the fugitive murderer come back home to die. Henry is jealously watched over by his mulatto half-sister Clytemnestra, another Sutpen doomed offspring that her father set up as guardian of the house and who will set fire to it believing that she thus saves Henry from indignity and prison. From the flames escapes Jim Bond, the half-wit Negro grand-son of Charles Bon. All is wasted, all is gone and perished for the lack of these two simple words: My son!

It is not possible here to render justice to Faulkner's style or processes that make for the beauty of the work. Emily Bronte—and there is something of Heathcliffe in Sutpen—uses two narrators where Faulkner uses four: Miss Rosa, Quentin's father and Grandfather and then himself; Emily's fantastic imagination makes up the tale but Faulkner invents it, that is to say discovers it anew, insofar that a poem of 378 pages—every phrase of it is poetry—becomes a history text-book. All is set, all is explained and this is where the magic begins to work for time and life are made of legend and history and conversely: what is believed and what is true—and what does man know of it all since his memory can register but so little, being so short-lived. The atmosphere involves us all, from the South and from the North, from the colonialist countries and from all those people and castes who ignore that the poor also have their design; we all are Henry and Charles Bon and this is why Harvey Breit says in his foreword to *Abalom*: "Towards the end of *Abalom*, I found myself especially captured by a passage in which Quentin and Shreve identify themselves with the fateful, fratricide ride of Charles Bon and Henry Sutpen, taken nearly half a century before." "So that now," writes Faulkner "it was not two but four of them riding the two horses through the dark over frozen December ruts that Christmas Eve . . ." No, I thought, it is not four (continues Breit). It is the sum of all readers throughout the entire world."

When accepting his Nobel Prize, Faulkner remarked it was a little for thirty years of blood and tears. It can be imagined that beyond the immense "travail" as he would

say, and the suffering brought about by creating and issuing the message that is the pottage of all geniuses, this extraordinary American writer had two extraneous burdens to bear: Be it Dostoevsky or James Joyce, Confucius or Homer, all great creators have delved into a past known to both themselves and their public. Not so for Faulkner! In a country where the original race has been wiped out, where a great minority has been torn from its roots and barred from remembering and where the ruling majority denies its past and starts from zero, nobody has a memory and there is no normal framework for time. This is why Faulkner started writing in a circle instead of in a stretch. From the Civil War he invests his characters with Greek names—doom being implied instead of Christian punishment—he invents all the might-have-been, a favorite word of his, he invents language, uses Elizabethan expressions, he invents time. This alone makes for a cruel ordeal joined to his flow of consciousness and few have had the courage to bear it with him. This is what makes of him a prophet. And one recalls a famous travelling priest saying to Americans: "We must go back to the first centuries of Christianity" and the blank look that answered these words. Who knows, who knows in this huge country what Indian princess played the role of Isolde; who lived and loved and moaned in the deep forest and on the high seas?

What is American Christianity; where does it take root: Is it not yet to come in its personal expression, its image and its martyrdom? Faulkner has patiently probed and plodded in seeming shadows to find this vein; turning sometimes towards Catholicism in a quite explicit way—his dynasties are always Scotch, not Irish—as if visualizing a reconversion of Protestants. *Requiem For A Nun* tells us: "Then, instead of the three men in a boat (Jesuits), instead of the meek and bloody cross of Christ and Saint Louis, came the roaring Presbyterian with his Bible and his jug of whisky; the Bible he dropped; and the Negro people picked it up, but he still holds to the jug of whisky." In the same book, Nancy, the Negro, offered up voluntarily to save the white Temple, shows the way to freedom and belief through sacrifice whilst Gavin Stevens, the conscience—who is Faulkner himself in part—leads her to confession. There are the little itinerant preachers, the dedicated, the loving, the humble who stand for the great history of non-violence in the South in the times of slavery. Hightower, in *"Light in August"* is the Church called to renounce all pride, even legitimate, and to unite will all those whose suffering reenact Christ's. The lovely and strange *Wild Palms* submits man to God's decision and binds all human love to his will. This book has been hailed by a French Jesuit in *ETUDES* as one of the most Catholic books ever written.

Step by step, the great writer leads us to a rediscovery of Christ in modern times; one winces at the vulgar and ignorant criticisms with which he has been lynched, stigmatizing him as an obscene and racist writer, retaining just one phrase quoted probably out of context, in abnormal circumstances, one violent symbol of horror and castigation that can be equalled by Euripides, Aeschylus or Dostoevsky, none of them "nice writers" overlooking his love of man, not as a race but an individual, his immense, labyrinthine soul-searching that culminated in the great story that he wryly called *A Fable* knowing too well that the modern world, like the Grand Inquisitor would not recognize this parable of Christ and Peace.

The scene between the corporal and the Generalissimo under the Roman citadel that contains the Nobel Prize speech is one of the

most shattering in all literature. It holds the supreme temptation—that of being God, that of Adam, at the foot of the Tree, that of Christ in the Desert, that of the Me overcoming the I. It has hardly been equaled by any writer before, its dimensions go to meet eternity.

It is rather apt and charming that having exorcized of all the demons, spent and nearly gone, Faulkner should have left us a last book, tender and gay, reminiscent and serene. Once more the critics are taken in by this master of the craft, with his play within the play and have declared with unanimity that the book is uproariously funny. True there are some very funny passages, but they pick up the theme of Miss Reba's disreputable establishment introduced by *Sanctuary* and *Sanctuary* can hardly be called a funny book. The book is above all tender. It is a kind of sentimental journey for a boy of eleven, an Indian half



breed and a Negro; the discovery of love and truth in very unconventional ways, the condemnation of the technological age in the form of a beloved horse and a race picking up the theme of the Fable: "Notes for a Horse-Thief." To love the horse and not the race, the living element and not the abstract aim. THE REIVERS, a word that means to loot, to plunder, introduces us to a world of innocence where the heroine, though the Pharisees would call her anything but innocent, has the innocence of Dostoevsky's unfortunate lost souls. And we close the book with the certitude that drunks and prostitutes and horse-thieves that are pure in heart will enter heaven long before us.

Very soon the South no more will be the South; it will be like the North; forced by time into cold, legal hypocrisy—when the might-have-been could have been spelled love: My son! The tradition and the charm that must also be counted against all the horror will have faded, died away and only Faulkner's books will waft their haunting smell of wisteria as in *Abalom* or of honeysuckle as in *the Sound and the Fury*. Yet he leaves much more with us; a living message, urgent and continuous: Only by spiritual and emotional identification, the one with the other, could the South have been saved; only by recognizing its son and not by inter-marrying with one-self in doomed pride like the sisters of Pharaohs. It is never too late. And we can say of and with this great American himself, in *Requiem for a Nun*:

THE PAST IS NEVER DEAD, IT IS NOT EVEN PAST.

The Jesus Prayer

Continual interior prayer of the heart—"Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me."

From having all these and other like feelings I noted that interior prayer bears fruit in three ways: in the Spirit, in the feelings, and in revelations. In the first, for instance, is the sweetness of the love of God, inward peace, gladness of mind, purity of thought, and the sweet remembrance of God. In the second, the pleasant warmth of the heart, fullness of God in all one's limbs, the joyous "bubbling" in the heart, lightness and courage, the joy of living, power not to feel sickness and sorrow. And in the last, light given to the mind, understanding of Holy Scripture, knowledge of the speech of created things, freedom from fuss and vanity, knowledge of the joy of the inner life, and finally certainty of the nearness of God and of His love for us.

page 41, *The Way of a Pilgrim*, London: S.P.C.K., 1954

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

at old Chrystie St. with Roger O'Neil and at St. Vincents Hospital, big, kindly, and always helpful. When we went to Spring St. Tony disappeared till we had a letter from the Tombs in September 1960. He had been arrested in an attempted theft and was sent to Auburn prison. The record showed a felony charge in Georgia due to theft and that Tony had escaped a road gang in 1957.

In his letters Tony said he didn't mind the N. Y. prison but he greatly feared having to go back to Georgia. Would Georgia demand him back and would N. Y. send him? His letters always open in about the same way, "How are you Charles, fine I pray and hope I am well thanks to God and the Blessed Mother Mary."

But Georgia has demanded Tony back and Gov. Rockefeller has given full faith and credit. The extradition hearing is over. Tony faces a minimum of 5 years in Georgia. Parole can be given after 1/3 of the minimum is served. Please pray for him.

C.O.s

Joseph Fa Diodato wrote from Buffalo recently, "Dear Sirs: I am now seeking your urgent help. I have been trying to receive C.O.1-0 army draft classification. I have had two 'hearings' at which the Catholic members of the draft board have insisted that a Roman Catholic has never been nor could ever be a conscientious objector to war. The board refused to let me present any of the material I have received from PAX in London, England. The board also prevented my witnesses from entering the hearing room. Even the priests in my parish say they have never heard of valid Catholic pacifism." So Fr. Ceparick SJ, Fr. Catoir, and Fr. Barry all wrote to Joseph and the board stating that a Catholic can be a conscientious objector.

In another case where a Catholic boy was denied a C.O. classification I spoke with one of the members of the board. He said the boy wasn't a C.O. because all he had was a "personal belief." If he could prove he was a member of a pacifist religious sect like the Mennonites that would be different.

But this boy believes in Jesus Christ and that Jesus wants him to reject war and killing as contrary to love. His belief is "in a relation to a Supreme Being involving duties superior to those arising from any human relation" as the statute requires. It is not "a merely personal moral code" as the board member says.

The board member also said that man is an animal and has to defend himself according to his nature as an animal. Man might be other things too, he has a mind, but this didn't change the necessity of self-defense by force.

I wish this board member could read Fr. Gleason's new book called *Grace, Sheed and Ward*. On page 131 Father talks about what it means for animal man to share God's nature and to possess God.

"The Holy Spirit is present to man as the most welcome guest of the soul. Man is then enabled to enter into conversation with Him, with all the intimacy, the sharing of goods, that friendship implies. Man shares his goods by agape,

effective, efficacious love for the neighbor; God shares His goods with man by divinizing man and rendering him a sharer of His own divine nature. So we have to explain not only presence, but possession.

"St. John and St. Paul are tireless in expounding the element of possession. With grace and the indwelling, they say, there comes a community to thought and love between the Godhead and man. There comes a circuminsession, so to speak, of thought. Man's thoughts are known to God, God's thoughts are known to man and, as with two people who love each other, thoughts flow from one to the other, colored by nuances, the tone of each personality.

"A delicate and divine familiarity is made possible to man by the soul's presence to God and the soul's possession of God. An affectionate intimacy arises for man to cultivate and increase. And all the while the soul is brought into a unity of love, forming with the Godhead a loving "we." It is always the delight of lovers to speak of "our" love, for love is a circumambient element which preserves and unites them—an erosphere, so to speak, having almost an independent existence. Such a love unites the family—mother to child, husband and wife to child. Thus between the soul and God grace establishes a unity of mind and heart, and so essential an aspect of the inhabitation is this unity that no explanation of the presence of God can afford to ignore it."

Now to come back to the boy who wants to be a C.O. He is a human animal who shares in the nature of Jesus, God. By that share in God's nature he has the power to love others as Jesus has loved us. Jesus rejected the sword and laid down his life for us. So this boy may also in the Name of Jesus reject war and be a C.O.

THE LAND

Dear Dorothy Day: Please send me a few back issues of the Catholic Worker on the plight of the migrant farm worker and the Bracero situation especially pertaining to California. I would also appreciate a back issue that explains Peter Maurin's theory of the necessity of workers being scholars and scholars being workers. May I also ask for the name of the author of the most recent book about Peter Maurin? We are especially interested in the *Back to the Land Movement* and wish there were more articles in your paper about it.

Sincerely,
Mr. & Mrs.
Patrick McLoughlin
295 Thomas Lane,
Pelatuma, Calif.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. After the lecture and questions, we continue the discussion over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is invited.

FROM THE CLOTHES ROOM

We desperately need clothing, especially men's winter clothing. Arthur Lacey and Anne Marie Stokes inform me that we need sheets, blankets, layettes, towels and clothing for school age children. Most of our clothing is distributed before it's here very long. We like to get what's in season so that we can put it to use quickly.