



## A WEEKEND AT HIGHLANDER

By JUDITH GREGORY

On November 9 I went down to Highlander Folk School in Tennessee to a weekend workshop for white students in the South who want to help the students participating in the sit-ins. Highlander's future is still uncertain. The local court's decision to revoke its charter is now on appeal to the Tennessee Supreme Court. No doubt it will be several months before the result is known; but meanwhile the school has permission to operate and is making the most of it. Many workshops are planned for the coming year, and

ber of students from the nearby University of the South in Sewanee came over.

One of the consultants at the workshop was Anne Braden, whom I had often heard about but never met. She and her husband Carl live in Louisville, and have long been very much in the thick of integration work. They are field secretaries for the Southern Conference Educational Fund, and editors of its paper, *The Southern Patriot*. In 1954 Carl Braden was sentenced to fifteen years in prison under a Kentucky sedition law for buying a house in a segregated neighborhood and selling it to a Negro couple—Anne Braden wrote about this in *The Wall Between*—and he served eight months before his conviction was reversed. Now he is appealing a contempt conviction (for refusing to answer questions before the House Un-American Affairs Committee) to the U.S. Supreme Court, basing his case on the First Amendment.

My conversation with Anne Braden brought up a most important subject—one highly relevant to the workshop—and that is the connection between so-called "civil rights" and "civil liberties." Civil rights are equal rights for Negroes or other groups subject to discrimination; and civil liberties are those freedoms protected by the Bill of Rights. The distinction between them has some basis, but it is more confusing than useful. All these rights and liberties have Constitutional guarantees. A connection between them can easily be seen in the fact that one of the surest ways to destroy confidence in anyone working for civil rights is to accuse him of sedition, subversion, conspiracy etc., thus attempting to destroy his civil liberties. Most important of all, both civil rights and civil liberties belong to all

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the extension program of adult literacy, citizenship and leadership classes is growing and has spread from South Carolina into Georgia and Alabama. I saw all my friends at Highlander and they are fine. It was wonderful to find that the state's persecution has utterly failed to hurt the school, its program, or its staff.

Last spring Highlander had a workshop on "The Place of the White Southerner in the Current Struggle for Justice." The workshop this November was on the same subject, designed especially for students. These students came from about a dozen colleges and universities all over the South. Many of them were graduate students and a number of them were in divinity school. Most of them were white, but Negro students came from Nashville and Jackson, Tennessee. The Negroes had all had experience in sit-ins or other demonstrations and helped the white students to understand how they might best take their place in the struggle. Some of the students who had led sit-ins in Nashville were particularly frank and helpful in this respect. It was a big group, varying from about fifty to over eighty one evening when an especially large num-

At Peter Maurin Farm weather, as always in the country, plays an important role, colors the mood and tone of daily living. Weather-wise, this fall has been a particularly pleasant one, with many mild and tangy Indian Summer days, and brisk nights coolly starred or coolly radiant under the autumnal fullness of the moon. The trees have been slow in relinquishing their leaves, and throughout the fall there has been much greenness interspersed among the more spectacular hues of red and gold. Only the other day I found a clump of sweet clover as green as it might have been in midsummer and as full of summer sweetness. Now, however, in late November most of the trees are leafless, standing tall and beautiful with the bare unfeathered grace of branch and bole. With such a climate, such a setting, one could hardly expect our community life to be other than pleasant.

Of course it is not so simple. We are a heterogeneous group and do not always see eye to eye. Each of us as an individual experiences his ups and downs, his moods of irritability, discouragement, and discontent. At one time or other, each of us in turn seems to find

132-28 Do Dong  
Chung Ku  
Seoul, Korea

I am writing this letter to you because my conscience will not let me alone. Ever since my wife and I arrived here in Seoul (we came from Palo Alto, Calif.) I have felt that I should write to as many people in America as I can to tell them what life is like today in Korea. I submit this letter to you as a disturbed American who needs to share his disturbance with other Americans.

We arrived in Korea just a few



days before the demonstrations which succeeded in toppling the Rhee regime. My wife and father-in-law had a narrow escape on April 19, the day of the big outbreak in Seoul. They were at my sister-in-law's tea-room in the downtown area, and wanted to leave but were afraid to because of the demonstration. Finally they decided to "chance it," and they went out. At that moment the crowds surged in their direction and shots were fired by the police. They managed to get out safely, but we later learned that five persons had been killed in front of the tea-room.

### The Poor in Revolt

The Rhee regime was replaced by the temporary "caretaker" government, but even under the caretaker administration the atmosphere has been one of restlessness and discontent. On May 17, the students and faculty of the Foreign Language College in Seoul where I teach English Literature went out on strike in protest against alleged abuses and corruption in the College administration and Board of Trustees. The students marched from the College on the outskirts of town to the downtown offices of the President of the Board, where they demanded a hearing. The President was not to be found, so the students encamped in his office for two weeks. During the strike the students gathered in front of the College for a meeting, but they were attacked by students loyal to the administration and hoodlums allegedly employed by the Board of Trustees. A fight ensued inside the school building that left it looking like a bomb had hit it. Other colleges and high schools in Korea were having similar difficulties, and violence was a daily occurrence for a while. I mention this school problem as an example of the strong feelings of dissatisfaction that prevail here.

You may ask, "Dissatisfaction with what?" and a tour through the city will provide the answer, I think. Everywhere you look there is poverty, wretched housing, people dressed in rags, homeless children wandering the streets, crowds of men standing idle because of unemployment. It is the kind of situation that breeds discontentment, violence, frustration, corruption, despair.

I can still remember my astonishment, when we first visited my sister-in-law's tea-room, at the steady parade of young boys coming in to peddle merchandise. Most of them are dressed in the black uniform of the high school student and carry wooden suitcases full of merchandise. As you sit at your table in the dark interior with your cup of coffee or tea, a boy approaches with his case open, showing pens, pencils, souvenirs, chewing gum, etc. The entire contents of the case can't be worth more than a few dollars. If you indicate that you don't want to buy anything, he visits other tables and then goes out. A moment later another boy comes in with similar merchandise. He is followed by a boy perhaps six years old in ragged clothes, selling newspapers. Occasionally a little girl comes in to sell something. A ragged man comes inside crying his beggar-cry, and the hostess quickly gives him money to get rid of him. This unhappy stream of children and beggars continues throughout the day and far into the night. A naive American-like

myself may ask, "Why aren't these children in school?" and the answer is that only those children whose parents can afford to send them have the privilege of attending school.

When you leave the tea-room, the first thing you see is an old woman sitting next to the entrance selling cigarettes. As you look down the busy street you see the sidewalks lined with little stands of merchandise with a man or boy or woman or sometimes a whole family tending the stand. There are only a handful of the large, modern stores as we know them in America. Most of the selling is done in small and often grubby shops, and the cheaper merchandise is sold in the countless stands that line the sidewalks. These people stay at their stands all day and most of the night, if not all night.

As you walk along the street you will be accosted by numerous beggars, boys and girls, young men or women carrying infants, old men and women carrying infants, old men and women. Some of the beggars are quite aggressive, even



Fritz Eichenberg

threatening: they don't ask for money, they demand it! One sees beggars lying on the sidewalks, and some of them are so buried in filth and matted hair and rags that they no longer look human. I have seen young women holding nursing infants to their breasts, sitting on the sidewalk with a cup and pencils, staring dully at nothing. The other day we passed by two children lying on the sidewalk in the pouring rain. My wife bought an umbrella to put over them so that they might at least stay dry.

### Hard Labor

In America we are so used to seeing everything hauled and transported by mechanical means that it is striking to see men hauling, pulling, and carrying on their backs every kind of thing under the sun. There are great numbers

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## Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

It difficult to put up with one or the other of our fellow-communitarians. There are times when the friction and tension about one becomes almost tangible; one feels that Stanley's joking comment—"We know each other in the breaking of heads"—is about to be realized. But these times always pass, and there is peace among us again. Now reflecting with my still unbroken head, it seems to me that our community life this fall has been remarkably pleasant.

### Fellow Workers

There are other reasons, too, for the quiet-flowing tenor of our days. During the past seven months the *Catholic Worker* has been fortunate in having a number of young people come to participate in the work, and some of them have spent considerable time at the farm. Judith Gregory working with Ralph Madsen last summer, did a great deal to keep the Peter Maurin tradition of discussion groups and hospitable country living green and flourishing. Since Judith's departure for the University of Virginia to continue work on her M. A., Jean Walsh, who combines the discipline and skill of the trained nurse with the dedi-

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

One of the men at Peter Maurin Farm is still in Richmond Memorial Hospital and has had two operations. He is getting along fine and we expect him home for Christmas. He is enjoying reading a book on greenhouses and that is the work he is looking forward to for the rest of the winter. He has spent a long life of hard work, in greenhouses, dairy farms and truck farms on Long Island and in New Jersey.

We are hoping to have salads through the winter and rejoice to see the lettuce coming up. Tamar, in Vermont is still getting potatoes, carrots, beets, swiss chard and pumpkin out of her garden. And Carl Paulson, whom I visited last week, at Upton, Mass., where he has all the work he can do in stained glass for churches, and medallions for homes (he needs helpers) has also a very good garden still. The children all work with the Grange, where Mary Paulson is president of the juvenile group, and it was wonderful to see the broccoli, the brussels sprouts, carrots, beets and so on still coming out of the garden at Thanksgiving. What gardens!

During the month, I have been attending meetings at St. Vincent Ferrer's hall, taking a course entitled *The One God*, given by Fr. Bonaventure Crowley who is a vigorous and inspiring teacher. I had to miss some of the meetings of the two month course, due to speaking engagements, but I tried to make up for those I missed by reading the appropriate passages in St. Thomas. It was easy to see the difference between learning from a teacher and from a book. The courses are starting again in January I believe and they are attended by a hall full of listeners.

Another evening in town I went to our little neighborhood movie on East Third Street, The American Theatre, where we see Russian films on Thursday evenings once in a while. This night Mary and Ammon and I saw *Peter the Great*. Afterwards we went for hot chocolate to Janet Berwash's on Delancey Street where I spent the night. Janet works for Catholic Charities and practices voluntary poverty, living under the same conditions as to housing with the people whom she serves. She is also a member of those who are interested in the spiritual legacy of Charles de Foucauld and who meet together once a month. Since there are five of us at the Catholic Worker who are also part of this group, we feel Janet is much a part of the Catholic Worker.

One Friday night meeting this month was Carmen Matthews reading *Ivan the Fool* by Tolstoi. The loft was packed with many young people, a few of them beatniks who listened intently and with evident enjoyment. It is lovely to be read to. Deane Mowrer is partially blind and gets records from the

New York public library and is read to by others around the Worker. But few have such a delightful voice as Carmen Matthews and such a happy animated way of expressing herself in face and gesture.

## Police

November 5th I attended a requiem memorial Mass for deceased New York police with the relatives of a former policeman who stayed with us for some time due to illness. It was very moving to see literally everyone receiving Holy Communion in that large church, St. Stephens on 28th Street. Announcement was made that the widow's pensions were to be increased from fifty to seventy dollars a month, and I was amazed at how little these families receive. There has been a scandal about policemen taking second jobs, and they have been fined and suspended in some cases, and no attention has been paid to the evil which made this necessary. We have known a good many fine men among the police—the traffic cop who used to be stationed at Canal and Mott Streets who loved us all, (what sympathy he showed when we had to move from 115 Mott) and the Elizabeth St. Station policeman who used to bring us in a monthly offering of five dollars out of his meager pay, and Whitey the bluff and hearty one on the beat, and the pious one who used to come in and say a prayer in front of the crucifix in our kitchen when I was away on a trip, for my safe return, and who used to give cigarettes to his prisoners, men from the Bowery picked up for drunkenness. And many were glad to be picked up out of doorways and alleys on cold winter nights. I remember another who gave us milk for a motherless child who was tramping around with his father who was looking for work, and more recently the kindly officer who told me to sit up close to the drivers when we were arrested for our civil disobedience in the air raid drills, and to hang on to the spare tire so that we would not be so jolted in the springless police wagons.

## Movies

Every other Tuesday Charles Butterworth goes to the Peter Maurin farm with three or four movies which he gets from the New York Public Library and the farm audience and the neighborhood children enjoy some remarkable pictures. Jimmy Hughes has been clamoring for *Dracula*, which does not come in 16 milli-meter film, but I think he was satisfied last night when we saw a film of the north west Indians, enacted by Indians wearing masks, to depict every human emotion and we were all properly scared by the masks depicting wolves (with the proper sound effects), thunder and lightning storms and wind. It was a remarkable and most beautiful picture.

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## Slower But Not Less Real

Edwardsville, Ill.

To the Staff of the Catholic Worker:

I can only dash off a very crude sort of note because I have many dishes to do, but I wish to get you a letter and a contribution before the next round of household jobs come up. First of all, thank you for sending me the copies of the Worker for use in the Junior Newman Club Program here in Edwardsville. My pupils, who are ninth grade girls, were very amazed at the pacifist ideals of the Worker and found them difficult to comprehend, and they were not quite sure that good Christians belong in jail—CRIMINALS are in jail nowadays, apostles in the olden days, but these reactions I had expected even though I was not a good enough teacher to change them. They were very impressed and favorably so with the work of the houses of hospitality, and being extremely practical creatures were interested to know how people live on seventeen cents a day and why.

I tell you these things because they wanted me to. I add on my own part that no matter how they disagreed or perhaps better said disapproved of the Worker, they always wanted to know what it was saying, which was not true of other supplements to the catechism that I had brought in which had entranced me but were too abstract and unlivable for the implacable common sense of 14-year-old girls.

The Easy Essays were particularly good for them—in fact, we suddenly found ourselves discussing a whole series of fundamentals of comparative religion because of one of those essays which one of the girls spotted and began to read aloud. In the recent issue of the Catholic Worker I read of the high school children in California who are beginning to realize that they can do something special in the work of helping laborers, and this has encouraged me immensely in the task here of making students of this generation see what too many of our generation couldn't believe or were subtly prevented from believing, that there is a special and very important place for them in the Mystical Body of Christ. Anyway, I will be using the Worker next year too, more extensively and, I hope, with more wisdom and confidence.

Don't ever underestimate the power of your paper over the people it reaches. Sometimes it works like a thorn in the side but it is the only thorn I know that creates a real and constructive joy even at its most uncompromising prickliness. This is important because in the midst of the comforts I see around me there is much despair, and too often self-examination and contempt which seem prevalent in all sorts of societies in this country lead only to a state worse than the first one. The Worker never leaves anyone in the illusory world where nothing can be done, and I sense when I read this paper a strange and unguessed Spring coming and here all over the land, slower and secrete than it should be, but not less real and unceasing.

Peggy Knoepfle.

Ours will only then be a truly spiritual nation when we shall show more truth than gold, greater fearlessness than pomp of power and wealth, greater charity than love of self. If we will but clean our houses, our palaces and temples of the attributes of wealth and show in them the attributes of morality, one can offer battle to any combination of hostile forces without having to carry the burden of a heavy militia.

Gandhi

## In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

The picketing at the Civil Defense goes on daily. Jim Ericson (the Snake) exuberantly gives out CW's at times while Mary, Jack and I and others picket. Jim is around us for only a short time so he still has the idea that immediate results count, forgetting that saying in the Gita where Krishna tells Arjuna, "be not concerned with the fruits of action." Accordingly he saw a big Cadillac stalled at the intersection near us, with a taxi attached supposedly giving juice to the battery. Jim goes over to the capitalist owner of the Cadillac who is annoyed and fidgeting by the curb, and offers him a CW. Coming back he told us, "That bourgeois did not seem in the mood to appreciate us." Later when the big car could not get started two chauffeurs pushed the car across the street, Jim, with his big body pushing also. Telling us about it, Jim, who at times gets mixed up said that he "returned evil for good."

## Mother Teresa

Through Eileen Egan of the Catholic Relief Services of the NCWC abroad Mary and I came from picketing and met Mother Teresa. She was born in Albania, a strong peasant woman, slightly built, with a cotton costume, sari shape with a blue stripe, costing 69c. She was with the Sisters of Loretto in Dublin for twenty years, and about eleven years ago re-



ceived permission from the Holy Father to start her Missionaries of Charity in Calcutta to minister to those dying in the streets. This has expanded into four mobile treatment centers for lepers, hospitals for incurables, and schools for orphans and poor children. The city authorities recognize the help she can give and call upon her, as do the destitute when in desperate need. One Hindu woman of high caste came with half of a fish for her to eat, saying that she could not eat her dinner in satisfaction knowing that Mother Teresa might be starving. JUBILEE had an article about her in May, 1960. She came to this country to thank those who had sponsored different items for her charity, and to publicly thank Americans for the surplus food given by our government by the NCWC.

## Drawing the Line

Irate letters came in when we picketed against Franco with the Communists, and the Brooklyn Tablet printed a letter about it. Because we seemed to favor Castro in Cuba rather than American exploiters others called us Communists and cancelled their subscriptions. A few now and then write about the word "anarchist" spoiling our witness, but most of our cancellations now, direct and indirect, come from our attitude of refusing to take that \$3,500 interest from the City of New York. Dorothy and I answer personally all letters discussing this subject. I get the mail and I notice so many who bluntly ask for the CW to be sent no more, giving no reason. Perhaps these folks feel guilty about defending the taking of interest. We

have quoted Peter about money lending at interest for 27 years but the actual fact of returning money means that we practice it and it hurts them for us to question this "blood" upon which capitalism depends.

We do not judge those who accept exploitation by our idealistic standards, but when we jolt them and they protest we have to answer their protest. One fellow sent our appeal back saying that he was in the loan business and he knew we would not want any of his money. I told him he got the idea quickly. Where to draw the line? In January 1946 while hiking from Albuquerque north to see my folks in Evanston and Cleveland I slept one night at the Trappist monastery at New Mel-lory, Iowa. The next day I walked in the blizzard for twenty-two miles, coming at last to the hamlet of Springville. Here after dark I had to walk another mile to the only restaurant. I asked for eggs and cheese, but the only thing they had that did not have meat in it was bean soup, so I ordered three bowls of bean soup. "Do you live on bean soup?" asked a bystander. "It seems so," I replied, explaining that I was a vegetarian for sentimental reasons, for I did not like to kill animals and did not want someone to do it for me. Just then Mike, the town butcher, came in. "Mike, this fellow is going to take away your job," they told him. "What do you mean, my job?" Mike queried. "Mike, they are just fooling you; there are not half a dozen vegetarians in all Iowa; don't worry about it, you can kill animals for all the others." But he did not get it. "Every day I kill pig; every day I kill cow; when the farmer's horse breaks his leg I shoot him for the farmer; I drown the cats for the ladies and I shoot the mad dog, but I never kill a sheep; he looks me in the eye and I am ashamed. Let some one else kill the sheep." That was where he drew the line.

## "Freedom"

The London anarchist paper, *Freedom* makes the distinction and draws the line very fine: "The labourer who is digging a trench for a water pipe to a rocket site is digging his baby's grave. The carpenter on a training camp is making a coffin for his wife. The girl in the textile factory making uniforms is weaving a shroud for us all."

Some years ago when I lived in Phoenix a man wrote from Massachusetts saying that he wished to send the CW some money but wondered if Hennacy would want to take it, as he was a Federal Income Tax Man. I told him that Fr. Vincent McNabb said that if Peter and Andrew had a day off from preaching they could go back to their old job which was fishing, but that St. Matthew could not go back to his old job which was being a tax man.

If interest and profit, and rent are incidental in the income rather than being the main source of income that is not so much to worry about. Each person, like Mike, chooses where to draw the line. As the old saying goes, "Where the shoe pinches," is the place that needs fixing.

Before the election a Democrat from California sent us a dollar for a subscription to go to John Kennedy at Hyannisport, Massachusetts. I wrote to him saying that we were sending the paper but we would not vote for him as we were pacifists and anarchists, but we wished him well. Later Dorothy told me that years ago Michael Grace of the steamship lines came to argue with us about our radicalism, and with him were two young men who took part in the conversation: Jack Kennedy and one of his brothers. So we wish President Kennedy well among the corrupt

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# We Are All Guilty

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of A-frame carriers here. The A-frame carrier is a man who hauls material in an A-frame pack on his back. On construction jobs they move rock, dirt, cement, etc., on their backs. I have seen these men carry loads that are much too heavy for a human being to carry.

Another common sight is the men who pull carts loaded with just about anything cartable. Again, one often sees men straining to pull great loads of rock or coal up hills, the perspiration running off their bodies, the veins in their legs and neck standing out, and one realizes that this kind of labor is simply not fit for human beings. It never fails to disturb me when I see a man pulling a loaded cart alongside an ox pulling a cart—in this case the man is quite literally a beast of burden. Often the men who do this kind of labor are farmers who could not make a living in the country and so migrate to the city. But there isn't enough work for all, so great numbers of them stand idle, or simply walk around carrying empty A-frames or pulling empty carts, hoping someone will hire them.

A less burdensome mode of transporting goods is the bicycle, and so the streets are crowded with men pumping bicycles on the backs of which are piled perilously high boxes, crates, cans, bolts of cloth, etc. People do not own or drive cars here unless they are wealthy. Most cars are commercial trucks and jeeps, the remaining few are American cars driven by Americans (the shiny new American car always contrasts sharply with the surrounding wretchedness). This is the reason that almost everything must be moved manually.

The city of Seoul is vastly overcrowded—over 2 million here now. The normal population has been expanded by uprooted refugees from North Korea. Many people are from the country, where the poverty, I am told, is worse than in the city. Many farmers come to the city hoping to make a living. I read recently that the farmers are the poorest people in Korea.

Many of the streets of Seoul where marketing is done on the sidewalks are so crowded that even cars have difficulty making their way through the restless sea of people. The atmosphere of these crowded market streets is totally informal: children run naked, whole families sit on the sidewalk eating, people wash themselves with rain water and sit or sleep on the sidewalk, in a doorway, anywhere there is space.

## Economics of Poverty

The general impression I get is that of a tremendous physical effort on the part of these people merely to exist. Life here for most people consists of a 24 hour a day battle for survival; the idea of working 8 hours a day 5 days a week, and owning a house, car, refrigerator, stove, T.V. money in the bank, all the food you want whenever you want it, etc., is, I think, incomprehensible to the lower class (which comprises the majority) of Koreans. The common laborers here are paid 80 cents for 12 hours work, & they are glad to get it. Servants who live in and do all the cooking, washing, cleaning, etc., seven days a week get \$5.00 a month. Servants who work in restaurants work 18 hours a day for their \$10.00 a month. Taxi drivers drive their jeep-taxis 18 hours a day for \$40 a month. One may argue that the cost of living is lower in Korea. Unfortunately, the cost of living is not that much lower. In fact, rents are higher here than in the Bay Area, & some products cost more here than they do in America. The only way the impoverished Korean can survive is by working day and night, eating meagre meals of rice and a vegetable, and living with his entire family in one room perhaps 6'x8'

square. My wife's sister and husband and four children live in one such room. The husband is unemployed because he cannot find work.

## Live Off U.S. Waste

Yesterday one of my students visited me and during the conversation he told me that he buys most of his books at the "garbage market." He explained that garbage from American government installations is collected by the Koreans. Books are separated from the garbage and sold. The student said that even though the books smelled of garbage and were usually damaged, they were the only books he could afford to buy. He went on to explain that in Inchon, the garbage itself is sold to poor people. He is

people of the world are suffering. "Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when we saw thee an hungry or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." (Matt. 25) I think that the American people (myself included) must stop calling themselves Christian & Jew until either they have attained the same low level of living at the people of Asia, India and Africa, or until they have done everything in their power to raise the standard of living of everybody to the American level. I will not be put off by arguments that the Word of



not sure whether this is done in Seoul or not. He said that the food is mixed with cigarette butts, wrappers, dirt, etc., and "is not fit to eat," but it is inexpensive so people like the A-frame carriers and cart-pullers buy it and eat it. That would make a wonderful headline in a Soviet newspaper, wouldn't it? **KOREANS EAT AMERICAN GARBAGE.**

The condition of educated persons in Korea is also one of hardship and struggle. Many young Korean men and women who have received advanced degrees from American colleges and universities are now employed as clerks at \$30 a month—if they are lucky enough to have a job at all. I've been told that only 3% of the students who graduate from college here are able to find jobs. This is particularly unfortunate when you consider that the parents of most of these students are very poor and must make great sacrifices to enable even one of their children to attend college. And what is the result of this sacrifice? The result is

"Those who make private property of the gifts of God pretend in vain to be innocent, for in thus retaining the subsistence of the poor, they are the murderers of those who die every day for the want of it."

Pope Gregory The Great

a young man or woman who is now too highly educated to work as an A-frame carrier or servant but who cannot find a job in government or business, and so adds to the already multitudinous ranks of the unemployed and dissatisfied.

## America's Sleeping Conscience

It seems terribly unjust to me that the people of a small nation like Korea should have to lead lives of poverty, struggle and hardship when across the ocean there is a nation of 180 million people, most of whom live lives of luxury, wealth, and ease. It is particularly galling to consider that this great nation of 180 million often designates itself as a religious people in contrast to the "godless Communists." And yet, is it conceivable that a Christian or a Jew who is true to his faith can live a life of comfort, ease, and vacations-without pay while millions of human beings everywhere are struggling desperately just to maintain a physical existence?

I say No! I say that it is the most despicable hypocrisy to call oneself Christian or Jew and live a life of ease while three-fourths of the

God is addressed to the human spirit in all conditions and is not dependent or contingent upon one's economic status and so therefore, rich or poor, we can all be good Christians or Jews. Too many rich and middle-class people have salvaged their consciences too long with this kind of reasoning.

The kind of poverty that I see here crushes the human spirit and reduces human being to the level of animals.

The American colony in Seoul lives on a hill in the best section of town. They live in American-style houses that are furnished with all of the American appliances, TV, running water, etc. The Americans drive shiny new American cars. They have a golf course, swimming pool, night clubs, everything just like home. Soldiers patrol every street in the American colony (called the "golden ghetto" by some here) and it seems to me remote and unreal, a kind of Disneyland in the midst of a squalid and overpopulated metropolis. The ironic thing is that most of the Americans here work for the U.S. Government and are supposed to be helping the Koreans rather than showing them how much better off they are.

I am disturbed whenever I hear or read about pleas to Americans to "dig down a little deeper" into their pockets for that extra dollar for charity. May God forgive us for the "extra dollar for charity." I think that if you are only willing to give a dollar to a starving man, then you should give that dollar to yourself and see how long you can live on it. Americans must wake up to the facts of life in the rest of the world. Since the end of World War II Americans have spent their energies pursuing such goals as money, material possessions, security, pleasures of every variety. The "good life" has come to consist of working 8 hours a day, 5 days a week, with enough take-home pay to make payments on a house, car, refrigerator, washer, TV, deepfreeze, life insurance, medical insurance, automobile insurance, etc., etc. Leisure time is no longer a goal, it is now a problem. We read articles in magazines such as "What To Do With Your Leisure Time" in which we are advised that we should all have a hobby to occupy our spare hours. There are many "booms"—booms in travelling, boating, do-it-yourself projects, to name a few—which on a national scale represents an enormous outlay of time and money. In the face of the desperate

(Continued on page 7)

# CARITAS

By Herbert Mason

The "adventure de saintete," as Bernanos wrote, has never been divorced from purification by suffering. It is in this suffering that experience becomes shaded to us and in which such as Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam, who physically and spiritually suffer in "substitution" for others; those, such as St. Francis or Charles de Foucauld, whose suffering belongs to their revolutionary acts of love; those, such as Therese de Lisieux, as a result of voluntary and obscure self-sacrifice and prayer . . .

Christian experience grows and flowers with "caritas." A Christian finds no other justification for himself; he does not believe he has the only experience with or insight into good and evil; his experience, in fact, is not a question of moral self-assertion. He can

prayer of other Christians; this helps him to believe in his understanding and his "isolation" as spiritual gifts. He is on the side of the outlaws and the infidels and the unlikely.

Who were and are the Muslim people who aroused such "caritas" in certain Christians, who seemed to cry it into being, and how does their life of faith and "infidelity," of migration and pilgrimage, of quietness and violence influence our inner life? It is now realized that the Arabic Muslim influence on the Spanish accounted for much of the important imagery in *The Ascent of Mount Carmel* and *The Dark Night of the Soul* and for the sense of "nada" being already within.

One finds from talking with people fond of St. Francis perhaps an understandable omission of the Muslim role in the saint's life. Even though this saint felt that his particular passion was to be lived for Muslims and suffered profound frustration until he finally reached the land of Islam.

To suggest further that the stigmata bore a direct mystical relation to the "nocturnal ecstasy" of Mohammed presents an even greater problem. "Caritas," however, as Gandhi found in his protection of Muslims, is born from surrender to love of the longing and the unwanted.

The Cimabue portrait of St. Francis has always seemed to me to perceive the saint's understanding of others' suffering, and to omit all of the later ethereal impressions. A Christian's joy is lost when others try to show him good.

I feel this portrait is a very slight, and inconsequential witness of "caritas," though there is the glimpse of others' poverty in him.

In the world's seemingly eternal and fatiguing circumstance it is the "infidel" who enters to touch the heart.

I have witnessed—at a Muslim-Christian Pardon in Brittany in an ancient Breton chapel built on a dolmen crypt—the simple yet profound effect of Muslim prayer on Christians. It conveys particularly an utter attachment to God transcendent, as perhaps, as has been suggested, Buddhist prayer conveys to Christians an attachment to God supernatural. These influences, seemingly foreign to Christians as waves of unexpected adult immersions in life are to children, seem to witness His wish to further purify us, to bring our own humanity to be changed wherever it has gone mad in us; a call to detachment from our self. It is through this detachment that revelation is by Grace communicated to others, in the personal unregretting relation of Christians to strangers . . .

Where the Muslim and Christian most poignantly meet is in their mutual reverence for the mother of Christ. Poor Mary—to the Muslim she is always poor; they know her because her grief is somehow more terrible than theirs, more profound; it is against the laws of nature for a mother to lose her only son. The Muslim does not feel alien or strange with her; the Holy Woman is in the heart of those who were exiled with Agar and left to wander in the wilderness with a sign.

Revelation is pressed out of the crushed Christ. He sees because He is actually in the fruitless desert, existing there, knowing the places where souls live, the streets with their straight and winding disappointments. And nature seems so sadly barren, the eyes look only upward where there is night. His faith is a gift of the Transcendent's glance into His own creation.

<sup>1</sup> Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam, J.-M. Huysmans. Librairie Plon, Paris, 1921.

<sup>2</sup> Louis Massignon, Professeur of the College de France and friend of Charles de Foucauld, in conversation.

<sup>3</sup> St. John of the Cross.

<sup>4</sup> Mohammed of Saint Francis, Guille Basseti-Sani. O.F.M., Commissariat de Terre-Saint, Ottawa, 1959.

<sup>5</sup> It is in the manner of the Foucauldians to reason that since Our Lord was treated as a stranger, if we are to follow Him, we also will be treated as strangers so that we will not treat others as strangers.

He is guided at times by the



# Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 1)

ation of one fully committed to the apostolate of Christ-love for neighbor, has come to help Ralph run the farm. Ralph is still here most of the time, though he spends a week or ten days out of every month at the loft to help get out the paper. Ed Forand, who spent last year working with Labre House group in Montreal, is also here at the farm helping in the work. Both Ed and Ralph are dedicated young men who are always ready to help with whatever kind of work is most needed at the moment, whether it is helping Hans put in a ceiling in the dormitory over the chapel, or cooking, doing the family wash, or driving about in the car on the numerous errands which seem to be an inescapable part of community life. We enjoyed having Walter Kerell with us, too, during the weeks of his convalescence, though we are glad he is now able to resume the work for which he is so well fitted—helping run the office at St. Joseph's Loft on Spring Street more efficiently. We are also happy to have Jacqueline Duncan, a Canadian school teacher, with us for what we hope will be an extended visit. At Peter Maurin Farm we like to think that we are a family, and the best kind of family is that which includes all age groups—the young as well as the old and those in-between.

As in other families, birthdays are festive occasions for us, with cake and candles and the singing of "Happy Birthday." Joe Roach, Joe Cotter, Bill Keane, Slim, Tom Cain, and Dorothy have all had birthdays and given us reason for celebrating. Peggy Conklin, one of Dorothy's oldest friends who has spent much time here at the farm, made us happy by coming over to celebrate her birthday with us. It was even more of an occasion since Marge Hughes and little John William came, too. And Molly Powers plans to celebrate her birthday on the thirtieth of this month, the very day when Winston Churchill will be celebrating his in England. By a happy coincidence, most of the birthdays of our farm family this fall have fallen on the very day when the priest comes to say Mass in our little Chapel. We are grateful for this liturgical blessing on our festivities.

## The Sabbath

Sundays, too, are festive days with us, and particularly so when we have guests. As in any true home, Sunday dinner tastes better when there are guests to help eat it; and Sundays seem more like Sundays when there are guests to talk with, to go for walks with, or to listen to music with. As in other families, many of our Sunday visitors are really members of our large Catholic Worker family come home for a visit. Ed Turner, Stuart Sandberg, and Anne Marie Stokes have been frequent and much appreciated visitors this fall. Others have come more infrequently: Jim Erickson and his wife, Jack Baker, Mary Lathrop, Caroline Gordon Tate, Helen Dolan with the charming children from her catechism class, and on the Sunday of Fr. Conway's retreat — Ammon Hennacy, Diane Lewis, Marty Corbin, Betty Lou Ginty, Janet Burwash, and Roland and Elinor Gosselin. We wish that they would all come more frequently, and that more of our big family would come home for visits. Charles Butterworth, Jimmy Jones, and Jonas always come in the middle of the week, and for our part, we are glad to have company, then, too.

## Work

The normal family, however, cannot function without work; and at Peter Maurin Farm, as in other families, it is work, the loyal, day-in, day-out, freely given work of so many members of our community that keeps the place going, that makes it possible to have a homelike atmosphere. Of course there is a certain amount of

grumbling and complaining, and there are times when each one seems to feel that his work is the only really important work and that the others are just soldiering. Nevertheless the work gets done, and a great many have a part in doing it. As always in the fall, John Filliger has been busy getting the land ready for next Spring; he has also been working on his new greenhouse and getting the seed-beds ready for winter gardens. Hans Tunneson, who like John has been so many years with The Catholic Worker and has done so much to make the apostolate on the land more fruitful, has been busy this fall getting our farm and beach buildings ready for winter, but took time off the other day to bake twenty beautiful raisin loaves for the cake sale at our parish Church, and on Thanksgiving Day to cook a sumptuous feast. Andy Spillane, as always, has been helping Hans and is seldom found without a paint brush in hand; Joe Roach is still doing the major part of the cooking and most of the family wash; but since Joe Cotter has finished his canning he, too, has been helping in the kitchen. Slim washes dishes, empties trash and garbage cans, feeds the cats, and keeps the diningroom floors shiningly clean with frequent mopping. Bill Keane does the washing up in the basement kitchen and climbs the stairs many times a day with dishes and platters of food for the diningroom table. Shorty helps John with his work on the land and the care of the animals. Tom Cain is our sacristan and serves Mass beautifully whenever we have Mass in our chapel, and never lets us forget when it is time for rosary and compline; he is also a scholar and naturalist and has made paths through the woods so that the rest of us can enjoy walking through our brushy little wilderness or the ferny bracken down by our winding little brook. Stanley Vishnewski, who has been with The Catholic Worker since 1933, has his own hand press on which he prints the beautiful prayer cards which we use for answering correspondence and also his own little magazine—The Right Spirit; he writes, too, for our paper of which he is an associate editor, and for other Catholic

after an eye operation, I enjoy working in the little bakery corner which Hans and Andy set up for me — and for others who care to use it, of course—in an angle of the furnace room near our basement kitchen. Since we now have a gas furnace, it is a clean and cozy place to work and is a real stimulus to the art of home baking.

## Occupations

Of course it is not all work; there is recreation, too. Everyone has time for good reading, and anyone who has seen our library knows that there is no dearth of good books. Several of us have radios which have been given by friends or readers; and I personally have been enjoying the use of a Zenith AM-FM set which was lent me by Jean Walsh's mother and which I particularly appreciate since I can no longer see to read as I once did. Every two weeks or so, Charles Butterworth brings out documentary film from the library in town and the community, with the Hughes children and other children from the neighborhood who come in for this occasion, enjoys a night at the movies, thanks to Berta Weckstrom's gift of a movie projector after her work for CBS in making the background film for Dorothy's TV show last year. There are good records, too, which can be played on the record player given us by another friend. Some of us find recreation in carding or spinning wool, and Anne Marie Stokes is seldom without her knitting needles when she is here. Sometimes there will be one among us — Charles Butterworth has done beautiful work of this kind—who will set up a weaving project on our loom. Jacqueline Duncan, our Canadian visitor, has been spending some of her spare time in lettering, which she does quite beautifully. Then there are the walks—across the fields, through the woods, along the country roads, or just down to the little pond to sit for a while and listen to the gabbling geese or watch them glide, gracefully as swans, over the water which holds in its mirroring depths the inverted image of Leonard's little hermitage set in its cloistral grove of trees. At The Catholic Worker however, I suppose there is no form of recreation more enjoyable



periodicals. It seems that there is always a predominance of men at The Catholic Worker, but we do have a few women who also make their work contribution. Molly Powers, who has been with the CW since the Mott Street days and will be remembered by many who have visited the old Maryfarm at Newburgh or the Chrystie Street place, helps clear the tables, dries dishes for Slim, puts them away, and does quite a bit of the downstairs cleaning, too. Agnes Sidney, who has also been with the CW for many years and whose youthfulness of outlook—despite her eighty years—may be in part the result of her adventurous earlier life as the wife of a barge captain, is as regular as clockwork in cleaning the upstairs hall and bathroom and dusting down the stairs with her large feather duster; she is also a careful custodian of our somewhat tattered sheets and towels, which really do need replenishing according to Agnes, who ought to know since she is the best housekeeper among us. As for myself, though I came to the farm for convalescence

than just talk; this has been particularly true with us here at the farm this fall since Dorothy has been much with us and given generously of her of her time to sit and talk with us about the work and its development and the many persons and groups who carry it on in other parts of the country. We shall certainly miss her and her talk when she is gone this winter, though we know that she will be talking with others about the work and that is an essential part of her apostolate.

## Deo Gratias

Now, in late November, in this time of year which is specially set aside for thanksgiving, I realize that we at Peter Maurin Farm have much to thank God for. We can thank him first of all for the farm itself which is a true home for so many, for The Catholic Worker for Dorothy Day, Peter Maurin, Ammon Hennacy, and all who have helped to make the Catholic Worker apostolate a truly one; We can thank Him for Hans who cooked so delectable a dinner for us yesterday, and for

all who helped in the work of the day. We can thank him for our guests — for Jim Erickson who arrived before breakfast and went to Thanksgiving Mass with us, for Fr. Elias who came for breakfast, for Walter Kerell and Anne Marie Stokes who came in time for the noonday dinner, for Jonas who made Sassafras tea for the Thanksgiving feast, for Jimmy Jones who baked the pumpkin pies, for Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner who came, gift-laden, in the afternoon to eat Thanksgiving supper with their CW family, for the students from Misericordia College who visited us the day before Thanksgiving, for Richard and Veronica Jones whom I first met at Maryfarm before their marriage and who have driven all the way from their present home in Wilton, Connecticut, to visit us today. We can thank Him for our general good health, and that those who are ill are receiving good care. We can thank Him for Albert Check who has been seriously ill this fall and has undergone two operations at Richmond Memorial Hospital here on Staten Island but—

thanks to God's grace and the faithful visits of Jean Walsh—is in excellent spirits and studying a book on greenhouses so that he can help John — he has been one of John's best assistants — with that work when he comes home. We can thank Him for Ernest Lundgren whose indomitable spirit has not been crushed by the terrible accident he suffered earlier this fall. He had left us, after helping in the renovation of St. Thomas and St. Joseph churches in our parish, to go to New Jersey where he had another job of renovation. Before he had hardly started his new job, he fell thirty-three feet from the scaffolding and broke both legs; considering his age and frailty, it seems almost a miracle that he was not killed. He is now out of the hospital and in a wheel chair. He may be reached at the following address: c/o Bernard Jayonsky, 137 forty-seventh St., Sea Isle City, New Jersey. His age and frailty would certainly be appreciated; many of those who made the Maryfarm retreats will surely remember him.

We can thank God, too, for all our friends and readers who remember us in their prayers and who help in our work. We thank Him for the young people who bring such fervor, dedication, and vigor to our work. And most of all, we thank Him for that life of prayer, without which we could not hope to survive the daily tensions and frictions which beset most particularly all communal endeavors, and with which we still can hope that what we do, though seeming failure, will yet bear fruit, that fruit which is the doing of His will.

# CULT :: CULTIV

## The Christening

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

It was the getting born that was darkness, 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 standing and singing in the exploding light.

All the geometry of the electrons, 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. Now in these days it always is Christmas,  
Awaiting bright Easter, yeast risen in Bread.

Evolved in a birthday-song the volcanoes, the mountains,  
Polar tides whelming, and 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 napkin. Solar systems smell good:  
All 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.

The Christening is next week.  
Water is spring water. There is an everlasting spring  
And fountain under the hill.

(Ah but I recognize tragedy. I recognize hands pierced when I see  
them,  
And bloody heads and bellies balloon in the concentration camp;  
And the nerve exposed to the electrode: in deepest 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 in blood augment the stream of agony 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 suns spring up like seeds.  
Man, baby, look!

Denis Knight.



# CULTURE VATION ::

## Highlander Weekend

(Continued from page 1)

members of the civil community. Lewis Jones, a professor of sociology at Tuskegee Institute, and another consultant at the workshop, mentioned a common remark of white southerners. They ask, of the Negroes, "Why do they want to get into our schools?" But public schools are not their schools. They belong to the whole community. Civil rights, civil liberties, and access to civil institutions are not really different things. Basically they mean that all members of the community may live fully and freely the life of the community.

Many times during the workshop the students mentioned the fact that white and Negro southerners do not feel themselves to be members of the same community, with the same stake in the same civil rights and liberties. In a supposedly "Negro" struggle for justice it is assumed that Negroes will make greater sacrifices than whites. They are supposed to go to jail, to risk their jobs, to walk instead of ride — because it is their struggle and they are the ones who are being pushed around. Many people just assume that the Negroes have a greater capacity to make these sacrifices, simply because they have less to lose. One Negro girl from Nashville emphatically rejected this idea, and said time after time that this is everyone's struggle, and most of the students agreed. It seems so obvious, and yet even people who are sympathetic to integration do not get it. Once this important fact is realized, it seems to me, direct action with all its risks and the possibility of sacrifice, is no more or less difficult for a white person than for a Negro. The fact remains that a stigma is often felt to be attached to a person who is unwilling to take part in direct action. He is made to feel that he really isn't part of, or even fit for, the struggle. Several members of the group deplored this, and hoped that these less radical people could be accepted on their own terms and put to work filing cards or organizing meeting or something. This is a problem everyone has to solve for himself, according to his conscience and his courage.

It was quite clear from the discussions that most Negro students definitely welcome whites when they are willing to join the struggle as equals and show that they will take an equal part in action. Policy for the various demonstrations is made by those who participate, and Negroes will trust those whom they learn through experience that they can trust. This is also true of other Negroes, some of whom are found by this test to be untrustworthy. The Negro students at the workshop made it very clear that they wanted the white students to join them. Northerners too are welcome, though in the South there are times when it is thought better for them to stay in the background so as not to arouse extra antagonism to demonstrations.

Many problems of communication were discussed. Both Negroes and whites wanted to know how best to get in touch with students of the other race. Someone mentioned that white students from Vanderbilt Univ. simply insisted on joining the Negroes and didn't wait to find out whether or not they were wanted or trusted, and that this pleased the Negroes and

made everything much easier. Diffidence is often hard to overcome, but it was felt that in general it is the whites' responsibility to offer to help, rather than the Negroes' responsibility to ask them to help.

After two sessions the group elected a committee to plan the rest of the program, and I was one of six elected. As a result I led two discussions on the subject of direct action in general and civil disobedience in particular. I learned a lot—about leading a discussion and about people's knowledge of this subject. Many aspects of it that I thought such a group would at least be familiar with, I found were both confusing and highly controversial to most of the students, and unknown to some. The students had very little common knowledge. This of course was a predominantly white group, and Negro students may well have studied the subject more thoroughly. I hope so. I was surprised to find that people with far more experience of direct action than I have known almost nothing about Gandhi and had not read his writings. Some students questioned the existence of conscience and argued passionately over whether, if it does exist, it can be trusted. There was argument about the reasons for insisting on non-violence, about terminology and many other things. I see now why Gandhi took such pains to discover a suitable name for the movement he started in South Africa: the word *satyagraha*, the force engendered by adherence to truth (which includes love, or non-violence).

Of course, for Gandhi this involved far more than just direct action. He ultimately led a movement working for a certain kind of society, and it is very doubtful if such a movement exists in the South now, even among the followers of Martin Luther King. Lewis Jones said at the workshop that he thinks the so-called student movement—so far mainly the sit-ins—is not a movement at all, for it does not have any long-range goals or ideology, and a movement must have these. It will be very interesting to see if it becomes a real movement and, if it does, what direction it will take.

The nature of the commitment the students make to non-violence is particularly important. They may accept it as expedient, as the NAACP does, or they may come to believe that non-violence applies to all action. If this movement does come into being, what will be its attitude toward our society and the values of our society? Is racism the only problem, or cannot other improvements be made? One possibility that occurred to me at the workshop is that students could run adult literacy and citizenship classes (like those Highlander has helped to start) in the communities their colleges are in. Through these classes they could also increase knowledge of the meaning and use of non-violent civil disobedience. This really should be part of any citizenship course!

Obviously, racism is a sufficiently formidable problem to keep any movement busy for a long time. But if any true integration of the races is to come, and if they are to form one community, it must come about through common efforts to improve aspects of society that have little or nothing to do with race. If the organization and dedication growing out of the sit-

## BISHOP'S UPHOLD PERSONALISM

By Stanley Vishnewski

The upholding of Personalism and personal responsibility by the Bishops of the United States as opposed to the "organizational man" and the growing tendency to conformism may well prove to be one of the most important social documents of the century.

Particularly gratifying to The Catholic Worker is the fact that the Bishops have completely vindicated the philosophy of Personalism. For the past 28 years The Catholic Worker has strongly deplored the trend to conformity and the dependence on state aid on the part of Catholic organizations.

This attitude on the part of The Catholic Worker has strongly condemned in certain Catholic circles as being opposed to the traditional teachings of the Church. The Catholic Worker position has been stigmatized as medieval and unrealistic in an age that has to deal with mass movements and pressure groups.

The Catholic Worker has been strongly criticized for refusing to lend its aid to mass pressure movements and for its insistence on the dignity of the human person. The Catholic Worker position that the human person is capable of effecting social reform has met



with acceptance on the part of those who claim the man is powerless to act in a society dominated by political parties and power pressure groups.

But the Bishops have stated: "An effective response to a call for personal responsibility need not wait for a mass movement. The response belongs to the individual person, as our Holy Father indicated: 'Fully conscious of what is at stake, moved by his apostolic zeal, he then makes a personal engagement with these communities that surround him, the result of a free and justified choice of careful thought about himself, his destiny and the world.' (Letter of July 12, 1960, to 'Semaine Sociale' in Grenoble.) Such a response by a representative number given only in the silent sanctuary of the heart, will begin to have its leavening effect."

The Holy Father is quoted by the Bishops as indicating the capacity of the individual in the face of such problems: "Does it follow that the process of socialization is impossible to control and that, increasing constantly in its breadth and depth, it will one day surely reduce man to the role of automaton? Certainly not. For socialization is not the result of nature acting according to determinism that cannot be changed. It is the work of man, of a free being conscious of and responsible for his acts." (Letter of July 12, 1960 to 'Semaine Sociale' in Grenoble.)

ins can be applied by the students to the solution of such problems at the same time as they work to get rid of discrimination, a radical and creative movement can be born in the South.

## What I Learned From the Labour Pool

By JAMES E. MILORD

At 6:30 a.m. the December Chicago cold and grisly skies made that day one of the Winter's most depressingly trying. The gloom of the Manpower Inc. office did not help matters either. It smelled of defeated humanity, reeking of wine and roll-your-owns, wet wool and seedy meals in uptown grills. This was my introduction to a labor pool, the bottom of the work barrel, psychologically and socially.

Along the dimly-lit walls of the austere waiting room were benches and hunched on these in many stages of sobering up were about thirty men, each awaiting some Company to call into the office for extra manpower. Thus, the name Manpower Inc. I doubt whether many of the men during the three weeks that I worked out of there had much laboring potential. Nevertheless, they came grudgingly, painfully, to meet their daily wants.

A few were temporarily unemployed, or working over holidays as I was, but the majority were real down and outers, some hostile, some removed, some confused but all having that look of the unemployed, the untouchable about them.

I came to know some of them pretty well and to understand what made their special servitude tick. Why they could not or would not work except on these uncertain terms. For, we never knew the nature of the work which would be given to us, or whether our carfare that day would be expendable. All we did know was the prevailing wage—\$1.00 an hour . . . and like it.

George, a freckled Negro with more than a suspicion of white blood, and I volunteered to do some painting. A chap with a buyer for his Summer cottage just across the Illinois line in Michigan needed a quick once-over with the brush and offered a bonus of .25 per hour. We were picked up in a Station Wagon at 7:00 and started work at 9.

Well, George and I whooped and whistled and hollered to our heart's content until 10:00 at night and covered the house in two days. Besides enjoying the extravagantly high wages and a free lunch, I came closer and closer to the understanding I wanted to have about the feelings and ideals and anxieties and philosophies of the laborer. George told me by his attitudes, his sudden silences when I pushed the question too far, his doleful confessions. I had had courses and lectures on the plight of the unskilled but these do not lead to understanding. Understanding cannot be coated on like stucco on a wall. I had to feel the loneliness and helplessness, the desperation and the weakness myself. I had to sense personally his lack of control of the university terms "means of production." What Pius XII called so aptly "a perfect tool" in the materialist society could never be understood without tasting of that tyranny of "progress" and mechanical slavery which the Pontiff hated.

During those two days together, we were fully in control. No time clocks, no furtive watching for the boss. Twelve hours of work, and I mean work—six rooms, porches and all—rushed by without any goldbricking or even the desire to slough off the job just to make it last.

George was unskilled in any trade and not too well physically. He wasn't an alcoholic. Just a very poor man facing a desperate situation. His wife was gone leaving him with a thirteen-year-old daughter. Work he must, but what about her? Where was she all day? Who was she travelling with? These were constantly on his mind. He had few friends, no relatives in a city that can be very cruel indeed despite its "I Will" motto.

The most illuminating thing was George's total lack of bitterness.

He was a gentleman above all. I have marvelled over the years at his softness, his lack of callous. He taught me that the vocational derelict could be a truly fine man.

Tommy, my next partner, was a middle-aged drifter. Divorced, frantic in his loneliness, Tommy tried hard to be hard, and failed. His garrulous fronting about life was a transparent show. He went out of his way to help me and was as friendly as any co-worker I have ever had anywhere once the bars fell down. He had his moral standards too as I found out later on our work assignment when he left the coffee break because, he mouthed from behind his eternal cigaret, "It's gettin' too filthy fer me, Jimmy."

We had been assigned to Railton's Wholesale Warehouse on Kedzie Street for a week. The job was to catch up on inventory of virtually hundreds of thousands of food items. The job was pleasant, clean and challenging—sorting out the unbelievable number of tins, cartons, bottles and jars of every variety of food, plain, fancy and exotic.

I learned a lot about food grading, #2 tins and the difference between plain and fancy but more, I learned a lot about the incongruity of the industrial world.

Mr. Booth, the foreman of the warehouse and Tommy were poles apart in ideals, experience and temperament. Booth was a long faithful employee of Railton's filled with responsibility, and enjoyed his secure position. Tommy did not want a steady job at the same thing, day in and day out. "I'm satisfied with Manpower," he said. "The jobs are different all over . . . some good . . . some lousy. At least with the lousy ones you know it won't go on forever." Tommy was no slouch at work either. He knew what he wanted—variety, not security. But both of them, each in their own way were living contradictions of the materialist profit-system.

Here we were, two "hands" out of a labor pool, two unknown entities, perhaps potentially useless workers. If I live to be 100, I shall never forget Mr. Booth. Although he was on the other side of the fence than Tommy and I, he had not forsaken membership in the human race. His approach to us was as if we had been old trusted employees of Railton's for years. The soft, yielding manner of his was enough to make any man want to work his head off for him. He put in his appearance several times each day, pitched in with us, called us "boys" and made us feel wholly at ease. There aren't many men like that. There aren't many men like Booth because they don't take the time. The efficiency comes first. The "production's the thing."

Above all, I learned that benevolence, charity and understanding of the other fellows situation, humanity in other words, are possible in warehouse life, or other phases of industrial life. If the hectic system does not defeat the man first, that is. And the lack of humanity is enough to make a walking corpse of the physically or psychologically inadequate laborers.

### AMMON HENNACY SPEAKING SCHEDULE

Arden, Del. Jan. 2; Baltimore 3; Wash. D.C. 4 to 8; Philadelphia 9; Pittsburgh 10; Buffalo 12; Columbus 13-14; Cleveland 15-16; Oberlin 17; Chillicothe 18; Portsmouth 19; Cincinnati, Grail Glendale 20-22; Antioch 23; Purdue 24; Indianapolis 25; Notre Dame 26-27; Detroit, Lansing, Ann Arbor 28 to 31. Feb. 1-2 Chicago; Urbana 3; Milwaukee 4-7; Madison 8-10; Minneapolis 11-13; Iowa City 14; Omaha 15-16; Kansas City 17-18; St. Louis 19-22; Denver 23-24; Cheyenne 25-26; Winnipeg 27 to March 1; Saskatoon 2-6; Doukhobors 7-12; Spokane 13; Anaconda 14-16; Salt Lake City 17.



# BOOK REVIEWS

## Carol

By SUZANNE GROSS

The kneeling ox, and sheep, my son,  
have eaten from this wood.  
Their crib is yours, my little son,  
they give it now my helpless one,  
to me, for you.

Then sleep, my flesh.  
My prince, be peace.

Smile. I'll sing to you.

Proud camels now, white horses come  
before this wooden bench,  
to bring strange men and precious things.  
These princes kneel and call you king,  
my child, my son.

Then bless, my flesh.  
My king, be counsel.

Bless. I sing for you.

This wood you cut and shape, my son.  
The tree you make things with,  
becomes you still, and always will—  
your hands' own work, my craftman son—  
my village pride.

Then work, my flesh.  
My lord, be love.

Make new, and make me sing.

Wood was your bed, from wood you won bread  
that now you bleed into.  
Ill-made the cross they hanged you on,  
ill-driven, too, the nails.  
And even now in Nazareth  
the neighbors eat their bread  
at wooden tables that you made—  
my God! my dying son . . .

Sleep now, my flesh.  
My son, lie still.

Rest. I'll close your eyes.

Now all the wood is turned to stone:  
your crib, your bench, your cross,  
are a bright tomb and a world's throne  
and the table for a feast,  
my Jesus, Christ.

Now rule, my flesh.  
My Christ be King.

Reign. For you sing in me.

## Novel from Africa

**THINGS FALL APART** — The story of a strong man. By Chinua Achebe — McDowell-Obolensky. Reviewed by Anne Taillefer.

Okongwo was truly a strong man. He has gotten rid of the curse set upon his father Unoka who was gentle and idle and who, on this account, had died a terrible and shameful death. He ruled his three wives in their three huts with their children, rose and prospered, grew a tremendous crop of yams and triumphed in the wrestling match. He was a great hero.

Chinua Achebe, a young Nigerian writer of 28 evokes in powerful and stirring manner the hot, exciting or turgid breath of a Nigerian village at the turn of the century. The demands of the Earth Goddess and her priest Ezem, the cavern of the oracle Aghala who speaks through the voice of Chielo, an ordinary village woman and neighbor transformed by her trances: the immemorial traditions and customs so cruel sometimes to the human heart, the swell of pride at victory; the necessity of appearing to be a man on all occasions, without fail or weakness before the women-folk—all this is Okongwo's life. It has a sense, a direction. There is always the mystery of the will of the gods and their anger, but man must bow to them for they make floods and fire and put a curse on the crops, thus they must be appeased.

And then strange men appear—white men—with a new God, only one, they swear, but they say he has a son. They seem to hold all the customs of Umuofia as bad and

strange, but their ways are strange too. One of them, maybe a little mad but very understanding, lets things very much as they are; he only speaks of love. But his successor wants to change everything. He speaks of a great Queen and of laws and government and calls in men named Police. These beat the men of Umuofia and shut them up and even kill them after a lot of talk in a place called Court room. Faced by his pending trial, Okongwo, a rebel leader hangs himself, an action looked upon by his tradition as the most shameful of all: "It is an abomination for a man to take his own life, an offense against the Earth. . . ."

Chinua Achebe is a great writer: Listen to the descent of the locusts upon the village:

"At first a fairly small swarm came—they were the harbingers sent to survey the land. And then appeared on the horizon a slowly moving mass like a boundless sheet of black cloud drifting toward Umuofia. Soon it covered half the sky and the solid mass was now broken by tiny eyes of light like shining star dust. It was a tremendous sight full of power and beauty."

And then a wedding. We see the great circle of elders, the flaming torches behind, the singers singing each man's praise, and the swaying dancing girls from the midst of whom bursts the bride holding a cock on her fist.

The sacrifice of Ikemefuma, Okongwo's adopted son recalls other legendary sacrifices. But the very heart of the book is in the long and dreadful chase after

Chielo, the priestess carrying away the girl child Ezem on her back; the mother in hot, though stealthy, pursuit; the father, Okongwo, at a more dignified tempo, but in similar anguish. The scene of conjugal love and comfort at the mouth of the cave under the silver moon, recalling the light that bathed their wedding-night is of eternal and universal beauty and depth. But Chinua Achebe does more than write a moving story. He makes us evaluate judgments, reassess values and bears a magnifying glass on our own tribal customs. What changes should they not suffer before they become acceptable to another civilization, and how much do we not have to mend our own barbaric ways before we preach love is forcibly brought to us as we close the book.

## Study Co-ops

By WILLIAM HORVATH

We began at Friendship House more than a year ago, and have continued study sessions almost weekly since. Our purpose was to learn how the 'Rochdale Consumer' economics and philosophy would create a new approach to housing. We want to find a way to enable even the poorest family to enjoy good shelter which they own. None of the previous explanations of why things like bad housing are as they are and solutions to them satisfied us. I think now, we have found a way to do our work and have finally touched the substance to make a serious change. It can, if carried out, make a new kind of city.

A huge amount of time is consumed if there is not first a basic comprehension of what the modern practice of mutuality means. Therefore, a study without at least this book for group discussion is



ALLELUIA

unfruitful: "The Co-operative Movement and Some of Its Problems," by Paul H. Casselman, printed at the Philosophical Library 14 East 40 Street, N.Y.C., N.Y. for \$3.00. Dr. M. M. Coady wrote the foreword. Professor Casselman was in the Economics Department at the Univ. of Ottawa in Canada. If I list a few of the chapters it may excite friends to want to begin their look at co-operatives. They are: The Ideals and Principles of Co-operation, Steps in Establishing a Co-op Economy, Co-ops and Labor, Co-ops and the State, Co-op and Socialism.

Sometimes I think Cities are made for merchants. Gather huge masses of people into a little space and pile them into storied buildings and around it skirt shops so that hardly will a man move away from his door but that he is asked to make a purchase. Spend, spend, is the cry and every word of it is weighed and measured to have magic. It is this city that we look at and wonder how to alter.

We thus began our task by studying from what is probably the best book on housing now in existence. It came about because Denmark as a service to the United Nations, held a special Congress for South American Delegates on their co-operative and non-profit housing. I almost hesitate telling where to obtain this book for it may soon be out of print. However, if one single copy helps begin to make over a city, it is worth it. The title is: "Housing Building and Planning, No. 10. By: U.N., from: Columbia Univ. Press, NYC NY—price: \$1.25.

## The Night Without Sleep

Through Drooms of Love. Farrar Straus and Cuddihy. \$4.95 reviewed by Elizabeth Sheehan.

"We've entered the age of solitude, the night without sleep, and He can be found only in this solitude."

In this sentence, spoken by the mortally stricken Dr. Birnstamm to Marianne Radbert, a girl just recovering from a mental breakdown, lies in the core of what Dr. Karl Stern wants to tell us in his novel.

When a famous psychiatrist turns to fiction-writing, we might expect a series of case histories in layman's language. Such books are in fact common today, as people try to see themselves from outside, as their analyst does, with the shadows of confusion, and self-deception swept away by the cool bright light of science. Dr. Stern's book, however, goes far beyond science, in probing the mysteries of human pain.

His case histories, after passing tortuously through the psychiatrist's prism, do not come out in a well-ordered spectrum. These lives of the people he tells us about are still broken beams. The doctor may exorcise some of the old ghosts that cause mental disturbance, but the motivation for purposeful living must come from within. It cannot be given to us by any external agent.

I read an article the other day by another psychiatrist trying to explain the great popularity of violent TV shows.

"The opposite of violence is communication," he wrote.

It's true that where no satisfactory communication exists, between countries, racial groups, families, or from one individual to another, violence in some form is bound to break out. Of this violence Dr. Stern gives us many instances and thus we find ourselves all engulfed in solitude, the "night without sleep" in which so many find destruction, very few find spiritual peace, and most of us find just enough hope to go on trying!

### Loneliness

The author shows us many kinds of loneliness. There is Mr. Radbert, the cultured Eurojean finding himself in a new and very different world, abruptly cut off from all that was familiar and valuable.

"We're uprooted, we're dispossessed spiritually, we don't belong . . ."

There is the terrible solitude of the girl Marianne, wrenched suddenly from a dream world of her own making, unbearably alone in a world of frightening reality.

"In the stillness she was seized with an annihilating fear which spread from the middle of her chest until every limb felt cold and paralyzed. It was like a conviction deeply experienced. 'I am the only thing that feels this I—and nobody can reach it, and I can reach nobody.'"

In the seamstress Mrs. Surin we see the agonizing though accepted solitude of a woman victimized cruelly by the unbalanced minds of her husband and son.

"There was something mysterious about Mrs. Surin, and she possessed some secret of personal suffering . . ."

In Barney Lukas we meet still another type of isolation, that of the successful and affluent young executive, son of an immigrant tailor, who remembers too well the privations of his childhood.

" . . . he looked terribly lonely, with the burden of past poverty on his shoulders . . . the poor and abandoned boy from the ghetto."

As an underlying theme the loneliness of large cities keeps recurring—Chicago in this case, but it could be any place.

"It was the evening traffic of people returning from the Loop . . . Everyone of those cars and buses contained a package of loneliness. Maybe that was what all the rush was about, an incommunicable secret."

We glimpse also the sadness of a child misunderstood by grown-ups, unable to explain herself to those around her. And the refugee doctor Birnstamm shows us the almost compulsive loneliness of the persecuted who always remain symbolically on the run.

"But he was committed to loneliness . . . 'Now, in freedom, he retained a paradoxical need of being hunted . . .'"

Last and by far most tragic of all, Dr. Stern with compassion not dulled by long experience, shows us the worst loneliness, the awful isolation of patients in a mental ward; each in his own world, unable to cross the invisible barriers to know or feel sorry for another man's pain.

"It's part and parcel of their very condition that there can never be any gang or leader, or any concerted action. And we cash in on that . . . Their sickness is our line of defense . . . We're lucky they cannot get organized."

### Beyond Science

A bleak picture! Can Dr. Stern, a man of understanding and insight, show us any hope? Yes, for although he is a man of science, he is also a man of faith. He believes that health of the spirit is won only through suffering and self-knowledge. Psychiatry may help to clear away the debris of the past. It braces us to face reality. But then the sustaining hand of the doctor must be withdrawn and we must reach for another. That other hand is God's, but to grasp it we must go several terrifying steps in the dark alone.

"Then . . . she knew that she would have to remain alone with all she had experienced, the feverish dream and its obscurities, the sickness, and confusion, and the entire past year which, in some in-fathomable core, contained the certitude of love."

This certitude may come to us through helping others. Thus the old man Radbert approached the truth only just before death, in helping poor crippled Billie. He had stumbled upon life's meaning.

"The happiest times of his life seemed curiously unimportant compared with the care of Billie."

It was his first real moment of clarity, when, stripped of all his old defenses, he lay near death in a mental ward.

"Isolation. If I were once more given the choice between love here, in the dank smell-infested gangways and painshattered nights, and pride there, in the perfume-scented, festively glaring opera foyer—I would choose love."

Mrs. Surin has also in her quiet way made the same discovery. In fact, she, forced by personal tragedy, has led the way. Clinging stubbornly to her religious faith with all its sentimentality, forced devotions and gushy piety, she finds the answer in what may seem a cliché—fictionally speaking—the decision to devote herself to helping the abandoned poor.

Yet it is a cliché born of deep wisdom, as Dr. Stern himself obviously (Continued on page 8)



# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

ture called *The Leon's Necklace*. We saw also a conservation picture, a story of ballet, and *The Red Balloon* which has won many prizes in France. Most of the pictures take half an hour, so we have a good two-hour show. Molly did not like the Indian picture—she said it would give her nightmares, but she loved the rest. We have had pictures of Alaska Eskimos, of Bolivian Indians, and many others.

## Travelling

Most of the month was taken up with letters and visitors and writing, but I travelled for one week, and because I went by car I was able to cover many places. I bless Fr. Kern of Holy Trinity Parish of Detroit, who gave it to me, every time I get into it. It has been most useful on the farm when the car Fr. McCoy gave us is being used in town to mail out the paper and do errands.

This trip I used the car because I was bringing artifacts to the Botolph Guild in Boston to show at a talk I gave on Peter Maurin's program of *Cult, Culture and Cultivation*. I had with me Steve Hergenhan's Holy Family carrying; Louis Christopher's crucifix; John Monaghan's crucifix; John Fillingger's cedar cross; Sister Prisca's stained glass crucifix (she used to be with the Rochester House); some raw carded wool; Deane Mowrer is an expert carder, a hand spindle with spun wool (mine); a knit sock from the same wool by Anne Marie Stokes; curtains woven by everyone around the farm, Roman stripe effect, from odds and ends of wool; linen towel and blanket by Tamar, both linen and wool hand-spun and the blanket hand-dyed, and a large blanket by Charles Butterworth.

Some of my listeners wanted to know if any of the work was for sale, but all of it was in use. There was also Stanley's printing and most beautiful of all, the calf skin bound hand set, and printed on hand made paper, edition of a book of poetry by William Everson, who did all this while he was in charge of the Maurin House of Hospitality in Oakland, California where forty men were put up and a thousand a day fed. Bill is now Brother Antoninus of St. Albert's, Oakland, Calif., a Dominican lay brother, in charge of their printing and of the incunabula in their library. (Francis Bates, who used to run the Milwaukee House of Hospitality is also of that house and province, and he is now Fr. Urban).

Manual labor joy and beauty and growth in holiness have come out of Peter Maurin's program of *Cult, Culture and Cultivation*. It was good to talk about and it was a good audience to talk to. Celia Hubbard is in charge of the Botolph Guild and one cannot help but remember that line in *Dostoevsky's Idiot*, "The world will be saved by beauty."

Remembering how we have been called gutter sweepers, people who loved the depraved and perverse, (because we defend murderers and live with the outcast in trying to imitate our Lord) it was good to talk about all the natural joy and beauty that there is in our lives.

## Poverty Is Not Ugliness

It is one aspect of poverty that I always find it necessary to talk about, — to differentiate between poverty and destitution, and to point out how much beauty and joy there can be in a life dedicated to poverty, even the very real poverty and deprivation in the world that the older, well established religious orders know so little of. Necessarily by their life of hard work, the orders prosper, so that the individual in the order must find ways of practicing interior poverty, poverty of spirit so that the holiness of the individual may increase the health of the whole so that those in administrative positions may gain a greater understanding of supernatural economics.

## Natural Poverty

It is good to distinguish between natural and supernatural poverty

too. I remember John Cogley talking about this years ago, reminding us that one can practice poverty for natural motives, a point which Fr. Pacifique Roy also stressed a good deal. A Greenwich Villager can practice natural poverty to enjoy more leisure and have more time either for dissipation or for art. And only this morning I heard an interview with Agnes de Mille on the radio. She told of the ten years of poverty she endured and how after tremendous work, she finally achieved success in Oklahoma and became the famed choreographer she is. And all the financial success she gained for the first four and a half years of Oklahoma was a salary of fifty dollars a week under her Theater Guild contract. It was modified finally to give her one half of one per cent of the profits. "The show netted \$100,000,000 since it started in 1943, and anyone who invested \$1,500 in it "earned" \$50,000." "But let us not talk of money," Agnes de Mille said. She wanted to talk of the folk ballet she wants to put on which will be characteristically American. I speak of money here to show an example of an acceptance of natural poverty, in order to develop God-given talents, to be true to one's self and one's talents.

## Other Towns

My speaking took me also to Westboro where I spoke before an Episcopalian group, to Upton to visit Carl and Mary Paulson who are always an inspiration, and Bill and Marion Roche who are so thoroughly good and loving that they warm the heart. Marion, the oldest daughter of the Roche's is now married but there are seven children still at home. All the nine Paulson children, are at home, but Ellen, the oldest, commutes to work these last months, going in to Worcester. She is an outstandingly beautiful girl, and when I saw her it was hard to realize that she was Tamar's first babysitting job. When Carl was in jail for being a conscientious objector and Mary went to the Upton farm where they had only a two room cabin, Tamar went to her for a few weeks after the baby was born to help out. Tamar was seventeen then and was herself to be married to David Hennessy the next year and start her own family of nine, and she learned a great deal of gentle wisdom from Mary.

I left the Upton Farm to drive in to Providence leaving a scene of voluntary poverty (no inside plumbing as yet) to stay at the huge Sheraton-Biltmore hotel where there was a CIO-AFL convention in progress. I was treated on this occasion by our friend William Oleksak who was in Providence to lecture on *Recovery* in Pawtucket. The hotel was a huge caravansary comfortable and no more expensive than the Leo House in New York or the Y. W. in Boston where I have often put up. When I have stayed at cheap hotels, coming into a town late at night after all day travelling, I have on occasion found myself forced to pay as much as in a big hotel, and then have to put up with dirt, and the suspicion that the place was not all that it should be.

It was good to see all the downtown churches that are being built in our big cities which are accessible to travellers, and here in Providence the Franciscans have a church which has many Masses for night workers. (In Montreal, if you arrive by bus at eight, you can go to St. Joseph's shrine for a nightly nine o'clock Mass.)

I spoke at Brown to the Newman club and there were many members of the Student Christian Union there, and also Quakers. I spoke on Religion and Revolution, and the part students play in what is taking place throughout the world today.

## Pawtucket

That same afternoon, I attended the *Recovery* meeting and as usual got a great deal out of it. One of Dr. Lowe's records was played and some of his book read. I was par-

ticularly struck by Dr. Lowe's statements about how we interpret and come to conclusions. We so often come to "disastrous conclusions," he says and the "risk is formidable." For instance if you say that you feel badly because of the weather, you are dooming yourself to suffering half the time. He points out how often we make damaging statements about ourselves, "Why cannot I control my temper?" "Why cannot I come to a decision?" "Why am I confused." We are making statements and drawing conclusions. Outrageous statements, he calls them indignantly! We are making damaging statements, damaging to our self esteem. If we substitute "care not" for "cannot," if we have the courage to make mistakes, to lower our standards, be satisfied to be "average," indecision and confusion are lessened or done away with.

It was very interesting to hear these things and to reflect on how often we make damaging statements, damaging to ourselves; how often we delay, postpone, because we do not feel we can do a thing right. I think of it in connection with my writing, which is hard to do as a routine task, about which I am often filled with self doubt. Proper humility will keep me from caring whether I fail, as long as I do the job I am supposed to do. How many times on a newspaper



one has to pound out a story whether or not one feels "inspired" or even capable of handling it coherently.

## Recovery

I write these details because I am grateful there are *Recovery* meetings in New York to which I can refer people. Only this last week I received telephone calls from people in various parts of the country, who wished to send to us relatives or friends who were "emotionally and spiritually disturbed," and certainly many come to us daily who would be benefited by the discipline of these meetings. However, if they are willing to go, they are on the way to recovery, not to make a play on words. But what comes first is the sympathetic understanding, kindness and friendship, interest taken, patience on the part of friends and relatives. I can do little about all the problems which come in to the Catholic Worker office by way of visitors or phone calls, but I can be patient and sympathetic. And by the way, one of the rules for *Recovery* patients is not to talk for more than five minutes over the telephone about your symptoms and troubles, a rule to be understood on both sides.

Sunday night I stayed at the home of the Ambrose Kelly's (he teaches at Brown) and in the morning after Mass set out for Rehoboth to visit Frances Mazet and Mary Benson, two very dear

(Continued on page 8)

# This Is Destitution, Not Poverty

(Continued from page 3)

conditions prevailing among ¾ of the world's population, this expenditure of wealth on self-gratification seems not merely ignorant and reprehensible but down-right evil.

## A New Way

I am not suggesting that Americans should be asked to "give generously" to the world's poor. It is not a question of generosity. It is a question of justice. It is not just that a majority of people in the world should be crushed by grinding poverty while a small minority live lives of comfort & superabundance. It is not just that Americans spend millions of dollars a year on such things as liquor, deodorants, movies and candy while women with nursing infants lie in the streets of this city selling pencils. Think of the fantastic salaries that are paid to movie stars, TV entertainers, baseball players and the like, and then think of the Korean servant who labors one month for five dollars. The recent Patterson-Johannesen fight netted I think about a million dollars. Think of what a million dollars could do here! Think of what could be done with the one million dollars a day the American government spends on storing the millions of dollars of surplus American grains!

No, this is not just. And to correct this injustice does not require the "extra charity dollar." It requires a way of life that is consonant with world conditions. It means that Americans must begin to realize that they are buying their comfort and their luxury at the price of terrible human suffering. It is just as wrong to ignore suffering as it is to cause it to happen. In fact, by our indifference and apathy, we cause it to continue. We cannot rid ourselves of this responsibility. It is imposed upon us by the condition of the rest of the world today. I think Americans must begin to live lives of complete simplicity, stripped of luxury—we must begin to figure out ways of distributing our wealth, not in return for air bases or military commitments, but because it is our fundamental obligation and duty to our fellow human beings around the world.

## At Least Self-Interest

And if Americans will not respond to the call of love, then perhaps they will respond to the call of self-interest. It is to the advantage of America that her wealth be shared with the impoverished nations. Some people here have predicted that South Korea will go Communist in from two to five years from now. Why? Because if the present form of government does not improve the living conditions then the people will turn to another form of government—and Communism has demonstrated its effectiveness in appealing to oppressed peoples as a way out of their oppression. If Americans do not want Communism to spread, then they had better turn their serious and whole-hearted attention to the problems of countries like South Korea, and soon! (To those who say that we are already spending money in South Korea, I will reply that it is not enough. Compare the amount of money in the national budget spent on foreign aid with the amount spent on rockets, missiles, submarines, armaments, etc. which are designed to protect the "free (if starving) world.")

I guess I've said most of what I have to say. If my criticism of Americans seems severe, it is because I am outraged by the needless suffering that I see here. I am outraged because I know that if Americans could abandon their quest for pleasure & comfort and dedicate their time, money and resources to a quest for a higher standard of living for all men, that conditions in depressed areas like South Korea would almost immediately improve. I hope I don't sound too self-righteous in my criticism, because what I say about

other Americans goes for me too. I think we are all guilty and we all need to repent and change our ways.

I appreciate the time you have spent reading this letter. Any good word you can put in to anyone anywhere on behalf of these struggling South Korean people will be a good word in a very good cause.

Sincerely,  
Brian Wilson

# IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

bosses of Boston, New York and Chicago, and the Dixiecrats of the South. We hope he will have the wisdom to always keep to the left and far away from these malefactors.

We have picketed with radicals before the Spanish Embassy at 53rd and Madison each month against the continued torture of political prisoners in Spain. Our sign read that we opposed dictatorship in Spain, Russia and everywhere. We also marched in the Fair Play for Cuba parade. And we gave out hundreds of CW's at a Carnegie Hall meeting of the Friends of Soviet Russia.

## Tolstoy

We gave out many papers to the meeting at Town Hall where Alexandra Tolstoy, his daughter, spoke of her father, and where Helen Hayes read something from one of his books, not radical, but about life and nature in general. She mentioned that he was influenced by William Lloyd Garrison, Thoreau and Emerson of this country. Russian pianists and singers continued the program, which included Russian folk songs. I had written to Miss Tolstoy asking her to write something for our Tolstoy anniversary issue, so when I saw her at the door after the meeting I introduced myself, saying that we had Eichenberg's drawing of her father. She asked for a copy. Governor Rockefeller declared November 20 Tolstoy Day in the state of New York, and President Eisenhower sent a letter to be read at the meeting commemorating the life of Tolstoy.

Jim Crow

Every Saturday from 1 to 3 a group, mostly of anarchists, picket Woolworth's on E. 14th St., between Ave. A and B. We are with them part of the time. Word has gone around that Woolworth's has integrated its stores in the South. Some of them are integrated but the great majority are not, and it is up to us, who fight on so many national and international fronts of ideas not to forget this disgrace of our country where Negroes are discriminated against.

Elsewhere in this issue will be seen my route as I travel from January 2 to St. Patrick's Day, arriving in Salt Lake City then. Readers along the way who are interested in knowing the time and place of my meetings in any certain town should write to me here at the CW and I will reply.

## LITURGICAL WHEEL CALENDAR for 1961

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## Our Roots Grow Deeper

By Dudley Laufman  
(Continued from October)

Many people ask us "Why do you live this way?" Why do you live so backward in a modern age?" We live this way because we want to, and the reasons we want to are many. I will list four of them here.

**ECONOMICAL.** When we lived in Concord, we paid \$40.00 a month for rent, \$5.00 a month electricity, \$10.00 for phone, and, although we had a simple diet, our food bill was \$45.00 a month—a total of one hundred dollars. At Wind In The Timothy we have no rent, but fuel, taxes, and transportation to and from work fill this spot. It costs us \$3.20 a month for fuel, \$6.00 for taxes, \$20.00 for transportation, \$3.00 for electricity, \$5.00 for phone (we hardly need it), and about \$20.00 for food per month, giving a total of \$60.00 a month. So it costs us about one-half as much to live as it did to live in the city. It is obviously more economical to live as we do. We disagree with those who say that the cost of living is too high today. With a bit of discipline, simple diet, and wise planning one can live very adequately on a low salary income. Is it backward to live economically? To live within one's pocketbook?

**GARDEN, HEALTH AND DIET.** Gardening to us is a recreation as well as a source of food. We never figure our labor in any of our work. We do all the work by hand, and we all share in the work. Our garden is laid out in small plots that are easy to care for. It is a family project, and we derive great joy in growing, harvesting and eating our own food.

Our diet is simple and wholesome. We try to follow three basic rules. 1) Eat fruits and vegetables in season. For instance, when the peas are ripe, we eat them for three weeks, raw in salads, in soups, baked in casseroles, or as fresh cooked peas. We save some for drying. Likewise for beans and other vegetables in their turn. In answer to the question, "Don't you get tired of peas every day?" we reply "no." We enjoy the fruit in its season. As Christmas is enjoyed once a year, so do we enjoy peas or whatever once a year. This system creates a minimum of canning and preserving, with no freezing. We store only our roots and fruits. 2) Eat fruits and vegetables in a whole and uncooked state if possible. 3) Consistently adhere to this diet.

Year around our meals run something like this. Breakfast. Fresh fruit and an herb tea. In the summer a big bowl of strawberries or raspberries, blackberries or blueberries in season, and in between times and all fall, winter and spring, apples. Two apples per person, a handful of nuts and raisins, and a spoonful of honey or brown sugar are put through a blender or food mill. This makes a filling concoction that looks something like applesauce only it is uncooked. Here is a meal that is rich in vitamin C, contains protein from the nuts, and is completely free of starch. Moreover it sticks to your ribs all morning. We vary

this breakfast by adding peaches and pears, plums and apricots in season, and dates and bananas at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Lunch. Thick vegetable soup. Supper. Salad, green in summer, of roots in winter, with raisins and sprouted soybeans. A baked vegetable, pie, or apples, and homemade whole wheat bread with butter and milk. We sometimes vary this diet on week-ends with pancakes, oatmeal, eggs, beans, casseroles or cheese sandwiches. We find this diet to be complete and wholesome. Vitamins and minerals come from the fruits and vegetables, milk and cheese, and protein from the nuts, peanut butter, soybeans, grains, and dairy products.

We are not vegetarians, but we seldom eat meat and never buy it. Thus, with no meat to keep cool, we have no need for a refrigerator.

church, and share similar beliefs. We are all interested in deriving a partial living from the land. All are employed at useful occupations such as teaching, farming and carpentry. We work together cooperatively growing potatoes and sawing wood. We play softball together, we skate together, we dance and sing together. We have our differences, but we try to work them out in a manner that suits all.

### Adventure

We find in our way of life a sense of real excitement and adventure. Doing things with our own hands and being independent of consumer goods is an adventure in itself. Hearing the north wind howl around our house, and seeing the silent and subtle effects of nature at first hand brings us to actual grips with life. We do not need to be entertained for we have learned to spin our own fun. We have dances in our little house—wild, lusty dances from Ireland and Scotland and New England, with plenty of full



Milk, butter, cheese, and eggs all keep satisfactorily in the cellar. We have loaned our refrigerator to a neighbor, and now that we are rid of the ugly thing we have more space, no old food cluttering its shelves, and a lower electricity bill.

We do not eat meat for various reasons. One is that it requires five or six times as much land, labor and money to raise one beef critter as it does to grow an equivalent nutritive value in fruits, vegetables and grain. When one considers that there is going to be a serious land shortage, we do not wish to contribute to it nor be dependent on meat in our diet. Most important, we are aware that more than half of the world's population live on a diet that is devoid for the most part of meat, and many of these people are close to starvation. Pulling in our own belts a bit does not hurt us. Rather we be slim than fat. Rather we share, if not our food, at least our feelings.

### Community and Neighbors

There are six families living fairly close together along our road. We all attend the same

bodied live music and an abundance of good food and plenty of apple and elderberry wine.

There is also a quietness in our lives. There is time to think.

How does my wife feel about all this? Let us consider this question. Most women work, either at a salaried job or in the home. My wife works at home. She has a few inconveniences. We have running water, but not hot running water—although the stove keeps an ample supply on hand. We have no flush toilet, so we maintain an outside privy, which is no bother. We may have modern conveniences in the future when we can pay for them, but what kind of softies would we be if we could not put up with these trivial inconveniences for a few years. So, my wife does the same as other housewives. She does the laundry once a week. She irons once a week. She has a small house to clean. She bakes once or twice a week, and prepares three meals a day and does the ensuing dishes. We eat out of wooden bowls so dishes are kept to a minimum. She cares for the child and plays with her. She works in pleasant surroundings. No garish white enamel kitchen brimming with automatic washers, driers, freezers, and refrigerators, but a family room with subdued colors, access to music, close to the youngsters, a step from the outdoors, and with a view of the distant hills whenever she wants it. Her leisure time is spent with the baby, reading, knitting, or in the summer, in the garden at the pond.

Our ideas are not new nor are they entirely our own. We have friends who have simplified much more than have we. We have read many books on essential living, and this is our own solution. You might say that we are out of step with civilization. Perhaps so. But when you think that two-thirds of the world today live as we do, I think that puts us pretty much in time to the best.

## The Night Without Sleep

(Continued from page 6)

ly feels. Giving of oneself to help others is the answer to broken minds, broken lives, perhaps a broken world.

As each of us struggles day by day through our separate solitudes, maybe we can be encouraged a bit by a man who surely has sounded the depths of human suffering. Even our neurotic actions, he tells us, may sometimes contain the seed of truth, and in our maddest moments, "deep down in the innermost tiny invisible kernel of things, you may have worked towards your liberation."

And there are for all of us some fleeting moments in which communication with another human being, in the fullest sense, becomes possible.

"Five minutes of truth. That's a lot. Everything else is loneliness. Look around at the people you know, they eat loneliness, they breathe it, it's the tissue of their life, their currency. And everyone has known the truth of another person for one moment, that's all. Some of them live on that moment. It pays interest, and the interest's interest."

Even anxiety, epidemic of our time, can be fruitful.

"The raw material is always anxiety . . . At times I feel that anxiety is the cosmic urmaterie, the primeval matter of the Universe. The ubiquitous stuff of black space which God Himself utilizes for making things. He can produce Love out of anything."

How many of us long to believe this! How many of us are reassured when Dr. Stern tells us that man is still man, mysterious and invariably precious, despite the current fad of depersonalization! How many are given new hope in that belief that even our hidden tortures will not be wasted and that our many deaths in life will somehow bring us toward truth before the final one.

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 7)

friends who are always astounding us with remarkable presents. One year they brought us geese, and last year they brought Tamar two rams. Right now they have a goat and a ewe and ducks on their little farm. Mary is badly crippled, having broken a leg for the second time, but she gets to Mass and makes visits just the same. Valiant women. And Frances is a gypsy, black Irish, never looking a day older. I drove on to Boston and went right to the Botolph Guild, and after the meeting drove to Gloucester to visit the Paul Heaneys whom I had first met in San Francisco. I should not say that I drove, since Bill Martin drove Sissy and me. Bill worked on the Sun-Herald, the daily Catholic which was such a great adventure with so many young people. He is a friend of David Mason, our former associate editor who is back in Philadelphia proof reading again. Bill is now working with the credit union movement and has charge of the New England territory. He too is married with six children and is doing one of the important works in the lay apostolate. Anyone interested in the philosophy of the credit union movement and thinking of making it a vocation should get in touch with him. It is a big field and workers are needed.

We explored a bit the next morning along the coast and climbed down some rocky slopes to see the chasm where the sea pours in and rages in stormy weather, and we had lunch in the town, a fish chowder. It is a rocky coast, terrifying and awesome and it is terrible to think of ten thousand men lost at sea since Gloucester was first settled.

Bill drove me in the next day in time for my meeting at Boston College, where I talked to the students who were interested in international affairs and had dinner with them later.

### Jane Marra

After dinner I went to see Jane Marra who was the one who started the work in New England. When I first heard from her she was secretary of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, Boston local, and she and some others got a headquarters and started meetings in Boston. Later Arthur Sheehan and John Magee took over the house and ran it and from the Tremont Street house and the Rollins Street place came the Worcester House of Hospitality and the farm at Upton, originally called St. Benedict's farm, which is still going on, though not as a communal farm.

Charles Dastoli who worked with us in New York for a winter is a close friend and he keeps in touch with Jane Marra who is now eighty years old and lives with her brother at 53 Pembroke. Also John Cort and Helen and their friends drop in and help her with

some of the things she cannot do, such as spring housecleaning. It takes a mother of nine, like Helen, to think of little extra jobs like that. Real works of mercy, and for the home folks. Sometime I think we get a little unbalanced and don't begin where we should in brotherly love, like starting with those closest to us, remembering the family and the parish as the basic units. First things first isn't always the easiest way, though it should be obvious.

Jane looks wonderful and has only one disability, great pain in her legs which keep her from getting around. It was good to see her, and to hear that the Little Sisters of Jesus who live around the corner, also get in to call on her.

### The Hennessys Again

After I left Boston it was only four hours to Perkinsville to see David and Tamar and the children, and spend Thanksgiving Day with them. There was great feasting of course, with turkey and pumpkin pies and long walks on the hills, on the part of David and Tamar and the children, while the big girls and I stayed home and baby sat. The big house seemed so warm and comfortable and cheerful and everyone is well, so I have much to be thankful for.

I got back to New York after a week's absence to find that Stuart had stayed up all night before Thanksgiving to bake pumpkin pies for the "line" and they had ham and sweet potatoes and apple sauce and pie and coffee and servings went on all day. Of course the Volunteers and the Salvation Army outdid us with their thousands, but our comparatively small family of a couple of hundred were fed and happy, and it was a family, with all participating and sitting down together, and as a Korean War veteran, pretty much disabled said, "If there was only a house of hospitality in every parish," then we would really be making a beginning and loving God and our brother, this being the true vocation of man.

Midwinter trip. Two days before New Year's I will be starting out on a trip west, my first stop at Knox College, January 3-4. Then St. Louis, January 6, and on to Natchez, Mississippi, to visit Marge Barroni who will arrange a meeting for me there. I hope our friends who see this will let me know if they want a visit and will write during the next month. Mail will be forwarded to me on my trip and I will be going through Texas, Arizona, California up through Fresno and Stockton, staying at Tracy for a few weeks before I go on to the Bay area.

I hope to travel by car with Mary Lathrop as my companion. We are going to be leisurely and stop to write by the way.

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