



CHRISTIE STREET

By EDGAR FORAND

RETREAT

We were fortunate in being able to start off this fall season with a five day retreat. Those of us who made it, Dorothy Day, Charles Butterworth, Walter Kerell, Ralph Madsen, Jean Walsh, Janet Burwash, and myself, are well aware of the fact that such retreats are not made just simply for our own benefit. At times I felt deeply the presence of those at the House; the very poor, the sick and aged; the suffering ones who must be so close to Christ and whom I hope were interceding for us in order that our retreat would be made fruitful for the sake of all of us.

Tom Cornell is now with us for what we hope is a long stay. He has been active with the Committee for Non-Violent Action, with the peace movement in general, and in Polaris Action in particular. It is good to have someone at the CW who will be able to devote more time to peace action than we have been able to the past few months. Our commitments to the Cooper Square project, the Lower Manhattan Expressway and the West Village proposals on Housing have left little time for other activities. Elin Paulson and Gregory Lesczynski, who have been a great help around the house the past couple of months, will be able to give Tom some assistance.

A Tremendous Book

I have just finished reading Jane Jacobs' book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*. For

(Continued on page 6)



CHRISTIAN NON-VIOLENCE

By ABBE PAUL CARRETTE

When Christ was asked one day which is the greatest of all the commandments, He replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy whole soul and thy whole mind." Although He was not asked to amplify this statement, He spontaneously added: "And the second, its like, is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He did not say: "This is the second commandment, which comes after the first, or is less important," but the second, its like: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Later the apostles were to repeat this saying. It was by this sign that one identified a Christian.

The fact that Jesus, on several occasions, made it clear that He wished neither to defend himself nor to be defended can be explained as the consequence of his unique situation; he had come to offer his life that mankind might be saved. But his disciples adopted the same attitude. In Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans we discover the following precept: "Do not repay injury with injury . . . Rather feed thy enemy if he is hungry, give him drink if he is thirsty; by doing this, thou wilt heap coals of fire upon his head." These are enigmatic words, and some have related them to divine punishment, citing several passages in the Bible which read: "Vengeance is for me, I will repay, says the Lord." Actually, the coals of fire are metaphors for the feelings of shame and guilt that will drive the "evildoer"

(Continued on page 6)

On Pilgrimage In Cuba—Part II

By DOROTHY DAY

When the Guadalupe sailed from Harborside, Jersey City, on Sept. 5, there was a chill in the air and the sea was rough. But within a day the weather became very hot and so it has remained, day after day of fearful, tropical heat, which keeps one bathed in perspiration from head to foot, which makes dressing a burden. Imagine trying to dress after a shower, without drying off! But I prayed for strength daily, to cover the assignment I had set for myself which would take a month. I could not stay longer if I wished to, because the visa granted by the Cuban government was for only thirty days. Our own government gave me leave to stay for three months.

Red Tape

To synopsize, the first three of those thirty days I spent hours each morning in various offices of the ministry of foreign relations, to get my credentials ostensibly, which consisted of a little green card with my picture on it, stating that I was of the Press. But the hours were fruitful. They asked me questions about the States, and I asked them questions about Cuba, about the revolution, about religion, state farms, schools and so on. I talked to Raul Lazo, to Olga Finlay, to Rodolpho Saracino and others and they all most hopefully asked me what I wanted to see in Cuba, and there was some talk of tours but none of it came to anything, which was just as well. It was far better that I should find by own way, pay my own way, and in the long run I "covered" the island, as much as is possible in a month.

St. Anthony was my guide, and

I called upon him continually. Recalling his unsuccessful foray into Morocco, among the infidel, I asked him to protect me, and all I found was friendliness and help everywhere.

The neatest favor he granted me was to enable me to slip under the barrier set up suddenly by the government preventing correspondents from leaving Havana, and ordering them to turn in all press cards which were now obsolete. But when the order came by individual courier on a motorcycle to each correspondent, at ten o'clock at night, marked urgent, to be opened in my absence by my host where I was staying, I was already sitting on my suit case in a long line in the bus station, in a mob of soldiers, campesinos, and their wives and children, all on the way to Oriente province, the furthest province away from Havana, an eighteen hour trip. It was a good thing I did not know of the new order since I had to sit there until four in the morning, because if I had I would have either had to obey or look upon each militia man with trepidation. (I would have obeyed out of courtesy to the country which permitted the entry of an enemy.) My companion on the trip was a young man by the name of Charles Horwitz, graduate of the University of Chicago, who had worked at teaching in one of East Harlem's schools for the past two years. He aimed to stay for a year and teach in Cuba, but on the day of our return, he was picked up by security police and taken to the immigration office and held there for two nights—then put on a plane for Miami.

It took us a long time to find

the reason for his detention. He was permitted to telephone us and to see one of our friends, and he said he was treated well. The reason for his expulsion was undoubtedly because he had been detained for his visa in Miami the month before and had talked too much to counter-revolutionaries there. He is an insatiable questioner and as such was invaluable to me on our trip inland.

In Havana

I had, of course, no interviews with Fidel Castro, Che Guevara or Raul Castro or any other revolutionary leader. However I listened to some of them at a meeting in the Chaplin Theater which holds 3,000, five hours, until two in the morning. They all spoke loud and long and there was much audience participation. After a particularly rousing paragraph, and it could be for more faithful attendance at the schools set up all over the island as well as a call for resistance to United States aggression, the cheers and rhythmic hand-clapping and chanting began and continued until, in the case of Fidel, a motion from him meant a band blaring the opening chords of the National Anthem which quieted them at once.

But sometimes the interruption was to sing a ballad about the revolution or about the "year of alphabetization," specially composed for the purpose. These were the hymns of the new order. (It is hard to get used to the words coined for the new regime. To "alphabetize" meant to teach someone to read and write. Just as in the case of Frank Laubach, the Protestant mis-

sionary and mystic, "each one teaches one" was being worked out religiously. To be an *analfabetico*, means to be an illiterate. My hostess in speaking of Marjorie Rios, said she had alphabetized Rosa, her maid. And every night in Havana every person, hotel clerk, waiter, dishwasher (who belong to the union of gastronomics) goes to school for an hour and a half. This goes for the entire island in every town, I was later to find out. In the case of the gastronomics, the first emphasis was on cleanliness.

This year is "the year of planification" which is an easier word to say.

That first meeting in Havana was a memorable one. I had been staying at a cheap little hotel off the Prado, which was formerly the red-light district. All hotels have been nationalized, and the prices set. Rooms were hard to get, since many hotels were occupied by students and couples coming in from the provinces on their vacations which are compulsory, one month a year.

I had talked to Lopez, the hotel clerk who got \$150 a month, paid eighteen a month for rent on a little house which he would own in five years. I had talked to the waiters in the corner counter restaurant, and to the boys who cleaned the rooms. I did not know that slogan, "A tip makes the heart of a workingman sick," and had given one of the boys a dollar. He came back a few minutes later with a can of evaporated milk as a present to me! (About the food situation, more later.)

When I telephoned Lou and Lanna Jones, friends of Bill Worthly,

of the Afro-American, they told me of this final meeting of educational leaders at which Fidel was to speak. (Everyone says "Fidel." There are pages of Castros in the telephone book.) They both worked in the ministry of education, one as a psychologist and the other as a social worker, and they would get an extra pass for me. We were accompanied by Helena Freyre de Andrade, a beautiful young woman whose grandfather had been mayor of Havana and who was head of one of the departments.

The place was jam-packed of course, outside as well as in, and the first rows were reserved for foreign delegates, of which Ghana was most outstanding, and of others with special passes. We had seats in the third row, right under the rostrum from which Fidel was to speak. Confident as he was of his audience, he came last, not beginning until almost twelve. In my opinion, having heard him on radio many times and this time face to face, he is a truly great speaker, clear, distinct, and repeating the points he wishes to strike home over and over again. "He is the greatest teacher in Cuba" Lou Jones says. Like all people with enthusiasm, he tends to the kind of happy fervor we at the Catholic Worker are well used to.

"They love him so," Lou said solemnly, "that when he went to the scene of a bomb explosion, and a second explosion followed, the crowd threw themselves on him as in football tackling, to save him! Once when he was speaking at one of the concentrations, (the huge outdoor meetings) it began to rain, and they would not let him con-

(Continued on page 2)

CATHOLIC WORKER

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

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Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
175 Chrystie St., New York City—2
Telephone GR 3-5850

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

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



On Pilgrimage to Cuba

(Continued from page 1)

tinue speaking, because he had had laryngitis, chanting "Cover your head, cover your head" and he finally had to do it."

I quote Lou because I have heard it said in the States that Fidel has gone insane with power, that he is a madman, used by the Communists, and now more recently that he is losing his hold on the people. He did not at all look like a madman to me. He is taller than those about him and he holds his head high. He has a trick of pulling himself up, taking a deep breath which throws his chest out still further, as though he were putting all he has into what he is saying.

This night, in that packed theater, heavy with heat and the smell of nardo lilies which bordered the platform and table at which sixteen people sat, President of Havana University, Marinelli, an old time Communist and outstanding educator, considered a man of integrity even by non-Communists, Nunos Jimenez, who had fought with Fidel, and whose text on the geometry and geography is used in all the schools, and many others, I heard this leader of revolution, Fidel Castro, speak for the first time, and his talk was all directed to the youth of the country, for whom, he said, the revolution had been fought.

"Children are born to be happy," is a slogan one sees over and over again, and he pointed out that youth could best help the revolution by perfect attendance at school, by devotion to their studies, by emulating others who led, by self-sacrifice, discipline, self-abnegation. I heard these religious words, spoken with fervor, with passion even, and I kept thinking, "To seek for wisdom is to seek for God. The more we know of the natural world around us, in science as well as in philosophy, the more we know of God."

Freedom of Religion

Television, radio, and each daily paper of course runs the complete speech of Fidel the morning after it is given. The presses are held up until the last words come in. And in this place, as of more interest to our readers and to show his style, I want to reprint some of another speech, that famous speech of March 13, which to Catholics seems to guarantee freedom of religion. Let me insert here that I went to Mass and Communism daily, that churches, but not schools are open, that almost 200 priests remain and more are coming in for those who left voluntarily (intimidated, insulted, in some cases threatened, but not coerced to go) that two minor seminaries are open, active catechism classes continue and the presence of sisters and an active secular institute of women rejoices the heart.

One Speech

This speech was delivered to a University of Havana meeting, commemorating the fifth anniversary of the unsuccessful attack on Batista's palace. It was in the presence, Fidel said, "of the sons

and daughters of the workers, the humble, of the masses from the countryside." During the ceremonies the master of ceremonies read, among other documents, the political testament of Jose Antonio Echevarria.

"He began to read it," Fidel said. "He read the first paragraph. He read the second paragraph. He began to read the third paragraph and when he was at the end of the third paragraph we noticed that without reading three lines he skipped to the fourth paragraph. Listen, compañeros." (This word is different from comrade, and means literally those with whom one breaks bread.) "Listen, compañeros, and do not be hasty to pass judgment, nor even to blame the compañero. It seemed to us that he skipped. And out of curiosity we read that part since he had skipped it. And it says—I am going to read the third paragraph 'Our pledge to the people of Cuba was given in La Carta de Mexico which united the youth in one line of conduct and action. But the circumstances needed for the student sector to fulfill the role assigned to it were not present at the right moment forcing us to postpone the fulfillment of our pledge.' From there he skips... 'If we fall may our blood...' and I read the three lines which are:

"We believe that the time has come for us to fulfill our pledge. We are confident that the purity of our intentions will bring us God's blessing so that we may bring the rule of justice to our nation."

Fidel commented that he asked the master of ceremonies when he finished reading about the omission. The compañero replied: "When I entered I was given instructions. I told them that I was going to read this and they told me to take out these three lines." "Is it possible, compañeros?" Fidel cried out. "Let us analyze it. Compañeros, could we be so cowardly, and could we be so politically warped, as to come here to read the political testimony of Jose Antonio Echevarria and be so cowardly, so morally wretched, as to suppress three lines?"

"It is known that a revolutionist may hold a religious belief. He may hold it. The revolution does not force anyone. It does not go into his heart of hearts. It does not exclude the men who love their country. The men who want justice to exist in their country, justice which will put an end to exploitation, abuse and obvious imperialist domination. It does not force them. Nor does it hold them in disgrace simply because they may have in their heart of hearts some religious belief."

He goes on to say that through out history exploiters have used religion as a counter revolutionary weapon. "Even the criminals who came to Playa Giron brought with them four priests," he said.

"But what fault is this of any good Catholic, a sincere Catholic, who may be a member of the

(Continued on page 4)

The Years With Winkler

By KARL MEYER

I always liked Jack Winkler. Although Raymond Hilliard, Director of the Cook County Dept. of Public Aid, called him a "human vulture," our understanding had always been clear and simple. From the beginning of our tenancy four years ago, he asked no questions and made no complaints, even when we started serving supper to 60 men a night and over-using our five room facilities beyond the limits of law and reason.

And each month I took myself faithfully down the North Clark St. skid row to the eight by eight cubicle at the back of his hardware store, where, with remarkably simple efficiency, he and his brother governed their slum empire, the most notorious in Chicago. I paid my \$60 in cash and took my receipt.

This was the deal. Few words were exchanged between us. The classic Vermonter and the Chicago slumlord were as tight with words as they were with money. I never bothered to make complaints. If there was no heat I turned on the oven; if there was no hot water, we washed with cold; if the pipes above us leaked, I ripped them out; if other tenants dumped gar-



bage from above, we looked up before we went out the back door; if the place needed painting, its need went unfulfilled; if the plumbing broke, I fixed it myself; the place was never so snug and dry as after I put up a double ceiling of linoleum in the second floor bathroom so that the water that leaked down from above would drain off into the bathtub.

It was our neighbor Shorty Erickson (see the Catholic Worker, February 1961) who wrote:

You live in a hovel
But the landlord
Wants his rent.
He won't do any fixing
And he says
Do all the fixing yourself.
The sink is out of order
The toilet is too.
The chimney is plugged up,
The smoke won't go through.
The place needs painting up,
Windows broken too.
The landlord wants his rent
But won't do a thing for you.
You tell him you
Cannot live there,
Unless he fixes up the place.
He tells you there are others
Who would be glad to have the place.

When I was in jail, not all of my stand-ins understood the unspoken agreement with Winkler. They paid, but not as promptly as I, and then they wanted service. Once in November 1959 some wine drinker dropped a bottle cap or a bottle or something down the toilet and clogged it hopelessly. Terry Sullivan kept after Winkler until he had the toilet replaced. His workmen hung the tank on the wall with six inch spikes, which cracked it right away and it has leaked a little ever since. The next month Winkler raised the rent from \$60

to \$70, and I say he raised it to pay for that toilet—after all it wasn't he who clogged it. That was three years ago, and if that was why he raised the rent, we've paid \$360 for a second hand toilet that leaked from the beginning. Yesterday I bought a toilet for \$12 and installed it myself in six hours, and I'm only worth \$1.50 an hour to business. Yet, if we live here until we die, we'll be paying \$10 a month for Winkler's cracked toilet until the day we die.

In the four years since we started St. Stephen's House, we have paid approximately \$4,000 in rent. And the other tenants were paying too. In that period of four years there hasn't been a time when the City of Chicago was not seeking to close, condemn or take into receivership the building in which we live and other Winkler properties. When I got back from the walk to Moscow in November, 1961, we were the only tenants left in the building. Hilliard of Public Aid had just denounced Winkler as a "human vulture" and pulled all of his clients out of Winkler's 18 north side properties, as the first step in a campaign to discipline the slumlords of Chicago. To start off with a bang, he picked the most notorious, the one who had been exposed in a Daily News series several years before, the one on whom the Corporation Council of Chicago had concentrated an unsuccessful legal assault for years.

Well, eight months later, old Jack was still in business and still parting his hair in the middle, though things were rougher. There were new faces in the building, but his most faithful tenant was looking for a house of his own. Why pay that kind of rent for nothing, forever?

The first thing I settled on was a two-story, ten-room, frame house, abandoned in the heart of our neighborhood. It was a wreck, stripped of everything—windows, doors, plumbing and wiring. I got the owners down to a price of \$1,500 cash for the building, as is, and I made plans to restore it by our own Catholic Worker scavenging and labor, with very little cash investment. With this plan I quickly raised the necessary funds in personal loans. But the owners backed away from their price and I lost my nerve.

After that I located a lovely, ivy covered, two story, brick house in good condition, with an eighty-five foot yard with fruit trees, a couple of blocks to the north of our neighborhood, for \$7,000. It was so nice it was hard to think of it as a location for voluntary poverty and the Catholic Worker family, but it was clearly the best buy around so I decided to take it.

Meanwhile back on Oak St., 60 Peacemakers, from all over the U. S. and also from Canada, were converging for our two week program of training in Nonviolence. To house them, I went to Jack Winkler and rented two large vacant apartments and a store for \$120. We fed them at the house of hospitality. Conditions were primitive and overcrowded. For two weeks these people of comfortable background endured a life very similar to that in which the children and families of our neighborhood grow up and perhaps live all their lives in noisy desperation. It was rough. Some took it well. Others took it badly. Some maligned the poor for suffering such conditions in spineless turpitude; but, of these, few did anything themselves to keep things neat and clean while they were there. What they all think now of the poor and poverty, I do not know.

In general the Program was worthwhile. The highlights were a strong demonstration against capital punishment and for the condemned man, James Dukes, who was killed at that time, and four public meetings in Bughouse Square (on Integration) and Fay-

ette-Haywood Counties with Maurice McCrackin and Eric Weinberger speaking, on Cuba with Dave Dellinger speaking, on Direct Action for Peace with many good radicals speaking, and an anniversary commemoration of Sacco and Vanzetti with talks on anarchism and on Catholic anarchism). The greatest disappointment was the absence of both Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy, who were tied up in vital projects on their own.

After the Training Program was over, I went down to pay my regular rent, and Winkler's brother Joe said to me, "I hear you're going to keep that store at 939 Wells." Well, he hadn't heard it, but he was wishing he had. That store had been vacant since they evicted old Mrs. Wall and her junk shop in the winter of 1960-61. She came to me that winter for help on coal and food and to prevent them from putting her out without due process, but in the end she had to go, and that was just as well, because it was no place for a sick old lady. There were leaks all over and the water froze on the floor. She kept bundled up near a small coal stove. But one couldn't talk her into abandoning her junk and leaving, until in the end they put her out. She went to live in a furnished room, and a year later she died of cancer. The store she had lived in was where the Peacemakers held their discussions, and Joe Winkler wanted me to keep it. But I said, "No. In fact I am buying a house and am planning to vacate your second floor apartment, although we will retain the store at 164 Oak."

Immediately, Jack Winkler was all ears. He asked me all the details about the new house, size and price and location. I guessed why he was asking, so I told him everything. When I had finished describing it, he offered me a 4 story, 28 room house (at least twice the size) for the same price. The house was still vacant from last year, and he said he was going to give us materials for repairs and go all the way on my terms.

Visions of revolutionary sugar plums danced through my head. In my mind I saw tenant cooperatives buying out his collapsing slum empire for a song and restoring its foundations, for a new deal in our neighborhood. For a starter, I told him I was interested.

The next morning, Sunday at 9:00, I met him at his store. With crowbar and flashlight in hand we climbed into his black Cadillac and rolled over to 215-217 W. Elm (there were two houses and he said I could take my choice.) We didn't have to break in because there was a caretaker in there working on the buildings. To my surprise the whole structure looked sound, certainly much better than the one we live in. When we had looked around we returned to the car to discuss terms.

The night before I had worked out my terms—a one year lease at \$150 a month, with an option to buy at the end of the year for a total price of \$7,000 for clear title, with the first year's rent counting toward the purchase price. During the year he would provide materials and we would provide the labor to bring the building into conformity with the Building Codes.

It looked airtight: during the year we would have an opportunity to get the building inspectors in and get a definite statement on what was needed. If he held back on the promised materials, he would lose his sale. If we were satisfied with the condition of the building at the end of the year we would have a clear option to buy.

To my surprise he agreed without quibbling. He only said quietly that he would like to charge me more. I said that sounded reasonable under the circumstances. He suggested \$8,500. I said that was only fair. We talked of some other things. He said how hard it was to

(Continued on page 8)

The Devastation of Our Cities

By EDGAR FORAND

What is happening in the city of New York is happening in practically every big city in the country. Officials of the West Side and Lower Manhattan Democratic Reform clubs have asked Mayor Wagner to use his efforts to call an immediate halt to two controversial projects, the Lower Manhattan Expressway and the World Trade Center, on the grounds that Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Robert Moses, the moving spirits behind the two projects, have been guilty of flagrant misrepresentation in their attempts to foist the projects on the people of New York. The reformers charge that "a plot to redevelop lower Manhattan for the benefit of a privileged few is now beginning to emerge."

"We do not believe these projects are in the best interest of the city or of the families and the small business men whose homes and means of livelihood they will destroy. It is incredible that the Port Authority should be promoting a Manhattan World Trade Center and condemning a unique and prospering business area when at the same time it is attempting to persuade a major West Side shipping line to leave this city and become a tenant of the Authority-operated Port Newark. Instead of attracting new business the Authority is playing off one port against the other, the state of New Jersey against the state of New York."

The reformers go on to say that private interests, out of the control of the voters but using public powers and money, are planning a land grab of fantastic proportions in downtown Manhattan and the Lower West Side.

Masterminding this scheme is David Rockefeller and his Downtown-Lower Manhattan Association with the active and obvious collaboration of his brother, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Robert Moses, and the Port Authority. Instead of recognizing the massive proportions of this grab of property, livelihoods, homes and land, the elected representatives of the area have given only lukewarm opposition to the bits and pieces of the scheme thus far exposed.

For instance, the proposed Lower Manhattan Expressway represents the spine of what is to come. It is a weapon of steel and concrete by means of which the entire area between Washington Square and the Wall Street district can be made to fall like a ripe fruit into the hands of favored developers. The Expressway will blight the entire area, drive out what few residents would remain and kill off those small businesses that it does not actually pre-empt. It will be a neat dividing line between the overt Rockefeller empire and the outside world. The access routes to this expressway will be the weapons for amputating and acquiring still other areas.

The World Trade Center—already being treated as a foregone conclusion—will be the wedge that will dislocate all the small property and independent businesses in the downtown West Side. Other links in the pattern extending to the north along the West Side are the destruction of Pennsylvania Station and, as an attempted first bite at the area between, the ill-advised and defeated West Village urban renewal proposal. Other pieces of the scheme are the proposed luxury housing for Battery Park, the wholesale street widening and concomitant destruction planned throughout downtown Manhattan, and the strangely definite but strangely mysterious plans for the Washington, Gansevoort and Fulton Markets.

Since the implications of this master plot are enormous and its effects would be catastrophic for hundreds of thousands of people in New York, it is imperative that the people of New York be made aware of what a few powerful

business men—arbitrarily and authoritatively—have decided is good for them. The whole issue should, indeed, it must be debated freely.

A great many people accept all this as inevitable, and even, in some cases, as proper, simply because they believe what they are told, i.e., that change is progress, that somehow this is eliminating poverty and slums. So far as the masterminds are concerned, all we have to do about poverty in Manhattan is sweep it under the rug,



which means drive it into Brooklyn and the Bronx.

Yet these same credulous people—well-meaning and by no means ignorant—are always intimidated by the cries from every conservative quarter of "creeping socialism." The use of taxpayers' money to aid the aged, or to enforce civil liberties, or to assist education, is condemned as socialism. But who condemns the use of taxpayers' money for the monopolistic assistance of large and wealthy private enterprise and for the suppression of small and independent business? If the one is "creeping socialism," should not the other be called "creeping fascism"?

We are prostrated by the magic of the word "progress." We seem unable to ask what progress is. What are we being offered in the name of "progress" in connection with the Lower Manhattan Expressway? The expressway is an incomplete plan with the reasons for its existence murky disguised. It is bluntly an interstate highway which, in order to qualify for Federal funds, must be a link in an interstate expressway artery, obviously connecting with the proposed Bushwick Expressway that will uproot tens of thousands in Brooklyn and stab its way westward as Route 78 in New Jersey. Rather than, as is claimed, removing traffic from local streets, it will invite major interstate arterial traffic directly through and into the heart of the city.

Moreover, the expressway plan is twenty years old and is based not only on outdated experience and obsolete assumptions but on presumed conditions that have already changed. The scheme has not been reassured in the light of regional traffic changes that will occur when the Verrazano Bridge is in use nor weighed against the possibilities opened by President Kennedy's new urban transportation program which was necessitated by the disastrous effects of such unbalanced expressway planning in other cities. No one, apparently, has weighed the extent to which city policy should discourage the entry of unnecessary rubber-tired traffic nor assessed the costs and possibilities offered by a rational development of the potentially modern but presently rudimentary

loop link around Lower Manhattan formed by the Miller Highway and East River Drive.

New York's future as a port also depends directly upon New York retaining the shipping it does have; yet at the very time the Port Authority is condemning a unique and prosperous small business area to build a New York monument to itself, the Authority is attempting to persuade a major West Side shipping line to leave this city and become a tenant of the Authority-operated Port Newark. Instead of attracting new business, the Authority engages in a game of playing off one port against the other, one state against the other. To achieve this hollow monument to world trade, Mr. Rockefeller called in the Port Authority and thereupon he and his brother arranged that the Authority acquire some thirteen blocks of lower Manhattan to be used for office buildings, hotels, and other private ventures which will be owned and operated or leased by the Authority.

Neither the people nor their elected representatives have any connection with the functions and intentions of the Port Authority. A self-appointed group of powerful people representing private interests are enabled to use the power of eminent domain and can make use of hundreds of millions in tax money. If this powerful and arrogant organization, which has refused to open its books to the Federal government, can now loosely construe its function as to go into the hotel business, on tax-free property, financed by tax-free bonds, what major private enterprise will it not be free to engage in? The use to which private interests are putting Federal monies and bond issues floated by tax-free agencies is a scandal suspected by many. Unfortunately, the master plan, or plot, has been revealed to the public only step-by-step though it is possible, in view of an increase in organized citizen opposition, that the master plot soon may be revealed in its entirety.

If the people's representatives cannot or will not lead the people in this deadly matter, then it is up to the people to lead their representatives. Whether the plan is to master the people or the people are to master the plan is something that the people themselves must determine now, before it is too late.

Do we really believe that people should pay more rent for the good of the economy, whether they can afford it or not? Do we really believe that the absorption of small businesses by large ones is a benefit to the welfare of the people? And do we really believe that it is right or inevitable or simply in the nature of things that our destinies should be governed by a committee of powerful business men and their puppets?

The reformers are resolute—and can we be any less so—in the following demands:

1. The obsolete Lower Manhattan Expressway project must be abandoned and the city should instead restudy its total transit and traffic needs, in relation to President Kennedy's recommendations for balanced metropolitan transportation, in light of the most up to date experience and concepts concerning the relationships among transit planning, highway planning and planning for other needs of cities.
2. A halt must be called to the arrogant planning of urban renewal and other public programs which bear no relation to the expressed desires and needs of the people in the areas concerned and instead programs should be developed which are based squarely upon those desires and needs.
3. A halt must be called to any city cooperation with the World Trade Center scheme until there has been a thorough investigation, on behalf of this city, of the Port Authority's vague claims.
4. Subsidized luxury housing projects, such as that proposed for Battery Park South, must be abandoned.

Thoreau On 'Waking'

By HERBERT MASON

"Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep." —Walden

Thoreau himself discovered that "part of us" which can be awakened. Now, to use Eliot's expression, that part seems deeply "etherized" or surrounded by "yellow fog," the smoke and mental sickness of industrial and weapons experiment, the exhaustion of incessant wars, the century's deaths of countless persons and unknown creativities. Thoreau's call to awake comes now, it would seem, to a bankrupt soul and an undelivered body, to a failure of collective reasoning or complacent consent, yet it comes; and individuals to whom it always comes, and for whom he always wrote, must hear it and break out of the overheavy armor of our world. The world of Walden is no longer possible, but the soul remains and needs a spiritual change.

Rather than formally eulogize Thoreau in this hundredth year since his death might we not discover in ourselves something of that meditative power in which he woke himself from "sleep"? Might we not look inward and find this legend of discovery in ourselves, as a means of purification, before we act or lecture on his subjects of racial liberty and peace. The



one thing we must have, presuming our hearts are for fraternity and peace, is a clear mind, a living contact with untwisted thought. This piercing of our own hearts before it touches others' would commemorate Thoreau most purely. For in our movements, which we frailly throw together to oppose official political and se-

mantic hypocrisy, we have so little of these things. We have a situation in our country, and in the world, in which, to quote from Civil Disobedience, "the State . . . (does) not know its friends, from its foes" and in which we too might "(lose) all . . . remaining respect for it, and pity it." A situation, such as Jefferson earlier had feared, directed by "elites" of military and a few unself-examining scientists, men not suspecting that the moral mediocrity of their thought isolates and threatens themselves with destruction. It is not enough however, to expose them but to more deeply oppose their inclinations in ourselves toward the mediocre in any form. And looking back at our history of extraordinary hopes and repetitions of mistakes, we might feel inclined to refuse to further exhaust the spirit with promises of 'new' realms of—mediocrity.

Yet if Grace counts us worthy to survive the world's favorite dangers, it will be because we have found those springs in ourselves of a desire for excellence and truth. This implies that we are not opposing those officials who symbolize us because of some latent cultural or social bitterness, some misguided starvation for beauty, or adolescent whining at historic 'accident', but because we are convinced that despair, the total reliance on arms, and suicide are wrong; that spiritual renewal and life are right. We are faced, as all other worlds have been, with the living presence of an unpleasant destiny, and must not betray our vows.

Thoreau in Walden showed his own worry over the human condition when he felt that "only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life." With this judgment, however, he had the wit to add, "I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?"

Not only was his worry (even anger) but also his enduring 'mystic' hope revealed in his sense "that man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour that he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way."

In any age, but especially in one in which official leaders seem bound to speak but not prepare for that "more sacred, and auroral hour," it is in ourselves that we must uproot that despair that makes sleep and war inevitable.

Announcing the Formation of the AMERICAN PAX ASSOCIATION

An association of Catholics and others who seek to promote peace and to encourage the practical application of Christian principles to the question of war, an affiliate of PAX, founded in England in 1936.

PAX IS FOUNDED ON THE PRINCIPLE that use of force must be governed by rigid conditions, in accord with the traditions of Catholic moral teaching, and that the citizen has a right to examine the actions of his government in the light of his own conscience.

THE OBJECTS OF PAX include the giving of moral support and practical guidance to conscientious objectors and others in difficulties because of their adherence to principle, the study of Christian implications to war, nationalism, patriotism and authority.

SPONSORS include: Dorothy Day, Thomas Merton, Prof. Gordon Zahn, Rev. Marion Casey, Helen Iswolsky, Robert Lax, Rev. Robert Hovda, Edward Rice, Rev. Robert McDole, Anne Tallefer.

MEMBERSHIP: Open to those in agreement with PAX principles and objects. \$3.00 per annum, \$2.00 for students. Members receive the PAX BULLETIN from England and the publication of American PAX. They may vote at annual and special meetings.

FIRST PUBLIC MEETING

to be held at the Hotel Shelburne, Lexington Ave. and 37th Street, New York City, on October 28th, 1:30 to 5:00 p.m.

Main speaker: Joseph Cuneen, on The Need to Face the Question

For further information write to American Pax, Box 139, Murray Hill P.O., New York 16, N.Y.

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

The mysterious solstitial events that mark our seasonal changes have come and gone, bringing us a northeaster and the beginning of fall. Now it is October, bright month of beautiful memories, month of great Saints. October second, Feast of the Guardian Angels, without whose hovering care we could hardly hope to get through the difficulties ourselves have made. October third—Feast of St. Therese, whose life and "little way" have been retold by Dorothy Day in her book, *THERESE*. October fourth—Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, great saint of poverty, of peace, of love. What with an elderly man who suffers from periodic alcoholism roaring maledictions through the house, a disturbed teenager showing his hand through the glass pane of one of our doors, and our chronic tensions and incompatibilities of personality and temperament, we have most particular need of this last-named saint. May St. Francis pray for us that we may learn to understand one another better, and learn to bear with each other, to coexist, at least, in the hope of that peace which is the fruit of God's love.

But now it is October, month of beauty, month to take stock of harvests. The garden in which John Filliger and his helpers labored so diligently this summer is almost bare. There is still some Swiss chard which Classie Mae cooks deliciously, as she does everything; but most of the vegetables have been harvested, put away in jars or stored for winter use, though Joe Cotter is still canning a few late beans. John, Joe, Dick, Shorty, and Albert can certainly look back on a season of work and accomplishment. One should not forget either that in preparing food for canning, the men often had the help of some of the women—Mollie, Mary, Classie, Lucy, and Gloria.

But there is another kind of harvest—the storing up of memories of interesting persons and events. I remember with particular pleasure the visit of Fr. Barry, a young priest from Minnesota who is a friend of Fr. Casey; and Mary Humphrey and her son Paul. Mary will be known to many of our readers as the wife of the late Don Humphrey whose work as artist and maker of beautiful chalices will continue to be appreciated wherever good liturgical art is known. It was good to hear of Fr. Casey's retreat this summer and of the Maryhouse group of women who gave so much help to the Catholic Worker during the Newburgh days. Among other visitors who have been active Catholic Workers or friends of the Catholic Worker during the past ten years or more, are: Emma Greiner, Annabelle Lund who took care of the clothes room at the old Chrystie Street house for some time, Tony Aratari, Betty Lou Ginty, Joe and Audrey Monroe, Marty and Rita Corbin and their children, Betty Dellinger with some of her children and their friends, and Kenneth and Mary Boyd with their sons, Dennis and Christopher. Friends and active workers of more recent vintage include: Janet Burwash who brought out a charming couple from Barcelona, Spain; Bronnie Warsaskas, Bob Steed and Tom Cornell. A number of students and seminarians have done much to enliven our conversation, and a few young priests have come out to say Mass in our chapel.

Among our Sunday afternoon discussions, three stand out particularly. Fr. Ceparick, a newly ordained Jesuit who used to speak to us at our Friday night meetings while he was still a scholastic teaching at St. Francis Xavier School, talked on liturgical developments with something of the same articulate fervor that he brings to any subject. One Sunday afternoon when the scheduled

speaker failed to arrive, Anne Marie Stokes filled in with a brilliant and impassioned, though profoundly insightful, talk on Faulkner. Finally Helen Iswolsky, who will be known to many of our readers for her writings and her work as founder and head of the Third Hour ecumenical movement, spoke to us on Soloviev, the great Russian Christian mystical writer, and his influence on other Russian writers—Dostoevsky and Tolstoy in particular. Since Helen has been teaching at Seton Hill College in Pennsylvania, she has not been able to visit us as often as formerly. We are grateful, therefore, that she was able to spend the weekend with us and regale us with that rare conversational gift which seems to make all things new and interesting.

As is usual, with the departure of summer visitors and helpers, our family is somewhat diminished. Margaret Allsworth has returned to her home in the South after a



regretful, though festive leave-taking m-c'd by Stanley Vishnewski and participated in by all the farm family equipped with specially hand printed "weeping napkins." Yvonne, Mary, and Dorothy Marie have left, though we hope they'll return for frequent visits. Agnes particularly misses Mary since Mary helped her so much with the cleaning and table setting. Juliana and Vincent have returned to Manhattan where Vincent is doing well at St. Stephen's parish school. Mae Bellucci also left us but returned for a couple of weekends and will be back shortly to take charge while Jean Walsh takes off for a visit with her family and a much needed rest. Molly Powers has been away for almost two weeks as the result of a broken hip. She has been transferred from the hospital to a nursing home, and we hope will soon be sufficiently recovered to return to her home and family here at the farm. We are proud of her morale and good spirits under such suffering. We miss Dorothy Day, too, who has been away on pilgrimage in Cuba and Mexico, though we are likewise proud of her for her courage and faith that the practice of God's love may truly bring peace to the turbulent family of nations.

As for the rest of us who remain at home, most of us are well enough, except for colds. The routine work goes on, and there always seems to be someone to do the necessary task. Hans Tunnesen, who always works like a beaver anyway, has found an outlet and need for his skill and energy in repairing the beach house for Doro-

thy's return. Tom Cain takes care of the chapel and never fails to ring the bell for rosary and Compline. Without the work, there would not be a farm; without the prayer, there would not be one, either.

The most important event here this month was the baptism of Classie Mae Holman, which took place Saturday evening, October 6th in St. Thomas Church in Pleasant Plains. Fr. Riordan baptized Classie; Charles Butterworth and Mae Bellucci were godparents. Most of the farm family were present; and Ralph and Mary Madsen, Anne Upsher, and Marian Shindell came out from Manhattan. Afterwards everyone gathered at the farm, and enjoyed ice cream served with a delicious, beautifully decorated cake baked by Classie's sister, Lucille. There was pleasant talk, and Dick Barber demonstrated his weaving skill on a small hand loom. Dick grew up in Navaho country and seems to have absorbed some of their artistry. Dick has also been teaching some of the other young people to weave. As a result of all this activity, all the yarn in the house has been used up. If any of our readers have old balls of yarn around which they would be willing to donate, Dick and all of us would be much pleased.

Classie Mae made her first Communion on the morning of the Feast of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary and was delighted that there happened to be a High Mass. This First Communion Sunday was pleasant, too. Anne Upsher, Charles Butterworth, and Mae Bellucci had stayed the night with us; and in the afternoon Anne Marie Stokes, Jimmie Jones, Tom Cornell, Jim and Jean Forest and Jim's mother arrived. Tom brought a taping of the talk given at the Friday night meeting by the Rev. Michael Scott. I think we all enjoyed listening to this taping; and I was quite impressed with Michael Scott's ability to cut through the usual obfuscations of both spiritual and political matters. We need more thinkers, more doers, like Michael Scott.

Work and prayer and baptism. A harvest of good food, good thinking, good talk. Life's ritual and riches. And still the seasons turn as they have ever done. It is October, bright month of remembered beauty. Month of great Saints. May they pray for us.

Title Catholic?

"That man is a Catholic who opens himself to all and allows the universal love of the Lord to resound in his heart. He is a Catholic who, when he remembers the mercy of Christ towards him, becomes merciful, that is to say, overwhelmed by distress, whatever form that distress may take. He is a Catholic who instinctively rejects everything that is a source of division, who cannot meet anyone without tirelessly seeking out an area of agreement. He is a Catholic who sees in each man not the social category to which he belongs, nor the label which is applied to him, of unbeliever or Protestant or Jew or Communist, but the brother for whom Christ died and who has been placed in his path in order to receive his love. Finally, he is a Catholic who, through humility, has made himself poor in spirit and is always ready to welcome those who are deprived, whether it be of material goods or of the light of faith."

—Mgr. Huyghe, Bishop of Arras, Boulogne and St. Omer

Pastoral Letter, May 14, 1962

On Pilgrimage to Cuba

(Continued from page 2)

militia, who supports the revolution, who is against imperialism, who is against illiteracy, who is against the exploitation of man by man, who is against all social injustices? What fault is this of his?

"Very well now. We write a revolutionary document. We publish it in several different languages. All the people support it. More than a thousand citizens, who are present when it is read, vote for it. It creates an extraordinary impression in Latin America. And what do we say? We say that in the struggle for national liberation, in the struggle against imperialism, all progressive elements, all patriotic elements, should be united and that in that front there should be not only the sincere Catholic, who has nothing to do with imperialism or with latifundismo, but also the old Marxist fighter.

"We declare this to the whole world and we come here with an unheard of display of cowardice to delete from the testament of a *companero* the invocation he made of God's name. While on the one hand we tell them that they have to unite, and that if they are patriotic and revolutionary in the fight against latifundismo and exploitation, no obstacle is posed by the fact that one is a believer. That one has a religion, is a Christian or any other—and that other may be a Marxist, putting his faith in Marxist philosophy—that that is not an obstacle: and we come here with this display of cowardice to suppress a phrase. This could not be overlooked. Because what is this? A symptom! A wretched tendency—cowardly, warped—of someone who does not have faith in Marxism, of one who does not have faith in the revolution, of one who does not have faith in his ideas.

"Into what is the revolution changed by this? Into a tyranny! And that is not revolution! Into what is the revolution changed? Into a school of docile spirits? And that is not the revolution. And what must the revolution be? The revolution must be a school of revolutionists. The revolution must be a school of courageous men. The revolution must be a school of unfettered thought. The revolution must be a forger of character and of men. The revolution must above all be faith in one's own ideas, application of one's ideas to the reality of history and to the reality of life. The revolution has to induce men to study, to think, to analyze in order to possess profound conviction, so profound that there will be no need to have recourse to such tricks.

"If we constantly speak of this, it is because we have faith in the people, because we believe in revolutionary ideas, because we know that our people are a revolutionary people, and because we know that our people will be more revolutionary each day, because we believe in Marxism-Leninism, because we believe that Marxism-Leninism is an undeniable truth. It is simply because of this, because we have faith in our ideas and in the people that we are not so cowardly as to be able to accept such a thing."

This was not all of his talk. And will it be shocking to our readers to learn that as I heard him speak three other times, the sound of his voice, his manner of oratory, his constant repetitions, reminded me of Peter Maurin? whose ideas, whose way of expressing himself, whose example of poverty and work, whose great message, if taken up by teachers throughout the church might have achieved in its time, the green revolution he was always speaking of.

But ours is the Way of the Cross, and not the least of the suffering is the recognition that so much of it is unnecessary, that it is the scribes and pharisees, the priests and the levites of the present day who are shouting, "Lord, Lord!"

and denying Him, in His poor, denying Him in their acceptance of the armies of the State, denying Him in not working for that kind of society where it is easier for men to be good.

Fidel called for self-criticism, and he went on in his speech, more of which we will print in future articles, to criticize the young bureaucrat who pulls down a fat salary, and all those who pull down a salary of more than they need, while the *campesino* continues to work for a large and hungry family.

Later

I will write more, of my visits to Guantanamo, Santiago de Cuba, the schools of Camilo Cienfuegos, that present of the army and built by them for the youth of the Sierra Maestra, of the visit to the fishing cooperative and new village at Manzanillo which used to be known as Red Manzanillo; of Santa Clara, of the state farm or *granja* at Bairoa; of nursery schools, hospitals, including a huge mental hospital where the man in charge is a former fighter with Fidel, who is a devout Catholic and who said the rosary daily with the troops in the Sierra Maestra.

I will write of food of the body (there is no famine in Cuba) and of food for the soul, the conditions of the churches, and also of the Americans I met in Havana, including the exile Robert Williams and his lovely wife, who were finally driven out of Monroe, North Carolina, and of the events and charges that led up to it. And of the needs of coexistence with communism which will never be overcome by troops or embargoes; but only with the most true and strong love of brother, which is the only way we have of showing our love of God.

The City

"By a thousand cunning attachments and controls, visible and subliminal, the workers in an expanding economy are tied to a consumption mechanism: they are assured of a livelihood provided they devour without undue selectivity all that is offered by the machine—and demand nothing that is not produced by the machine. The whole organization of the metropolitan community is designed to kill spontaneity and self-direction. You stop on the red light and go on the green. You see what you are supposed to see, think what you are supposed to think: your personal contributions, like your income and security taxes, are deductible at source. To choose, to select, to discriminate, to exercise prudence or continence or forethought, to carry self-control to the point of abstinence, to have standards other than those of the market, and to set limits other than those of immediate consumption—these are impious heresies that would challenge the whole megalopolitan myth and deflate its economy. In such a 'free' society Henry Thoreau must rank as a greater public enemy than Karl Marx.

"The metropolis, in its final stage of development, becomes a collective contrivance for making this irrational system work, and for giving those who are in reality its victims the illusion of power, wealth, and felicity, of standing at the very pinnacle of human achievement. But in actual fact their lives are constantly in peril, their wealth is tasteless and ephemeral, their leisure is sensorially monotonous, and their pathetic felicity is tainted by constant, well-justified anticipations of violence and sudden death. Increasingly they find themselves 'strangers and afraid,' in a world they never made: a world ever less responsive to direct human command, ever more empty of human meaning."

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

BOOK REVIEWS

The Circus of the Sun by Robert Lax, Journeyman Books; Limited Edition, \$5; paperback, \$1.50; design and drawings by Emil Antonucci. Reviewed by William Packard.

E. E. Cummings and Archibald MacLeish have both written major works to be staged inside a circus tent—Him is essentially aesthetic, dealing with the precarious balance of an artist who is in love with being; J.B. is theological drama, dealing with the enigma of integrity and retribution. Now Robert Lax has written a long poem which gracefully unites both of these elements, the aesthetic and the religious, within a circus metaphor—because his concept of "grace" functions both as an attribute of the acrobat, and as a gift of God.

Simply, *The Circus of the Sun* is the story of one day in the career of the Cristiani family circus—beginning with the setting up of the tent:

Have you seen my circus?
Have you known such a thing?
Did you get up in the early morning
and see the wagons pull into town?

And this preparation is itself an act of exaltation:

Were you there when the morning stars
sang together
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Throughout the poem there are anecdotes which are actually parables—as when Mogador attempts to explain the source of his grace as a trick rider:

It is like a wind that surrounds me
Or a dark cloud,
And I am in it,
And it belongs to me
and it gives me the power
to do these things.

Yet because he has tried to describe his experience, the words return on him, and again and again he loses his balance, waves his arms wildly, and falls off the horse. He has fallen from grace because he has made himself conscious of it.

Now in the Cristiani family, when you fall off three times
They grab you by one ear,
And bend you over,
And one of the brothers
Kicks you.

That's kinder than ashes and sackcloth and it works faster; Mogador can forget all about the wind and the dark cloud and the other poetic words which seem to summarize his agility, and so now he can get back on the horse and perform gracefully:

He didn't think anything.
He just did a somersault—
And landed with two feet on the horse's back.

Grace is meaningless unless we can give ourselves entirely to the aerobatics of what is happening.

Or, there is the story of Colonel Angus, the lion-tamer:

"I don't remember where he lived out there," said the Colonel.
"I think it was . . . aaaah! that lion!"

The Colonel goes dutifully into the cage, cracks his whip, deliberately drops his chair, there is a furious scuffle that awes the audience as the lion rages and the Colonel escapes just as the angry claws come up against the closed door.

"I think it was Pasadena!" said the Colonel coming lightly down the steps.

Grace will maintain itself in the

face of what has been practised with infinite patience.

On and on, the episodes illustrate the presence of grace. And like the first chapter of Genesis, the poem begins and ends with the wonder of creation. Just as there was excitement over the preparations for the circus:

Have you looked at spheres of dew on spears of grass?—so there is a sense of endless quiet as the circus steals away:

Leaving the air, where the tent stood, empty.

Robert Lax is one of the editors of *Jubilee*, a Roman Catholic publication, and he is the editor of *Pax*, a poetry broadside. To write this poem, he became a tramp clown and traveled with the Cristiani, to experience the metaphor at first hand before turning his observations into verse.

The Circus of the Sun is beautifully designed and includes incisive drawings by Emil Antonucci, an artist whose own grace and sympathy for the concept of the poem have won him an award for the volume by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.



THE ANGRY BLACK, ed. by John A. Williams, Lancer Books, 1962. 160 pp. \$5.00. Reviewed by Christopher Peditto.

It would be absurd to ignore the consciousness of 18,000,000 people. You simply can't ignore them. The result can be disastrous, especially when the 18 million are American Negroes established in this country and intent upon voicing their opinions. *THE ANGRY BLACK*, edited by John A. Williams, is an anthology of articles and stories indicative of this fact.

As paperback covers are many times misleading, so too, the jacket for *THE ANGRY BLACK* tends to exaggerate the title. The book is not necessarily "brutal and shocking" as the cover suggests. It is, however, uncompromising and poignant. Its contributing writers are many of the most prominent Negro writers of this generation, including Richard Wright, James Baldwin, and Ralph Ellison.

In the introduction, Williams insists that the situation imposed upon the American Negro has labeled the American dream "LIE." The counteracting voice that speaks in protest of this lie is a voice of hopeful expectation, a personal voice attempting to set things straight. Williams opens his introduction, "What lies beyond anger I hope is reason; I do not mean to say that anger is a useless emotion; the adrenalin it manufactures has saved lives. Anger

(Continued on page 6)

+ + + LETTERS + + +

California

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Dorothy:

Since receiving your welcomed letter I had to fly to Phoenix to attend my dad's funeral Mass. He was 88 and died peacefully, receiving all the sacramental consolations of Holy Mother Church. From our mutual dear friend, Father Drescher, I received a letter saying in part, "My retreat last week was almost entirely about death. It became so clear to me that death is the greatest moment in our life, as death means being absorbed by God in whom we believed and whom we served. Death itself united with the death of our Redeemer is purifying us from our sins. As God from all eternity had in mind to create us to his own image and likeness, so He also longed to receive us through death." Among the many things God has given to me surely one of the most precious is knowing Father Drescher.

Jim and Mary Anna Calwell will be in Rio when you get there. He will teach at the Catholic University of Rio—they are a tremendous pair. Mary Anna, with five or six little ones, keeps permanently in her house Asian and African students; she was the real spark plug that pushed for a Fair Housing Ordinance Law in San Francisco and before the supervisors gave testimony she explained why she preferred to live in a racially mixed neighborhood. I'm sure you will love them. The Brazilian book should be in your hands by now as Charlotte mailed it some weeks ago.

I certainly agree that there are great problems in South America, as there are in all parts of the world. Communism, it seems to me, is one form of man's struggle to identify himself with his own universe. Given that philosophically it is possibly the ultimate heresy, it can only stem from the rejection of the non-Communist of those Christian principles so often enunciated so long rejected, "to love one another." Man alienated from the manifestation of the love of his fellow man, from a just sharing in those material and spiritual goods God created for all must, to justify his existence, turn to himself as God and attempt to create his own world in which he can see some opportunity to participate in the goods of the world and to dream of a world of some type of justice. Of course, when God is rejected, it always happens that the sharing in theory becomes in practice limited to those who go along, who play the game, and the outsider in the totalitarian world suffers greater indignity to his person than even the outsider in the non-totalitarian world. The revolution fails at precisely that moment when the only answer to dissent is the concentration camp, the noose and the bullet scarred wall. Yet from Germany's Third Reich, we see that as long as some material betterment is realized the populace will close their collective moral eyes to the liquidation of the dissenters.

Americans generally, I believe, simply cannot sense the bitterness of centuries of exploitation. They utterly fail to comprehend what it is to be a member of the peasantry or proletariat in Spain, China, Italy, the Latin American countries etc.—and certainly the American Negro. Our particular political experience has been marked by the continuous emergence of the lower classes to a higher, more acceptable status. Our very lack of any hierarchical value structure based on culture, intellect, family, etc., but rather on the mastering of certain industrial skills and thus achieving the reward of money which in our society, overcomes the differences, makes us unable to understand what it must mean

by the accident of birth, race, etc. to be perpetually doomed to be excluded from the full life of the community. As in the totalitarian nations, only political dissent disenfranchises us from acceptability. Of course, in America, the Negro, is a perpetual outlaw because of his color. I am sure, Dorothy, that only charity, as defined by St. Paul, can cure any of the evils of society and that always the flock will be small and suffer-



ing as is proper to those who follow Christ.

Dear Dorothy, our prayers and love are with you on this or another continent, in this world and the next where we hope to be forever united and fused to one another in the incomprehensible everlasting moment of God's love.

In Christ

Gorden and Charlotte

Gorden Koller
1427 12th Ave.
S. F. 22, Calif.

Rome

Teatro Goldoni,
Vicolo de Soldati 4, Rome
July 26, 1962

Dear Jim Forrest:

Please note my change of address. We are putting on a wonderful play called *Shakespeare in Harlem*, which depicts the life of the Negroes in New York. A photographer friend of mine said he'd never been so moved in his life. The show has so far been a great success. The author came to see it, Langston Hughes, whose *Black Nativity* has been a smash hit at the Festival of the Two Worlds in Spoleto. The Communist bookshop, Rinascita, has put out a display of his books in our foyer.

Got your June issues, which I liked very much, especially the letter from the chap who spoke of the four levels of pacifism. Am also very interested in Karl Meyer's course on anarchist ideology. Deo gratias! The anarchist movement is spreading. There is reason to be hopeful!

Please send my July issues (also the August one) & any pamphlets on the CW movement (like *TWO AGITATORS* and *THE ONE-MAN REVOLUTION*), which I should be very happy to translate into Italian and Gaelic. I plan to have the first book of *THE GREEN REVOLUTION* privately printed here as soon as I get some money.

I have compiled a Radical Catechism, in language so simple even a small child can understand it. Reading the CW about five or six years ago provided the inspiration for it. It's quite short, but, I hope, concise. I shall send you a copy.

Love to all at the Catholic Worker. God bless the good work.

In Christ, for the Revolution,
Patrick O'Reilly-Persichetti

Nova Scotia

West Bay Road
Inverness County
Nova Scotia
June 27, 1962

Dear Dorothy,

Thank you for your little personal note. We appreciate it very much. It must certainly take a lot of your time answering even a fraction of your mail.

As you may remember, we started our little commune here

three years ago with two families. The two families are still together, but we have been living in the one small house for almost three years. We have separate living quarters, but it is nonetheless very crowded (8 children and 4 adults). So we are going to split up if we can find another farm. This isn't the only reason, but one of the main ones.

With regard to your question, "Do you depend solely upon the farm?"—the answer is, "No." Last year I worked out most of the time, and the other man ran the farm. Our total income was \$2500, which supported two families for a year. Our greatest expense was running two vehicles (a car and a truck). We grew all our own food, wore second-hand clothes or mended old ones, and paid for our farm.

With regard to the "practicality" of this kind of life, (living solely off the land), I sincerely and firmly believe that it can be done. By the individual family? Only with great difficulty and privation. By a group of families? Yes, by hard work, and a central unifying factor of prayer. The Shakers did it; the Quakers are doing it. Why not Catholics?

One of the biggest obstacles in the way of this kind of a life is obtaining a piece of land free of debt. If this hurdle can be jumped, then the next step is to obtain people who are not afraid of work or prayer.

There are many other difficulties, but if people could be found who would live a frugal life and save enough money, be willing to work hard and pray earnestly, I believe Catholics would have communities as well ordered and living hountfully off the land as any Shaker community ever did.

My real hope would be for revival of the old Benedictine monasteries which were the centers of cult, culture, and cultivation. People would live in small villages around these centers, learning the art of living from the monks who were devoted to the art of living for God alone.

But I'm afraid this is a lost cause. From my observation of the monks, they are interested in highly mechanized farms, not the simple art of tilling the soil intensively, which would teach them the love of God for men. Secondly, they believe in running all over the country in high speed cars proselytizing, rather than the stability of St. Benedict, which would attract all men to their way of life as it did many years ago. I hope I am wrong in my analysis of the monastic orders of today. Perhaps I have exaggerated. If so, I stand to be corrected.

If the monks cannot lead the laymen of today in simple living, laymen must lead laymen—a difficult task, but not an impossible one.

Yours in Jesus and Mary,
Richard LeBlanc & Family

India

Church of Our Lady
of Perpetual Succour
Kotiyam P.O., Quilon
South India

Sept. 9, 1962

Dear Miss Day:

We have a hospital here with 225 beds and a children's welfare home with about 150 boys.

The patients in the hospital always ask me for literature to spend their time. And the boys like to get illustrated papers. Would you therefore be so gracious as to ask your good readers to send me some literature; some also of catechetical type.

Thanking you and praying God's blessing on you and your wonderful apostolic work, I am

Yours, sincerely
In Our Lady,
Father Raphael

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

anyone interested in the problems of a city—and I mean any and every kind of problem that can arise in a city—this book is a must. This book is an attack on current methods of city planning and rebuilding. Conventional city planning holds that cities decline because they are blighted by too many people, by mixtures of commercial, industrial and residential uses, by old buildings and narrow streets and by small landholders who stand in the way of large-scale development. Such neighborhoods, they insist, breed apathy and crime, discourage investment and contaminate the areas around them. The response of conventional city planning is to tear them down, scatter their inhabitants, lay out super-blocks, and rebuild the area according to an integrated plan, with the result, as often as not, that the crime rate rises still higher, the new neighborhood is more lifeless than the old one, and the surrounding areas deteriorate even more, until the life of the whole city is threatened. But Mrs. Jacobs observes that in any number of cases these very conditions—mixed uses, dense population, old buildings, small blocks, decentralized ownership—create the very opposite of slums, neighborhoods that regenerate themselves spontaneously, that are full of variety and diversity, that attract large numbers of casual visitors and revitalize the areas around them. Boston's North End (condemned as a slum by orthodox planners) is such a neighborhood and so is Greenwich Village; Rittenhouse Square and Telegraph Hill are others.

Our Own Council

Dorothy Day has said that we have, in our own sort of way, an ecumenical council of our own in the Joint Committee to Stop the Lower Manhattan Expressway. Besides the Catholic Church, we are collaborating with the Independents, the Republican Club, the Chinese Mission, Temple Sholem, the Orthodox Church, even a chapter of the Y.A.F. I wonder how we ever missed the Communists?

Gratitude

I don't know what I would have done without the help of Charlie Bazzinetti to help me in the kitchen when it has been my turn to cook. Now with the cool weather coming we are having close to eighty for dinner each evening. He is a good cook himself, but more than this he is ever willing to lend a helping hand whenever it is needed. It is good to see how the old faithful ones are still at it after many years. Like Italian Mike who day after day takes his trip up to 9th St. with his baby-carriage to get our bread and sometimes cake, come rain or shine. It is far from an easy job, what with the condition he is in—the weather at times and the distance he has to travel. Millie, too, with her constant cleaning of the House; Arthur Lacey with a mountain of headaches in trying to keep order in the men's clothing room. To control a clothing room in a house of hospitality when you don't have much room is one of the hardest and most frustrating of jobs. No matter what you do you come in for criticism—so we don't envy Arthur his job. A word of thanks also must go to our waiters for our evening meal, Pete Kurkul and Bill Sianott who have been faithful in their job for the past few months.

Italian Fiesta

For ten days our Italian neighborhood, where we have our apartments, has been alive and jumping with the St. Gennaro Feast. From early evening until late into the night and for a distance of about eight blocks in a row, the whole community practically lives in the streets. Everything from sausage to doughnuts is cooked in the streets; bands are playing all kinds of music and in the booths

can be found all manner of gifts. At times one can hardly move through the streets because of the crowds. This is one of the rare times when one is apt to be rubbing shoulders at the same time with a poor urchin on one side and a smartly dressed woman from uptown on the other. It all makes for a wonderful and colorful event in the life of this Italian community and one that would be hurt if the Lower Manhattan monstrosity (expressway) were to go through. Those of us on the committee to protest the Expressway were happy to be able to have space at the Fiesta to collect signatures which we hope will influence Mayor Wagner to stop it.

Confirmation

In reading an editorial in the New York Herald-Tribune, it would seem that Jane Jacobs' principles as set forth in her book are being confirmed by reports of what is happening in our housing projects. The facts are simple and in-



disputable. The tenants are suffering an outrageous amount of crime and violence in their homes. So much so, that the people in the Manhattanville building, just above Broadway and 125th St., have organized themselves into volunteer patrols against the muggers and rapists. One apartment house alone has had thirty such incidents this year. And similar complaints are heard of far and wide. Of course all that the Tribune asks for is more policemen—not seeming to recognize the causes of violence in these projects. If we are going to continue ignoring community needs and keep on building projects as we have in the past, then it will be simply impossible to recruit enough policemen in order to man them. Even from a purely materialistic viewpoint it would be cheaper in the long run to consider the renewal and renovation of a neighborhood before laying waste a whole community.

Helping Our Puerto Ricans

One of our friends from the Bronx has graciously come forward to help us with one of our Puerto Rican families. He is to give them twenty dollars each month out of a salary which, being a teacher's, cannot possibly be a large one. His assistance will make a big difference in the life of this mother, father and four children

who have been living without even some of the basic necessities at times. In addition to this, though, our friend's vision of the Church and our responsibility in it will be enlarged because of his contact with this poor suffering family. When meeting the anxiety and the agony of these people one has the choice of two things; he can turn his back on that which is abhorrent to him or he must face the fact that he has to do something about it.

Visiting Our Councilman

A few of us from the committee to stop the Lower Manhattan Expressway went down to City Hall to talk to our councilman. We protested the new bill which will permit the Dept. of Real Estate to employ managing agents to manage properties and pay the bills for the properties. The council vote was a reversal of city policy. Using private agents to manage city property was abandoned in 1958 following the scandal involving private managers and the now defunct Bureau of Real Estate. This system has already been tried; it gave rise to the so-called Title 1 scandals. In the clear light of the disclosures, the system itself was seen to be at fault because of its innate invitation to greed, callousness and corruption.

Problems of a House

Within a house of hospitality there are many problems that come up which are not of a spiritual or psychological nature—namely just the material and physical difficulties of running the House. Every time it rains our roof in the office leaks like a sieve and we have to place buckets all over the place in order to catch the water. We tarred the roof last summer but since then the kids in the neighborhood have run riot up there. Joe Maurer, who has just come to us from Battle Creek, Michigan, and who is going to be of such great help to us, has with Al's help finally put in the three windows before winter sets in. Our floors are sagging like weeping willows on the second and third floors but always the biggest problem is keeping the three toilets running. We have everything thrown into them from bottle caps to bones!

Visitor from L.A.

Henry Lessel from Los Angeles has visited us and given us some wonderful news on a narcotic addict hospital in California called Synanon. Senator Dodd of Connecticut referred to it as "a miracle on the beach at Santa Monica, a miracle that I feel can benefit thousands of drug addicts." Drug addiction is one of the most baffling social and emotional diseases known to our society; we have failed in psychiatric treatment methods; we have failed in medical treatment methods; and we have failed to eliminate narcotics addiction through punishment and correctional efforts. At Synanon a new social experiment operating on a small scale which, if followed through, studied and improved by correctional experts, psychiatrists, and other social scientists, may lead the way in the future to an effective treatment for not only drug addicts, but also criminals and juvenile delinquents guilty of other offenses.

Departure

Greta Mitchell, who has been with us since early spring, has gone back to Benedict Labre House in Montreal. She was of tremendous help to us and together with Marie Ashe from Worcester, who was with us for the summer, made a wonderfully gay and lively pair to have around for the hot months. She worked like a Trojan in our women's clothes room and took her turn in the kitchen to cook what was always a very good meal. Many of the people in the House will miss her as she took a real personal interest in them and loved them for what they are and not for what some people think they should be. Our loss is Labre House's gain but we do hope that she will be able to visit us from time to time.

CHRISTIAN NON-VIOLENCE

(Continued from page 1)

to acknowledge the error of his ways and repent.

During the first three centuries of the Christian era, the Christian message of non-violence was, by and large, clearly understood. The disciples of Christ did not permit themselves to resort to violence. If they nevertheless did resort to it, this was reckoned an offense on their part and they did not try to justify it. They would not enlist in the Roman army. They refused military service. We know of very specific instances of what would now be called conscientious objection, in the case of converts who once they became Christians refused to continue in the military

service in which they had enlisted prior to their conversion.

It must be admitted that the bishops of the various countries have generally adopted this nationalist point of view, instead of defending, as some are beginning to do, the truly Catholic point of view, which is, as the very etymology of the word tells us, universal. Nowadays people are at last beginning to question this traditional stand and to seek an authentic Christian approach to the problem of war and of violence in general. To be sure, there still exists a magazine for chaplains called *Centurio* (the title is a program in itself), but there are also more and more reviews, essays, broadcasts, etc., which arrive at a total condemnation of war. For example, during a recent religious broadcast on television, one speaker not only recalled a rarely cited statement of Pius XII ("Should the evil consequences of adopting this method of warfare [atomic weapons] ever become so extensive as to pass utterly beyond the control of man, then indeed its use must be rejected as immoral. In that event it would no longer be a question of defense against injustice and necessary protection of legitimate possessions, but of the annihilation pure and simple of all human life within the affected area. That is not lawful on any title.") but also reminded viewers that Christians can choose the alternative of non-violent action.

Let us hope that with the aid of these new perspectives we can manage to prevent the worst from taking place.

(Translated by Martin J. Corbin)

Tr. note: Abbe Paul Carrette is a secular priest who is in charge of an Emmaus community (part of the movement founded by Abbe Pierre) in Charleroi, Belgium. Last year, he arranged for food and lodging for the San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walkers during their stay in Belgium. "Christian Non-Violence" was given as a talk during a pacifist conference held in Brussels last November, and was printed in the January-June issue of *Pour La Paix* (39, av. de l'Emeraude, Bruxelles IV, Belgium). Abbe Carrette's article on "Non-Violent Saints in the Catholic Church" appeared in the October 1959 *Catholic Worker*, and was reprinted in *Fellowship* for March 1, 1960.

"Worried"

"I'm worried. Up to 1945 an individual could have some feeling—even in a world war—that he had some control over his own existence. But when that atomic bomb dropped over Hiroshima, something happened. People began to feel helpless. Now, with hydrogen bombs all over the world, the individual feels even more at a loss to help control his own destiny. You can sense the feeling everywhere."

—Statement made in private in 1961 by former Sec. of the Navy John B. Connally Jr., as recorded in *LOOK*, Sept. 11, 1962.



FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

After the lecture and questions, we continue the discussion over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is invited.

MARIA MONTESSORI

World-Peace Through The Child

Being an account of Dr. Maria Montessori's ideas, the hidden and remote causes of War, and the best means of removing them.—Selected and arranged, with comments, by E. Mortimer Standing, author of *Maria Montessori Her Life and Work*, Academy Guild Press, Fresno, Calif.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

Some people think that the best way to eradicate war through Education would be to remove from children all suggestion of war. They say we ought not to allow them to play with toy soldiers or toy guns, nor have any games with a warlike "smack" about them. Nor should we relate to them any stories dealing with the heroic actions of war. Such a negative approach to the subject would, according to Montessori, be quite inadequate. It would not get us any distance. "Equally inadequate would be an education that tried to inculcate in the child such a love and respect for all living things like the Hindus that, when he was grown-up, he would have such a respect for human life and the monuments of civilization that he would never go to war. Nor could our aim be attained by any amount of changes in the school curriculum or of methods of teaching."

We Must Treat The Child's Personality As A Whole

All such attempts would be bound to fail because they are partial and superficial. The only way we can hope to effect a change deep enough to make any difference in the individual's attitude to war—i.e., a social and moral change—must be by treating with the personality as a whole. The fatal error in our present system of education lies in the fact that we concern ourselves too much with one aspect of the child's personality, viz. his intellect. We tend too much to think of the boy's (or girl's) education in terms of what he has to learn in the way of knowledge. And, correspondingly, we tend to envisage our duty as teachers in terms of the school-subjects—(Mr. X is History Master; Mr. Y Geography Specialist, and so on). We teachers have been trained to impart knowledge. We do not think of the individual's education in terms of total development—of independence, leading to acquisition of function, and complete "valorization of Personality," intellectual, spiritual and social.

Suppression of The Social Instinct

This fatal limitation of the scope of education has (amongst others) one disastrous result which is of special importance in its bearing on education for peace.

We refer to the virtual suppression of the social instinct. "It is one of the greatest illusions to suppose that a social life can be carried on in schools just because a number of young people are living together in an agglomeration." Social life does not depend upon mere juxtaposition, mere living together "vicino—like elephants. Social life is an organization of human beings each of which must be conscious of his responsibility in relation to the collective order." The acquisition of social morality is not an automatic result of happening to live in close proximity to a lot of other human beings. "On the contrary, it is a well known fact that morality does not manifest itself in a crowd; it is only too possible for the individual in a crowd to lose all sense of responsibility. In fact there can be nothing more dangerous and immoral than a crowd, which makes anonymous the actions of every individual within it."

One of the most interesting and significant of the "revelations" given by the children to Dr. Montessori was—and is—the social life which develops spontaneously amongst them, as they live their active life together, freely, in the Prepared Environment. These children do not form a crowd, nor is the herd spirit easily aroused amongst them as it is in an ordinary class-room. They are not living under conditions which make them susceptible to that mass suggestion which is the life-blood of a crowd.

They are all busy, as individuals, at their own self-chosen tasks—chosen after deliberate acts of their own judgment—not at the suggestion of the teacher or companions. It is true that they all share the same environment at the same time. In their free active life they are quite at liberty to communicate with each other when the occasion demands it, as it often does. They are given special instructions in the "Lessons of Grace and Courtesy,"* those actions which oil the wheels of social life; whilst their free life together gives them countless opportunities for putting them into practice every day, and all the day. We have already drawn attention, many times, to that charming efflorescence of social virtues which forms so essential and so attractive a feature of the Montessori class, noting especially how frequently and how willingly the children help each other in their work, and in the other activities of their common life.

It seems hardly necessary to point out that children who have been brought up in a continuous atmosphere of mutual helpfulness such as this, would be better prepared for playing their part in the establishment of peace on earth, than those who—during the formative years of their life—have lived in an atmosphere of competition and suppression, in which it is often considered even a punishable offence to try to help one's neighbor when he is in difficulties in his work.

Liberty The Foundation of Social Life

What is it that makes the difference between these two atmospheres? It is not in the children themselves, but in their opportunities and in the environment and mode of life. It is the granting of liberty to live their own lives

*See Vol. I p.

more fully which makes social life possible. Of course—as we have said so often—this liberty means liberty to do right (not wrong). In this particular case it means liberty to help your neighbor and be helped by him, to consult him, to work with him, to share your discoveries or it may be your difficulties with him; also liberty—if you desire—just to sit and watch him work without disturbing him. (Some children learn a great deal from others in this way). It means liberty to live in free but disciplined intercourse with your fellow-beings. Here, as always with Montessori, liberty means doing for yourself, freely and by choice, what others have hitherto constrained you to do in a negative way by the force of their own wills, or done entirely for you.

The Struggle for Independence

How vital is this independence for that total development of personality (which should be the aim of education) may be seen by contemplating the disastrous results which come to light when children are deprived of it—as they so often are. When after many years of experience of seeing her Method in use in many different countries, the fact of what we have called "The New Children" was established beyond a doubt, another fact of equal importance was brought to light. Montessori argued that there must be some destructive and ubiquitous influence



everywhere in operation which was preventing the emergence of the characteristics of the Normalized Children as revealed in her schools. She describes it thus: "What struck me in particular was the existence of an actual conflict, of a ceaseless struggle which awaits man at his birth and accompanies him throughout the course of his growth. This is the conflict between the Adult and the Child, the strong and the weak, we may even say the blind and the seeing." In another place she speaks of this struggle as follows: "The adult and the child—both unconscious of their own characteristics—are engaged in an age-long warfare, more acute than ever today because of our complex and depressing civilization. The adult triumphs over the child so that when the child has grown into a man he bears for ever on him the marks of that famous peace which follows war, which is on the one hand a destruction, and on the other a painful adaptation. This tragic misunderstanding, between these two classes

of society, causes the first war between men who were most emphatically intended to love one another—a war between parents and children, between teachers and pupils."

We have now reached a matter so important, both in itself and for the right understanding of Montessori's point of view, that—at the risk of too much repetition—we will give one more quotation: "The child is misunderstood by the adult; with the result that parents unconsciously fight against their children instead of helping them in their divine mission (i.e., to create the adult that is to be).^{*} Because parent and child misunderstand one another a cloud comes between father and son at the very beginning of life. It is a misunderstanding that depresses man as he grows, causes him to deviate, makes his mind ill, impoverishes his personality and makes him inferior to his true self. It is this misunderstanding between the child and the adult that causes those tragedies of the human heart that are revealed by insensitiveness, idleness and crime; and thus the richness of man's nature is spoiled and wasted."

The Hidden 'Germs of War'

May it not be that, right back here in these early years, as remote from their ultimate effects as a germ on a flea on a rat was to the great catastrophe of the plague, we may discover, buried in the subconsciousness of the race from childhood, the hidden causes of those psychic disorders that result in world conflicts? First, then, the "war" between the children and the adults; followed by a "peace," as we have already seen, is the very condition of the conquered to the conquerors. Such an enforced "peace" as we have already seen, is the very condition most favorable for breeding another war.

This may, and probably will, strike the reader as a most far-fetched and unlikely hypotheses—viz., that the wrong treatment of children throughout the world might issue in wars between nations. But then, there can be no doubt that if you had tried to explain to medieval audience that the plague was caused by an invisible something which lived on a flea which lived on a rat you would doubtless have been laughed to scorn, perhaps treated as a lunatic.

Well, however odd it may strike the reader at first glance this is exactly the hypotheses which Dr. Montessori would ask him to consider seriously. First of all—naturally—he would have to be convinced that there really does exist this ubiquitous struggle between the child and the adult. And very likely nothing will really finally convince him of the existence of this unconscious struggle except taking the opportunity of seeing what happens when it is removed—i.e., until he sees what happens when that "new relationship" is established (of which we have already spoken) which results in the emergence of the "New Children" in a good Montessori School.

It will however help to make clear the nature, as well as the existence, of this struggle if we consider how it is brought about. Its main cause is bound up with the fact—which we emphasized above—that humanity has two separate forms, two separate goals, two separate modes of existence: the one pertaining to the Child and the other to the Adult. And each is equally important. The work of the child, as we have insisted,¹ is equally important to that of the adult, who is in reality as dependent on the child as the latter is on him—though he does not know it.

Here we touch the root of the tragedy. The adult is ignorant of the constructive work of the child. He cannot see it; he does not understand it; he is not even aware of it. This is because the nature of the child's work and its aims are so utterly different from his own. The aim of the child's work is to create the adult—or, as Dr. Montessori sometimes puts it, it is "the incarnation of personality."

"The gestation of man is not confined to the short pre-natal period. There follows (i.e. after birth) a period of growth in which the child may be regarded as a "spiritual embryo."² This is a form of gestation accomplished by the child in the external world. It is the act of incarnating the spirit whose germs are in him though in a latent and unconscious form. The most delicate nurture is needed to protect this process which gradually becomes conscious, and which is perfected through knowledge acquired in the outer-world. It is a process accurately carried out by the child who is guided in it by definite laws (as are all beings in nature). And during this process the child obeys a rhythm of activity which has no common measure with that of the conquering and combative adult."

"When the independent life of the child is not recognized as having its own characteristics and its own aims; when the adult, (through misunderstanding) interprets these characteristics and aims, so different from his own, as errors in the child which it is his duty speedily to correct—then there arises between the strong and the weak a struggle which is fatal to mankind."

*See Ibid. Cuafor.

¹See Vol. I Chap. VIII.

²See Chapt. The Secret of Childhood—by Montessori.

(To Be Continued Next Month)

MONTESSORI TRAINING COURSE IN BERGAMO, ITALY

Oct. '62 to May '63

The number of those who worked in immediate contact with the great Italian educationist is steadily diminishing. For this reason—to mention no others—Americans who are interested in her Method should seriously consider the almost unique opportunity presented by the INTERNATIONAL TRAINING COURSE which will be held in Bergamo from October '62 to May '63.

It has been organized by the Association Montessori Internationale; and most of the nine lecturers were actual collaborators with the Dottorissa in her Training Courses and schools.

By American standards the cost of the Course and of living expenses in Italy are extremely reasonable. The fee for the Course is ten dollars per month, and it is possible to obtain good pensione accommodation in Bergamo at fifty dollars a month. Special arrangements have been made for simultaneous translation of the lectures and the instruction in the materials for English speaking students.

Those interested should write without delay to Miss Eleonora Honegger, Scuola Montessori, Viale Vitt. Emanuele 31, Bergamo, Italy.

The Years With Winkler

(Continued from page 2)

get reliable help (he probably pays \$1.00 an hour, or less), how they drank and did not work. Then he laughed quietly and said, "But I think you know what I am talking about," and he meant that he realized that I also dealt with such people, even if in a different way. We talked about building codes and violations, and we have some similar feelings about such things. I told him about Dorothy's conviction as a slum landlord. I felt then that he regarded me in a paternal way. There was a similarity in character and temperament, in the basic austerity of our lives, though they were dedicated to values which were quite opposite. There was the understanding of an old man and a young man who worked and persevered, who respected one

he said showed that the Building Dept. demolition actions had been dismissed in court two days before, but which actually showed that he had received suspended fines for Fire Dept. violations at the two buildings, involving failure to keep them boarded up safely when not occupied. But I didn't say anything more. I just told him I had gone ahead and bought the other house.

We are keeping the store at 164 W. Oak St. for meals and clothing and work with alcoholics, so when I went in to pay the rent a few days later things were as they had always been before. Winkler said, "Hello." And I said, "Hello. The store." He wrote the receipt and I counted the \$70 three times (there is something about paying him that always makes me do that), and



another because of some things in common. The years with Winkler had grown a strange kind of trust. I trusted that he would be what he was, and I hope he trusted me in the same way. I respected him as one respects Javert of *Les Misérables*. When the conversation was over we rolled back to 164 W. Oak, and then the old man went home.

It looked like we had a deal working. The next morning he called me and said he'd been thinking it over and would like me to buy the place outright, without the year of trial. I said, in that case, we would have to investigate very thoroughly first and bring in building inspectors, etc. He assured me there was nothing wrong with the building, except for painting and plastering and fixing windows, and he told me to think about it. That evening he called again. He'd been thinking it over and was willing to go back to my original terms. He said my lawyer could write the contract because he knew we weren't trying to rob him and there was no sense in both of us hiring lawyers, and besides he wasn't afraid of any lawyer.

The next morning I sent a man down to the Building Dept. They said they were seeking court orders for the demolition of both 215 and 217 W. Elm, but this action could be forestalled by presenting architect's plans for the complete restoration of the buildings. If the Department approved the plans, it would drop the demolition action. They said one of the buildings had a structural crack, but the other violations were only generally described.

The next day I made a down payment on the two story house on Mohawk St., and told Jack Winkler the deal was off. He didn't say too much. He showed me a couple of letters from his attorney which

we made our exchange, and I went out.

Most of our family will move to the new house on Mohawk St. We will have hospitality there and a center for some of our other activities, and, with so large a yard, we may have the small beginnings of a green revolution.

Things needed for the new house:

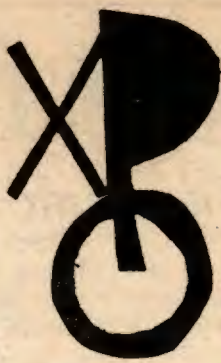
- 2 gas space heaters
- fresh mattresses so we won't have to take the bedbugs with us
- 1 old bathtub
- 1 refrigerator
- 1 hot water heater-gas
- 1 washing machine
- 1 old black Cadillac.

Spirit In Bondage

"Humility . . . is absolutely necessary if man is to avoid acting like a baby all his life. To grow up means, in fact, to become humble, to throw away the illusion that I am the center of everything and that other people only exist to provide me with comfort and pleasure. Unfortunately, pride is so deeply embedded in human society that instead of educating one another for humility and maturity, we bring each other up in selfishness and pride. The attitudes that ought to make us 'mature' too often only give us a kind of poise, a kind of veneer, that make our pride all the more suave and effective. For social life, in the end, is too often simply a convenient compromise by which your pride and mine are able to get along together without too much friction.

"That is why it is a dangerous illusion to trust in society to make us (balanced) (realistic) and (humble). Very often the humility demanded of us by our society is simply an acquiescence in the pride of the collectivity and of those in power. Worse still, while we learn to be humble and virtuous as individuals, we allow ourselves to commit the worst crimes in the name of 'society'. We are gentle in our private life in order to be murderers as a collective group. For murder, committed by an individual, is a great crime. But when it becomes war or revolution, it is represented as the summit of heroism and virtue."

—Thomas Merton, *The New Man* (Ferrar, Straus & Cudahy)



"IT IS
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AND
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WHICH IN FACT
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INSURE
ONE OF
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THIS IS
REALITY.

WITHOUT
DISCIPLINE ONE
IS NOT A
MAN, AND
WITHOUT
PENANCE
ONE IS
NOT A
CHRISTIAN."

POPE
JOHN
XIII.

Ends and Means

"The reason why a good end cannot legitimate the evil means which appear necessary for its attainment is because, morally speaking, the two are unrelated. An intrinsically evil act can never produce directly a good effect. The emergence of good results from apparently unworthy antecedents is due to the operation of forces which are strictly proportioned to their effects but hidden from view under accompanying, though incidental, evils. Normally the attempt to excuse wrong actions on the grounds that they subserve a good end can be ascribed to mental confusion or malice. The relation which is imagined to exist between ends and means does not in fact exist at all, or has been arbitrarily imposed by the mind. The realities of the case have been ignored and the situation falsified. Thus there can be no relation of means to ends between the bombing and wholesale destruction of innocent people and the maintenance in being of the Catholic Church, between tyrannical forms of government and the happiness and good estate of the community at large, between aggressive nationalism and the 'general peace of the world.'"

—Dom Aelred Graham, *The Love of God* (Image Books)

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

makes us terribly aware that something is wrong because it does not spring wantonly out of air; it has an originating cause. But anger also blinds and thereby limits and weakens; it cripples those who have caused it. Each selection in this collection is a probe beyond anger, a reaching for reason; a search for the reasons that have given rise to anger—largely black anger—only just now viewed full face in these United States. There is other than black anger and it has come because other than black people also see that whatever future America will have, will be directly related to the solving of its racial dilemma, which is, basically, a human dilemma."

All of the articles and stories have been amassed from former magazine articles and books by the contributors. The range of writing comprising *THE ANGRY BLACK* is extensive and varied. Individually each is uniquely tough in outlook.

A story like S. P. Lomax's "Pollution" is a bitter little sarcasm concerning the white man's invasion into things black (jazz and women in particular). On the other hand, there is Seymour Krim's "Ask for a White Cadillac," a highly personalized description of a white man's encounter with the ways of Harlem that is very reminiscent of the tone of Norman Mailer's "The White Negro." Both Lomax and Krim are in a position to describe a distinctly 20th century phenomena—white man imitates black man, particularly characteristic of the hipster's venture into the Negro cult of things.

"Son in the Afternoon" by the editor, John A. Williams, is a short bit of ironic fiction, a turning of the racial tables, with a strong periodic effect.

It is not without justice that the blatantly biased Southerner will often counter with the statement that the North is equally prejudiced, only subtly so. Mainly because of a historical state of affairs that has placed the land above the Mason-Dixon Line, the land of the "racial fair and square," a Negro protectorate, the North has been able to cover up. Articulated by a series of incidents in a residential district, "The Flower Garden" is a simple illustration of this. Shirley Jackson, who is well known for her story "The Lottery," here again releases the hissing of secretive bigotry in New England.

Probably the most refreshing story of the entire collection is John Howard Griffith's "Dark Journey." Griffith relates an incident that happened to him while hitchhiking a ride in the Deep South. During his trip he is constantly bothered by white male drivers who insist on discussing Negro sexual potency. Griffith remains in a constant state of disgust, until he is finally picked up by a young construction worker who desires to talk only of both their families. Happily startled by such a wholesome conversation, Griffith can not understand why the man is so different from the

rest. Yet he concludes that the man's nature is quite obviously linked to his ability to love. Griffith's final statement: "I thought of Maritain's conclusion that the only solution to the problems of man is a return of charity (in the old embracing sense of *caritas*, not in the stingy literal sense it has assumed in our language and in our days) and metaphysics. Or, more simply, the maxim of St. Augustine: 'Love, and then do what you will.'"

The final and fitting statement of the book comes from the late Richard Wright, who died in 1960. Before his death, he had completed three novels and nine other books. A major influence on other modern Negro writers, such as Baldwin, his *Native Son* is perhaps his most renowned, from which "The Plea" is taken. Here is Mr. Max's famous final defense for Bigger Thomas, who has murdered a white girl. If anything, Max's strongest points rest upon the contention that Bigger Thomas and 12,000,000 Negroes have been deprived of a natural existence, forced into a psychological *hustle*. Where they should not exist at all, guilt, shame, and a sense of alienation have become inherent in the Negro culture. Though they should represent a strong force in our nation's development, they have become a "separate nation."

In arguing for the boy's life, Max finally pleads that the judge must sentence Bigger Thomas to life in prison. Then, ironically enough, the boy will finally possess some form of identity, if only a prison number. But it will be a factual, concrete recognition of his existence—something lacking before.

Besides what is mentioned here, there are other equally good writings, including Baldwin's article on the Negro in the American theater, and a very academic "Psychodynamic Inventory of the Negro Personality."

Despite the wide scope of themes and topics treated, the book does manage to contain a satisfying unity, for it is not merely an expose of a controversy, but a serious essay to discover the roots of the controversy.

Pervading most of the book, is an optimism derived from an extremely human sense of equality—simple recognition of simple human facts: that Negroes are as worried about their children as white men; that Negroes are just as concerned about job security as whites; that in the final riff, black or white, only the true man will be safe.

"I suspect that only those who have come fully to despair of any form of political action to which we are accustomed, are ready to profit much by a study of Gandhi's life, and personality, and ideas, and methods, and discoveries, and accomplishments; but I cannot conceive of any other study, or any other kind of action, which promises as much."

JAMES AGEE

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40 cents a copy
5 Beekman St.

Four dollars a year
New York 36, N. Y. CO 7-1468

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