

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

I have been reading Fr. Bouyer's *Life of Newman* for some months now and have gotten to the part where Newman and his little band are starting the Oratory in Birmingham, England. I visited there last Fall, when I went to England to speak at Spode House, the Dominican Retreat center near Birmingham. Canon Drinkwater who had visited us in New York obtained a car and chauffeur and drove us to these hallowed spots, holy to me because of their association with Newman. The writings of Cardinal Newman were introduced to me by Father John J. Hugo of Pittsburgh, himself in a way, another Newman struggling against the inertia, apathy, and even corruption of his own day.

### The Oratory

St. Philip Neri, who founded the Oratory in Rome, was born in Florence in 1515, the same year as St. Teresa of Avila, in Spain, and he lived all his life in Rome. He was one of the most influential persons of his time. According to my missal, "he was a man of original character and happy disposition. He had a great love of God and of people of all conditions. He lived as a pilgrim touring the streets of Rome for fifteen years, exerting powerful influence on many people. At 36 he was ordained a priest. He gathered around him about 20 priests who formed the congregation of secular priests of the Oratory."

One of the things I remember reading about St. Philip Neri is how he knelt in the window of his Rome dwelling and looking out over the city prayed for it. Ever since reading that, I have followed that practice, and enjoy it. I do this because I am half the week in New York, and half the week in Tivoli at our new farm.

### The City

We have three women's apartments on Kenmare Street in New York and they are full, with cots which can be set up in the kitchen for extra and unexpected guests.

My front corner room looks down over the crossroads of Mott and Kenmare and receives the morning sun and plenty of breezes which dispel to some extent the fumes from the traffic outside. Kenmare St. leads directly east to the Williamsburg Bridge and west to the Holland tunnel, and of course the traffic is enormous. Perhaps the new Verrazano Bridge, with its cross-Statens Island expressway to Goethals Bridge leading to New Jersey will handle this traffic when the new Bridge is completed this year. But our city fathers are still trying to get the go ahead signal to demolish our neighborhood in favor of a cross-Manhattan expressway to handle the traffic problem. There is ninety million dollars involved, to be put up by the Federal government, to the city's ten, and this great sum will not lightly be relinquished. If it only could be put into better housing for the poor of the East side! Housing where there are no automatic lifts, where murder, rape and other violence have been committed, where there are enough community servants to man the elevators, halls, the playgrounds and work as recreation directors and camp leaders and exploration guides to siphon off the unemployed youth hungry for

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Fritz Eichenberg

## Religion and Revolution

**Ed. Note:** The following interview with Paulo de Tarso is part of a longer piece on "The Brazilian Crisis" that was translated by Bobbye Ortiz and published in the April issue of *Monthly Review* (333 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y.). Victor Rizo Galan, the author, is a leading left-wing Mexican journalist; his article was first published in the Mexican weekly *Siempre!*

The article was of course written before the All Fools Day coup, in which a junta overthrew the government of Joao Goulart and inaugurated a military dictatorship, which was hastily endorsed by President Johnson, in accordance with the current explicitly formulated United States policy of not opposing right-wing dictatorships in the Western Hemisphere. Recent events in Brazil are instructive, for they provide a foretaste of the kind of regime that would probably be installed in Cuba, should the Central Intelligence Agency and the Cuban counter-revolutionaries succeed in their aim of subverting the Castro government.

Father Francisco de Alencar Arraes, a Brazilian Jesuit now studying at Columbia has succinctly summarized the measures adopted by the new regime in the short time since its assumption of power, in the May 8th issue of the *Commonweal*: "A President, three Governors and several Mayors—all duly elected—were deposed; the foreign embassies in Rio are crowded with hundreds of refugees—unheard of situation in Brazil; more than forty Congressmen were dismissed; hundreds of officers, among them seventeen generals and five admirals, put on the retired list; members of the Judiciary branch, including Supreme Court Justices, expelled; wholesale

mass arrests, without charges, of students, union leaders and Government officials; the Constitution replaced by an incredible 'Institutional Act'; the constitutional rights of such eminent Brazilians as Celsa Furtado and Josue de Castro (respected Catholic author of *The Geography of Hunger*) suspended for ten years; and last, but not least, a 'general's general' was rushed to the Presidential chair before a magnificently cowed travesty of a Congress. All this was done in the name of God, liberty, and the need to stamp out Communism and leftism."

The *New York Times* for April 23rd carries a story from Rio de Janeiro that throws considerable light on the Brazilian regime's conception of anti-Communism. It begins:

"The new Government's campaign to 'clean up Communism' in Brazil reached today into the Roman Catholic Church, particularly Catholic Action. This predominantly lay organization focuses on worker and youth activities.

### Victory

the only way  
to win  
a slight victory  
over life  
is to go down  
singing

singing being:

a thrust  
into fullness

clinging  
to nothing

Jean Forest

"Gov. Carlos Lacerda of Guanabara State, a leading figure in the movement that led to the ouster of Joao Goulart as President April 1, assailed the Most Rev. Helder Pessoa Camara, Archbishop of Recife and secretary of the Brazilian National Conference of Bishops. He called the Archbishop a reformer who 'cultivates misery like heads of lettuce.'

"Several newspapers urged military investigators to look into 'Communist infiltration' in the Catholic Action organization. In Recife, the archdiocese suspended an educational program broadcast over its radio station aimed at poor rural workers and their families."

The interview begins with the following background information:

"At 37, Paulo de Tarso has already been Minister of Education and acquired continental fame as a result of his well-known speech in August, 1963, at the Third Inter-American Conference of Ministers of Education. His speech contained a vigorous criticism of the Alliance for Progress; he made such radical statements as the following: The way to avoid future violence is to end present violence. Those inhabitants of our hemisphere who wish to avoid bloodshed and violence in the transformations of society should address themselves to those who defend privilege.' Shortly after this speech the Frente de Movilizacion Popular, to which Paulo de Tarso belongs, decided to fight publicly against Goulart's policy of conciliation. At the same time, he resigned his ministerial post in a letter made public by the President: I am convinced of the historical correctness of this decision. It no longer seems to be possible, during a period of organized conspiracy, to attempt conciliation between the new Bra-

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## CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM CORNELL

After nine months of an up and down battle, Chrystie Street has finally lost Josephine. She had cirrhosis of the liver and must have known that she would eventually kill herself putting rubbing alcohol in her wine. We have an obituary for Josie in this issue, but we could never attempt to tell her real story. It would shock the sensitivities of most of our readers so much that they would be unable to sense the inner meaning of her life and her tragedy, of her defeat and of her victory. Chrystie Street alumni around the country will know. Please pray for her.

### Smokey Joe

Dr. Friendly at New York Eye and Ear Infirmary removed Smokey Joe's cataracts. Smokey's sight had been failing for years. He tried to conceal it and to remain faithful to his job, keeping track of changes of address and new subscriptions. He is always on the job. But finally we could not find glasses strong enough for him, and so we consulted the medical men. The operation seems to be very successful. Smokey is the main attraction in his ward, with his repertoire of stories from Chrystie Street, Mott Street and the jungles of Panama. He will be back on the job in a few days. One of the advantages of living in New York is the wonderful medical care even for the poor.

### Mailing the Paper

We ordinarily go to press on the second Wednesday of each month. The paper is delivered to us the next day, at noon. Then the paper is folded, addressograph labels affixed, bundles are wrapped and they are taken to the post office. This is a major operation, starting with cutting the addressograph labels ten days before press day. The long tables on the second floor are heavy with papers, sponges, labels, wrappers and twine. Our people are happier than usual at this time of the month because they are needed, there is work for them to do, and there is comradeship in work, and therapy. Last month the operation bogged down, partly due to the improvement in the weather. Many of you received your May issue just two weeks ago. Chris Kearns has joined in the supervision of the mailing, and you will be edified by the greater efficiency with which the paper is dispatched this month.

### The World's Fair

We still haven't been to the World's Fair. We are waiting for someone to give us tickets. Chris and I had thought to go on opening day to participate in the sit-ins staged by CORE. But it was drizzling that morning, and we took the opportunity to sleep late. "Fair weather revolutionaries!" was the rebuke from Igal Roodenko. He had gone, as a substantial member of the business community, to add weight to the demonstration. He had not planned to sit down and to be arrested, but the spirit of the thing captured him, and away he went. We have so many opportunities to demonstrate that we have to pass up some of them, and so we don't really feel guilty about not going to the Fair demonstration. We do feel as if we had missed a fine time, though. Those arrested were put on Hart's Island, in the minimum security section, and romped through the fields all day.

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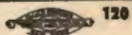
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## ON PILGRIMAGE

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movement, hungry to satisfy their curiosity about the world around them. (We know one such learner in Springfield, Vermont where my daughter lives, who has a science club and takes the members all over the state to visit factories, power plants, museums or to climb mountains.)

But no, there is money for arms and for traffic but not for the poor and unemployed, — nothing for youth!

Last night I sat at my window and watched the world passing by, trucks from all over the country, and where is Marianna, Florida? Trucks laden with furniture, lumber, animals, sacks of saw dust, potato chips, fruit and vegetables, gasoline, milk, cement, cane syrup, garments, lowing cattle. There was an occasional horse and wagon, noisy on the cobblestones which pave the street. There are traffic lights on each corner so there is the shifting of gears, the roar of motors. When the traffic flows uninterrupted, there is the clatter and the bounce and the jangle of empty trucks over uneven pavement. There are police cars, police ambulances, fire trucks, chartered busses going to and from the World's Fair. There are trucks gathering up waste fats from all the butcher shops around to bring to soap factories in Brooklyn. There are sanitation department trucks that make a noise like an air raid siren as they grind up the boxes and furniture and tin cans and garbage collected daily from all the battered ash cans which stand in rows in front of each tenement. And there are people bringing down bundles of trash to push into these already crowded cans, old women marketing with their shopping bags, young women pushing baby carriages, still other young women in stretch pants, pink pants, purple pants, green pants, orange pants. Clothes hanging from fire escape to window on short lines, crowded together. Bed clothes airing on window sills.

We have lived long in this neighborhood, Mott Street, Spring Street, Chrystie Street; all our ten apartments are in this section where Chinese, Puerto Rican, Negro, Italian, Jew—all Americans, live in comparative peace. We all feel safe here in this radius surrounding the Bowery because we know each other and are known. To a certain extent, that is.

On the other hand, the Daily News features each day scenes of violence and crime, all the tragedies which are taking place among six million or eight million or more people. This ceaseless news of violence repeated every hour, on the hour, on radio, and then dished up again with pictures when the Daily News comes out in the night, builds up the fear which is growing up in our midst, a fear almost deliberately stirred up by the press, which makes whites fear Negroes and the rich the poor, and one neighborhood another. There is wild talk of people arming

themselves, first tear gas pencils are suggested, and now guns! Are the newspapers building up to rioting like that of the Know Nothings in the last century? I write these things because I believe that each one of us participates in building up an atmosphere, — whether it is of fear or of the love which casts out fear.

## Tivoli

One of the letters which came in this morning was from a Holy Cross Brother who writes that thirty years or more ago he was Boys' Director of what was the Leake and Watts Farm School, a branch school of their larger home in Yonkers. He went on to say that he thought this same property which we purchased was ideal for us and is looking forward to reading more about it.

One of the questions that has been asked was "How did you find it?" It was by reading the real estate ads in the New York Times. Once realizing that we were selling the entire farm at Staten Island, though we thought at first we were selling only some acreage which we did not use and which had brought up our taxes to astronomical figures, I set out to look for a place. We had thought of selling part and keeping house and barn and gardens. But there was trouble with the fire department for having a chapel in the barn. We had no permit, they said. There was trouble with the building department who said we could not put up a fire escape on a wooden dwelling. We did it anyway, risking a fine of \$250. New England and Canada are filled with wooden houses with outdoor stairways. The building department also told us we could have only one family and four extra people in the house. If there were no family brood, one person would count as a family. Which would mean only five people. I hesitated to write about this idiotic interpretation of the law in our regard since I continued to break it. But what a relief to get away from such harassment. How easy it is to understand and grieve of the small landlord and store keeper and businessman in this day of corporations with their corporation lawyers.

Another reason for our moving was the sudden realization that we were going to get a large amount of money for our sale of the property. This was shocking not only to us, but to our friends. To think that we were going to "make money" in this speculative fashion—there was something immoral about it. There was the capital gains tax. Were we going to pay it, the twenty five per cent which goes to the federal government and which in turn goes for "defense" and moon shots, and the making of poison gas and all kinds of fearful missiles? A certain amount of course goes for the upkeep of our huge veterans hospitals where the wrecks left over from former wars are cared for or

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## Lawyers &amp; Nonviolent Demonstrations

(The following is the text of a talk delivered by Father Robert Drinan, S.J., to the National Legal Conference conducted by the Congress of Racial Equality. The conference was held in New York, January 31 to February 2, 1964. Father Drinan is dean of the Boston College Law School. Father Drinan's talk was entitled "The Changing Role of the Lawyer in an Era of Non-Violent Action.")

## I.

## Introduction

Recently in a distinguished Eastern college one of the professors asked that each of the 141 freshmen in his class on American civilization place on his desk an unsigned slip indicating the number of the student's grandparents who had been born in America. The next day the professor announced to his class that only one member of the class had all four



grandparents born in America. The professor asked the one student to stand and, as it happened he was the only Negro in the class.

When a vast group of the sixth generation of Americans are still dwelling on islands of poverty amid a sea of affluence a presumption is created that America's normal legal and social processes of cultural integration cannot achieve for this one particular group what has been achieved for other groups whose seniority in America is much less. This presumption suggests that direct, supra-legal, non-violent action is the only alternative way by which to bring America's oldest minority out of the slums into suburbia, out of poverty into decency, out of darkness into the sun of American freedom.

If members of the legal profession ever desired to rebut the presumption that supra-legal action is necessary to bring justice to the American Negro their opportunity to do so has long since been lost by default. The Negro's demand for "all, here, now" is not the impatient cry of citizens irked at some temporary injustice; it is rather the expression of the Negro's complete belief that the ordinary legal and political processes of America have no solution to the century-old dilemmas that confront the black American in a white civilization.

Lawyers therefore must recognize the fact that demonstrations, boycotts, sit-ins and other forms of direct action as yet unimagined will be here until integration of a significant nature has been

achieved. Legal, constitutional and moral guidelines for this movement of direct non-violent action are few indeed. Analogies to Gandhi and maxims from Thoreau may supply some criteria for judgment but the era of non-violent protest which is now unmistakably and irreversibly here calls for a continuous reassessment.

The attitude which lawyers generally take regarding direct action will be influential in forming public opinion. It is realistic to note, however, that it cannot actually be expected that the nation is going to rely very heavily on the legal profession's view of the legal-moral issues involved in non-violent action. But individual lawyers and groups of attorneys can nonetheless be enormously helpful to the nation with regard to this uniquely complex and overwhelmingly important matter.

Two separable but closely interrelated problems face the lawyers of America with regard to direct, non-violent action. These problems may be posed as follows: (1) What are the norms by which lawyers should judge the legality and the morality of direct, non-violent activities which are designed to call attention to serious grievances? (2) By what standards should lawyers judge the effectiveness and the wisdom of direct, non-violent actions which are calculated to be means to bring about justice after more orderly procedures have failed?

## Legality of Direct Non-Violent Action

There are many actions and activities of minority groups which technically might be deemed illegal but are or will eventually be judicially declared to be legally protected by the First Amendment or by similar constitutional guarantees. A one-day stay-out from school, for example, may not be illegal truancy if it is done for a legitimate purpose. Similarly non-violent demonstrations for the purpose of redressing grievances may not be disorderly conduct but rather constitutionally protected freedom of association and assembly. We simply do not know the outer limits of the basic First Amendment rights to have freedom of religion, speech, the press, assembly and of petition to the government for a redress of grievances. The First Amendment may be the treasury of more freedoms than a newly pluralistic America has yet dared to imagine.

The more difficult problem arises, however, when we must judge the morality of presumptively illegal conduct when the motivation of such conduct is based upon the conviction that the law violated is an unjust one. Civil disobedience to law arises not from contempt for the law but rather from a profound respect for the majesty of the moral law which the violated statute assertedly contravenes.

Civil disobedience to laws that are deemed to be unjust involves the highest possible respect for law. If an individual or a group secretly or violently sought to overthrow a law such conduct would be disloyalty to the idea of law itself. But when citizens openly disobey a law that they hold to be unjust and ask for penalty they are saying in effect that they would rather be in jail than live freely in a society which tolerates such a law. Thoreau's words are applicable to these persons: "They are the lovers of law and order who observe the law when the government breaks it."

## Morality of Illegal Non-Violent Actions

There is a widespread misconception in America that lawyers are bound to urge their clients and the public to observe all laws until they are repealed by the legislature or nullified by the courts. This common supposition rests on the contention that otherwise everyone would be his own moral

theologian, that Pandora's box would be opened and that chaos could come to society.

The Canons of Professional Ethics of the American Bar Association appear, however, to give a good deal more liberty to attorneys with regard to the counsel which they may give to their clients. Canon 32 of the ABA's Code of Professional Ethics reads as follows: "... he (the lawyer) advances the honor of his profession and the best interests of his client when he renders service or gives advice tending to impress upon the client and his undertaking exact compliance with the strictest principles of the moral law." (emphasis supplied).

It is heartening to note that this forthright endorsement of the existence and majesty of the moral law is placed in the Canons of Professional Ethics immediately prior to the following directive: "He must also observe and advise his client to observe the statute law though until a statute shall have been construed and interpreted by competent adjudication, he is free and is entitled to advise as to its validity and as to what he conscientiously believes to be its just meaning and extent." (emphasis supplied).

Construing these two provisions of Canon 32 together it appears to be reasonably clear that a lawyer can and indeed sometimes would be required to counsel his client not to obey a particular statute because the lawyer "conscientiously" doubted its "validity" and because, moreover, compliance with such a statute might be contrary to the "strictest principles of the moral law."

It is clear, on the other hand, that Canon 32 along with other ethical directives of the legal profession do not spell out in any specific detail the lawyer's obligations regarding civil disobedience. At the same time the Canons are not inconsistent with Thoreau's adage that "we should be men first and subjects afterwards."

Can we then come to some norms with respect to judging the morality of group non-compliance with the law when such conduct is motivated by a desire to redress grievances? Let us analyze the following suggested three norms:

1. It is a false but widely held belief that no individual or group should engage in direct, non-violent action until all legislative and judicial means of relief have been thoroughly exhausted. Such an assertion fails to recognize the fact that there are some injustices which, even if eventually they will be corrected, are so inherently shameful that those who suffer them have a right to exercise self-help.

The familiar classic example is the man without food. Every moral philosopher and theologian would agree that such a man, in grave need of sustenance, can with moral blamelessness "steal" the food of others. He need not wait until the machinery of organized charity gets to his "case."

Is humiliation any less shameful or imperious than hunger? Is segregation not as bad or worse than starvation? Is the desire for human fulfillment not just as urgent as the desire for food?

Some grievances of minority groups, furthermore, will never be settled as the result of legislative or judicial action. Only the court of public opinion can resolve them. And dramatic disobedience or massive non-compliance by a minority may be the only way to even catching the attention of the judges who sit in the court of public opinion.

It is therefore most misleading to state that civil disobedience is justifiable "only as a last resort." In hundreds of grievances there is no legal machinery to process the com-

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# TRANQUILITY WITHOUT PILLS

By JAMES MILORD

Happiness, that elusive, misunderstood goal of Everyman, is the universal prize of history, a sought-for, died-for crown of infinite variety.

Contemporary man expends a titanic amount of energy in pursuit of a tranquil state of life. He is convinced that inner peace is external, that somehow he can grasp it and never let it go.

Masochists, in grey flannel suits, torment themselves and their families with overwork in a feverish quest for joy. Greedy people fight for properties and bank accounts. The envious long for fame and longer, high-sounding titles. Sexually inadequate individuals sigh for fulfillment. Sadists search for souls to dominate. Frightened persons make their lives bearable by becoming less alive, in alcohol. Vast numbers turn to the solace of religion, where happiness fare is unlimited.

Each year new latter-day saviors of humanity illuminate the human scene with fresh, untried "instant" creeds. A galaxy of meteoric systems and catch-penny formulae fall upon the earth. From such schemes as food-fad oracles, faith-healing-for-a-price, touchstone obscurantism, mankind attempts to siphon off his tensions and find beatitude.

To these snack bars of salvation tread the soul-sore, the heartsick, the wallet-laden of the world, weary with the agitations of their inner consciousness. These unhappy pilgrims leave a wake of woes behind them. The more esoteric a popular credo, the more outlandish its claims, the easier it is for the modern messiah to sell.

Of the more irresistible but nonetheless synthetic answers to the problem of happiness in Joy-bound America, is the bliss pill, the tranquilizer. Now at last! Peace to all—through chemistry.

In contrast to these dime store systems, the beatitude sketched so simply in the Sermon on the Mount appears as entirely subversive, even reverse, and certainly paradoxical. So frighteningly simple, so un-labyrinthine that the Menu Creeds find it easy to smoke-screen it away to obscurity.

From that precise moment on the shores of Lake Tiberias, after Jesus arose and said, "Blessed are you poor, for yours is the kingdom of God," (Luke 20) the world has never been nor can ever be the same; and all other plans, schemes and discourses about happiness pale into platitudes.

Poverty, like the weather, makes excellent conversation fare for non-poor folks, especially when they can look at it from . . . a long distance. As a virtue, as something positive, to be sought after—why, that is a ghost of a dreadful past, a gloomy subject indeed. Poverty, the market place sage will tell you, has no place in our scheme of things.

This article proposes that voluntary poverty is no longer a choice for pious young maidens about to enter the convent, but an imperative shrieking necessity for all of us on this fraudulent, sick side of the globe.

Socrates, Buddha, Confucius and other famous teachers taught that poverty as an integral part of life. Seneca declared: "Wealth has stopped many people from possessing wisdom. To study wisdom, man must be poor." Wisdom and happiness, these great teachers aver, are inseparable. The Psalmist sings, "The Lord has heard the desire of the poor." (Ps. X, 17) Isaiah tells us that the Messiah will console the poor.

When Gandhi was asked what he desired the most, he replied: "Desirelessness." Why? He saw that man's anguish over unfulfilled desires ceased the moment he no longer held those desires. He knew that the greatest enemy of happi-

ness is the relentless pursuit of it. The great calmness which he showed under the most trying circumstances came from his inner poverty of desire. Uncluttered by the whims of the world, he could lead others without smugness or hypocrisy. The few possessions he left behind: his sandals, his spectacles, his plain garment, his few books, are everlasting testimony that a leader does not have to have, in order to be.

Christian history is bursting with sighs of relief by countless pilgrims on the happiness road who discovered—all too late—that possessions did not spell peace. Charles de Foucauld, Francis of Assisi, Francis Borgia were outstanding exponents of renunciation. They knew which side of their bread was buttered, but they discovered oddly enough, after eating their fill, that they didn't like the taste.

The famous eastern U.S. magnate-executive who locked up shop one day, packed his knapsack and headed for the Carolina hills, and a life of elemental simplicity; the wealthy Jew from Chicago who threw everything up for grabs and entered a monastery; the Hollywood singer who walked out on a plush job for the cloister—these are facts, not fancy pious sugar.

Christ's poverty extended even to the people He chose to be His countrymen. The Jews, lest we forget, were a ravaged people, a nation upon whom other countries had fattened for centuries. Crushed at different times by Syria, Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome, it was probably the most debased nation in the world. He did not choose to live in rustic charm, plying a sweatless trade in congenial country surroundings.

Jesus' poor life, from beginning to bitter end was His radical approach to the problem of life. He plunged into it, embraced it, relinquishing everything—home, family, name, real estate, and finally, even His clothes, which were wrenched from Him in ultimate indignity.

"Go and tell St. John what you have seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." (Luke 7:22).

Why does Christ include the poor in the category of the miraculous? Because now the miracle of his message of happiness, the beatitude has been given.

Christ left us His strong condemnation of riches without any room for doubt: "Woe to you that are rich, for you are now having your comfort. Woe to you who are filled! For you shall hunger. Woe to you who laugh now! For you shall mourn and weep." (Luke 6:24) "Go sell what you have and give it to the poor." (Matt. 19:21) "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." (Mark 10:23) "You cannot serve God and Mammon." (Luke 16:23) "Go to now, you rich men, weep and howl in your miseries which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered . . ." (James 5:1) "The desire of money," says St. Paul, "is the root of all evil." (1 Tim. 6:10)

St. Thomas says that "Poverty is most praiseworthy for, setting man from earthly solicitude, it enables him to attend more freely to divine things." The highest manifestation, he says, of man's life is in his being free. Possession is not merely nine-tenths of the law, but nine-tenths of a man's soul. The wise man is happy with trifles; nothing pleases a fool.

A distressing enigma in American Catholicism is its recurrent emphasis on comfort. Throughout Suburbia the race for treadmill living, mounting up one gadget after another to be possessed by, is a strange discordance, and pre-

cludes the possibility of recognizing Christ at every turn and bend of the entire world. "I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked, and you covered me; sick and you visited me; I was in prison and you came to me . . . Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." (Matt 25: 33-40). It must take quite a strain on the rationalizing mechanism to listen to these words and continue to fret about and labor for more bodily comforts.

"I was hungry . . ."

Across Latin-America, hunger hangs like a dozen hydrogen bombs. Seventy odd millions, almost four times the population of Canada, live on a few hundred dollars a year. Tens of millions on even less. These slaves of the South go sleepless and cold, feel nausea and hunger—faint while comfortable Catholics grub for a better charcoal to grill their T-bones. Basking in their patios, or sipping Martinis in the dim light of Bar-B-Que lamps, the rich, the well-to-do, the middle classes, think they are exempt from Christ's cry: "Woe to you that are rich!" They feel that there is always someone else who is better off. And so they escape the poverty of Christ. A man who is



ST. ANTHONY

choked up with wealth does not find any interest in God's word—unless it happens to be a handy plank in his immediate dilettante argument which he feels might add some weight. A man who has a diet of possessions, pouring over him like oil in a perpetual flow year after year, fears renunciation even worse than sickness. He therefore ignores the warnings from the Sermon on the Mount. He secretly laughs at it. Perhaps this is why the angels called out the good news of the Incarnation to poor shepherds first. These at least would have some readiness, some ground upon which to build.

For the poor, happiness is eating, but we will not even give them that. Our own hysterical concern in a thousand national magazines urge us to push upward and onward in quest of more and more food consumption. More ice cream per man, woman and child! Eat more butter! Drink more milk! The Dairy Association chants. More beef per capita! wail the cattle barons. Unless the comfortable Christians in their dens, surrounded by Danish furniture, washers and driers, entertained by color television sets, and cozy with their under-the-floor heat, unless these are willing to

(Continued on page 8)

# Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Darrell Poulsen got a reprieve through his lawyer discovering a letter from one of three psychiatrists saying that he wished to confer with the others on the case. So these men met before the judge three days after the expected execution, May 18, but now once again he is denied a new trial.

I had written to Poulsen telling him of my fast for him but they would not deliver the letter to him and it was returned to me marked, "not an accredited correspondent." When I got back to Salt Lake City it took me several days to find a union printer who had time to print my leaflet. In it I stressed that the home, school, church, and state were guilty as well as Poulsen, and that his guilt was mitigated in that he should not have been paroled out of a mental institution, and when he asked the police in Provo to arrest him for he felt like doing something bad again, they told him he hadn't done it yet. Next day he committed the murder for which he has now had a date set four times to face the firing squad. Just as I was reading proof of my leaflet the news came that Poulsen got the reprieve, so I placed a Thank you for at the top of the leaflet. Now I will have to cross that off and start fasting and picketing for him soon. Over 400 students at the University of Utah sent a petition to the Governor asking for a reprieve. Tom McCongle of Beloit College in Wisconsin where I spoke, signed a statement with thirteen others. It was printed in both Salt Lake newspapers, as was my letter telling of my fast and proposed picketing. So I went only an hour up at the Capitol and gave out my leaflets and picketed with my sign.

## Joe Hill House

I found a store 33 by 72 feet, which is twice as wide as the one I had before, across the tracks (where I should have been in the first place) only three blocks from Guadalupe Church where my good friend Father Kaiser, who has known our Father Casey for years, is pastor. The price is \$12,000 and I can pay for it like rent. I will give the address after I have moved in. The owner formerly had a store there and gave handouts to many men who hopped off the nearby freight. It is five blocks to a saloon, so I ought not to be bothered by the town drunks as I was before when there were a dozen saloons nearby. I can get paint and food, but I will need some money to buy a few things that will be necessary; deposit for the gas, etc. CW readers who wish to help can write to me at Postoffice Box 655, Salt Lake City, Utah. Now I feel I can stay here the rest of my life and build up something very worthwhile for the migrants who come here by the thousands yearly, and who are only allowed one night a month free at the Salvation Army.

## Speaking

Continuing the story of my trip, my brother met me in Cincinnati and I spent literally all of the next day speaking to classes and groups of students at the University of Cincinnati where Ed Morin supervised my meeting people. I had a meeting that night at his house. Rev. McCracken, the non-tax-payer, greeted me. We are old comrades in this fight. I was sorry not to get to The Grail or the Glenmary missionary priests.

The head of the American Friends Service Committee in Dayton drove me to Yellow Springs after midnight and I stayed at the home of a Catholic family there. At 8:30 a.m. I was sitting on a bench outside of the cafeteria and for the next five hours hundreds of students of Antioch College crowded around and asked questions. This was the best informal meeting I have had in my life. Several of them had seen me picketing years past in New York City on the air raid drill. That night a young Catholic couple had

me speak outdoors on the lawn for four hours. Bill Houston, who teaches here, and whom I had met in Boston, Atlanta and Minnesota, drove me at 4:30 the next morning to a nearby town where I got a bus for St. Louis. I stayed with Bob and Pat Rudolph. Pat and I had picketed together years ago in Washington DC. Chris Hayes had a meeting for me at The Center, where some nuns attended. Ruth Ann Heaney's daughter came also. I traveled all night and got into Kansas City where Bob Hoyt, editor of the diocesan paper, had a meeting for me at his home. John Swomley, of the F.O.R. came over to see me. We had known each other for a score of years. I had some rest here, for speaking and fasting and traveling are a bad combination. I traveled again all night and got in Oklahoma City where my Quaker friend William Byerly took me to his home for a rest. Then that night for five hours I spoke at the diocesan seminary where Father McDole, who had been in jail on the civil rights issue (backed by Bishop Reed) made me acquainted with the students. This was an enthusiastic meeting. I rode after midnight again until I was greeted by Dr. Mertes at Lawrence, Kansas, where the University of Kansas is located. He and his wife Sharon, who had heard me years ago in Minneapolis, invited folks over to their house. I had a meeting at the Newman Club, and an informal meeting later with other students. I was ashamed to chicken out, so I didn't, but I was very tired.

## The Hopi

I was pleased to have a friend drive me to the Hopi. Thomas and Dan were at the UN in N.Y. City, but I saw Fermina and her boys, and hundreds of other Hopi at the Basket Dance on Second Mesa. This goes on all day and clowns throw baskets, fruit, candy, etc. to the audience. We drove up the winding narrow road to the top of First Mesa to Walpi. Here there are no fences to protect the Hopi children from going hundreds of feet to their death below. Hopi children are brought up not to go to the edge of the cliff. We met David Monogyne, the weaver, at this dance. We saw the miniature gardens along the mountain at Hotevilla, where for centuries the Hopi have carried water to make their crops grow. I have a review of Frank Waters' Book of the Hopi in the May JUBILEE. We saw the Grand Canyon from the North Rim. This is the great wonderland of continual mystery. I have seen it twice before but there is always something new. Along the length of Zion Canyon it is beautiful; more strength and power here rather than mystery. Then to Bryce Canyon on the way home. This is Fairlyland Supreme. Small but forever charming. Now in Salt Lake City I have rested, but it won't be for long, for I will be out for groceries every day for our House and tending the door at night. Then the Hiroshima fast for 19 days. I will picket the new federal building instead of the Postoffice this year.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish: . . . if those who are the salt of the earth lose their savour, there is nothing to keep that earth disinfected, nothing to prevent it from falling into complete decay. The mystics are channels through which a little knowledge of reality filters down into our human universe of ignorance and illusion. A totally unmystical world would be a world totally blind and insane. From the beginnings of the eighteenth century onwards, the sources of all mystical knowledge have been steadily diminishing in number, all over the planet. We are dangerously advanced into the darkness."

—Aldous Huxley,  
Grey Eminence (Harpers)



# Lower East Side

By MARY MADSEN

Approximately two years ago my brother and I moved onto Fifth Street, near Avenue D, a poor neighborhood where predominately Puerto Rican and Southern Negroes are living. It wasn't long before I met one of the children. He was playing on the fire escape when I went down with my garbage at 11:30 p.m. The next day he came to my door with a friend. This was the beginning. With each visit came new faces until it became difficult to remember all the names. My brother and I decided we could live on his salary and that I would stay at home and work with the children.

We made beautiful pictures, which we scotch-taped to the walls. We made cuttings from my window plants and put the slips into glasses of water until they got roots. When we potted them the children proudly took them home.

They begged to be allowed to help with the cleaning and so I taught them how to sweep, mop, wash dishes, clean the sink, and even paint the walls. My brother, Ralph, after work and on weekends, demonstrated how to make stained-glass medallions.

We went to the park by the East River, to Central Park, to plays in Central Park and at the Henry Street Settlement House, to church on Sundays, and sometimes we even visited my friends and family. We often went on shopping expeditions during which we compared prices, hunted for bargains and found out how much cheaper the larger sizes were. There were always children at supper, and they were proud of the fact that they had helped prepare the meal. Often it was a strange situation for them because in their own homes they never sat down to have a meal together.

I re-arranged the apartment so that it was set up to accommodate the various needs of the children. My landlady gave me one table, I bought a small table and chairs for the younger children. Each puzzle, each map, each game had its place on the shelf, and the children learned how to put each game away, as well as how to use it. We had a work room, an art room, and even a quiet room, our library.

One of the things the children liked best was an old step stool I bought in a second hand shop. With this the little children could reach the sink. In a Montessori fashion I demonstrated how to wash hands. It became a habit that each child washed his hands as soon as he came in. It was charming to watch the little four and five year olds teaching their elders the technique, and quite successfully.

One boy worked on the puzzle map of the United States constantly for a few days, and then scorned everyone who attempted what he had already mastered. I suggested that he assist them so they might learn it as well as he, which he did.

Dianne Gannon, who was taking the Montessori training course in Connecticut, was coming down to New York for a course at Columbia once a week and stayed at our apartment. She shared much of her knowledge with us and both my brother and I began to study Maria Montessori's books. In June 1963 Ralph left for California to take the Montessori training course and I stayed on. I found a part time waitress job nearby.

Juan used to meet me almost every day after work and since he usually came before I was ready to go home, I would allow him to count my tips. With great difficulty at first, and gradually finding it easier, he learned the parts of a dollar, not mentioning the ability to count by fives, tens, and even twenty-fives. This gave me the idea of putting all the parts of a dollar into their own separate container and so I had a cup with one hundred pennies, a cup with twenty nickels, etc. This became one of the children's favorite exer-

cises. And I was always amazed that not one penny was ever taken.

Before the children go home, we have a snack of whole wheat bread and a glass of milk. Once

I cut each slice in half to demonstrate fractions. Then each half was cut again. We counted and found that there were four pieces. We cut them in half again, and counted eight parts. I am not sure if my explanation of fractions was adequate, but from that day on, all the little children who had been there insisted on cutting their slices of bread into eights.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**PEACE AND ARMS**, edited by Henry M. Christman, Sheed & Ward: New York, 1964, 243 pages \$4.50. Reviewed by JAMES MILORD.

In a paranoid world when leaders both political and religious do not even question the use of hydrogen-weaponry in an absurd posture of "defense," this long-awaited, articulate and weighty offering will be a hopeful shot in the arm to those who have not yet fallen into that resignation which Thoreau said was nothing more than confirmed, quiet desperation. Sheed & Ward deserves a salute of the highest praise from peacelovers, and peacemakers everywhere.

Taking thirty cogent essays from *The Nation*, one of the few outstanding and outspoken journals left in the country, the editor has given us a masterful indictment of the entire philosophy of "deterrence" and rips it to pieces, exposing the diseased mentality behind its terrifying implications.

No end of the H-package is left untied. The grisly contents of this parcel are displayed in all their cocked-gun array. The complete range of follies is here, brilliantly illuminated by historians, physicists, housewives, playwrights, psychologists, who aren't afraid to call a megacorpse by its really hellish name. Here is Joseph Priestley excoriating the "Stiffs" who play the cloak-and-dagger game of child extermination and world oblivion. Stanley Meisler appears in a lucid chapter: "The Brass Trumpet: Selling Militarism to America." He tells the terrifying story of three Catholic children of Holy Redeemer Elementary School in Portsmouth, Ohio who in a chilling letter to Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, requested: "Please send us any available weapons," and went on to list recollect rifles, anti-tank guns, bazookas, mortars, machine guns, browning automatic rifles and submachine guns. They said the weapons would help them to defend this country "in a last ditch, to the death stand, along with the military" and to "prepare ourselves for our future military service."

Never before in U.S. history could such a letter be written, for no other period of American life has had such an ascendancy of insane power and sheer, naked militarism.

Such is the unquestioned fact of life for millions of other grade schoolers in a country that was once a mecca for people who hated war and killing. Such is the depth of brainwashing of the no longer innocent minds, who perhaps had received Holy Communion on the very day they wrote the letter, and had murmured possibly, "... as we forgive those who trespass against us" ... or "I love my neighbor as myself." Such is the heart-breaking tragedy of a hideous propaganda machine that discovers the gullible and receptive young mind to fill with visions of descending Russian paratroopers. Such is the lamentable acceptance of Elvis Presley's "G.I. Blues" with its message of "Army Life is a happy spree," and the whistle of a jet as a siren call to adventure. Such is the clever and diabolic thoroughness of military salesmanship. Glory, might, power, flags waving, the stomp of marching feet—all the trappings of what Dr. Erich Fromm calls our pattern of incest—are fed in huge doses to the impressionable young, obscuring the realities of appalling

agony, infinite destruction and burning.

"Nationalism ... is our idolatry," says Fromm, "Patriotism is its cult ... The person who has not freed himself from the ties to blood and soil is not yet fully born as a human being; his capacity for love and reason are crippled; he does not experience himself nor his fellow man in their—and his own—human reality." (*The Same Society*)

"The warlords are now more powerful than they have ever been in the history of the American elite," says C. Wright Mills, "... and they are now operating in a nation whose elite and whose underlying population have accepted what can only be called a military definition of reality."

Even a lifetime militarist like Eisenhower felt that "we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex."

Every Naval, Air Force and Army base has its public relations



personnel who pour out the ballyhoo by the freight carload. The nerve centre of all the sweet song of killing emanates from the Pentagon where 450 men devise devilish ways to swindle the public out of their consciences and reason. So cunning are the word-tricks of these agents of murder, that the majority of people now share the feeling that "it is all necessary somehow." "The fact that millions of people share the same vices," Dr. Fromm asserts, "does

America into undoubtedly the most bloodthirsty nation that this world has ever known ... and the supreme pity of it all is, that it is done in the name of God, Christian love, democracy, freedom.

"Fallout worry," psychiatry's latest headache, is introduced by physicist John Fowler. And well may Americans worry with the heaviest fallout we will experience now settling slowly to earth in the Temperate Zone. But people choose to avoid these facts. It is much easier to close one's eyes, and momentarily forget the violence.

Charles Flato, medical journalist asks in his non-hysterical "Is there A Doctor in the Rubble?" just what the chances are for medical treatment in the state of Massachusetts in the event of a small bomb, like a 56 megatonner. Only 10% of the physicians will survive, and each will face a case load of 1,700 patients who would require immediate care. At least 2,000,000 will be injured, but fewer than 10,000 hospital beds will be available to them—the rest will have been buried by firestorm. And these will be almost useless to treat radiation cases. Drugs now stockpiled could only meet 15% of the needs. Disruption of sanitation facilities would result in fungal and bacterial epidemics. The disposal of the 2,800,000 dead would be an impossible task, and rats would have a field day.

William Royce of the Stanford Research Institute, has refused in his contribution to fall into the heinous error of thinking the U.S. cannot survive without dining at the arms banquet. He proves that most of the layman's assumptions about the collapse of the economy without armament factories humming away, are false.

Fred Cook, author of *The Warfare State*, shows the nightmare realities of the price we pay for Warfare State bounties. Despite the economic pump-priming by an Overkill industrial complex, U.S. unemployment is the highest in the industrial world. Other nations of the world who spend far less on military hardware have exhibited strikingly lower unemployment figures. In Germany the rate is 1% to America's near 6% (and spiralling higher each week with automation), yet Germany allocates .85 of every tax dollar to private research, and the rest to the military and space games. In the United States, 65% of all research is government financed and

Groom's "A Revolt Against Shelters," Clayton Barbeau's "They Walked for Peace" and Barbara Deming's "The Long Walk for Peace." They represent what the little people are doing to halt the vise-like squeeze of the all-encompassing military milieu, in the struggle for sanity against insanity, peace versus war.

This book proclaims quite clearly that America is in a rapid state of decline. To have accepted the way of war, which all history shows is the end of the road for a nation, is in itself a sign of defeat.

In *Peace in Terror*, John XXIII declares that "the true and solid peace of nations consists not in equality of arms but in mutual trust alone. We believe this can be brought to pass. ... But in a country like the United States, in which all levels believe firmly that if we were to bury all our bombs and destroy our bombers overnight, that within hours Washington would be swarming with Russians and bristling machine guns, this "mutual trust" cannot ever come about. The "Stiff" (war machined) world, Joseph Priestley says "is forever announcing that it is looking for a lasting peace; but this is just a tape recording. It maintains, at our expense, huge departments working day and night to make mischief. Sometimes they are trying to put into effect policies that are not only out-of-date now, but were shaky and dubious fifty years ago."

Which sums up pretty well what the U.S. is attempting: the impossible. It is trying to live in a Warfare State of holocaust proportions, grimacing fitfully to imitate a Christian ethic, wearing a knight-in-armor union card among the nations. The U.S. has nothing to offer the babies born this year or last year or next year, or for however long it continues to deal in Hell; for that is precisely what its direction is. It is going nowhere except toward destruction. "It has been given a good run, together with more money than all the tyrants in world history have demanded, and all it can offer tomorrow is a lot more of what we dislike today. This is why all intelligent young people—and, I repeat, in all countries—want no part of it. ..."

Has there ever been a people who have realized their own deterioration and stopped its headlong course? History offers us few examples. Is Hegel right after all, when he tells us that the only thing that we can learn from history is the we cannot learn from it? Already many people are beginning to justify World War III, on the assumption that "it won't be so bad" (provided these theorists aren't among the maimed or radioactive dead corpses). Others are proclaiming that another War would reduce the population, and would teach us a lesson! And still others, for all we know, are planning for World War IV. For it is doubtful if Wars, however horrible they may be, will ever deter people from further Wars. Peace must become the ruling passion, the religion of people. The heart must be completely changed. It must fully believe and act on "I love my neighbor as myself" not sit around in endless "dialogues" talking and praying about it. Christians have been talking and praying "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive" through two cruel World Wars, and it is conceivable that they will have the audacity to do it again.

**MORTE D' URBAN**, J. F. Powers, Pub. by Popular Library, 60c.

*Morte D' Urban* is a comedy-tragedy novel about the end of an era and a man who symbolizes that era—of the self-made success, the materialist who knows all the angles. Urban's rugged individualism is, in a way, quite refreshing when compared to the contemporary passive "organization man." Yet, one senses the unreality and futility of this romantic individualist. Urban, himself, eventually becomes aware of his unreal posture. Urban is in a rather unique situation.

(Continued on page 8)

## Beacon Hill

A wedge of woman  
bends above her sour city garden,  
Her gray-pugged head  
a wall away from terra cotta child and concrete shell.  
She digs beneath  
the waving tree of life, the dripping laundry,  
sooty bricks, and broken slate.  
Beyond the fence,  
the cherub's flute is empty, his scalloped shell inert;  
And in the woman's cluttered yard,  
the mossy soil and crooked, clammy bricks  
sulk in the shadow of surrounding walls  
Where pigeons growl, and pick along the eaves.  
The Cambridge subway clanks into the air,  
and startled, the woman looks up  
into her building-funnelled bit of sky.

Sheila McElwaine

not make these vices virtues, the fact that they share so many errors does not make the errors to be truths, and the fact that millions of people share the same forms of mental pathology does not make these people sane. ... As a matter of fact, his very defect may have been raised to a virtue by his culture, and thus give him an enhanced feeling of achievement." Certainly, the vice of militarism has now achieved the hold it desires over the mass mind. It is more than a stranglehold. Revolting magazines, movies and pamphlets which glorify Army, Air Force and Naval services, or devout sermons preached by the top Gunmen Brass with the urgency of missionary zeal, have turned

the larger portion of it is donated to the military.

While America is plunging wildly into more ghastly implements of killing, and pouring more and more money into the death business, the Belgians, Dutch, Japanese, Swedes and other countries are developing cheaper, better and vastly more serviceable goods. America is rapidly approaching economic ruin but its missiles are shining and new, and its pile of glittering bombers stand at the ready "to guard America." In a berserk effort to keep up with trade throughout the world, the U.S. money men are knocking out the very people—the workers—who alone can sustain them.

The most telling essays are Mary



# LETTERS

(The following letter was received early in May from a priest-correspondent who has just returned from a visit to several African countries. Ed.)

Cairo  
April 24

Dear Dorothy:

I spent 15 days in South Africa at the invitation of Archbishop Dennis Hurley, of Durban, to give some talks and in general to see his situation there and that of the Protestants—all of whom are facing apartheid society, with its mounting pressures against the very substance of Christianity and indeed of humanity itself. It is a country lost in the worst repressions of Hitler's Germany—indeed, Gordon Zahn's *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars* could be read there and the implications for the Catholic community could be played there without changing a major note. I spoke to Catholic laymen, to Dutch Reformed dominions, to large groups of nuns, at the Zulu University near Durban, and had interviews with three Catholic bishops. Also had a stormy session with priests of Durban with the Archbishop present. He said in the course of the discussion which followed my talk that what was needed in Durban was fewer Masses on Sunday and a few priests in jail. As the almost inevitable attrition wears away at energies and conscience, he stands more and more alone in moral example. I preached in two white parishes and once to an African community, on Good Friday, in the notorious Alexandria township outside Johannesburg. The priests told me it was the first time in memory that the race question had been spoken of in those pulpits. I offered Mass in Johannesburg with four Little Sisters who work with a very courageous African priest in the townships. After passage of the recent Bantu Amendments it is clear that a slavish control of all Africans now is a fact—there will be no reversing the wheel which has come full round and which holds in bondage some 11 million African and Colored people—detention camps, educational segregation, the townships, a horrid reality, denial of vote, breakup of 75% of African families by the Work Decrees—it is not only that African society is being repressed—it is being systematically destroyed by the Nationalist Party with the blessing of the Dutch Reformed Church. What remains is a white empire of affluence and hidden fear and despair; the "cloud, no bigger than a man's hand" is already in the sky. One hardly knows which to mourn: the "black beauty, all that beauty" of James Baldwin's threnody, or the white lemmings whose massive rush to destruction is already under way.

What "all that beauty" could do and be, was revealed shortly in Kenya. There I heard Jomo Kenyatta and Tom Mboya open a conference for women of East Africa. Here I met artists, politicians, economists, priests, moving hand in hand together into a society founded on decency and hope. We drove for miles through the Kikuyu territories, where the worst excesses of Mau Mau are only five years past, and saw the fair land and the beautiful villages of a restored people. At the end of our road was the African novitiate of the Little Sisters, four round houses of wattle and earth in the Kikuyu style, very cool and practical, constructed by the Sisters with help of the villagers. What a good African moment to kneel in the earth floor of the round chapel, where the temperature was 10 degrees cooler than the air outside. We drove out to the great game preserves near Nairobi, where whole countries meet as the great jets pass in to land, over the lions and giraffes and ostriches.

At Addis Ababa, I was welcomed warmly by the French Canadian

Jesuits, who teach at the new University and operate an excellent secondary school of 1700 students—all in civilian clothing and under contract to do no religious preaching of any sort. It is an extremely difficult apostolate for men of their calibre—but their burden is lightened by the presence of 18 excellent young Peace Corps teachers; not one of them is Catholic, and all of them are giving of their best and achieving an extraordinary *esprit de corps* with the Jesuits. Addis is an unbelievable shanty town once one has gotten behind the Hilton: over a million people living in Stone Age conditions in rude huts. No sewage or electricity for most, and yet an extraordinary cheerfulness and hope, typical of all of Africa once one goes north from the Cape of No Hope. The Royal University is now, after Jesuit beginnings 18 years ago, in the charge of the American Mormons, with a \$10 million grant from the States.

I came on to Cairo and am staying with the Jesuits at their College Sainte Famille. More change; it seems as though change is the only constant in Africa. Nasser is pushing social change very hard; Arab nationalism is strong and fierce and the Copt, Greek and Roman communities are being shaken out of old patterns. But what should religious men be unwilling to give up when the great majority of the fellahim are living lives of unutterable misery and hopelessness? And what new ways should go unexplored when one has hands and a brain and a heart? The college has a good man for Rector, Father Ayart, himself an Egyptian with years of struggle to his credit in behalf of the Upper Egypt peasant. His book on the subject has been published by the Beacon Press of Boston. He, almost alone among ranking churchmen here, has unqualified respect for President Nasser and a talking relationship with him. So there remain very interesting years as the college here struggles with Moslem politics and social explosion. The Rector has seen with tranquility the vast majority of his schools for the villages of Egypt pass into other hands—and the college may go the same way. But these losses may well be the breakthrough which the Church would never achieve in any other way—into a form of service and mission, open at length to the Moslem and Coptic worlds against which it was closed for so many years in its French and English colonial guise.

The French, English and Italians are leaving in great numbers. The engineers and technicians among them are being replaced by Russians, who are ready and willing to take on hard jobs with low salaries.

As I finish this, the city is slowing down for the great 4-day Moslem Feast of Expiation. All the minarets are illumined, tomorrow will be a day of prayer. May Moslem prayer arise with great power to the God of Abraham and Jacob—and of Christ.

## San Francisco

Dearest Dorothy,

"For those who live in God the fruit of their work does not cease." That is what the father says in Paul Claudel's beautiful play "The Tidings Brought to Mary," and it is the only consolation I have been able to find anywhere for the disappointment there is in having had a house here in San Francisco which had to be closed so soon. But it was the providence of God. Someday I hope we will have another one, and a better one. There is nothing like experience, and after all it is true that the fruit of our work, the Catholic Worker work, does not cease. The house in San Francisco is closed and that may be troublesome to me, but the house in Oakland is doing beautifully well, and Dan Shay has



opened up something fine in Detroit. The important thing is, as you say, that "the work goes on." Not only that, but I have company in my misery. Joan Abrams closed her Elijah house in Oakland and Ammon had to close his place in Salt Lake City. We cannot always be on the crest of the wave. With houses suddenly opening and closing and good work being done and then ending I keep on thinking that the whole thing resembles the activity of fireflies on a dark night moving about and blinking on and off. It is not an unpleasant sight at all.

One very fine thing at Peter Maurin House in Oakland has been the acquisition of a huge school bus of the usual size for transporting men to the fields. The bus is owned according to the legal papers by the men of Peter Maurin House on a cooperative basis. The house is their house and the bus is their bus and out of this we are hoping the sense of community will be more apt to grow. When migrants live the solitary life, putting up in hotels as they travel and going out in a different bus every day with a different group of men what kind of continuity is there to the life they lead? What kind of communion can they possibly have with each other? All of their relationships are fleeting and on a very superficial level. There is no time for cultivating friendships. Material poverty is a terrible thing unless it is really voluntary and for the sake of God, but it is worse to be poor in what is the essence of life itself. Perhaps it is foolish to talk about this poverty in the things of the spirit when everyone knows that a modicum of human comfort is necessary, that stability is necessary, stability of life and of the things that keep life going is necessary before we can begin to bear the fruits of culture and of thought, but it does not hurt to think of all these things.

Everyone who was at the house in San Francisco is relocated and doing well, but I do not know about Mr. and Mrs. Simmons who were there for the last three weeks before we closed. The new landlord, Mr. Sundar, claims that we owe him one hundred and fifty dollars rent which is purely and simply not the truth, so I will be going to the petty claims court May 22nd to straighten that out.

The meeting last night at Peter Maurin House was good. Mr. Mitsui, a member of the World Peace Study Mission which has forty one members including interpreters, gave a talk on Hiroshima. He was one of the survivors of the atomic blast. The aim of their mission is to convince the nations they visit that these weapons should all be eliminated. At the moment they are all in the U.S. They will go to France, Germany, England and so on, and, Mr. Mitsui said, he hopes to go to Moscow and to Peking.

I would write more now, but it has been so long that I think I ought to mail this before another day goes by.

Love,  
Mary Lathrop.

## CLOTHING APPEAL

As we have moved into our new farm in Tivoli, N.Y., we find ourselves in dire need of bedding. There are many more beds to cover than we had at Peter Maurin Farm. We need sheets, pillow cases, and blankets, and would be very thankful for the smallest offering. Mail to Catholic Worker, Tivoli, N.Y.

We also have the unending need of clothing, primarily for the men on the Bowery: shoes, trousers, shirts and under wear will be our primary need during the warmer months ahead. We thank you for your help.

# 90 Miles From Home

Here is the schedule of activities planned so far at our new commune, located ninety miles up the Hudson River from New York City, right outside Tivoli, N.Y.:

From June 21 to July 12, a group of young women from the International Voluntary Service will organize a work camp, devoted to the restoration and maintenance of old buildings on our premises.

From July 3 to July 5, there will be a conference on rent strikes and cooperative housing in Harlem.

From July 19 to July 25, Father Marion Casey, of Belle Plaine, Minnesota, will conduct a retreat.

From July 31 to August 2, the American Pax Association will hold a conference; main speaker

will be Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J.

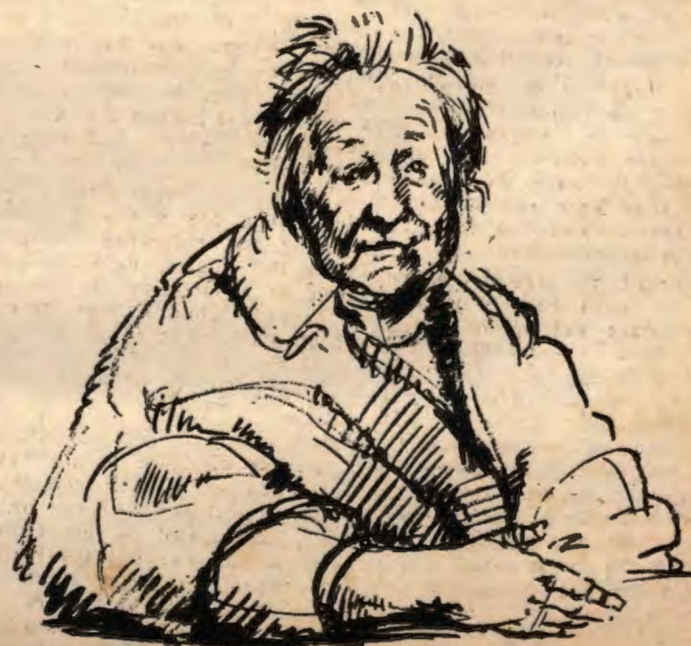
From September 4 to September 7 (Labor Day Weekend), there will be a retreat; we do not know as yet who will conduct it.

Directions: Bus. Take bus from Port Authority Terminal to Kingston, and call Catholic Worker, Tivoli.

Train: Take train from Grand Central Station to Rhinecliff, call Catholic Worker, Tivoli.

Car: Tivoli is in northwest corner of Dutchess County, and can be reached by Taconic State Parkway or New York Thruway. (Consult map for details.) From village of Tivoli, go west to end of Route 402 and take dirt road.

The phone number is PLateau 9-2761.



Ann Leggett

## JOSEPHINE, R.I.P.

The first time I came across Josephine at the Catholic Worker was during one of her appearances at a Friday night meeting. She was wearing a low-cut, yellow, evening dress which she told us she wore especially for weekends. I couldn't believe my eyes—she looked like a grotesque, aged Ophelia or a caricature of a fairy queen. She was eventually shuffled from the meeting after causing some disturbance. Our next encounter was in the clothing room where I distributed clothes. Each week she would appear with a different and imaginative tale of what happened to the clothes we had given her the last week. Very often, it was the tale of some interesting thief she had "entrusted" with them. It didn't matter for I never could refuse her. I found, quite to my amazement, that I really liked and enjoyed her stories.

One can get "impersonal" to the people one serves. It's the easiest way out on the nerves. Josephine never allowed anyone to treat her "impersonally." With her it wasn't "business" or a "handout"; it was a person-to-person encounter. She worked on you until you had to "respond" positively or negatively. When she asked you for a bandage (she was usually bruised either from falls or beatings), you know better than to procrastinate for a minute. Her needs were "immediate" and she'd tolerate no delay. Not that she was a nag. It was never that way because of her fantastic sense of humor. Fantastic, in the face of living on the streets (she preferred their freedom and excitement). She was an alcoholic with an ailing liver, always bruised and abused, begging for the next meal and drink. How did she escape despair? The answer may be in the mystery of her humor. When feeling especially exuberant she serenaded the kitchen and office with her most prized possession—a harmonica. The Bowery was a way of life which she accepted and, you might say, made the most of. She would tell a variety of stories of how she got here. She claimed to have become an alcoholic while a nurse. She said she had a husband somewhere and a child. She could have been any age from fifty to eighty.

Her last years were spent as music-maker and clown—harming no one and bringing laughter to some. She died in the hospital ward of the poor. It was a hard life which she managed to transcend—as though by magic.

Jean Forest.



# ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

kept in dead storage. A certain amount goes also for "foreign aid" which usually means too our occupation of territory for missile bases, and for alliances. Not much money is given without strings attached.

The thing to do was not only to rejoice in our windfall but to spend it as quickly as possible. I certainly felt that God, our Father, who is a personal God, a personal Father, who sees our needs, who foresees the means we must have to do the kind of work we envision, directly intervened here.

We could have inherited money or unencumbered property. No one would have objected to this. I could have written a best seller, perhaps. The fact of the matter was that we were caught in a land boom. A piece of property which we paid \$16,000 for could be sold for \$175,000. This was the prospect before us.

The sum before we were through all the negotiations was whittled down to a smaller amount. First of all there was a payment of \$25,000 on the signing of the contract almost a year ago. Five thousand of that went to a lawyer who was extricating us from a mistake which would have permitted another speculator to have the property on a ten year mortgage with a comparatively small down payment and "no interest." Charles Butterworth and I were sued for seventy thousand dollars and five thousand dollars or delivery of the property, which suits dragged on for months until they were dealt with out of court on the payment of fifteen thousand dollar settlement. I felt this was theft on the part of the unscrupulous real estate dealer, but "business is business."

Actually \$12,000 was contributed by a new buyer. We paid \$3,000 to the first dealer and three thousand to the first agent. Which made six thousand less on the \$175,000 offered. The twenty thousand left over after the initial payment to the lawyer went to pay an accumulation of bills which had plagued the CW family for some time. It costs us a thousand dollars a month in rents in the city and another seventy thousand or more dollars a year to keep our two large households going in city and country which means the total support of sixty people, not counting our breadline and the daily petty cash outlay which is anything but petty.

The new farm, which comprises sixty-five acres cost \$78,000 and a nine passenger International Harvester station wagon will set us back another three thousand five hundred. We sold the mortgage at an eighteen per cent discount which lops off another ten thousand or more. But we have no interest to pay and no interest to take and since we sold the mortgage to the very people, a family which bought the place, we are not putting them in the position of paying interest. But we have not converted them by any means from the desire to make money on the Staten Island property by chopping it up into lots and building on it houses similar to a greater or lesser degree to those you see advertised in other developments to sell for \$19,999 with a long term mortgage which will all but double the price. Indeed, one buyer of such a house once said to me that the house he was buying would fall apart before he had the mortgage paid off. These jokes one sees portrayed in cartoons where the wall of one apartment collapses when leaned against to show some young couple at table, or some young lady in the tub, are an indication of what is happening in the building line. A grim joke indeed.

I have not all the figures handy, but what with penalties, fees to two agents, discounts and so on, not to speak of our purchasing our new home for cash, there will remain enough of the money to

pay all debts and to get through the summer on.

## Tivoli

For a time we wondered what to call the new place which boasted of three buildings. The old de Peyster mansion which is at present uninhabitable aside from two little apartments built into it for summer guests, will eventually be repaired. On one great cornerstone the words Beata Maria were chiselled and on another Watts, the names of two of the de Peyster children evidently. So we thought at first of calling the place Beata Maria, as we had called the farm at Easton. That was too hard for many of our readers and visitors to remember, so we decided to call the whole place, the Catholic Worker Farm; the first old school house, the Peter Maurin House; the second Beata Maria, and the third house in which we are living, St. Joseph's. Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli, New York, will be our address.

Originally there had been the mansion of one of the river barons, then the stables were remodelled into the school dormitory building where our Holy Cross correspondent worked over thirty years ago.

The school building was used and so was the mansion. We have already started the library and chapel in the Peter Maurin House. And in St. Joseph's house, everyone from Peter Maurin Farm and from the beach houses are by now almost moved in. Stanley has set up his press in one dusty room of the mansion; and the two apartments will be occupied by Lorraine and her sons and a professor from Purdue and his wife and children who are coming to help us get started this summer.

## Past History

After the school no longer functioned at Tivoli, the land army took over during the second world war, and again the dormitories were used by young people who worked in the crops up and down the Hudson valley. Then I understand the Jehovah's Witnesses took over and ran the place as a camp and farm for a time. The last owner was John Mastriion and his family, who ran the place as a resort for families and the place was beautifully built up with new roof, rooms for families, big dining room and kitchen, recreation room and swimming pool.

When I read the ad in the New York Times, it said "suitable for a religious group" and since they mentioned three houses I thought that here would be room to grow and to house the groups that came to us for discussion and retreat so many times during the year.

The fact that the Good Friday over a year ago had seen two hundred young people descending on Peter Maurin farm to spend the day and night before going on with their pilgrimage to the United Nations; and that the Labor Day week end crowd was made up of one hundred and forty peace workers, made me the more convinced that this was something we needed. So after visits in December and January, and actually no visits to any other places, a down payment was made and then all we had to do was to wait to get the money in hand to complete the purchase. In the spring Mr. Mastriion, his son and some of his relatives came and put in a new boiler in the main house and started it to working, and stayed to show us how to operate the pool, the pump and the reservoir. He and his family had been coming up summers for the past eight or nine years and they were sorry to leave the place, but the father, for whom the place had originally been purchased, had died, and so the family wished to concentrate their work in the Sheepshead Bay area where they lived and the New York city area where John Mastriion worked in construction. We found him generous and cooperative to a degree,

and are intensely grateful to the family for all the loving work they put into this project not only when they themselves were the owners, but for us, to get us started up there. I told them when they left us, when their work was finished, that I would be remembering them when we said our nightly rosary and comply together. And they assured us they would remember us too.

This is not too complete an account and is written with many interruptions and distractions and again we beg our readers to excuse us for long delaying the answering of letters. During the course of our moving from the Peter Maurin Farm, the beach houses, and some folk from the city also to the land—the transferring of files, past and present, trays of mail, answered and unanswered and to be filed,—all have gotten into an awful hodge podge and a lot of sorting out of papers will have to take place. But on the one hand, Marquette University Library is receiving our archives. If they are not already



SAINT PAUL

discouraged at the masses of material they have received, we can ship a lot more off to them. And on the other hand, I am reading a delightful book, Maryknoll's First Lady, by Sister Jeanne Marie, published by Dodd Mead and Company and learning about all the hard beginnings and paper work they had to do, and so am less discouraged at not having been more successful even after thirty years in getting our own files in order. Will we ever, undisciplined laymen as we are, be any more orderly? Just now some students came in, and after an hour with them, I must stir up my desk still more to find some lost sheets and articles to go off to the printer. It is the same with Tom Cornell, with Martin Corbin, with all editors of wide interests, it would seem. Humans and books and papers are inextricably mixed up.

Let us hope that this is our last move, in the rural area at least. Stanley, the Melancholy Slav says that doubtless the state will decide some day to put a Thruway along the river. But I doubt it. Expressways and urban renewal may mean other moves in the city but we will be in our same district, God willing, for many years to come.

## ERIC GILL

"Let peacemakers remember. Let them above all remember that it is no manner of good preaching peace unless we preach the things that make for peace—that even the love of our fellow men is no good unless it means giving rather than taking, yielding rather than holding, sharing rather than exclusive possession, confederation rather than sovereignty, use rather than profit. And it means the subordination of the man of business and the dealer and moneylender both in the world and, even more, in our own hearts."

"Last Essays"

# CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 1)

They came back all rested-looking and sun-tanned. Trial will be June 17. They tell us that the Fair is a picketer's paradise, one outrage after another to picket. And at the General Motors Pavilion they give away buttons that say, "I have seen the Future" (and it works?).

## Tivoli

Arthur J. Lacey, sorely missed at Chrystie Street, is residing at the new farm at Tivoli. Peter Lumsden, Chris and I hauled furniture, farm equipment, the library and odds and ends up to Tivoli in rented trucks twice. It has been quite a job. Barney McCaffrey helped with his VW microbus. The farm is splendid, more beautiful than I had imagined. Peter stayed up there to help with the farming, and Chris vacationed for a week.

## Speakers

Our regular Friday night meetings have featured Danny Avant of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, (SNCC) who spoke of the Mississippi summer project of voter registration. Every time we have come into contact with the young men of SNCC we have been impressed with their maturity. Even twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two year olds, Negroes, for the most part, are extremely articulate, full of energy, courage and confidence. They face terrific danger, even death, in their work in the South. They are forced to develop early the qualities of leadership that will carry their movement through to victory.

Judith and Julian Beck of the Living Theatre spoke on their trial. They are well known not only for their Living Theatre, an experimental group that has contributed greatly to the theatre in this country with such productions as The Connection and The Brig, but also for their leadership in the General Strike for Peace movement. They are having difficulties with the tax-man. They chose to use their meagre profits to pay their employees rather than to send in the required withholding taxes that had been long due. The government closed them down and confiscated their property. So Julian and Judith staged a bootleg production of The Brig, in the theatre from which they had been locked out. The audience climbed in through a window.

Tony Brown of the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA) spoke of the Walk from Quebec to Guantanamo, Cuba. The Walk is now in Miami, trying to find a way to get to Cuba. The integrated nature of the Walk led to many important engagements with authorities in segregated southern towns, which we have reported in past issues of the CW. Bill Horvath came to speak of the cooperative movement and cooperative housing in particular. He brought us up to date on some aspects of the Harlem rent-strike. It is hoped that the awareness and the solidarity of tenants, growing out of the rent-strike will lead to cooperative developments.

## Visitors

We are always glad to welcome visitors, at any time and in any number. If large groups intend to visit, we appreciate notice in advance. Two groups of students came this month, one from Uniondale High School in Uniondale, Long Island, with teachers, Mr. Crowley and Mr. McCabe; another came from Resurrection School in Rye, N.Y., with their teachers Sr. David Miriam, Sr. Maura and a second generation CW, Sr. Mary Turibius. They are Sisters of Charity. After getting the grand tour of Siloe House, the men's and women's clothing rooms, floors one, two, and three, they were put to work sorting out clothes. We sincerely hope they didn't get any lice.

## May Day 1964

The CW was first sold on May Day, 1933, at Union Square, during a meeting of leftists. This year I was invited to speak at a similar

event. The names of Pope John and St. Joseph the Worker might have seemed unusual in such a setting, but they ought not to be. It was a thrilling meeting for me, and I am grateful for the invitation to attend and address it.

## May 16, 1964 Armed Forces Day

Again at Union Square, this time for an anti-conscription demonstration, sponsored by ourselves, the War Resisters League, CNVA and the Student Peace Union. About one hundred and fifty attended. For the first stage we carried placards with anti-conscription slogans, then there were speakers at a sound truck. Dave McReynolds was chairman. Robert Gore, of CORE and Julian Beck were most effective speakers. Then Chris Kearns and I led the third phase, a draft-card burning. We warned the prospective civil disobedients of the nature of their act. This is a criminal offense carrying a heavy penalty, if the authorities wish to press the issue. All violations of the draft law carry the same possible penalty, five years and \$10,000. Twelve young men stepped up, identified themselves over the loudspeakers, and dropped their flaming draft-cards into my mop bucket. There were three recognized FBI men in attendance, but no move to question the young men who had thus symbolically severed their relations with Selective Service. We hope that this event will usher in a vigorous campaign to eliminate the draft from our nation by all peace groups at every possible level.

## Trips

A very stimulating group at St. John's in Jamaica, Long Island, engaged me in a discussion of disarmament. It was a smaller group than we had hoped. Many had gone to Manhattan that evening for the Goldwater rally at Madison Square Garden.

I have not had an opportunity to report on my three day tour of Cincinnati, Lexington and Berea, Kentucky, in March. Eight talks in three days. The audiences were widely different, at Xavier, the University of Kentucky, Mount St. Joseph and Berea College. Ed and Pat Morin set up the dates, chauffeuring me around the countryside. Betty and Joe Molledous at Berea were our hosts there. I am very grateful to them for their hospitality and their warmth. Monica joined me in Cincinnati and we went together to her parents' home in Elyria, near Cleveland. Monica stayed for two weeks.

Whenever anyone asks us to speak, we simply say yes, almost automatically, so when Dan Seeger of the American Friends Service Committee asked me to participate as a speaker at a Quaker week-end institute on "Images of Man" I complied at once. Then when I found out that I was sharing the platform with such formidable authorities as Louis Fischer, Gandhi's biographer, Dr. Marion Dobrosielski of the Polish Embassy in Washington, Tony Pearce of the Department of Government at NYU and Norman Whitney, the Friends' top man in peace education, I was more than a little apprehensive. But the message of the CW is strong enough to make up for my deficiencies, and the week-end went extremely well. Everyone seemed to groove together, as one talk built upon the others.

## The Work

Back at Chrystie Street: Ed Forand and Monica, Walter Kerell and Clare Bee, Pete, Pat, Bill, John, Alice, Fred, Nick, Bob Stuart, Stanley, Sully, Mike and all the others were doing the work that I was talking about, feeding the hungry, clothing the ill-clad, breaking up fights and trying to keep the fire of the Spirit alive in our own hearts and in others.



# Lawyers & Nonviolent Demonstrations

(Continued from page 2)

plaint much less bring it to the stage of "the last resort." Some injustices, furthermore, place their victims in such pain, humiliation and moral peril that the minority group inflicted by them, has not merely a right but conceivably a duty to bring them to public attention by some dramatic event spectacular conduct.

The orderly processing of complaints through appropriate tribunals may therefore be the usual way of bringing justice to citizens. But non-white citizens whose burdens are manifestly extraordinary should not in all cases be required to wait for relief until an apathetic white majority becomes conscious of their grievances and ready to redress them.

2. Although direct action in violation of a law may under some circumstances be deemed moral even though it is not the only course of conduct available to these protesting, it should be stressed that non-violent demonstrations are by nature extraordinary. Part of their value is their dramatic effect, an effect which is impossible to sustain if protests become routine and expected.

Direct action, furthermore, must be proportionate to the injustice sought to be corrected. Massive non-compliance with a law by a substantial number of people cannot be justified unless it is directed towards the correction of a proportionately serious injustice. 3. A third requirement for the justification of conduct otherwise illegal is the nature and importance of the moral rights sought to be vindicated. Mere personal preferences or indeed the assertion of any rights not grounded in the very heart of our constitutional privileges and moral conceptions can hardly justify activities which cause serious inconvenience to large numbers of persons.

So much then for some of the emerging standards by which lawyers and others can judge the morality of conduct which may be in violation of some statute or at least which intrudes in a notable way into the peaceful lives of other individuals. Now let us turn to an equally important and possibly even more complex problem—by what norms do lawyers judge not the legality or morality of direct action but the effectiveness and wisdom of such conduct.

## II. Effectiveness and Wisdom of Non-Violent Action

A lawyer's responsibility to his client includes the duty of imparting that counsel and advice by which the client can successfully and expeditiously achieve his objectives. Any counsellor today would urge the non-white minority in America to negotiate with the majority, to bargain in good faith, to arbitrate and to use every device to bring the Negroes of the nation into the mainstream of American culture.

But it is not so easy for a counsellor to know what to advise with regard to the extent, the duration and the militancy of the non-violent direct action which in the past summer of discontent seemed to accomplish so much in so short a time. It is in this area particularly that the lawyers by their education and their experience, are not particularly competent to evaluate popular reaction to direct action by minority groups. Yet in order to give counsel lawyers should be able to determine whether the activities of their clients are in fact achieving their long-range objectives. Let us therefore try to analyze some of the complex facts and issues involved in the question of

the effectiveness and wisdom of direct non-violent action. Three of these issues center on the following problems: 1. White reaction to Negro Militancy, 2. The use of children in Negro demonstrations, 3. Communication between the Negro and the white communities.

### White Reaction to Negro Militancy

It appears more certain all the time that a strenuous and continuous campaign of non-violent direct action is the only way—or at least the principal way—by which the American Negro can attain freedom. We can therefore expect to hear more about the philosophy of Gandhi and the spectacular results of his crusade of non-violence for the liberation of India. For Gandhi, as for an increasing number of American Negroes, non-violence is not merely a technique; it is a way of life.

There appears to be little serious doubt about the effectiveness of non-violent action. But there seems to be growing misgivings about the wisdom of continuing events which may cause disaffection and animosity toward the Negro minority among members of the white community.

This reaction, reported to exist among some white persons, suggests several points. First of all is not the white reaction precisely the sort of effect which the demonstrations are calculated to produce? If apathy turns into antipathy the Negro cause has not been harmed since nothing beneficial to the Negro community can come out of apathy while nothing worse than the present state of the Negro can be inflicted on him by white antipathy to his claim. At least his claims have been heard—for the first time—and if the first reaction to them is antipathy or antagonism the second white reaction may be a reluctant willingness to make concessions in order that the troublesome challenges to the white apathy terminate. Little but good therefore can come from adverse white reaction to direct non-violent activities.

In light of this view of the situation a counsellor may and indeed must urge the Negro community not to be deterred from their crusade by reports of unfavorable reaction by some white citizens or groups. A termination or even a slow-down by Negro groups in their campaign of non-violent action would in fact confirm the stereotype of the Negro held by some whites as a person who does not possess even the average drive, determination and steadfastness of the average white man.

A lawyer counselling the Negro minority should say therefore that any alleged adverse reaction among the whites may be an asset and not a debit. It was after all the adverse white reaction to the boycott of the buses in Birmingham that eventually brought about a victory of major dimensions!

It seems, furthermore, that a certain antagonism is the natural reaction of persons whose habitual apathy has been profoundly shaken. When white persons are made to realize that they have inhaled the invisible, odorless but poisonous gas of prejudice and bias their spontaneous reaction is to assert that they have not been as poisoned as others allege.

This defensive reaction must revert rather quickly into continued apathy or yield to a more affirmative position. The cessation or even the diminution of direct protests by the Negro community does out of deference to white antipathy may be precisely the wrong reaction at the wrong time and for the wrong reason.

### The Use of Children in Negro Demonstrations

The ethical, moral and practical dilemmas surrounding the extent and duration of direct action which we have explored may

hopefully be of service to us in discussing the problems regarding the use of children in the Negro drive for equality. Emotional outbursts that youngsters are being used as "pawns" come from many individuals who, we should remember, never cared enough to say what they now proclaim about the Negro children of Prince Edward County.

Other persons, however, are sincerely troubled that adverse consequences will come to children who share in the demonstrations of the Negro community. The fears and anxieties of these persons are more difficult to dissect than those of some white persons who say that the Negro is moving "too fast." After reflection, however, it appears that there is no good reason why children should not participate in the Negro's march for equality and justice. A lawyer or counsellor might indeed come to the conclusion that the active and continuing presence of significant numbers of children in boycotts, sit-outs and other forms of demonstrations might be the best possible technique by which the blindness and deafness of a white majority could be penetrated. It is difficult, moreover, to see how anything but good could come to the participating children—so long, of course, as no physical danger or any substantial absence



from schooling was involved. It is always an ennobling experience for children to learn at an early age of true moral principles and to protect their violations.

### Communication Between the Negro and the White Communities

A third question about the effectiveness and wisdom of direct action involves the problem of how often and in what way the Negro community must continue to answer the question—"What does the Negro want?" James Baldwin and others have pointed out that this question is at least by implication an insult; the Negro wants simply what every white American citizen wants—equal opportunity.

Despite the profound truth of Baldwin's comment Negro leaders and the Negro community must continue to answer questions, however naive and even humiliating the questions might be. This is a melancholy burden on Negroes in America and it is painful for anyone even to remind them of their burden. But if there is any one area in which the Negro revolution in 1963 fell short of its potential it is, in this writer's very fallible judgment, in a failure to communicate the basic reasons behind the American Negro's profound sense of injustice.

It may be, to be sure, that the white majority in America has been blind and deaf for so many generations that communication

adequate to cure this state of things cannot be achieved in a year or even in a generation. It is for this reason that a lawyer or a counsellor must urge the Negro community not merely to continue its fight—in the legislature, in the courts, in the streets and in the schools, but even more importantly, ceaselessly to explain, elaborate and reiterate the Negro's dreams and aspirations.

### Conclusions and Counsels

So much then for just a few of the basic moral-legal dilemmas which confront the lawyer and members of the legal profession as they view the struggles of an aroused minority for whom apparently the normal legal and political processes of guaranteeing

human equality have proved to be inadequate. Let us hope that the 225,000 lawyers of America will give more attention to this inexpressibly urgent problem. Hopefully the legal profession will follow the lead of the clergy and call a national conference on Law and Race following the example of the impressive and influential Conference on Race and Religion held in Chicago in early 1963 and attended by some 800 of the nation's religious leaders.

Let us hope that more and more white citizens will realize that their estrangement from the Negro alienates them from God.

Let us hope also that more of us will realize that non-violence, as Gandhi wrote, is "a weapon of the strong" and, as Andre Gide put it so strikingly, "the world will be saved only by the unsubmitive."

## Religion and Revolution

(Continued from page 1)

all that is arising and the old society that is in its death throes. Thus, in order to keep faith with my fundamental political opinions, I ask that your excellency accept my resignation as Minister of Education and culture."

"An active member of Catholic Action and other Christian movements since boyhood, Paulo de Tarso is at present a member of the Christian Democratic Party and the natural leader of a broad movement of the Brazilian Catholic Left."

Q. Is there a relationship between your religious beliefs and your revolutionary militancy?

A. To be a Christian in Brazil is to be a revolutionary, because capitalism is anti-human. How can the dispossessed be virtuous? Capitalism corrupts not only the dispossessed but also the possessor, who becomes the slave of his patrimony. Profit, not man, is the center of capitalism. For this reason we must strive for a more just society. A totally Christian just society does not exist, but we must seek for a close approximation.

Q. Not all Christians share your opinions . . . ?

A. No. Some Christians attempt to convert capitalism into the economic ideology of Christianity. They defend private property as the guarantee of liberty and dignity; if this were so, the result would be that only the capitalists would have the right to freedom and dignity, only the capitalists would be the true sons of God, while the rest of us would be His stepchildren. The truth is that God created things to serve man and not man to serve things. Poverty exists today because the things created by God are not divided for the benefit of all mankind.

Q. You represent the other alternative within Christianity?

A. No, there is still a third alternative: some Christian socialists know that the death of capitalism is inevitable; but they appeal to the oppressors to facilitate the change, instead of organizing the oppressed and showing them the path to their liberation.

Q. Violent liberation?

A. He who wishes to avoid bloody methods of liberation should address himself not to the revolutionaries but to the counter-revolutionaries, who are the ones who unleash violence. The revolutionary seeks rapid, profound and radical transformations of society, but he does not seek violence. It is necessary to avoid the currently prevailing violence, because we live in a violent society; poverty is a form of violence; the use of information media for the purpose of hindering liberation from poverty is violence. We want to free ourselves from this violence, because it generates further violence.

Q. What then, in your opinion,

is the correct position for a Christian to take?

A. Inasmuch as the people is synonymous with the underprivileged community, there is only one attitude; create a situation where there are neither oppressors nor oppressed. It is not vengeance that we want but an end to oppression.

Q. There are representatives of various Communist groups in the Frente de Movilizacion Popular, to which you belong. Does this mean that you make common cause with them?

A. We Christians should not be afraid that we will contaminate ourselves. Our ultimate goals differ from theirs, because we wish to see our religious values respected and we wish to impede the triumph of atheistic communism. But in order to do this we must participate actively in the revolution. We share a common viewpoint with the Communists on many issues, such as agrarian reform and the suppression of privilege in general; we can collaborate. Capitalist propaganda claims that the first duty of a Christian is to fight against atheistic communism; but communism is a future social form, whereas capitalism is the prevailing form of oppression, the one which must be combated. Furthermore, the triumph of atheism in social revolutions is due in large part to the fact that Christians have defended condemned and moribund capitalist societies and thus were left without the moral authority to make their religious values respected.

Q. Do you think that in the long run Christians can win the final battle against communism?

A. I am convinced that they can. The exploited accept communism in spite of its atheism, because of its revolutionary attitudes and not because they share its materialism. Communism is revolutionary and atheist; we are revolutionary and Christian. We have a tremendous advantage, but it is essential that we take our position in the front ranks of the revolutionary struggle.

Q. And the Marxist idea that under socialism religion will simply disappear?

A. This notion arises from a semantic confusion. Marxists confuse religious alienation, which is an offshoot of capitalism, with religion. The end of capitalism means the end of religious alienation, but not of religion itself, which on the contrary will find healthier and more valid soil on which to nourish itself. A liberated man is also free to worship his God; the poverty-stricken man cannot be virtuous.

"Disobedience without civility, discipline, discrimination, non-violence is certain destruction. Disobedience combined with love is the living-water of life." Gandhi



# TRANQUILITY

(Continued from page 3)

switch places with the hungry poor, they shall have to render an account in strict justice. How is it possible to resign ourselves to the miseries of the world when we do not want these miseries ourselves?

Was the Saturday Evening Post columnist correct when he recently complained that most clergymen he met today reminded him of Madison Avenue automatons in clerical dress, whose chief tenet is **don't offend**? Are pastors afraid to tread on the toes of their parishioners? Or will it mean an end to their air-conditioning and Miami junkets?

"I was a stranger and you took me in . . ."

In that draped guest room, complete with innerspring, bathroom hamper, sleeping pills at bedside (perhaps handy contraceptive capsules, too) where is room for the poor? It may wait idly throughout most of the year, awaiting some other likewise jaded guest. Is there room there for the needy student, the ostracized unwed mother? The Jewish or Negro student with few friends in a hostile school? For the turned out adolescent who needs a foster home?

The poor are Christ's. Consequently we must serve the poor in order to serve him. Our only hope of obtaining heaven is in meeting the exacting demands of Christ in His members. Charity is the measure. Our faith, without the poor, never gets tested.

What will voluntary poverty do for us?

Voluntary poverty diminishes our worries. What Christian, worthy of the name, has not felt, at least a few times in his life, the secret hand of God, protecting Him, indulging Him? And yet, it is amazing how few people believe in the reality of Providence, and understand that Jesus really meant what he said "Whoever loses his life, shall gain it." When the chips are down, we fall back on man-made business plans, on premiums. If Christ did not mean this, then we are wasting time in professing belief in a liar. Insurance companies have no understanding whatsoever of Providence, and even though they might have read somewhere in an Old Book that a sparrow does not fall without Our Heavenly Father knowing about it, they too are caught in the fires of consuming commerce.

Voluntary poverty helps to destroy our confidence in pieces of paper. Anyone who has lived through a depression knows the frail structure of the House of Finance. We can proceed toward God without a lot of mad complications. Poverty cuts a wide swath across the unreal world of theoretical trust which so many are anxious to profess. There is no joy like the heart that feels total dependence upon God. And when trust in Providence is given a chance, is made a live thing, tremendous enterprises spring into being. There are untold shoestring operations—social service centres, monasteries, convents, schools, hospitals, asylums, homes for the aged—down through the centuries, still going strong. One assemblage of charitable institutions in Turin, Italy, has thrived without the need for bookkeeping or knowing where the next lira is coming from. Its daily flow of needy aged, sick, lame, delinquent, dependent is never under 10,000 souls!

Renunciation is at everyone's finger tips in such simple matters as cigarettes and alcohol. Thirteen billion dollars are annually poured down suffering American throats from our nation's grog shops. This money would build a \$1,000,000 school, completely equipped, every hour, each day for the entire year! It could also eliminate poverty in a dozen countries. It could knock out one disease after another in Africa, Asia, South America. We know it. We've heard it all before in one way or another. Why then do we continue to fight for the

privilege of being a slave to the jug? Again, the happiness myth rears its head. Certainly we can live without cigarettes. We lived quite well without them before we took up the ludicrous habit. Nicotine is a major factor in cerebral hemorrhage, thrombosis and blood pressure malfunction. Quitting the habit would not only spare us the need to hide behind our little white tubes and ponderous cigars, but it would provide us with an extra hundred dollars a year, part or all of which could be spent on the adopt-a-child program, on Care packages to Hong Kong.

Cigarettes and alcohol ruin prospective leaders and thinkers. Thousands of people in every area of America would be more productive, energetic and prolong their service to the world, if they could crack down on the bottle or the filter-tip. George Bernard Shaw, the incisive playwright felt that the greatest joy in life was to be thoroughly worn out before being discarded on the scrap heap—"a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish clod of ailments and grievances." Mr. Shaw eschewed alcohol and cigarettes at a very early age, and certainly lived out his prescription for joy. Heavy alcohol users and chain-smokers are only half alive, and are worn out much before their time—if they ever had the time between cartons and fifths.

Aristotle felt that happiness was self-sufficiency. A person who has to walk in the rain at night in search of a drug store or a package goods in order to make his evening complete, is not self-sufficient. He is a slave to the Little White Tube, and the glass that cheers.

Timothy Dwight once remarked when he was president of Yale, that "The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts." Under the influence of Old Bearcat, thought is liable to become anything but interesting; chaotic, laughable, stupid, but not interesting.

Poverty in the use of such matters is eminently practical. The reason why people cling to them is because they lack sureness of their own worth. The psychoanalyst, Erich Fromm, is convinced that happiness is brought about by productivity—and, this is the root of the matter—inner productivity, he declares. Superficial people with nothing to give must constantly take in, even if it hurts.

Television, the national anaesthesia, which daily drugs millions with one shallow image after another, might serve us best, by not serving us at all. There are still some intrepid people who fall to see how switchblade sagas, or doodling pad commentators can provide much in the way of thought. Watching the parade of scummy heroes solve life's problems with razors, knees, bicycle chains and 38's sandwiched between doctors who never fail, and bewigged fan mag phonies, is a cerebral vacuum.

For those who appreciate good live drama, the outlook is almost as grim as for Wasteland addicts. Musicals with libido-packed libretto and nauseating dialogue, cater to people who have lost the

power to think. Vacuous stage plays, interlarded with sexual perversion and social misfits, can do little for the 400 millions across the world who face life each day on less than the price of a Coca-Cola.

Slick magazine that sell "images" might momentarily delude us into thinking that we are really exercising our mind, and making our own judgments, but in the long run, the petty chatter, rumor-mongering, polls, guesses and innuendoes are no substitute for thought. The reflections of the Madison Avenue "think" man with his promotions and inferences might be Metracal for the mentally slick, but are a sure way to destroy our intelligence. Thinking other men's thoughts year in and year out leads to somnolence.

Sporting events in the way of stock car racing, baseball, football, hockey and basketball consume a big share in America's pleasure budget. Much Ado About Nothing can well sum up a great portion of national sports. The recent death of Bennie Paret, the Cuban prizefighter who was hideously beaten to death while millions munched their potato chips is a cogent reminder that "red-blooded American sportsmanship" is one of the most tragic myths alive today.

Poverty should become part of our life, without affection, effrontery or effects. If poverty does not proceed from us naturally, it is in vain. We must learn to live in the country and climate of poverty until we feel at home there, and prefer to live there . . . all of the time. The old poverty of "spirit" which the comfy-cozy Christian says he practices will not meet the test. In thinking of poverty as something interior, without the external proof, we run the immense danger of having no poverty at all. In these revolutionary times, when Christ writhes in agony in so many of His members, there is no room for the poor "in spirit" routine. "Woe to you that are filled, for you shall hunger." How can we be filled all the time, and dare to say that we do not really want to be filled, but are really empty in "spirit."

Our rebellion over emotion and trinkets will pale with the diminishing of our possessions. We will understand what it was that made Thoreau declare: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation . . . Simplify . . . simplify . . . simplify!" Cravings for constant entertainment and food and novelty and sports are inexorable Masters. They can never be fully served, and in the end create an impossible situation.

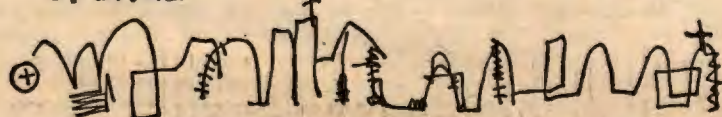
"Love one another as I have loved you . . ." By sharing in the lower estate of the poor, we shall discover our charity burning a steady glow. Our trust and confidence will grow as His providence becomes more evident. We can then honestly say with the Psalmist:

"You have held me by my right hand: and by Your will. You have conducted me, and with Your glory You have received me. For what have I in Heaven? And besides You what do I desire upon earth? For You, my flesh and my heart has fainted away. You are the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion forever . . ." (Ps. 72)



CHRISTIANITY  
IS NOTHING MORE  
THAN  
THE  
IMITATION  
OF CHRIST

ST. BASIL



Pat Ricci

# Book Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

ation in our society as a Catholic priest. This adds certain interesting dimensions to the typical dealings of the Big Wheel. He has an extremely American utilitarian outlook toward just about everything with enough added intelligence and charm to be a "winner." The Order is a team and should operate as a team, operate to win and every team needs a leader—a role Urban believes he was born to. I couldn't help rooting for Urban most of the time as he bucked stubborn odds and did most of the dirty work (like fundraising) which no one else seemed very willing or able to do.

Urban believed everything was a game of stratagems and on a certain superficial level this is true—like the game of Vatican dip-

plomatic rapport to start with, finally disintegrates and both parties suffer. The "priest" and "man" in Urban do not seem to be integrated but rather two roles that go on and off depending on circumstances. Of course, this sort of "split" is a universal problem.

J. F. Powers is a superb craftsman in the American literary tradition of disciplined clarity. His characters and dialogue are so precisely drawn that they crackle with life. He has the ability to put into exact words the tight situations we all confront and yet cannot express without awkwardness. Urban's adventures flow smoothly and excitingly along the surface and yet one is always aware of the ultimate thread of disintegration and tragedy.



M. Rigg

lomacy Urban describes, "Father Urban felt that Clement VII had been the wrong pope to deal with Henry VIII, and he wondered what the feeling was in Heaven on this point. Centuries later, Pius IX, who had begun so well, had thrown down his cards in a fit of self-righteousness, and the Church was still trying to get back in the game. A bad mistake, that, since it had left the other players at each other's mercy—and thus had prepared the way for World War I, the Russian Revolution, Mussolini and Hitler, World War II, and now the Bomb." However, when a man's clever stratagems displace the crucial necessity of his real human relationships—he becomes pitiful. As one of the characters remarks of Urban, "I mean you're an operator—a trained operator like Mrs. Leeson, and an operator in your heart—and I don't think you have a friend in the world."

I don't know if it was the author's intention, but this book reaffirmed in me again the feeling of a vast wasteland in communication between priest and layman. One often feels that the priest's "game" is not necessarily the layman's "game." In fact, very often, as frequently occurs in this novel, they actually play against each other. One is quite befuddled by the incomprehensible theological hairsplitting that can go in the clerical mind. For instance, Urban carries on a rather subtle flirtation with a sophisticated, agnostic lady, unhappily married, and when she openly responds (which is quite normal) he seems surprised. This is an example of the sort of foggy set-up that can occur between a priest and layman when honest communication breaks down. Urban is very friendly with a rich, nasty old man (major benefactor of the Order) and is always manoeuvring somewhere between the priest-spiritual director and the regular guy, buddy-buddy relationship with the man. What was a

## OWNERSHIP

"The Church upholds the right to ownership, yes; but not as the term is nowadays understood. No one is absolutely owner of anything, except God. We are only stewards. Legally a man may do what he chooses with his own; but not morally. He may not use his property against the common good; he may not waste it; he may not use it to injure his neighbor; he must use it to help his neighbor when his neighbor is in need. The miserly and irresponsible ideas we tend to fall into about property; these are the direct opposite of the teachings of the Church. We have been thinking of the Christian attitude towards material things; and we find that Christian spirit applied to property, not in those who stand by their rights and hold to what is theirs while the rest of the world may starve, but most perfectly in those early Christians who held all things in common, in St. Paul who speaks of having nothing and possessing all things, in St. Francis who took the lady Poverty for his bride, and in his friend St. Dominic, who on his deathbed bade his followers possess poverty."

—Father Gerald Vann, O.P.,  
AWAKE IN HEAVEN  
(Longmans, Green, 1948)

## Friday Night Meetings

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

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