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ON PILGRIMAGE IN CUBA: PART III

By DOROTHY DAY

On the way home from Cuba, through Mexico, I have spoken at San Antonio, Texas, the University of Minnesota Newman Club (twice) at a meeting at Mary Humphrey's in St. Cloud, at St. John's University at Collegeville, at North Dakota State College in Fargo, at Marquette University School of Journalism (twice), at the University of Chicago Calvert Club, and to small groups and at dinners which included a college president, nurses, nuns, family groups, and others.

"Do you think they will let you tell about Cuba when you get back to the United States?" a few people in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs asked me while I was still in Cuba. "They" meant of course our "imperialistic, capitalistic, militaristic government." We may be all of that, though I would hesitate to use those terms, being, as I am, a Catholic peacemaker and pacifist as well as a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Those are not the terms one uses when trying to reconcile peoples. I convinced my interrogators that there was freedom of speech and of assembly in this country even though it sometimes resulted in lynching or prison.

I am going to try not to be the occasion of sin for our opponents in the future, which means that I will try and try again to think things out, study, read more, find more authorities for our positions, stimulate others to that same study, and so express myself that I will evoke in others what is really there to be evoked—a desire to do what is right, to follow conscience, to love one's brother and find what there is of God in every man.

Listening to Maurice Friedman who teaches at Sarah Lawrence and the New School and who is the author of many books on Martin Buber, I was converted to trying harder for the I-Thou relationship. That goes for fellow Americans, fellow Cubans and fellow workers everywhere.

My meetings convince me that there is an intense interest in Cuba, whether it takes the form of wishing to invade, or to overcome the barriers between us and resume friendly relations. I pray that what I write will bring about more understanding.

Chronological

To go back to my voyage to Cuba, the fact of note was that the tourist class was filled with families returning with all their household goods. I went to Cuba on the Guadalupe and left on the Covadonga, ships of the Spanish Line which sail from Barcelona to New York, Havana and Vera Cruz once a month. The Guadalupe sailed in September and the Covadonga in October, and that was the last voyage. The Transatlantica announced that no more ships of that line would put in at Havana. This was before the crisis and it was almost as though they knew a week ahead of time of what was to come.

This morning I went to Mass at St. Rita's church where there are Masses each morning at 7:30; 8:15; and 9 a.m. and in the evening rosary at six thirty and Mass again at seven. There is also a holy hour each day at five thirty for the children. Perhaps it is a way of instructing them now that the Catholic schools are closed.

The side chapel was full of worshippers and I stayed for two Masses. One of the priests heard confessions before the Masses. Those who served the Mass were youths of sixteen or eighteen.

The main church was being painted though it seemed to me a very new church and I had been told it had been built by an American Augustinian who had built two other churches on the island and also had started a clinic. Since it is the feeling of many of the well to do and well educated Catholic that one is a traitor to one's faith if one does not make the effort at least to emigrate, it is hard for those to remain. They had had the heartbreaking experience too of seeing their friends and brothers coming back with the invasion and being taken prisoner. Every appeal to youth is made on both sides, of course, and both sides think themselves serving a holy cause. There is no knowledge of any kind of pacifism and Catholic as well as Socialist believe that there is nothing nobler than for a man to bear arms for his country. "Youth demand the heroic," Claudel wrote.

Credentials

After Mass I took bus number 32 down towards the ministry of Foreign Relations where I was supposed to pick up my credentials. I had been there yesterday morning and filled out forms, answered questions as to what magazines I wrote for as well as our own, and then was directed to get four photographs to be brought back the next day.

Raul Lazo, the young man in charge of the section for foreign correspondence asked me what I particularly wished to see and again I asked about the granjos, the collectivos, the schools, clinics, students picking coffee, housing cooperatives and so on. I said I should also like to go and see Guantanamo naval base,—just to stand there and look at it, the Hong Kong of Cuba. And then, I said, I should like to write to President John Kennedy and ask him to voluntarily relinquish it, as a great and unprecedented gesture of good will, which would have tremendous moral effect on the entire world. Of course he would be impeached at once. But such a mad gesture would not be without its effect.

Senor Lazo was young enough and serious enough to recognize my desire. After all, this is a country where a revolution was begun with a handful of men.

I had been escorted yesterday by Jean Curtis Hagelberg who is the lawyer Rabinowitz's representative in Havana. Her husband works for HOY, one of the three daily papers. She has three children and lives not too far from the ministry. She knows Gert Granich, Mike Gold's sister in law, an old friend of mine in Mexico where she lived for five years. She told me of the murder of one of the leaders of the peasants in Mexico, a communist. They came by night and took him, last April, and his family insisted on going with him, so all were shot, one a pregnant woman. The blood of martyrs is the seed of communism.

I was always getting lost in Havana when I travelled by myself. I took the bus, as directed but in-

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Resurrection

By ALLAN STEHLING

During the month of November, as a kind of prelude to the apocalyptic theme of Advent, the Church's thoughts are directed to her dead, "those who sleep." "Sleep" is the discreet expression used throughout the New Testament to designate the state of those who in the grave await the Resurrection. Resurrection, rather than immortality of the soul, was the hope of the early Christians. It is unfortunate that the Greek notion of the soul as immortal in itself, as possessing a life independent of the body, should have crowded out of later Christian thought the more authentic belief in the Resurrection as a fresh creative act on the part of God. Belief in the immortality of the soul comes to us from the Phaedo of Plato, not from the New Testament. For the former, death is the liberating friend who sets the soul free from its bodily prison so that it may dwell in its natural habitat, the realm of ideas; for the latter, death is the terrible "last enemy" who has been conquered by the Death and Resurrection of Christ. For St. Paul and for the early Church, an historical event—the Resurrection of Christ—was the pledge of the Resurrection of every faithful follower of Christ. Here is one of the most fundamental divergences between Greek and Judaeo-Christian thought: for the one, hope of life beyond the tomb is based on philosophical speculations; for the other, on an event which took place in time. Inseparable from the notion of the immortality of the soul is the equally Hellenic dualism, body vs. soul, not at all the same thing as the Pauline spirit vs. flesh, which are two opposing transcendental forces entering man from without. The idea of the material body as evil and the immaterial soul as good is diametrically opposed to Judaeo and early Christian anthropology, yet it has strongly influenced Christian thought and asceticism.

Body and soul are on an equal

plane God's creation and the future spiritual body or Resurrection-body (why do later writers prefer "glorified body?") represents a new creation, a part of the New Heaven and the New Earth. This, then, is all that the New Testament tells us concerning life after death: God will raise up for each one of us a new spiritual body like to Christ's Resurrection-body; as for the interval between death and resurrection, there is almost total silence, a reverent agnosticism, one might say. One word, "sleep," slightly elaborated by Saint Paul's simile of the seed lying dormant in the ground, breaks this silence. The Nicene Creed, composed at a time when theology was well on its way to hellenization, is in harmony with the New Testament when it says: "and I look for the Resurrection of the dead . . ." (not "of the flesh" as the so-called Apostles' Creed would have it). And why should we demand further theological precision? Is not the promise of Resurrection, with Christ's Resurrection as our surety, a body incorruptible (but still a body) for the old body corruptible, infinitely more substantial than Plato's "beautiful possibility" of survival as a disembodied soul?

In presenting this brief summary of Cullman's book, my purpose was not to imply that theology has been false to a classic Christian belief, but rather to call attention to a shift in emphasis from Resurrection to immortality which took place rather early in Christian theology and is still current, and to the regrettable fact that, as Cullman says, if the Christian on the street were asked, "What is the Christian teaching about life after death?" he would in almost every case answer, "The immortality of the soul," rather than "Resurrection."

It is to be noted further that "All Souls' Day" is an entirely false rendering of the Latin which, literally translated, is "Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed" and that the expression "Poor Souls" is late and unfortunate.

Easy Essay

By PETER MAURIN

Passing The Buck

In the first centuries

of Christianity
the hungry were fed
at a personal sacrifice,
the naked were clothed
at a personal sacrifice,
the homeless were sheltered
at a personal sacrifice,

And because the poor

were fed, clothed and sheltered
at a personal sacrifice,
the pagans used to say
about the Christians,
"See how they love each other."

In our own day

the poor are no longer
fed, clothed and sheltered
at a personal sacrifice,
but at the expense
of the taxpayers.

And because the poor

are no longer
fed, clothed and sheltered
at a personal sacrifice,
the pagans say about the Christians,
"See how they pass the buck."

Conscience at the United Nations

By ANNE TAILLEFER

In an age when every common man risks being brainwashed by the propaganda of fear, it is an urgent duty to pause a while and examine ourselves under the light of a definition by the English playwright Robert Bolt, in the Preface of his current Broadway success: *A Man for All Seasons*.

" . . . It may be that a clear sense of the self can only crystallize around something transcendental, in which case our prospects look poor, for we are rightly committed to the rational. I think that the paramount gift of our thinkers, artists, and for all I know, our men of science, should labor to get us a sense of self-hood without resort to magic . . . (this) must serve as my explanation for treating Thomas More, a Christian Saint, as a hero of self-hood."

Conversely, Berthold Brecht, in *MAN IS MAN*, interpreted this season by the admirable cast of the Living Theatre, shows us an ordinary man forced, through grotesque circumstances, propelled by fear, to become a soldier against his own volition.

On the huge, cosmic stage of the United Nations, where policies of ideological blocks steal the scene and confuse the issue; where the truth, very often, is quite another thing from what the public—and even many officials—ingest, this very self-hood proves to be the only effective weapon against evil powers. It is quite rare, but it is; its presence has been felt, heard and recognized.

Balance Sheet

The long shadows of Dag Hammarskjöld's death, that may have been his conscience's cost, are still upon us, and the great cry of Conor Cruise O'Brien claiming the secret of Katanga is now being published; this for last year's budget! But the burning summer brought us face to face with a new specimen of humanity, in the person of a rosy, white haired, typical English country squire of seventy-five, or so, Sir Gore Brown, who petitioned the Committee of Seventeen, for the Independence of Northern Rhodesia, at the side of Kenneth Kaunda, the African Nationalist Leader. This old gentleman heralded a new race, that of the White African: "Of course I love them," he said, (of the Africans), "they have been so good to me; they took me in." He told us how his grandson, seeing an English mission arriving from London, shouted: "Freedom, Freedom!"

Still concerned with the Rhodesias, but Southern Rhodesia now, we witness the volte face of the not so young angry Englishman, Sir Hugh Foot, of the United Kingdom's Delegation, as eighty nations or so passed judgment on Britain, who, in spite of her protests to the contrary, has every power over this territory, paradoxically set free more than thirty years ago, but effectively still in dire bondage. In a breath-taking coup de theatre, Sir Hugh resigned from the Trusteeship Council, and declared in a press conference that he could no longer support his country's policies. He then congratulated the Afro-Asiatics for their unswerving stand. This took a lot of courage and personal renunciation, no doubt. It may have been that he could no longer meet the level gaze, on the other side of the table of his compatriot, the Reverend Michael Scott, a petitioner, in the stead of Joshua N'Kono, the Nationalist leader, whose Zimbabwe African Party has been banned, and his own movements restricted.

Michael Scott is a perennial at the UN, petitioning for the past fourteen years for South West Africa. Between General Assemblies he roams from Accra to New Delhi, protesting injustice. He has built up the African Bureau, in London, the World Peace Brigade, and is a leader in anti-nuclear demonstrations, whether in England or the Sahara; jails, have

housed him often. At the UN he has truly been the pioneer of self-hood, as has long stood, a lonely figure crying out for truth, a voice in the desert. But this autumn, for a few days, he was lonely no more, he found a companion.

There are many striking and picturesque figures at the great world organization, and the enchanted visitor, if he has a poetic eye, may sometimes feel like Marco Polo. Graceful women draped in saris or dazzling cottons fly past, forceful Africans, still wearing the Roman toga and iridescent caps, people the councils; a minute Japanese in a huge obi, may hand you a document, and a sombre sheik precede you at the Post Office.

Abbe Berenguer

When the Algerian Delegation, headed by Ben Bella, amid delirious applause, took its seats in the General Assembly, the figure behind the prime minister, if not at all colorful, was at least unprecedented; the worn cassock of a Roman Catholic priest took second place among the Moslems. It robed the Abbe Alfred Berenguer, pastor

recent visit. He considers Fidel Castro a very great man indeed, primarily spiritually.

There are rare moments when time stops and something ineluctable happens. When Michael Scott, the ascetic clergyman, and Father Berenguer, the ebullient country priest, gripped hands, each met his peer: "You have redeemed us, Father!" exclaimed the Anglican. "I had heard of you long before I was known," answered the Catholic. There was no need for explanation. They both knew. Knew what it means to cast away all tradition and allegiance and just to wonder—in the name of their Church—what Christ would have done—and then to follow their conscience at all cost. This short scene, an interlude at Ben Bella's official reception at the UN, could have been written by Claudel. Against a background of stars and moon, staring through the glass walls of the nations of the world, sainthood and selfhood said their short piece before disappearing into the shadows. Not only on the side of Christianity! The guests, many of whom had been friends in the dark hours, were overwhelmed by the host's personality, unexpectedly youthful, gentle, humble and serene, while one might have expected to see a tough or bitter man, or one dazzled by his triumph. Next to self-hood one met selflessness. Suddenly the epic hero bent tenderly over a wheel-chair where sat a radiant young girl, whose empty skirt fell limp over absent legs. "We did that," wailed a Frenchman. "Not us, the O.A.S.," gently corrected Father Berenguer. The wounded were there; the dead were everywhere as they had been, crowding the inaugural speeches in the General Assembly. Not only the Arab dead but also the French whose sacrifice was eloquently invoked by the Algerian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who also called out to France to release the prisoners: all those whose conscience had been dearer to them than any living privilege. The small but indomitable group who had wiped away all the horror and all the blood in the mind and heart of this Arab people whose outstanding virtue is forgiveness. This to a degree that startles many Christians who seem to have but a blurred memory of "Love thine Enemy" and who these days make a virtue of hatred. If you do not hate the Russians, Chinese and Cubans, in their eyes you are a traitor!

Men of All Seasons

It was a sober gathering in more ways than one, for Ben Bella had forbidden the serving of any alcoholic beverage; alcohol is a scourge at present in Algeria and he believes in example rather than in repression. But because of this the party did not take over the people but the people took over the party; it was a meeting of souls. A calm joy, that of work well done filled the air, a joy of Moslem and Christian edifying each other. It was a perfect United Nations gathering for, as many speeches have pointed out, the result would never have been obtained without the pressure of world opinion through the United Nations. It was a great lesson and a great experience as men for all seasons took their stand and bowed one instant before the common man.



of Montagnac, (Oran), a second generation French Algerian, to whom the New York Times spared two chaste lines, asserting that "He had taken an early interest in the independence of Algeria." He most certainly had, to the extent that it gained him a ten year prison sentence—in abstinence—by a French military tribunal. It also gained him the fervent gratitude of the Arabs, and he was elected Deputy in their Assembly when independence came. He accepted, pressed by the heroic Bishop (soon Cardinal) of Algiers, and the ultra conservative Bishop of Oran. And thus his friends, in New York, for a few days, could answer his reverent eight o'clock Mass at the Cathedral, and then see him hurry off to a council with Ben Bella.

His was not an unknown name to the Catholic Worker, he visited both the Farm and the beach cottages three years ago, at the time when he was shadowed by the French Secret Police. Everybody loved his utterly non-violent attitude in small things, and as he expressed it, quoting Claudel, "his Christian tragic optimism." A ray of hope passed in the eyes of a Jewish friend of Dorothy's, in her care at the time and dying of cancer, as lengthily and compassionately blessed her, at her request. On leaving New York, he spent three years or so in Latin America, pleading for the Algerian refugees, with headquarters in Cuba. This made him ideally suited to accompany the Algerians on their

"We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by this military-industrial complex. This conjunction of an immense military establishment with a large arms industry is new in American experience. Its total influence—economic, political, even spiritual—is felt in every city, every statehouse, every office of the federal government."

From the farewell address of Dwight D. Eisenhower, January 17, 1961.

On Pilgrimage to Cuba

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stead of proceeding east on the Avenue of the Presidents it turned south and began its meandering course through the city. When you pay your eight cents fare (two cents additional for transfer) you get a little ticket like a receipt and on the back of each one is a saying of one or another of the revolutionary leaders. During the course of the morning, in finding my way, I collected three of them.

La Revolucion delante y los revolucionarios a la ofensiva siempre.—Dr. Osvaldo Dorticos. Patria o Muerte.

Estudia: Estamos construyendo un pueblo de hombres capacitados. Inscríbete en los Cursos de Seguimiento y Superación Obrera. Patria o Muerte.

Orientar, no gobernar, en todos los niveles, es la función del Partido. Dr. Fidel Castro. Patria o Muerte.

My ride was very pleasant and I finally made the conductor understand with the assistance of half the bus where I wanted to go. They identified me first as Russ, then as American. I got off at the railroad station with a transfer and was told to take a 103 bus. I bought a copy of Bohemia, a monthly, which is only twenty cents. I opened to the picture of George Bernard Shaw with the inscription underneath: in Spanish of course, "The United States is the only nation in history which has passed from feudalism to decadence without any intermediate steps."

Bohemia

(There is a Bohemia published in the United States which is against the revolution.)

I bought also a copy of El Mundo, one of three dailies which cost five cents. Revolution was founded by Fidel. Hoy always was the communist paper, and El Mundo has 2 columns of Catholic news every Sunday though of course it is not a Catholic paper.

There was time between buses to look over the news stands in the station, and of course there are many such in every Plaza. The Russians are way ahead of us there. The stands are flooded with Spanish translations of every kind of novel, with history, science, theory and so on.

There was Moby Dick by Melville, Anna Karenina by Tolstol; Mother by Maxim Gorki. There were Darwin, Engels, Marx and Jose Marti and many others, a wealth of cheap paper backs and many popular science books. There were the Illad and the Odyssey. Also a history of the world by H. G. Wells. All kinds of stuff to testify to the hunger of the poor for knowledge.

In addition to the books, which contained many primers too of Spanish grammar, reading, declensions, etc. there are the popular slogans everywhere. "Eternal glory to the martyrs of Mondado." "Children are born to be happy." "The revolution is made for the children." And of course the little verses chanted by the students from all the trucks on the way to the Sierra Maestre.

I don't drink whiskey,

I don't drink tea.

I am going to Oriente To pick coffee.

One bus I took gave me an interesting ride through the Central Park, past the Capital which is a copy of our own, past the statue of Jose Marti, along the harbor with its bars for sailors, pilots, navy, etc. everything looking incredibly poor and shabby now that the revolution has taken over. "But of course there still are night clubs, and they are good," one young girl from the militia said indignantly. All hotels are nationalized and there are no more red light districts.

One bus was marked Old Havana and we went through the most crowded sections and the narrowest streets I have ever seen except our own down town financial district in New York at noon.

But it was not the right bus and

after half an hour I found myself back at the railroad station where I had a delightful drink of mixed fruit juices and took a cab to the ministry. I had another good drive along the Malicon where there was some fishing going on, and finally reached the ministry at eleven. There I received my card with my picture pasted on (by the stubby finger of the clerk) and was given an official stamp.

The National Hospital

I had brought to Cuba some cartons of hospital supplies that the Medical Aid for Cuba had entrusted to me, so I called the National Hospital in Havana and was able to reach Dr. Juan Ortega, a young Cuban doctor who had been trained in New York and had practiced there for some years and had returned to work for his country with his wife and children. He was enthusiastic about the revolution and spoke eloquently on the necessity of dealing with the whole man, his work, his living quarters, his family, his problems of work and his talents and capacities.

Next day Dr. Ortega sent two young men, Lazaro Corujo, the



administrator of the National Hospital and Rolando Aedo, who spoke English, having lived in Tampa for some years. He was the auxiliary casero, the paymaster. They drove me to the outskirts of Havana to the great new hospital and took me over the new buildings, through the wards and later we had dinner in the dining room where doctors, administrators, porters, orderlies, nurses, anesthetists, colored and white, all eat together.

Collective Farm

The first week I spent at the home of Lou and Lenna Jones and at the end of the week I paid my first visit to a collective farm, or granja which was located near the Matanzas border some hours out of Havana.

I was driven by the Rios family, husband, wife and two daughters and another friend whose brother was studying in Red China to be a jet flier. The mother and her fourteen year old daughter Pamela had been engaged in alphabetizing the winter before. They lived in the village for six months were returning to meet their old pupils and to find out about the continuation course that was going to begin in another month. We had lunch at Santa Cruz del Norte, a fishing village, and from there left the coast to go up into the hills, through lovely lush scenery to the village of Bainoa, a village of

narrow streets, thatched huts, as well as better houses, a locked up church, a small factory where uniforms were made, and a country store where I bought a few cans of evaporated milk and a box of colored pencils from Russia. (There is little to buy in Cuba in the way of souvenirs). Then we drove all around over rutted roads. It was still the rainy season and one can go ankle deep in mud.

According to published figures (American sources) the U. S. owned half the farm land, where 70% of the population lived and half the farming land was put to sugar cane, 45 millions tons being raised. The tourists were the second largest industry, 200,000 from the United States visiting yearly. Previously it took only two hours to fly and 6½ hours by auto ferry. It is hard to remember these things, isolated and poor as Cuba is now. Everywhere now there was evidence of the attempts to convert agriculture to more diversified crops. Cuba can support three times its population, Dr. Ortega had told me, explaining their utter condemnation of birth control.

Visits to Homes

It was good to be visiting in the homes of people as we did that afternoon. Marjorie, her daughter Pamela and Marietta, the other young woman, were all greeted by their first names and embraced and when I was introduced as an aunt mia tia, I was given the same welcome. We drank innumerable little cups of the black sweet coffee and news was exchanged back and forth. They knew that Marjorie was an American, so I as an American was accepted also, and somehow they did not associate us with their fear of an invasion. Radio SWAN broadcast constantly about impending invasions and the mothers grieved. But everyone, young men and women in the militia, were prepared to fight in this most hopeless situation which could only mean obliteration.

There on the land, where a great transformation was taking place in the economy of a country, there was not so much evidence of the militarizing of the country. I saw no women in militia uniform and the men and boys only when they had to go out to guard duty on the hills.

On one page of my note book I find I have written that there are 400 inhabitants in the village of Bainoa and on another page it is 700. Perhaps one figure is for the little village and the other for the entire granja including the people who live in the 64 new houses, for which they drew lots. All the new houses had three bedrooms; one for the parents, one for the young men and boys, and one for the girls. The bedrooms were large—I looked into one and saw two big double beds. The living room extended out on to the terrace and garden, which in turn looked away off to the horizon and the setting sun.

The houses were so much better than I expected (and more were being built) that I was surprised that there could be a refusal on the part of some of the small farmers to join. But it was a question of property which to them meant freedom. Freedom for themselves perhaps, but what of the others? "When we get to heaven," Peguy writes, "God is going to ask us first of all, 'Where are the others?'"

One small farmer had eighteen head of cattle, seven of them milk cows from which altogether he got 22 quarts of milk a day. Of course there had been a terrible drought last year when everything dried up and the cattle wasted away. But this year it is lush. This farmer had two pigs, and there were many chickens wandering around. Plenty of fruit on the trees and I suppose vegetables. His houses were primitive, made of the palm, some with dirt floors, but all swept clean and others had stone floors. His married sons lived with him. Hanging from the middle of the ceiling was a great kerosene lamp from China. There was no electricity, and this was used only when these peasants were being alphabetized, as they

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

Abbe Pierre

On a Thursday in October Walter called me at the farm to say that Abbe Pierre was coming for supper at Chrystie St. He had visited one of his communities in Montreal and was on the way to see others in South America. So Stanley, Steve Coddair, and I drove in to see him. Abbe Pierre looks very well and did not seem to notice the noise and confusion. After supper we had a meeting on the second floor which soon grew large.

The Abbe told about the community of ragpickers in Montreal, 25-26 Rue Charland, which has been going four years. He said



Father La Porte had grown through the experience into a courageous priest of heroic charity. He wanted us to send someone to see what he is doing there. Most students last three days. Father La Porte promised the Abbe if one serious volunteer, a real worker came and persevered he would provide the means for beginning a new community.

There are many of these communities around the world now in Canada, Brazil, Lebanon, Stockholm, and Switzerland. Sometimes the communities write to Abbe Pierre after they are started stimulated by the book on the first community in Paris, The Ragpickers of Emmaus by Boris Simon, P. J. Kennedy & Son 1955. The Abbe says that if one responsible leader can survive for a year the community will go on forever because by then others will be able to step in and carry on.

The bottles, paper, and metal collected are sorted out and usually sold to a wholesale buyer in large quantities. Some communities have a thrift shop. It is the same work as some Protestant groups do, like the Volunteers of America, but its done by the community which makes a big difference.

We asked if things were taken from the thrift shop for drinks. The Abbe seemed glad for the question and said that often happens and there is no way to stop it in the beginning. But responsible behavior is infectious and spreads and sometimes eliminates the problem. Sometimes a man has to be totally rejected and then if really miserable he may be taken back. Sometimes when a man is away he realizes what he is missing. It is necessary to mix authority and kindness.

All these communities give. That's their essence and if it wasn't for that the work would be impossible. When a man sees that the work of the community goes to shelter a poor family he steals less. He sees he is taking from that family. Of 24 communities in France one half are dry. They use soft drinks, impossible as that seems. Sometimes the whole community wants to be dry to save one member who can't be moderate. A drinking person can never be cured in isolation but many are

pulled out as members of a group. Three of the very good responsables today were alcoholics before.

The communities give in many different ways. One pays for a house of shelter for old people. One in Amiens has a house of hospitality like ours. Some of the French communities give half their proceeds to the needs of their own city and half to underdeveloped countries. One of the Paris groups pays 21 rents for the poor and another has sponsored two technical schools in Morocco. Abbe Pierre had a letter of thanks from the father of one of the students there. He ended by saying he would have great joy upon receiving a letter showing that the first community in the United States had begun.

St. Paul's

Early Sunday morning on the Feast of Christ the King Tom Cornell drove Deane Mowrer and Mrs. Stokes up to Cambridge because Fr. Carroll's school for the blind started on Monday. Kind hospitality with turkey was given by Herbert and Mary Mason. Mrs. Stokes said Herbert was studying Arabic and Mary was doing a thesis on Huysmans. Tom stayed with his friends nearby, Porter and Judy Sargent.

Mrs. Stokes and Tom had two hours with Deane at the school, St. Paul's Rehabilitation Center in Newton, before leaving. The instructors were very kind and understanding and Deane is rooming with a former teacher. There are 16 trainees and 32 instructors plus staff. Judith Gregory, who is in Boston now, has visited Deane and Tom phoned her a few days ago.

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dorothy Day, 175 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 64,000.

Charles Butterworth
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1962.

(Seal) John L. Testa
Notary Public
State of N. Y.
No. 31-9308500
(Commission expires March 30, 1964.)

On Pilgrimage to Cuba

(Continued from page 3)

call it. They welcomed their former teachers with joy and affection and again we had to drink little cups of coffee, very strong and very sweet. We had to travel very slowly along the dirt roads, deeply rutted and bright orange like some of the clay in the South. It was good to be out on a Sunday where everyone was on the streets and resting and visiting and happy.

The revolution says, "Children are made to be happy," but St. Thomas says all men are meant for happiness. It was good to see so much of it around. It was evident in the home of the store keeper, another capitalist, whose sons worked with him, as those of the farmer miles down the road. One son especially kept dragging visitors in to see his three-month-old son. If he were asleep, he waked him so admirers could see his eyes, and it was indeed adorable to see how the baby flopped over into sleep again, either on the shoulder of the one who was holding him, or in the beautiful crib, made of several different kinds of Cuban woods, of contrasting colors.

I was always having a chance to admire Cuban furniture, beautifully made, capacious and sturdy, even in the poorest homes. (Everywhere there were little carpenter shops, in Cobre, Oriente province especially.) We admired the baby dutifully while the mother plucked the eyebrows of a younger daughter whose hair was done up in huge plastic cylinders, just like all the teen-agers in the States. The young wife still pale from the heat and her new responsibilities, talked babies and their health with her former teacher. They were very much petty bourgeois like the world over, storekeepers and prosperous, even though there was little on their shelves. We bought a few cans of evaporated milk and some cans of tomato juice and some Russian baby food like pabulum, and I bought some Russian colored pencils to bring home to the grandchildren. There was also Russian canned beef on the shelves. There is indeed a shortage, yet none can say there is any starvation. (Every child under seven has its quart of milk.) It is rationing as we had it during the war, and I think better administered.

After visiting these two examples of still existing Capitalism, and later I found many such, I was pleasantly surprised at the beauty and comfort of the new houses going up everywhere in Oriente, Camaguey, Matanzas and Santa Clara provinces.

It was good we were visiting on Sunday and saw the men and talked to them, and to the girls too. Many of the woman worked in the clothing factory in the town or in the tomato cannery when it was open. School starts October first and the school building on the granja rivals our own in the States. As we passed there were many chairs outside the school, showing that some meetings and classes were already being held out of doors on a terrace. The workers go to school nights, and one out of every twenty five will be elected to go to Havana to learn everything, including mechanics—how to take care of the machinery. The middle, educated, professional classes having abandoned the country, there is a crying need for administration.

There was the real hardship, the biggest problem. Everything that had come from America was breaking down and they could no longer get parts. Every now and then on the main road one passed cars and trucks which were broken down. And on every bus, were signs—This engine from USSR. This from Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovaks were always, it seemed to me, as much in evidence as the Russ.

The granja we were visiting was called La Cooperativa Juan Abraham and later I read an article about it in CUBA. The Nov. 1961

edition in which the article appeared was called INRA then, and the title was "¡Ni Fidel se imagina mi alegría!" Even Fidel cannot imagine my joy! I drank coffee in dozens of houses, and we drove through the village, the surrounding country and through the cooperative proper, with its 62 houses, good roads, big truck gardens, pigs and chickens and beautiful flower gardens. And everywhere the houses were furnished with good hardwood furniture, with cane seats and backs for coolness, and everywhere there were rocking chairs. I told them all that President Kennedy had brought the rocking chair back into favor in the United States. There were shrines in many of the homes, but no church open nearby. The closed church I saw in the village was only visited by a priest every two weeks. Floors of these homes are tile, there is a laundry on a terrace outside the kitchen, and the terrace in front is shaded with trees and shrubs. Pictures I had seen had made these developments look like a Levittown, but they were far more spacious and cultivated than I expected. The men worked on the granja which is not truly a cooperative but a state farm, and the work was year-round work, not just for a few months a year. The private farm sold all its produce to the state. But there is private ownership in homes and ½-acre plots. It was as I had envisioned it, and I was not disappointed. It is the model for agricultural reform in our own country where the braceros and migrant families suffer destitution most of the year like that of Latin America.

As I write this, still in Cuba, I look out the window at Dellis the Jamaican servant hanging out the clothes, and making room on the line where there are many clumps of ears of bright yellow corn, hung there not for decoration, but to feed the chickens which everyone has begun to keep in their gardens. When there are an influx of chickens on the market, people get them alive four or five at a time. My hostess had decided to keep a hen to see if she would lay. Sure enough her optimism was rewarded and there was an egg in the flower border. So she saved four more, and raised two tiny chicks and now she is getting perhaps four or five eggs a day. The corn is for the chickens and the children love to feed them. It is a comforting sound to hear the murmuring of hens, their triumphant call as they finish laying an egg, having performed their *trabajo productivo* as others in the revolution. There are fruit trees too, banana trees, mangos, lime and guava, and people have in some cases cultivated the empty lots. The becados, scholarship students, across the street from the first place I stayed, while waiting to be sent to pick coffee in Oriente cleared the large lot next to the big apartment house where they were quartered, and planted corn which has grown ten feet high. Pumpkin is a plentiful crop and we have eaten it as a vegetable every day since I came. Rice, bread, pumpkins, avocado, black beans, white beans, many kinds of beans; this is the diet, and plenty of sugar so there are sweets after each meal, cakes, puddings made without milk and son on.

It is the rainy season, the cyclone season, and every day there are periods of rain and thunder and lightning. The corn hanging on the line is getting wet again. The baskets of corn dragged into the porch attract huge black ants which swarm around the floor. The rain brings mosquitos and there are no screens. I am offered a mosquito net, but it is so humid in this season that I could not sleep so covered, and I turn thankfully to a small bottle of insect repellent. Dellis is washing; the little cook is getting lunch; and there is a gardener just now cleaning up the yard. All of these

workers are going to classes at night. Voluntarily. There is a great hunger and thirst for knowledge. What are they thinking about? Probably of the time when all mothers will either take care of their own children, or put them in the nurseries provided and work in one or another branch of industry or agriculture or service job. The nursery I visited yesterday was named "Valley of Tenderness."

Certainly in the South of the United States there is a big servant class miserably paid and in addition despised. The insulted and injured. But in the States in the North there are very few who can afford anything more than a girl to come in to clean once a week, or to baby-sit occasionally. But here there are large numbers of people who are still living in former comfort affording several servants. And the rents are moderate from American standards. In one place I stayed, the family was paying seventy dollars a month. In another ninety, and this for luxurious apartments and houses in Mirimar.

"And is it true that you will own this house after you have paid rent for a while," I asked. "Yes, we



will own this in five years. It is a rather old house." But it is a dream of a home, with an enclosed garden with flowers and fruits.

We in the states are self-conscious in the presence of a servant class and are uncomfortable at being waited on, but are quite happy with student workers and baby sitters. With everyone going to school in Cuba there is a new dignity to work in the home and one can think of functional rather than acquisitive classes. One Catholic mother was indignant at Fidel when he said in one of his speeches that the aim was to do away with prostitutes and servants as a class. "I will never forgive him," she said indignantly. "The idea of classing the two together!"

Among the Catholics I met there was complete freedom of speech and there was criticism as well as praise of the regime. It was in the field of education that parents were in a quandary. "How can we let our children go to schools where Marxism-Leninism is taught?"

I spoke to many Catholics and it was hard to answer such a question. I could only say as Fr. Ignacio Bivain, Franciscan, said, "Have more faith in Divine Providence." And in one's own courage, in the effectiveness of prayer to build up courage. I told them of the courage of our own American Negro families who brought their little children with heroic courage through lines and mobs of jeering and insulting and threatening whites, in an effort to integrate the schools, and urged them to build up that same courage in their

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LETTERS

Pilgrimage To Rome

Oct. 12th
St. Omer
France

Dear Robert:

I thought you would like to know that I am on the way to Rome, having covered just about 200 miles. After the first 100 miles, which took me to London, I was joined by Neil Snelders, who is a member of many peace organizations.

We have been very fortunate so far, having had twelve consecutive dry days, and having to pay for only one night's lodging. Tonight we are sleeping in the hospital room of a Catholic boys' boarding school, and on previous nights have been offered accommodation spontaneously upon arrival at our stopping-place. The poster I am carrying reads:

STROUD-LONDON-ROME
APPEAL TO HIS HOLYNESS
POPE JOHN
TO END THE SCANDAL OF
CHRISTIANS
PREPARING FOR NUCLEAR
WAR

(now translated into French)

The first priest we met at Calais said that we would experience no difficulty in walking through France with the poster. An English priest insisted that we accept three Pounds (\$8.40) toward the expenses of our journey, and several priests have said that we would almost certainly be granted an audience in Rome.

It is strange to think that forty-seven years ago, my father was in the same town in which I am sleeping tonight—fighting in the war "to end war."

We are planning to walk nearly thirty miles tomorrow, so I must get some rest. I will let you know how we are faring as we go along. I hope to find readers of the C.W. en route and to hear of Dorothy Day's Cuban journey.

Sincere greetings from,
Laurie Hislam

Susten, Switzerland
November 5th

Dear Robert:

I was delighted to find your letter, with one from Winifred, waiting for me at Lausanne. The money came at a providential moment—just when I needed to buy a pair of boots! The way we have been looked after en route has been amazing—although we have been prepared to sleep on floors in our sleeping bags we have more often than not had comfortable beds, with meals.

At the moment of writing, we have one more day's walking before climbing over the Simplon Pass on Wednesday, November 7th. Unfortunately for us the fine weather broke today giving us a head-on gale, dust-storm, and then rain but we hope that there will not be enough snow to prevent us from traversing the Pass. We are looking forward to staying at the St. Bernard Monastery (6,600 feet up) at the top of the climb.

Although the journey has been very strenuous at times, it has been a marvelous experience. In addition to the awe-inspiring scenery, through the Alps, we have had the privilege of attending Mass at many cathedrals and beautiful churches. This morning at Sion Cathedral, Abbe Lugon celebrated 8 o'clock Mass for "peace and the intentions of the two English pilgrims." After Mass the Abbe addressed the congregation on the subject of our mission to Rome. Later we were interviewed by a representative of a European Press and Radio network.

We have had quite a few offers of lifts en route, which of course we refused as gracefully as possible and have also been given money by spontaneous well-wishers on the road. We were fed royally by a Christian-Socialist-Syndicalist in a little village in France who called

in many friends and relations to meet us.

All along it has been a heart-warming experience. I have not yet spoken to anyone who has not wished us "bon voyage" or "bonne chance." At the same time I feel that although we should not underestimate the value of all the friendly contacts we have been fortunate enough to make, our real work will begin after reaching Rome, where we hope to arrive on the 1st or 2nd of December, about a week before the adjournment of the Council. We shall then need all your prayers.

With warm greetings and thanks for your encouraging support.

Laurie Hislam & Neil Snelders

NOTE

On Nov. 2nd the New York Journal-American ran a United Press International dispatch reporting the existence of a group of priests and layman present at the Vatican Council who are lobbying for a dogmatic statement "condemning nuclear bombs and all wars, including resistance to aggression." The Paris newspaper which first got wind of the story said that it is not yet certain whether the proposal will find its way onto the Council's agenda. According to the dispatch, sources in Rome confirmed the report that a document "advocating condemnation of any kind of war and of production, stockpiling and testing of nuclear weapons" was circulated among the 2,500 bishops present at the Council.

Canada

Dear Friends,

Excuse the long silence—we've moved to Victoria, British Columbia, after six months in Fairbanks, Alaska—and needless to say, we like it here much better. People here still seem to have retained the blessed act of courtesy—and it is constantly a source of wonderment and thankfulness. I don't know if anyone here is aware of the CW though . . . and we have missed reading the paper and I can only blame ourselves for not writing sooner.

Enclosed is a small donation—in US money—Canadian dollar being worth less. Will you please start sending us the CW again?

The wage scale here is much lower in everything than in the US, but the cost of living is about the same, and higher in some respects. But we find that the important things—the general atmosphere, the people, attitudes, etc., are better, and this makes up for the other lacks so much so that one can't compare.

The Catholic churches are somewhat behind the U.S. in the "liturgical" movement—people don't participate in the liturgy at all. All singing even at Benediction, (at least in the churches we've attended—I mustn't make a "blanket" statement) is done by the choir. But I join in, sotto voce, regardless.

Do you know of any Canadian Catholic bookstore (or monastery) that carries liturgical type greeting cards like the Meinrad Abbey in the U.S.? Customs duties are very high now and importing anything is prohibitive. Thank you for any help you can give us in this matter.

God bless you all.

Sincerely

Jacqueline and Michael Sears

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

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

BOOK REVIEWS

NUCLEAR WEAPONS; A Catholic Response, Edited by Walter Stein. Forward by Archbishop Roberts, S.J.; Sheed and Ward, New York, \$3.50; 151 pp. Reviewed by Ed Turner.

This symposium on the morality of nuclear warfare by five university teachers—four of them philosophers—was published a year ago in England under the title: *Nuclear Weapons and Christian Conscience*. The thesis of the book is that given the traditional teaching of the Church on the Morality of War, Nuclear War, and in fact the possession of Nuclear Weapons, stands condemned. To read this is to be at once gratified and appalled.

They point up that as Dr. Johnson said, the fact of twilight does not mean you cannot tell day from night. There are borderline cases, where it is difficult to distinguish in what is done between means and what is incidental to, yet in the circumstances inseparable from, those means. The obliteration bombing of a city is not a borderline case. So too, it is pure nonsense to pretend there is no distinction between combatants and non-combatants; even in total war, a very large number of the enemy population are just engaged in maintaining the life of the country, or are sick, or aged, or children. This is a different set of distinctions from the distinction of moral guilt and innocence. A morally guilty man (for instance, an invalid wholly in sympathy with his country's immoral conduct) may be a non-combatant; while a morally innocent man (such as a soldier, whose conscience—though objectively misinformed—is in a state of "good faith") may be a highly destructive fighter.

But, good as these distinctions are, it is their conclusions that call for the greatest commendation. After thorough examination they point out that when we speak of the use of nuclear weapons, it is in terms of their wholesale, indiscriminate, "massive" use that we must think, and having nuclear weapons implies their use. And it is precisely the wholesale, indiscriminate, "massive" use of these weapons that all Catholic moralists will concede as condemned in terms of the traditional moral teaching on war. This involves us in definite practical consequences that for once, in a book by Catholics, is spelled out without equivocation. In event of war, they say, we may not:

- (1) enroll or consent to conscription into any of the armed forces.
- (2) directly participate in the manufacture of armaments.

and we may:

- (1) work for the succour and relief of suffering.
- (2) continue in our chosen calling.
- (3) face imprisonment as the penalty for refusing to be absorbed into the war-machine.

At the present time we must:

- (1) refuse military service.
- (2) unconditionally renounce these weapons.
- (3) renounce all treaties and alliances based on a policy which has not renounced nuclear warfare.
- (4) face up to the problem of non-violent resistance.

But for all the praise reading this book elicits, serious criticism is also called for. Not only for such ungenerous lapses as: Jehovah's Witnesses out of the hatred and pride of their heresy resisted when taken prisoner in Korea but more. It is not enough to wait till page 97 to say: "Christian subjects of a Christian State (what ever that might be) cannot safely put their consciences in commission by acting on the presumption that what the State does is right." This must be the point of departure! In fact the traditional teaching presumes the opposite. St. Thomas' three conditions: Lawful authority, Just cause, and Right intention is given in the context of Christian society

and very limited means of warfare. By lawful authority he means the real ruler of a country and not some Duke or Count with a dozen or so soldiers at his command. By just cause he means there must be a serious breach of the peace, not, for example that the other prince has welshed on a promise to marry our prince's ugly daughter. And by right intention he meant the war should be fought that good may be furthered and evil avoided rather than it be fought for revenge. Suarez, Bellarmine, Cajetan and Vittoria merely elaborated on the last of these. That the war be rightly conducted within the limits of justice and love (that the evil effects do not constitute a foreseen means of the good ones). That it



have due proportion (that the evil effects do not become too vast in themselves). That there must be real probability of success. And that it must be undertaken as a last resort after all other means have been unsuccessful. To lay this out is only to show the truth of what Father Lorson says: "It is neglect of conscientious investigation, intellectual sloth or else a dangerous game, to copy or to repeat indefinitely what these good men and others may have written centuries ago on the just war and the conditions for its lawfulness."

To argue in this manner is to put oneself on the wrong psychological foot. For it leaves the opponent still believing that somehow or ever there can still even now be some sort of "just war." It is as Rabbi Schwarzschild (in *The Moral Dilemma of Nuclear Weapons*, published by The Church Peace Union from essays from *Worldview* in 1961, \$1.00, 78 pp) says: "One has the impression that the proponents of religious realism and of theological permissiveness in regard to 'limited war' have heard all the logical arguments against their views and have not been persuaded, even as most 'idealists' have listened to and rationally concluded that they must reject the arguments of the realists." It was he who observed in the same place: "Limited wars of which the tacticians and now also the theologians speak were the only ones which even in Biblical days were regarded as conceivable in the first place. Let anyone try to wage any kind of war these days and yet, taking the Bible seriously, adhere to the limitations there laid down—sparing all women and children, fruit trees and water springs, keeping one line of withdrawal open for the enemy by which he may save himself, exempting the newly married and those who have embarked on new constructive enterprises from military service, and sending home all

those who declare not that they have scruples against bearing arms but that they are afraid!"

Because of the just war argumentation, Walter Stein is writing in the current issue of *Pax Bulletin* with much distress about that Fleet at Sea. Our problem is not that we can or cannot fight just wars; that they are possible or not. Our problem is as Lewis Mumford points out (in *Breakthrough to Peace*, twelve views on the threat of Thermonuclear Extermination, New Directions Paperbook, New York, 1962, \$1.95, an excellent anthology of articles originally printed elsewhere as Walter Stein's from the present text, Gordon Zahn's from his book, and some which were previously reprinted in the *CW* as: *Peace: A Religious Responsibility* by Thomas Merton, and *Breaking the Thought Barrier* by Jerome Frank) "It was not our nuclear weapons that committed us to the strategy of extermination; it was rather our decision to concentrate on the methods of extermination that led to our one-sided, obsessive preoccupation with nuclear weapons."

The discussion must be more fundamental than this. It must be as Gordon Zahn says (in the only excellent article in *Morality and Modern Warfare*, the state of the question, edited by William Nagle, Helicon Press, 1960, \$3.95, 168 pp) "In terms of four specific reasons or failings our present theology of war is seriously lacking in relevance: First, it relies on abstract categories and distinctions that are no longer applicable to the kind of war Christians are called upon to wage. Second, it holds to utterly anachronistic formulations of Caesar-God and citizen-ruler relationships, rights and responsibilities. Third, it avoids or mitigates the actual application of moral principles to on-going or impending wars out of a rigid devotion to a distorted image of the virtue of prudence. And, finally, as a result of these failings, it finds itself unprepared to meet its obligation to alert the individual Christian to his true responsibilities and to assist him in readying himself for the difficult decisions and sacrifices he may be called upon to make."

To be specific, Miss Anscombe says: "The truth about Christianity is that it is a severe and practicable religion, not a beautifully ideal but impracticable one. Its moral precepts, (except for the stricter laws about marriage that Christ enacted, abrogating some of the permissions of the Old Law) are those of the Old Testament; and its God is the God of Israel." Are we to believe that there cannot be development in the understanding of the implications of that morality? What of the condemnation of slavery in Christian terms only in the last century? Cannot, after the examples of Non-violent resistance that we have seen in this century, we conclude that the commandment to do no murder applies to the killing of the guilty?

If she can conclude her essay: "Those, therefore, who think they must be prepared to wage a war with Russia involving the deliberate massacre of cities, must be prepared to say to God: 'We had to break your law, lest your Church fail. We could not obey your commandments, for we did not believe your promises.'" and if Mr. Markus must conclude: "Western governments should be pressed to face up to the problem of non-violent resistance." are we not right in being disappointed in their lack of an article on the subject of Non-violence? Or perhaps they do not see that what the Western governments stand for in reality is something other than what their rhetoric would have us believe. Perhaps what they wish to defend cannot be defended by non-violence.

Because we are so pleased by what they have written we are so distressed with what they omitted. Perhaps, they will correct their omission in another volume.

BRUTAL MANDATE: A Journey to South West Africa, by Allard K. Lowenstein, The Macmillan Co., 1962, 257 pp., \$5. Reviewed by Judith Gregory.

In the fall of 1959 Anne Marie Stokes took Bob Steed and me to hear Mr. Lowenstein speak on South West Africa. (He mentions Anne Marie in the book, by the way, with high praise.) It was in the summer of that year that he and two friends made the journey of high adventure that this book is about. At the time I had scarcely heard of S. W. Africa, but Mr. Lowenstein and the other speaker, Hans Beukes (a student from South West whom Lowenstein and his companions had smuggled out of South Africa) interested me so much in the territory that later on I wrote my Masters thesis on the long international conflict centered on it. Mr. Lowenstein said in that talk that he believed the African people of South West to be the most oppressed in the world, and the more I learned the more I believed this, hard as it is to measure such a thing.

It is not possible to tell the history of this oppression here, nor does Mr. Lowenstein tell it all in his book. The suffering of these people under white racist domination goes back to the days when S. W. Africa was a German colony, continues all through the years when the territory was a mandate under the League of Nations, administered by the Union of South Africa, and continues until today. The South African government claims that the Mandate lapsed with the dissolution of the League, and that So. Africa is not responsible to the U. N. or to the international community for its administration of South West. The General Assembly and the International Court of Justice, on the other hand, maintain that the Mandate is still in force and the territory still under international supervision of a very specific kind. This has been a long and legally complex dispute and is not over yet.

Among a multitude of oppressive laws and rulings of the So. African government, those preventing Afri-



cans from leaving South West and U. N. observers from entering, have proved to be especially frustrating, if not as directly cruel as some others. When Mr. Lowenstein and his friends made this trip, in order to give the U. N. and the general public some knowledge of conditions in the territory from observations made on the spot, they were obliged to do so without letting the government know their intentions. They met many Africans, took pictures, made tape recordings—most often at night and in hiding—and managed to get these out of the country after a tense flight from the police, related by Mr. Lowenstein in such a way that I kept looking ahead to reassure myself, just as if I were reading a spy story. He tells also about the presentation of their observations and recordings at the U. N.

Mr. Lowenstein does not tell much of the history of S. W. Africa (some of it can be learned from Michael Scott's autobiography *A Time to Speak*) nor does he give a fully drawn picture of life in the territory. (The trip was short and he had to omit many details for fear of government retaliation against his friends.) What he does do very well indeed is to tell the tale of the trip, and all that it involved, and this is enough to show how frightful life is in South and South West Africa.

In addition to telling this tale, Mr. Lowenstein has written two good chapters on the politics of So. Africa and on the possible changes that may come there, with and without action on the part of other governments. He states the alternatives very clearly, and urges as strongly as he knows how the need for intervention in the form of economic sanctions against So. Africa. Many governments refuse to intervene in such a way in what they consider the internal affairs of So. Africa—that is, its policy of apartheid as such—but since the states that are members of the U. N. are, through their membership, legally responsible for the welfare of the people of South West in the terms of the Mandate, their legal obligations are quite clear, and they have not met them—far from it. Resolutions of the General Assembly have not brought any change for the better in the policies of So. Africa.

Mr. Lowenstein ends his book by trying to explain his special love for So. Africa—something he says he has long puzzled over:

"For this is a place gnashing her teeth and weeping and bleeding and destroying herself as no other place in the world, a place of ordinary men turned heroes and of ordinary men going mad. Nowhere else on earth is the lunacy of man's abuse of himself so grotesquely underlined by visible evidence of what might otherwise be. And this tragic success in perverting so much that is so lovely and so promising into a sleepless nightmare for most of her people commands a compassion, where otherwise might abide simply admiration or envy."

"There is so much of South Africa that I have never seen and that I yearn to see. I have been there only by winter, and then too often in haste or flight. I have missed the sea from the top of Table Mountain, and Pretoria banked in jacarandas for the spring, and the Garden Route in flower. But most of all I have missed seeing this crisp and bountiful child of Nature blessed with the concord that can be the order of human existence where so much is available to all if no one takes what should belong to others."

"That is the greatest beauty of all, and that no one has yet seen in South Africa. But those who love her most will work and fight and pray that somehow this will come to pass while they are still around to glory in the wonder of it."

THE LINEN BANDS—Raymond Roseliep, The Newman Press, Westminster, Md., 63 & xvii pp., \$3.50. Reviewed by Harold Isbell.

The poetry of Raymond Roseliep is the work of a man who hears the characters (and one can say "sacred") of priest, poet and teacher. Each marks a distinct vocation, yet here the three are found in one man. It is in this triple expression of Father Roseliep's personality that one finds the cause for that vitality of expression which has been noted by many critics.

The reader of this book quickly realizes that although the priesthood is the most elevated of the three vocations, it is the vocation of teacher which does most to effect the personality and consequently the poetic voice of Raymond Roseliep. In these three vocations the poet is concerned with mysteries which have always intrigued poets—love and friendship, war, suffering and the relation of man to God.

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On Pilgrimage to Cuba

(Continued from page 4)

own children. And to find concordances as our own Holy Father has urged, rather than to seek out heresies, to work as far as one could with the revolution, and to always be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in one.

There is the singing of the International, for instance, most of the verses of which can be joined in with enthusiasm. "Arise, poor of the world/On your feet slaves without bread/and let us shout all together/All united, Long live the International. 2. Let us remove all shackles/that tie humanity/let us change the face of the earth/burying the bourgeois empire."

The third verse is the one where I would recommend that the children sit down. It is—"No more Supreme Saviours/no Caesar, no bourgeois, no God. We ourselves have our own redemption."

The fourth verse is—"Where the proletariat/enjoy the good/it has to be the workers/who guide the train. Verse 5. The day that we reach triumph/there will be neither slave nor owners/and the fury that poisons the world/will at that point be extinguished. 6. Man is brother to man/let inequality cease/ let the earth be the paradise/and homeland of humanity."

This is a rough translation which a Catholic mother gave me, who said wistfully, "We could well sing the other verses. We ourselves have been ashamed of our position in the face of poverty and ignorance, of not having done more about it."

A Weak Lay Apostolate

Fr. Matteo said once that the churches could all remain open in a persecution of the church, provided that religion was strong in the home. Groups should keep meeting together to discuss, not their oppositions with the revolution but Scripture, social justice, theology. I left Emmanuel Mounier's book, *Be Not Afraid* with them and all the others I had brought down in my too heavy suitcase. There was nothing left of the Christian Family movement, the Young Christian Workers, Catholic Action, and it was better for them to meet and discuss the spiritual life rather than politics. The main thing was to have courage, to stand fast in one's faith, and find out every way in which one could lawfully participate. One example of courage was that of a young family man, a lawyer who was asked by the security police on his street to work with them in prosecuting "counter revolutionaries," a request which he refused. To be put in the position of a spy on people he might know, and to inform and be a party to their prosecution—this he could not do. When later he was persecuted by a woman member of the security police, he complained to the authorities, perhaps to Castro himself, and was upheld. The persecutions ceased and he attended block meetings, continued his work in the teaching field and gave an example of a man of principle. One day there was a story in *El Mundo* about St. Thomas More whom the Communists have long claimed as one of their own, perhaps because of his book, *Utopia*. I wish I could send the play, *A Man for All Seasons*, to my Catholic friends in Cuba who like Thomas More are Fidel Castro's good cooperators, but first of all, God's servants.

On the outside of one church in Guantanamo (the town not the base) I saw posters with quotations from Pius XII about the need for secular institutes, and I visited with the girls of one such secular institute in Havana where they lived in a big house together, sixteen of them and worked to help Fr. Iglesia with his catechetical groups.

In Santiago de Cuba I visited the shrine of our Lady of Cobre, an hour up in the mountains in the little mining town of Cobre (cop-

per) and there I found a Sister Mercedes, one of the Social Service sisters, who was as serene and calm as though it were the most natural thing in the world to live under a Marxist-Leninist government, proudly calling itself socialist. They ran a guest house, which was like a most modern retreat house and it would have been a lovely place to stay and make a retreat. Retreats were still going on in Havana I knew. In Santa Clara I met a happy priest, Fr. Joseph, who reminded me of Fr. Roy. The priests at the shrine were still offering Mass each day.

Guantanamo Bay

When I mention Guantanamo, I must add that it was only a visit of a few hours to that town which looked to be comfortably off, probably thanks to the high wages of the Cuban workers at the base. But a young newly married couple

I DO BELIEVE, LORD
= HELP MY
UNBELIEF



told us that those who worked on the base were now forbidden to leave the base and that they had to take their vacations in Jamaica. This was long before the crisis.

One morning I went to what was formerly Camp Columbia, next to the air field, which is now transformed into the Ministry of Education, and built up into a school city called Liberty City. This is what has happened in every city I visited. The army was out. I saw the cavalry headquarters where Batista lived under guard, and which is now for the administration of scholarships. As you enter the gates of Liberty City, you pass a great building which houses the League against blindness, and next door the entrance to Tropicana Night Club, one of the most famous of Havana and now used by the workers. When we passed guards (against sabotage) Lou would say, "I am a functionary of the ministry," and we would pass in. The architecture of the Ministry of Education is a lively combination of tiles and cement blocks and all the barracks have been transformed into dormitories and classrooms by students. Everywhere in the city of course there are classrooms, even in the Havana Libre, the most luxurious hotel, formerly the Havana Hilton.

Lenna works for the diagnostic institute, and handles children and the teachers of children with special problems, and Lou is an educational psychologist setting up systems for evaluation and orientation.

I visited Batista's bomb shelter—or rather it was one for the generals I suppose, and one was reminded of Hitler's bunker where he met his end. It is air-conditioned, so well lighted one did not get the feeling of being underground. The map room was espe-

cially interesting with one wall covered with a map of Cuba with well-outlined sections showing where "Che," "Raul" and "Fidel" were in command of troops. Crosses marked the desire to obliterate these forces, and in the case of Fidel there was not only a cross but a hole where a cigaret had burned a circle on the map.

Work and Pray

I talked with one young woman who was a devout Catholic who up to the time of the March 13 speech which I wrote about in my October article had been most fearful about the revolution and its attitude towards religion. She wears a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and is a good and conscientious worker in the field of education, which Fidel considers the most important branch of the revolution. But she feels the pressures of her fellow Catholics who tell her she is cooperating with communism by working for the government. This girl told me that there are four churches open in her city, not a large one—that at the cathedral of the province there are four Masses and at the other churches three and two a day. That in the eastern part of the state of Matanzas there are ten Canadian priests and twelve Sisters teaching catechism.

But if they do not teach together with their catechism an acceptance of voluntary poverty, manual labor, a devotion to the common good, the works of mercy as worked out by the government in housing, agriculture, clothing factories, hospital work, care of children in nurseries, harvesting of crops, studying to become literate and to cultivate their talents, catechism becomes principle divorced from practice.

Man is a creature of body and soul, and he must work to live, he must work to be co-creator with God, taking raw materials and producing for man's needs. He becomes God-like, he is divinized not only by the sacrament but by his work, in which he intimates his Creator, in which he is truly "putting on Christ and putting off the old man, who is fearful and alienated from his material surrounding. He must be taught those words of Catherine of Siena, 'I have left myself in the midst of you,' Jesus said to her, 'so that what you cannot do for me, you can do for those around you.' And 'All the way to Heaven is heaven, for He said, 'I am the Way.'"

Later I met a Canadian girl from British Columbia who had been picking coffee berries for the past two weeks. She was a sturdy, blond girl, well educated one felt and evidently from a radical Catholic background. She was here alone, and had been teaching English for a year. Thousands of students are being taught English and as many Russian, with intensive courses of four hours a day. How many are being sent to Russia? One student told me 4,000 are preparing to go.

The girl who was a brigadista in the granja which I visited Sunday, has not only a brother who is studying to be a jet flier in China, but one who is in the regular army. She herself works every day in the department of commerce studying the produce of Cuba and the foreign markets for it; her teaching is at night.

The Canadian girl had Canadian friends, who had come from Mexico and lived in a trailer.

Catechism

I have two copies of newly printed catechisms, printed on Cuban government presses and paper, for beginners and secondary students, I am not minimizing the importance of catechism, no matter how dogmatic—"Who made you?" "God made me." "What did He make you for?" "To know Him, to love Him and to serve Him." But it seems to me never too early to begin teaching a child—"How can you love God whom you have not seen, unless you love your brother whom you do see?" And how can you know God, to love Him, unless you use all knowledge to go to God, all beauty, all truth, all good-

(Continued on page 8)

Lovesong

Love blossoms in the evening well.
So look now to the new eclipse, the million grains
Of dawn down the furlongs of the mangled wood.
O goodnight gentle flower, goodnight crowing mood
Making us weak to believe, making us child
As the cat and the mouse, lascivious and dry
Loving what they are chased by. I will.

And so there is darkness, no tiny beam,
No bloodless overflows through lost rivulets:
The mouse in the deep abyss, the cat in its sob
Carrying its flesh; the child asks why
An enormous cow fills the morning, why the horse
Bellows and bounds when the birds fly north,
The dying flies are powerstruck
Over the pile of seed.

The cockalorums eat their bits of snail,
The air and earth quake so as not to listen,
But are they not so small? the echoing which dies
Does so down their desperation.
There is no end to littleness, yet if it's love
It will look down and stroke away the color.

—Herbert Mason

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

The priest who lives and works on a campus finds that his office of teacher is the medium through which he confronts the students with his priesthood. This peculiarly involute existence is the source of these poems.

A poem like "To Jim/On Going to the Wars" is a good example of this combining of the various offices. The teacher who has become a friend probes the experience of this doubled existence. In form, this poem has three distinct features. The first is the nicely turned iambic line, a perfection characteristic of this poet's work. The second is the teacher's literary allusion which establishes the classroom as the origin of this friendship. The third feature is the slang, the normal (and really silly) diction of our farewells. But the beauty of this poem is closely linked to the fact that these run-of-the-mill expressions become integral parts of a structured whole. The poem studies a tension within the man—the stretching that happens when parting friends realize that their friendship is, after all, something inexpressible and beyond the niceties of social usage.

Professors and poets and even priests are sometimes placed in a

tion. This is not true of the poetry of Father Roseliep.

I am thinking of a particular poem, "Convent Infirmary." The poem is undoubtedly a sonnet, yet one with a sound and shape different from most other sonnets. The poem is written in nine-count syllabic lines which occasionally show a teasing similarity to the regular iambic line. In rhyme scheme, this poem begins with a normal octet, yet in the sestet there is an inversion and departure from the academician's notion of the sonnet; all the rhymes except one are deft half-rhymes. Form and meaning, manner and matter, go hand in hand to constitute a poem. The poet has taken an old form and reshaped it to be the frame of a contemporary poem which is genuinely modern.

Reviewing this book in the *Australian Advocate*, poet-critic Martin Haley stated that the title-poem "constitutes one of the best religious poems written for a generation;" other reviewers have singled it out as the apple of the anthologist's eye. In time, other of these poems should find their way to anthologies: "The Scissors Grinder," with its amazing final line, "the blade of an eye"—the prosody is as good as a late W. B. Yeats; "Tonight, a Miracle of Air," a love poem in twelve, terse lines which bear out that splendid definition of the lyric as "distilled significance;" "College Vet," in the mainstream of the Greek epigram; "To a Young Lady, Age Four, Who Asked to Marry Me," whimsical and tinged with just the right amount of sadness. And though the "Epistle to E. E." is not exactly in the major key, someone is bound to reprint it as a tribute to one of the late gods.

The *Linen Bands* in its arrangement and editing shows a finely honed taste for the many varieties of human experience. The Preface by John Logan is a prelude that makes its own music.

Facing The Present

"The task facing us will not be done if our philosophers and theologians continue to live among, work with and speak to people and problems long since dead and buried . . . Here is an age crying for the light and guidance of Christian wisdom. What must future judges think of us if we live in the most exciting age of science ever known to mankind and philosophize mainly about Aristotle's physics? We live today in the threatening shadow of cosmic thermonuclear destruction and often theologize about the morality of war as though the spear had not been superseded by the I.C.B.M."

—Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C.
President of the University of Notre Dame



category with the mustache cup and the dodo bird. The popular mind, and too often the educated mind, associates the three with a very unreal picture of the nineteenth century. Priest and teachers have the office of conveying a tradition, and in this act the two roles are indeed similar. Unfortunately, teachers as well as priests can allow themselves to become embalmed in the very tradition which should be the energy of their voca-

MARIA MONTESSORI

World-Peace Through The Child

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

THIRD INSTALLMENT

"For it is, in very truth, upon the perfect and tranquil life of the child, in this period, that depends the health or sickness of the soul, the strength or weakness of his character, the clearness or obscurity of his intellect."

The Fatal Struggle Begins in the Home Continued in the School

This struggle between the child and the adult begins in the home. ("Don't touch that, Tommy, or I'll smack you."—"Run upstairs and see what Tommy is doing, and tell him not to."—Punch)—and is carried on into the school. It is so much a part and parcel of our educational system that we do not really become aware of it. (The last thing a deep-sea fish would discover," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "would be water.")

Because this struggle is so ubiquitous nobody "observes the slavery that oppresses man from the beginning of his life, and prevents him from being i.e., from valorizing his personality." In fact, it strikes at the very roots of his personality. And what we need more than anything else today are strong and balanced personalities. It is only when we substitute liberty and independence for the vicious methods of dictating, by absolute tyranny, every detail of the child's life that we can come to realize what high and noble qualities we have been suppressing.

Under our present system, as a result of this fatal struggle, "the child buries in his subconscious a wealth of expanding life whose aspirations have been frustrated . . . The unsatisfied needs of the child leave their mark on the adult in whom they come out as inhibitions preventing his intellectual developments, as deviations of moral character, and innumerable other psychic anomalies which make his personality weak and uncertain. The child who has never learned to stand alone, grows up into an adult who is easily led, and must always lean on others."

"Look on This Picture and on That" (Hamlet)

Montessori's suggestion, that the seeds of war are sown in the soul of the child, should not seem so strange or far-fetched to this generation as it would have been to the last. The researches of Freud, Jung, Adler and other psychoanalysts have accustomed us to the idea that the origin of many—if not of most—of the nervous diseases which afflict adults may be traced to adverse experiences in childhood. In a striking analysis Montessori describes some of the practices which have been common in education in the past, and indicates in what ways they affected the growing personality, giving origin to just those "deviations" of character which would expose the individual to the mass emotions which have so much to do with the immediate causes of war.

"In some schools—especially with some teachers—children are being continually scolded and discouraged. The effect of this is that the child ends by acquiring that mixture of distrust of his own powers, and fear which is called shyness. Later, in the grown man, this takes the form of lack of initiative, submissiveness, and an incapacity to put the slightest moral resistance."

"Then again, the obedience which is often demanded of the child both at home and at school—an obedience often admitting neither of reason nor justice—prepares a man to be docile to blind and unreasoning forces when he has grown up. ("Food for power, food for powder," as Falstaff would say; "they will fill up a trench as well as any others.")

"In many schools there is a form of punishment which consists in submitting the culprit to a public reprimand, an experience which for some sensitive children is tantamount to the pillory of medieval times. The effect of such treatment is to fill the soul with a crazy, unreasoning fear of public opinion, even though that opinion may be manifestly unjust and false."

"Such adaptations—and many others of a similar kind—set up a permanent 'inferiority complex.' From this is born the spirit of devotion to—not to say the idolatry for, the 'condottieri'—the Dukes and Fuehrers—who, for these repressed personalities, come to take the place of the father or teachers—i.e., for figures who imposed themselves on the child as perfect and infallible. Thus discipline, under such leaders, becomes almost a synonym for slavery."

To these far-off school-days, we can, according to Montessori, trace the origin of that "ethical chaos" we noted earlier on, which makes it possible for us, as adults to harbour such contradictory moral judgments concerning the destruction or the preservation of human lives.

"When the school-boy has attempted to find out the path of justice he has wandered and become perplexed. He has been constantly instructed in the duty of charity to his neighbors, and yet has found himself punished for trying to accomplish deeds of love by helping his school-fellows still more obscured than himself. He has even received tokens of approbation when he has turned spy and reported the misdeeds of others."

"The virtue which above all others has been given public encouragement and found most worthy of praise has always been the triumphing over his school-fellows in competition, in getting to the top

of the class, or winning the scholarship at the expense of his fellows."

"And what is the effect? These poor little egoists, mentally tried, as experience has shown, find themselves at last side by side in the world. Like two grains of sand in the desert, each is dried up and separated from his neighbor. So that if a strong wind blows up this human dust, that has no animating social spirit within it, it will be swept away in a devastating storm. Men brought up in this way have been prepared neither to conquer truth nor possess it, nor to love others, nor to unite with them in striving for a better life. Rather education has prepared them for one episode in community life—WAR—for in reality the cause of war does not lie in armaments but in the men who make them."

"If man had grown up a healthy soul enjoying the full and harmonious development of his moral character and a freely operating intellect he could never have borne that there could exist within him such contradictory moral principles. He could never have endured to be the upholder of two kinds of justice at the same time—the one protecting life and the

LET IT STAND THIS YEARTOO:
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT:

PERHAPS IT
MAY BEAR
FRUIT



ST. LUKE
13: 6-9

other destroying it; nor could he have consented to have cultivated love and hatred in his heart at the same time. A strong and unified personality could not harbor this double conscience nor allow himself to act in two such opposite directions."

"All this means then that we have organized a terrible disorder at the base of society, the effects of which continue to act disastrously in the subconscious of the individual and of the race."

The Development of Personality

What is needed then is a collective effort for the development of human personality, not only for the individuals—as individuals—but with a broader aim, the psychic rebuilding of mankind. This is not a fanciful and Utopian ideal but a definite possibility based on 40 years experience of "The New Children."

"These children we have seen; they are both a hope and a promise." They have pointed out, and are pointing out to us, the way. They have made it clear to us, beyond any possibility of doubt, that the essential thing in development of personality right from the beginning and all along the line—is the steady acquisition of new forms of independence. And by independence we mean the possibility of acting for oneself, without the immediate help of others. This means, too—though we have not time to go into the subject here—that the root problem in education is not a pedagogical one but a social problem—viz., the establishment of new and right relations between the growing generation and the adults.

That is why "liberty" is essential in education; for without it the child cannot learn to live and function as an independent personality. "The first problem then, on which everything else depends, is, to help the child in such a way that he has the opportunity and means to develop freely in all his individual functions. The individual who is prevented from performing his functions becomes ill, and there are thousands of deviated children who suffer real infirmities of mind and soul. This is the first stage or epoch of development—the formation of the individual through the exercise of his functions."

Then, with puberty, comes the second stage which is

the awakening of personality and the conscious development of the social sense.

The individual now becomes acutely aware of his own existence over against a social background; and with it comes a new interest in human society, its origin and its manifold activities.

The first epoch—that of childhood up to the age of 12 years—forms an epoch in itself, and therefore a stage of education in itself. It is in a real sense an elementary stage, for it enables the child to acquire the necessary elements for the construction of his personality. With the coming of the second stage, because the awakening social sense is the dominant factor, the life of the adolescent should be so arranged that a study of the structure of human society—as study based on practical activities as well as theory—should be its leading note. And secondary education must be reformed with these principles in mind, for they are based on the undeniable psychological facts of human development.

"These Planes of Development" give us the general order, if not the exact "syllabus of education." If man, in his development, is helped through these planes of development by a correspondence with the natural laws of his development, there would come into existence a society more perfect than ours. "For though," continues Montessori, "we are against artificial programmes that make a man a slave, we are never against order and discipline which are real laws of true development." It is the child—the free man—free with that true liberty which is freedom to choose what is right—it is he who must bring back calmness, order, discipline and harmony both to ourselves and to society. When we give him the help he needs, in order to live according to his own inner laws, then there arises in him and his fellows that love and harmony, of which there is such need in order that nations may be brought together.

The Development of the Social Sense

When the child leaves that epoch of his development in which he is forming his individuality, he enters into the next epoch in which his development is now concerned with the formation of his character as a self-conscious member of a social group. And now the whole ground plan of his education should undergo a corresponding change. "To conceive that secondary education should continue along the same lines as those which prevailed in the first epoch would result in the very undoing of what had been achieved in that first epoch, and would 'wreck everything'."

Because the moment of development has now come when the formation of the social sense awakens, opportunities must be given for new and varied forms of social experience. Indeed, according to Montessori, this fact—of the vivid awakening of the adolescent personality to his social environment and to his own existence as a social unit in that environment—this is a factor of such importance that it should form the centre of fulcrum, round which all secondary education should revolve."

Montessori has many criticisms to level at our present systems of secondary education; but there is no place for most of them in our present discussion—except this one—the most important. Our present day systems of secondary education do not—as a rule—provide the means by which the developing adolescent personality can obtain that new form of independence which is proper to that stage of development. (For it is a general law that each stage of development is characterized by the acquisition of a new and corresponding form of independence.)

"To herd boys together, as in a prison, as we do in our secondary schools, does not and cannot develop the social sentiment. Our very aim in our secondary schools are too isolated and individualistic. The school does not prepare for social life but for a profession." "Society is risking its own extinction, and cannot be preserved by men who have been prepared simply to earn a living in a competitive struggle with others. (These are the 'isolated grains of sand in the desert' referred to above.) Young people, nowadays, are so busy studying, cramming in knowledge in order to pass examinations that they may be able to earn their own living, that they have not time to develop the social sense nor have they the means to do so if they so wished."

We have already referred to the "moral confusion" which prevails in so many people's minds on this question of War at the present day. Montessori insists that there is. A direct relationship exists between this "moral confusion" and the insufficiency of opportunities for the development of the social sentiments—an insufficiency due in very large part to the imperfection of our educational methods during adolescence. Of what use is it perpetually preaching to young people the virtue of mutual helpfulness when at the same time the whole atmosphere in which we make them live is one of competition—so much so that often a boy is punished if he is discovered in the act of helping another. What effect can we hope to have when we urge upon children the duty of being happy in the success of others when in practice, we praise them in the exact degree in which, they outshine their fellows, either in scholarship or athletics?

Vol. II Chap. VI. Stages of Development.
(To Be Continued Next Month)

Elijah House

Dear Friends: PAX!

The visible core of our activities at St. Elijah House has always been the noon meal. The meal, though not the chief intention of the House, is closely related to it, and a focal point for those of us participating in the life of the House as well as a concrete act of witnessing.

There are several other "soup kitchens" in the area, but we differ radically in our approach and spirit, and the basis of this difference is compounded, we like to believe, of a little bit of ordinary courtesy, some humor, and some capacity to withstand the vagaries of human nature. The House has an attitude which we would like to own personally, in our relations with everyone. The House always reflects our best intentions. Therefore it is a mirror of our consciences, an instrument of self-knowledge for good and for bad. We are down here for ourselves as well as for the others.

There is no direct attempt to proselytize, no exhortations to repentance (known down here as "ear-beating"). We try to establish a kind of reciprocal relationship between ourselves and those who visit us. "Nose-divers," the professional repenters, are confused by us. There have been a few who have repented anyhow, out of habit or a wish to give something in return.

The men on the Line have a world of their own, almost a community in their own peculiar reference frame. But it's no pleasant world; its inhabitants are caught, more often than not, in a process of deterioration, not only the physical which catches us all, but the decay of the spirit, the blurring over of motivations. What binds us to existence is some projection of the future; these men, for the most part, have lost the future, somewhere, somehow, in the past.

But that is the theme of the neighborhood—a Negro ghetto. The ghetto has a world of its own too, and its community and language, but they feel and know as a group that they have been isolated and therefore their despair is somewhat communal. Is despair too strong a word? We don't think so. Consider those times in your own life when you were a helpless victim of someone's negative attitude, someone with whom you couldn't communicate. We want to recognize the unrecognized, to be here to see and be seen, to speak and be spoken to, to communicate. And who is it who is not to be recognized? It is Christ

who walks a stranger among us, who is denied justice.

That is why the noon meal is important. It represents the presence and the beginning of action. We want the meal to be as abundant as possible, to overflow just as we would wish to prosper with Grace.

Our needs, as always, include coffee, sugar, canned milk, beans, potatoes, and meat. Callagy once said, "They deserve the best," in answer to someone who would introduce reservations in this area. He is right, they do deserve the best, and the best is God's, but we can give only what is given in response to our begging.

Our warmest thanks to those of you who have responded so generously, but we want you down here too. What is the gift without the bearer?

We hope to be distributing 1,000 copies of the CW soon, through book-stores and stands, and through meetings for the "clarification of thought," as Peter Maurin used to say. Speakers we have had at our Round Table Discussions recently have included Andy Arellano of the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, Rev. John Garcia, who spoke on the Mystical Body, Carole Gorgon on civil disobedience in England and Ben Seaver is scheduled for November 16 to show the film *Alternatives*. He is area consultant for the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors.

Yours in Christ,
Russell LaPlaca and
Joan Abrams



Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

Deane says the school is all the book said and more.

Roof Fixed

Thanks to Al Whitehead our roof is tarred again and has no leaks. Al has also put automatic lights in the store-room in Siloe House. You open the door and the light is on, like a refrigerator door. The room is piled high with boxes containing 160 beautiful porcelain cooking pots with lids. Some have gone to the farm, to the beach house, and to Catharine and Julia. Mrs. Stokes and Mary Madsen will be giving them to the Puerto Rican families.

Clothes Rooms

Mary helps Mrs. Stokes in the clothes room on Tuesdays now. But they need someone to help on Saturdays. And Arthur says we shall be needing blankets. Tom O'Connell and two friends from the Christian Family Movement drove 300 miles from Schenectady to bring 100 pea jackets that a school was going to discard. May God bless all these go-givers!

A. J. Muste

Also on the Feast of Christ the King was the largest pacifist witness at the U. N. I ever saw, over 8,000 people. Elin and Gregory

were there. A. J. Muste told us what his taxi man had said as they were driving to the front of the line. The driver said he "never thought he would see the day when Krushchev would back down, that the U. S. ought to push now and drop 50 bombs on Russia." A. J. said if the people put that terribly mistaken interpretation on these events that a far worse crisis will come. It is not force, but when a person in power voluntarily makes an adjustment the people of the world can breathe again freely. A. J. said the U. S. should withdraw from Guantanamo and do it because that was the right thing to do, the right way for a great nation to treat a small neighbor.

General Strike

Several times at supper this week a walker has come to Chrystie St. from the Living Theatre to take back food for the core of workers in the General Strike for Peace. Judith Mallina gave a fine talk on the Strike at our Friday night meeting. It will be repeated again and again. On the Calendar of events is printed, "Do not be discouraged that we are few. We shall be many." It was five years ago that Ammon and Miss Day with



The Ultimate Crime

"In their reliance upon weapons of genocide — nuclear, chemical, bacterial—both the United States and Soviet Russia have been equally at fault. Today, in consequence, both countries symbolize the dilemma of the irresistible force confronted with the immovable object. Neither government will yet give ground, even on trivial issues like those raised in Berlin. Each still threatens the other with unrestricted extermination and destruction, despite the fact that the same catastrophe would be visited on both sides, and would eventually do grave damage to every other people on the planet, no matter how innocent or remote. The notion that there is some neat technological way out of this impasse forms part of the strange pathology of our time. Plainly every new mechanism of death invented by either side only heightens the present tension, widens the prospective terror, and commits them more heavily to the universal catastrophe they profess to abhor but do not shrink from projecting.

"Our own country has declared its readiness to sacrifice fifty million of its own citizens to our Nuclear Gods on the first day that genocide breaks out. We have covered over that first appeasement of these demented gods by building wholly illusory underground shelters, designed on the quite indefensible assumptions that only military targets would be hit, only nuclear weapons would be used, and —most fantastic assumption of all —that the conflict itself would last only a single day. At best, our peripheral fallout shelters would provide an extra fortnight for contemplating the traumatic horror of facing the continuance of a purposeless war, and lingering on, wracked by disease and starvation, in a meaningless world, disintegrated and permanently defiled beyond power of redemption.

"To accept such an abomination of terror and desolation as even a remote possibility, much less an honorable and tolerable sacrifice, is sheer madness: and the fixed policy that will eventually lead to such an end is, by any rational criterion, a mad policy, empty of human values and unworthy of human respect: the policy of underdimensioned men with 'ten year old minds,' operating within a one-generation frame of reference, with no respect for the values of human history and no concern for the future of the human race. Let us face these consequences before our leaders commit us further to this unpardonable sin, to use Hawthorne's words, this ultimate crime against mankind itself. And let us speak plainly to our leaders to this effect: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that there is no national purpose, however ideal, no practical urgency, however pressing, that would justify the risk of bringing about the irretrievable mutilation of the human race and 'the nullification of human history.' Lewis Mumford.

a few others resisted the Civil Defense drills before the numbers increased.

Render to Caesar

Sometimes things people say stick in the memory, just a word or a sentence. I liked what Fr. Michael Scott said at our Friday night meeting about "Render to Caesar." He said that should be interpreted as Jesus Himself interpreted it when he drove the money changers out of the temple. (And Stanley's comment on the Cuba crisis was, "T.B. or not T.B. That is the question? Consumption be done about it?") And a woman at our Thursday A.A. meeting gave us a quote she liked, "Today is God's gift to me. What I do with it is my gift to Him."

...The Peace-Makers...

—to Ammon

He says as others echo,
"They call their God Massau'n
And He is
A God
Of Peace."

Another of the dream, coincident and dread,
Has seemed to fill the very night, to linger
Into very day.

... to remember is to remember
The impersonal sense of dread
When the numbered bombers
In proud and counted fleets
Streaked deadly white
Across the skies of France.

... remember to remember
Hating all steel, hating all steel.

Although the years are healing
There has been no healing.

Another of the dream, coincident and dread.
This time the sky was any man's,
Was vast, was cerulean.
Awful objects had but left white mazes
Above its horizons, presaging
The unimaginable rabid unloosening
Of the chords of the spheres of being.

In the attenuated spaces of dream,
A far and lambent mesa
Toward the topmost of earth,
Persons like the ancient, patient Hopi
Conversed, and moved firm to wait, impassive,
Resolving every impotence.

You, keen and singular, are deed,
Witness out of word's
Translation from the cell of heart,
From reflex and gut, and the undisclosed
Protein of will.

Be then actual.

By Herbert Burke.

On Pilgrimage to Cuba

(Continued from page 6)

ness? As it says in the Acts of the Apostles, God did not leave us without testimony of Himself, in the whole world of nature, the visible world giving evidence of the invisible world, "filling our hearts with food and gladness."

When catechism is taught with what Peter Maurin called a philosophy of work, and Catholic students can enter into work for the poor and oppressed and the illiterate, it is good. But if they are denied that work in education or other fields because of their faith then they could undertake obscure and humble work by which to earn their living, becoming contemplatives in the world like the Little Brothers of Jesus, of Charles de Foucauld. With Peter Maurin's philosophy of work how religion will flourish and spread!

But of course too, there will always be persecution. The servant is not above his master. There is no redemption without the shedding of blood (one's own blood, not the blood of others).

The Canadian girl said, "There is no electricity in those county districts where we were picking coffee, so it is hard to teach. But the brigadistas go about in the dark with their pockets full of candles, and the alphabetizing goes on just the same." What dedication!

Another visit that day in the ministry of education with a man who was preparing art appreciation courses. "He who is without culture is not free," is another slogan in school rooms, on billboards and carved on bullfrogs.

Peter Maurin again and his synthesis of "Cult, Culture and Cultivation." He too insisted that education and culture was fundamental in building a new social order. But his clarification of thought began with Cult—religion, worship, man's acknowledgement of his Creator, source of all joy and strength

So Little Time

Things I would have liked to have done and people I would have liked to have seen. I would like to have taken one of those little ferries, the launches which went across the harbor to Las Mercedes and to have eaten at the little restaurant in a boat on the

shore. I would like to have visited the movie houses where the theaters were showing films from China, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, the USSR as well as other countries in Eastern Europe. To have seen the performances of *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes, and those put on by the aficionados, which meant in Cuban speech, not the lovers of the theater as we use it in terms of lovers of horse racing or bull fights, but amateurs, brought in to the theaters to play, sing and dance on the stages of theaters not only in Havana but in Santiago de Cuba, Manzanillo, Santa Clara and other cities.

I was not able to find our friend by correspondence, Mario Gonzales, parts of whose letter, three typewritten, single-spaced pages, we will quote from later. I would like to have visited Cedric Bel-frage, former editor of the *National Guardian*, who was just coming back from South America when I was leaving.

I would like to have had a visit with Carlos Rafael Rodriguez whose daughter has become a Catholic. He is an old time Communist and is now head of the agricultural reform. I would like to have talked to Blas Roca, head of the Communist party there, whose brother, I heard has a chicken farm (looks like private property there).

I would like to verify the rumor, printed in a Mexico City Newspaper circulated in all the hotels, that Fidel Castro has married again, a woman from Santiago de Cuba. I would like to write further on the cults among the Negroes in the city slums, and about the slums I saw but which are really unnecessary to describe as we have heard of them many times before.

And next month we will run the story of Robert Williams, the American exile, anything but a pacifist, who came to public attention a few years back by advocating that the Negroes arm in the South to defend themselves, and who was suspended from his position in the NAACP for a time. I grew to love him and his wife in my visits with them in Havana, and I would like to have our readers know them too.

To be concluded next month.