

CATHOLIC WORKER



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The Crafts Of Freedom

Network of Co-ops
Offers Mississippi
Negroes New Hope

By ABBOTT HOFFMAN

In the debate on black power neither exponents nor critics have offered constructive programs geared to the economic needs of Southern Negroes. Attempts either to integrate or to build up internal community power will both continue to be frustrated because of economic dependence on "The Man." It is, perhaps, in the economic program that integrationist and separatist can find a definition of black power that would be acceptable to both. The integrationist would recognize that the economic realities of Mississippi demand independence from the white community for a long time to come. It takes two to integrate, and talk of white racial moderates in Mississippi is even more unreal than it was in Alabama (as the overwhelming defeat of Flowers demonstrated). On the other hand, the separatist would recognize that the limited capital available in the black community of Mississippi does not allow for the huge investments needed to build a successful economic base. Furthermore, financial support for such a program will not be aided by those Negroes in the North who could afford to make investments. These middle-class Negroes should obviously provide the capital. Perhaps more militant civil-rights groups could encourage such support and if need be resort to coercive measures to force community responsibility. Boycotts and picket lines against uncooperative black businessmen and professionals certainly would have a powerful effect. At present, however, there does not seem to be a trend in this direction and the resources and potential for large financial investment are in the hands of the white liberal community. Even if the funds could be secured in the black community, once goods are produced they would have to be sold to large retail chains, department stores, and so on, which would mean dealing with the white community and white consumer power.

The Poor Peoples Corporation appears to be a first-step attempt to deal with the economic realities of Mississippi in a way that can find acceptance by almost all theoretical positions. During the summer of 1965, civil-rights workers in the state working on voter registration realized that economic reprisals, both in threat and actuality, prevented most Negroes from engaging in even a

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You are cordially invited to attend
an exhibition of

**DRAWINGS by
THOMAS MERTON**

at The Paraclete Book Center
146 East 74th St., New York City

from November 18th to 30th.
(Open Monday to Friday, 10 to 8,
Saturday, 10 to 6.)

The drawings are for sale for
the benefit of
The Poor People's Corporation,
which is engaging in the develop-
ment of cooperatives in Mississippi.
(See story above.)

THE PATHOLOGY OF RACISM

By REV. PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.

One day recently, in one of the larger cities of the South, a bulky Negro got on a city bus and quietly took a seat in front. Integration of public facilities in this city was only a remote reality, so the driver, noticing the dark presence in front, shouted over his shoulder, "Boy, you can't sit up cheer, get ohn back!" The Negro said nothing and remained where he was. At this, the driver got angry and shouted again, "Boy, ah said get ohn to the back seat!" The Negro did not move. The driver became furious, pulled to the side of the street, got up and stood in the aisle, saying: "Boy, I tole yew to get back. Now, either yew gef back, or I'll throw you off'n this bus!" Without a word, the Negro got up, and from an advantage of several inches, looked down at his antagonist. "Mister," he said, "Lemme tell you sunthin.' Number one, I ain't your boy. You wouldn't claim it, and even if you did, I wouldn't admit it. Number two, I'm a man 29 years ole, I got a job and family, and like you see, I'm growed up. Number three, I ain't one of them non-violent people."

It seems to me that anyone attempting to understand racism, in himself or another, must know its psychology, which is fundamentally a psychology of violence, denying human rights or inhibiting their practice. The psychology (or pathology) of racism is therefore my prime concern. How to cope with the inner city, how to structure poverty programs, how to revitalize the service of the Church, how to keep just enough crumbs sliding from the table of white America to quiet the Negro and keep him quiet (if unhappy)—all these are at best secondary considerations, if they are worthy of mention at all. What should occupy us is why we think blackness makes a person different or less, why straight hair is better than nappy hair or why an aquiline nose is better than a broad one. In effect, these childish vicious little myths are at the root of a crisis

which can tear this country apart, and which will do so if it is not resolved. As one magnificent editorial summed it up: "It seems to be the hardest thing in the world to convince ourselves that once we've noted skin color, facial features and hair texture, we have exhausted the subject of race — that everything beyond that is in our heads, put there by others and

kept there by ourselves, and all the brutal material consequences of centuries, from lynching to patronizing friendship, were spun from an original thread of falsehood."

And so we ought to be profoundly uneasy with our emotional and psychic disorders in race relations, and we ought to ask why the inner city came to be and why it will remain that way until we seriously decide to change it, why the lack of human resources in anti-poverty is even more critical than under-funding, why civil-rights forces are split in philosophy, each with their own type of desperation, why the Church establishment has taken only the most faltering and indecisive moves relative to poverty and the Negro; why the white community has a perfect genius for maliciously adjusting to every Negro initiative and gain, in such a way that Negro life remains practically the same.

If we continue to disregard with the utmost contempt the moral aspects of the issue (as most whites do) and concentrate single-mindedly on sociology or politics, we have no way of knowing how long the Negro poor will remain submissive, tolerant, and even nonviolent in face of the myriad evidences of white violence against Negroes. Not after the summer's epidemic of rioting and the certain promise of more, not after the ominous white reaction to CORE and S.N.C.C.'s conception of Black Power, not after the defeat of this year's Civil Rights bill, not after an anti-poverty program which is a middle-class insult to thirty or forty million poor people, over one-third of whom are Negro, a program which, even as it stands, is being quietly cut back to support the American adventure in Southeast Asia. Not after three hundred and forty years of tyranny, which finds its only modern counterpart in the Nazi tyranny against the Jews. Indeed, the question of whether America must endure a current

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BL·MARTIN
DE·PORRES·

The Death of Roger La Porte

Our November 1965 issue contained several articles about Roger LaPorte by staff members of the Catholic Worker who had known him before his self-immolation on November 9th. Shortly after his death we received two articles on the implication of his act by CW subscribers, which we are now publishing to mark the first anniversary of Roger's death. William Stringfellow is an Anglican layman and author of several books, the most recent being *Dis-senter in a Great Society* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) in which this article appears in slightly different form. Anthony Towne is a freelance writer who lives in New York City.

THE IMMOLATION OF AMERICANS

By WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW

In 1963 at least twelve monks of one of the zealous political sects of Buddhism in Vietnam died by self-immolation in protest against the corruptions, banalities and brutalities of the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem installed and, for so long, subsidized and sanctioned by the American government.

While it is difficult to gauge such

matters, I do not recollect that, at the time, the Buddhist immolations had much impact one way or the other upon the sympathies of the American people. There were, of course, those ghastly technicolor photographs of some of the burnings in *Life* magazine, but I suspect that they were no more offense to the sensibilities of most Americans than, say, the lurid technicolor photographs of intestinal surgery which that same periodical has also published. Gory sights do not excite the American conscience.

Besides, the Buddhist immolations happened when Vietnam seemed even further away than it now does and Americans were just as ignorant then about that beleaguered country as they remain today. The Buddhist "barbecues" could easily be dismissed by Americans as religious and political fanaticism—the sort of thing which is apt to happen in foreign and unsophisticated places with strange names.

Authentic Martyrdom

Actually there is ample evidence that the Buddhist burnings were a highly sophisticated protest tactic aimed at dramatizing the intolerance of the Diem dictatorship and its rule by terrorism, torture and mayhem. Moreover, the immo-

lations were not impetuous acts but carefully staged events: those willing to be burned volunteered and then some were selected by their peers, they underwent pious preparation in prayer and fasting, they were administered medication to mitigate their agony, and, while burning, they were usually shielded by their brothers from the interference of the authorities or on-lookers. In death, the ashes of flesh and bones were carried in procession through the streets and accorded homage in the temples. The Buddhist sectarians who advocated and practiced immolation as a form of protest in 1963 are said to hold religion and politics to be so intermingled as to be indistinguishable and, thus, if their actions be regarded as extraordinarily extremist by Americans, it must at least be said of them that they fanaticized their patriotism. There are those in the United States, though they are Birchers and not Buddhists, who esteem that as the highest civic virtue.

From this distance, it appears that the Buddhist immolations were instances of authentic martyrdom, not in the sense in which that word is occasionally used in the New Testament to refer to the

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Draft-Card Burners Convicted

Three pacifists who publicly burned their draft cards at a New York anti-war rally last November have been convicted of violating Federal law and will be sentenced November 29th. The maximum penalty is five years in prison and a ten-thousand-dollar fine.

Judge Thomas F. Murphy presided at the trial, which was conducted without a jury. None of the three pacifists is eligible for the draft: Tom Cornell, co-chairman of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, is thirty-two years old and has completed his two years of alternative service as a conscientious objector; Marc Edelman, of the Student Peace Union, and Roy Lisker, of the Committee for Non-Violent Action, are classified 4-F.

The three men are being represented by the American Civil Liberties Union and will appeal their convictions in a higher court.

New Yorkers Plan Apartheid Protest

On Friday, December 9, thousands of New Yorkers will join in a campaign of protest against American support of apartheid in South Africa. They will, as a definite act, withdraw accounts from Chase Manhattan and First National City banks.

To an American investor, apartheid means profits. To the African, apartheid means humiliation, degradation, starvation, disease and death, jail, beatings, torture and hangings. It means forced to seek employment in white areas as a stateless migrant worker, separated from his family, and completely at the mercy of his employer, police and virtually every white with whom he comes in contact.

Exploitation of 12.1 million black Africans by 3.4 million whites could not continue without the economic support of international investment. In 1959, Chase Manhattan and First National City Bank of New York joined with ten U.S. banks in extending to the government of South Africa a \$40 million credit arrangement.

Other investors in apartheid in the New York City area are: Manufacturers' Hanover Trust Co.; Morgan Guaranty and Trust Co. of New York; Irving Trust Co.; Chemical Bank New York Trust Co.; Bankers Trust Co.; Barclays' Bank D.C.O.

As a depositor in one of these banks, you are unwittingly a supporter of apartheid. Withdrawing your account is one important step that you as an individual can take to express your disagreement with this policy.

You are urged to join the protest against American support of apartheid in South Africa by withdrawing your account from these banks between December 1st and 9th. If you do not have an account, make your protest known by letters to the banks involved. Indicate your willingness to participate by writing to: A. Philip Randolph, Chairman, Committee of Conscience Against Apartheid, Room 705, 211 East 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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FALL APPEAL

St. Joseph's House
175 Chrystie Street
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Dear Beloved Ones,

Here it is October again and time to write our semiannual appeal to you our readers to help us keep going another few months. It is a beautiful day, the sun coming up right over the Williamsburg Bridge, the air clear, and here I am groaning within myself at having to ask for money. It is hard to be a beggar. Even St. Francis, the mendicant, whose feast comes at the beginning of this month, found it easier to help himself to his rich father's goods to restore the church. Certainly God called him to restore His Church, but not by another building operation. He learned the hard way as we all do. He had to give back what he had taken, and when his first disciple came to him, he showed how he felt about money by making Bernard, his first follower, give away all he had before he let him join him in his new way of life, the life of poverty.

In the little foreword to the Mass of the feast of St. Francis, he is referred to as a serviceman, and he certainly took part in the inter-city wars of his day, and for a year was imprisoned in Perugia. "This affliction he suffered a whole year with great alacrity, and comforted his companions." He always loved to sing and give feasts and walk the streets of Assisi in his all night long revelry, but the Lord kept calling him till he gave away his fine clothes and his uniform too. He began his spiritual warfare with loathing and fear but overcame himself by kissing the leper, and it was that hard act which transfigured him and turned him to the works of mercy. He visited the hospitals and served the lepers and he finally, at twenty-five, separated himself from his father, he put on the dress of a poor shepherd and the multitudes followed him as they did a Gandhi in our own day. Both were poor, both were ascetics. Both loved peace and worked for it and faced, unarmed, the sultans and rulers of their day.

Thanks to Peter Maurin, French peasant and founder of the Catholic Worker movement in 1933, we too, working in houses of hospitality such as that at Chrystie Street, feel that we have been called to a life of voluntary poverty. We know that there can be a natural attraction to poverty and the irresponsibility which goes with it. Artists, writers, musicians and scientists have embraced poverty rather than the rewards of the world to follow their own vocation. But surely it is a strange vocation to love the destitute and dissolute, those men sleeping in doorways, foul with the filth of the gutter, dying of drunkenness and malnutrition and fever and cold. We have known many such deaths and have witnessed the depths of misery around us. Only last month a group of school children, in their early teens, poured kerosene on three such men, lying in doorways sleeping in the still warm nights, and set fire to them! This act of horror gives witness to the all too prevalent attitude to these men—"They are only bums" one child said, and the mother of another, "Someone ought to do something about these bums"—who are found in every corner of the city, in vacant buildings, in the shadow of warehouses in neighborhoods deserted at night.

Looking up something in a book of notes taken in 1952 I find these sentences from an article called "Beyond Personalism" by Simone Weil in *Cross Currents*, Spring '52 issue, "From earliest childhood to the grave there is something in the depths of every human heart, which in spite of all the experience of crimes that have been committed, endured, observed—invariably expects people to do good and not evil. More than any other thing, this is the sacred element in every human being." This applies to these children, to these derelicts, and to us and to you, to rich and to poor. So we ask your help and your prayers.

Gratefully in Christ,

Dorothy Day

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

I first met Peter Maurin just after the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1932, when I had returned from reporting the Hunger March of the Unemployed, which was a march on Washington from all parts of the country by seamen, shipworkers, textile workers, miners, and other workers, demanding social security, unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, aid for dependent children, and so on. (We have these things now because of the demonstrations, marches and other pilgrimages which took place then, and, think with hope of the present-day pilgrimages of the migrant and agricultural workers of California and Texas and the peace parades, sit-ins, teach-ins, vigils and the pamphleteering and leafleting which are going on today.) I have written before about praying at the Shrine of our Lady in Washington and of how I came back to New York to find Peter Maurin waiting for me with the suggestion that I use my journalistic background to get out a paper to reach the man in the street.

But I have never written about my solitary pilgrimage in September of that same year to the shrine of the Jesuit martyrs at Auriesville, New York. I had read in the *Catholic News* of a pilgrimage, which was to be sponsored by St. Michael's Church, to leave from Grand Central station on a Sunday morning, arrive at the shrine for Mass at noon and return to New York after Benediction at four p.m. The cost was minimal. I had never made a re-



O TEMPLE
IN WHICH
GOD WAS
MADE A PRIEST

ligious pilgrimage and I knew nothing of this shrine, which was in the process of being built up as a popular place of pilgrimage. It was long before the pilgrimage of the rule of fasting, so I set out early with no comforting coffee and nothing to eat, as did the entire train load of St. Michael's parishioners. I read about the Jesuit martyrs long before I became a Catholic, in the compilation of their reports that Edna Kenton had edited. She was a friend of the old Masses, where I worked long before. I had never heard, however, of the Indian girl, Kateri Tekakwitha, who was born at this site, and I was fascinated when I read her story in pamphlet form. I had brought no lunch with me as the others had, and there was no place to purchase anything, because the one lunch stand was soon sold out. So I spent a day of penance there at Auriesville, with nothing to eat until I returned home after eight o'clock that night.

One never knows exactly what one's needs are, or what grace one receives on such occasions, but I often felt that this day of penance influenced my writing the next months so that Peter Maurin, reading the articles I had written dealing with the problems of poverty and unemployment, came to me with his message and

his teaching, in answer to the prayers I said that day, and the day at the shrine of the Blessed Mother in Washington, where I prayed most especially for the hunger marchers, to whom I felt more akin than I did to the thousands at the shrines.

New Resolution

A few weeks ago, I again made a solitary pilgrimage to Auriesville, on my way back from speaking engagements at Rochester and Geneseo, New York. The shrine was all but deserted that late afternoon. The cafeteria was closing for the year that very day and the woman in charge showed me where her guest house was, up the hill. I was the last guest she was going to take that season, she said, as she and her husband were going down to Florida. I slept well that night, after a supper of a cheese sandwich, an apple and coffee made with hot water from the faucet. Mass was at seven the next morning, in the huge octagonal auditorium, with many altars. I was one of only three participating at the Mass.

I remained for a time in front of the statue of St. Isaac Jogues, thinking of that former pilgrimage so long ago. And suddenly it came to me: I had been going around the country, and yes, to Mexico, Italy and England too, speaking for many, many years now, telling the story of the perennial worker movement and its Perennial philosophy of work and poverty, as the basis of peace and as an expression of the love of God and love of brother. For thirty-four years I have spent months of every year in travelling and speaking, and I never left our house of hospitality in New York, or one of our farms, without a wrench, without a sickness at having to go. And yet I was convinced that this was my vocation. Years ago, Father McSorley, of the Paulists, who was my first spiritual adviser, had told me to go where I was asked. I enjoyed all the trips, the meetings with all our groups and speaking at all our houses over the years, and I learned much from the encounters I had with other speakers and other groups, priests and people. I never came back without feeling enriched, and convinced too, that we were on the right path.

But this morning, as I left the Auriesville shrine, I felt, with sudden peace and certitude, "I am not going out to speak any more. I am going to write. I am going to write the pamphlet on the works of mercy which John Todd asked me to write when I met him three years ago in England. I am going to write the four articles for *Ave Maria* which they requested for the coming Advent. I am going to finish that short article for the *Jesus Caritas* bulletin, and most of all, I want to write the book I promised Harpers, *All Is Grace*."

William James once wrote that when you make a resolution, you should proclaim it or publish it, and that this will give you strength to stick to it. So I publish this. I am going to stay home.

Thoreau's Journal

But I still had two engagements to keep, made last summer, and one of them was to speak on a panel at Brandeis University on *Poverty and the Church*. Judith Gregory met me at the bus station just in time for dinner and the meeting, and later I spent the night at her apartment, which she shares with three other young women in Cambridge. When I spoke to her of my resolution, she gave me a wonderful quotation from Thoreau's journals (all fourteen volumes of which her mother had read):

Thinking this afternoon of the prospect of my writing lectures and going abroad to read them the next winter, I realized how incomparably great the advantages of obscurity and poverty which I have enjoyed so long (and may still perhaps enjoy). I

thought with what more than princely, with what poetical, leisure I had spent my years hitherto, without care or engagement, fancy-free. I have given myself up to nature; I have lived so many springs and summers and autumns and winters as if I had nothing else to do but LIVE them, and imbibe whatever nutriment they had for me; I have spent a couple of years, for instance, with the flowers chiefly, having none other so binding engagement as to observe when they opened; I could have afforded to spend a whole fall observing the changing tints of the foliage. Ah, how I have thriven on solitude and poverty! I cannot overstate this advantage. I do not see how I could have enjoyed it, if the public had been expecting as much of me as there is danger now that they will. If I go abroad lecturing, how shall I ever recover the lost winter? (Vol. VII, Sept. 19, 1854.)

Rochester and Geneseo

The other engagements I had were at the University of Rochester and at the State College at Geneseo. Eloise Wilkin gave me hospitality in Rochester. She is an illustrator of children's books and a doll designer too. I enjoyed my stay there with her and our drive to the Trappist monastery near Geneseo the next day to visit the monks before my evening meeting. This is the simplest of all the Trappist monasteries I have visited; I forgot to ask if they had building plans. I hope not. It does seem to me that in times like these, when there is famine and homelessness in the world, there should be a moratorium on the building of bigger church institutions. However; the monastery seems to be the same as when I visited there years ago and the monks number thirty-six. I believe. They work for their living by the sweat of their brow, not only by keeping up the place and raising beef cattle for sale, but also in baking thirty-five thousand loaves of bread a week (thanks to modern machinery) for sale in Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse and Elmira. When it is baked trucks from a big baking company come right to the gates and take it away for delivery. I was very glad to hear about this, because Monks' Bread is now sold everywhere and I had heard they had sold the franchise. What has happened is that they have sold it to a big flour company, which distributes their mix, on each bag of which the monks are paid a royalty, which the monks give to the poor. I know that we benefit by their charity regularly. My own complaint at this time is that the entrance to the chapel is inside the enclosure, so that women visitors are not able to be present at the singing of the divine office. I was glad to hear that there will be at least that minimum of building; the making of another entrance. As it was we went down to the retreat house through the rolling fields and visited the chapel there. I love this part of New York, where you can look way off to the horizon in every direction and overhead that great blue bowl of sky! Abbot Jerome is a Biblical scholar, and I should have liked much to have remained for a longer visit, but I had a supper and speaking engagement and Eloise had to return to Rochester. We had had such a pleasant visit together that I hated to see her go. She had come to our Pax conference this summer and is one of those who works at prayer for peace, saying much of the divine office each day for that intention.

What interested me before about Piffard, New York, the location of the monastery of Our Lady of Geneseo, is the knowledge that enormous salt mines are worked all through that district. Indeed

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A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The Indian Summer warmth of that mid-October Saturday afternoon—it was the feast of St. Teresa of Avila — lured most of our farm family out of the house to enjoy the sun. Dorothy and Maggle Corbin went romping down the lane with Lorraine Freeman's children: Anthony, David, and Eric. John Filligar took time off from his many chores to sit and talk with some of the other men enjoying the glorious spectacle of river and mountain and sun-splashed woodland resplendent now with autumn's bright golds and reds and mottled greens and browns. There was an indefinable pungence in the air — sun-ripened grapes, sun-warmed balsam pine, sun-drying herbs and weeds and leaves evoked for me a memory of many autumns, and I felt that I could see Marty Corbin and I, however, had found a quiet sunny spot where Marty continued his reading to me of Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend*. But there also was a kind of excitement in the air, an anticipation of visitors. For on such an October afternoon, who would not go a-visiting in the country?

This particular Saturday afternoon, anticipation soon became actuality. For Marty and I had hardly settled down with Dickens' amusing characters—Boffin and Wegg—who were engaged in their nightly stint of improving Boffin's mind by "declining and falling" the Roman Empire, when the first careful of visitors arrived. We had hardly finished welcoming these arrivals—who included our good friend and co-worker, Pat Rusk — when Bob Stewart drove up with the farm station wagon full of guests who had come by train or bus. I was surprised and delighted when Marty said to me: "Deane, Jack English is here." Ever since I have been at the Catholic Worker, I have been hearing about Jack English, or Father Charles (to use his Trappist name). Father Charles, who is a brilliant writer and was once an editor of the *Catholic Worker*, was on sick leave from the Trappist monastery of Conyers, Georgia, where he had spent some fifteen years. We were glad indeed that he found time to visit us before setting out for the Benedictine monastery in the Bahamas where he hopes to regain his health. We were glad, too, that he had come with Tom Sullivan, whose name will certainly be known to most of our old friends and readers; for Tom played a very important role at the Catholic Worker for many years, as editor, head of the house of hospitality in New York, and author of some of the best *Christie Street* articles ever written.

There were other visitors that sunny afternoon, among them: a nun, Sister Mary David, from Hunter College, our old friend Alba Ryan who is now living in Rhinebeck, and a pilgrim who always travels by walking and had walked all the way from New York City. Best of all, Dorothy Day, who had been away from home for most of the Fall because of numerous speaking engagements and duties in New York City, drove in. Shortly after her arrival, we all went down to the chapel, where Father Charles said Mass for us, the beautiful Mass of St. Teresa of Avila, that great Spanish saint who almost alone, I think, could lift the Spanish Church out of the darkness of the Inquisition and the conquistadores and the murky meanness of Franco into the living light of Christ's love, humility, and holy poverty. O St. Teresa of Avila, we here in America have need of you now! Teach us your love of true poverty and humility, your delight in the beauty and gifts God has so lavished on the world, your joy in sacrifice and suffering for His sake.

How wonderful it is to have a priest say Mass for us in our own chapel, to share with the great saints in that Communion of the

Mass, the praise and blessing of the Lord. Father Charles not only said Mass for us on the Feast of St. Teresa of Avila, but stayed over and said Sunday morning Mass for us the next day. Shortly before Father Charles' visit, Father Lyle Young came to spend several days with us, and said Mass most beautifully each day. We are always happy when priests come to visit and say Mass for us; for that is the kind of help we always need.

Sick List

Although we enjoy so much peace and beauty in our lives, we are not without our worries, anxieties, and problems. During the past several weeks, some of our community have had spells of serious sickness—Rita's mother, Mrs. Carmen Ham; Agnes Sidney; Peggy Conklin; and Mike Sullivan. Peggy, in fact, had to spend a few days in the hospital, but is back now and much better. Mike, who is one of our most dependable and essential workers, had to spend several days in bed but is up now and back at work on the winter chapel. In addition to sickness we have—as one would expect in a community so diverse as ours—certain clashes of temperament, tensions, and what Dorothy Day likes to call the war between the workers and scholars, or between the old and the young.

Now and then it happens that problems arise, partly, it would seem, as a result of the kind of hospitality and freedom found at the Catholic Worker. There are always those who come seeking help in the peace, beauty, and routine of work, prayer, and healthful country living here at the farm; and we hope they find at least a little of the help they seek. There are others, however, who seem to come with the idea of continuing to lead here the same kind of disruptive, disorganized, life they have been leading in the city. Down deep within their tortured minds, these persons may be seeking help, love, God; yet they are so alienated, so disorganized by alcoholism, narcotics, or mental illness that only a professional—psychiatrist or clinical psychologist—is likely to get through to them. Meanwhile they make living extremely difficult for those around them. When such visitors arrive, as they sometimes do, here at the farm, we soon learn how frail is patience, how difficult is charity. One young man, who moved into our old mansion for a while this fall, created so much disturbance — breaking windows and furniture, burning books and even a recorder—that I began to think the old mansion was haunted not by the ghost local legend ascribes to it but by a legion of poltergeists. This young man has now departed. Here at the farm, meanwhile, we have returned to our usual state of peace and confusion.

Fortunately, during this unpleasant period Barney and Pat McCaffery, with their little son, Blaise, came to visit us. The McCafferys have recently returned from a long trip, traveling about the country on a kind of mission of peace and goodwill, playing the accordion and singing to and with many groups in many places. Barney is a professional, and he and Pat together really understand the technique of imparting happiness through song. On two evenings after rosary and compilation, Barney and Pat played and sang for us the folk songs of many times and places. Helene Iswolsky helped with some Russian folk songs. Stanley Vishnewski sang a song from Lithuania, Tom Murray came in strong on the civil-rights protest songs. Arthur Lacey sang "They Call Me Arthur," which Kieran Dugan had written for him to sing in "The Trial of Aaron Heresy" which was presented at the old *Christie Street* house about ten years ago. But mostly Barney

sang, accompanied by his own accordion, while we listened with warming blood, quickening pulse, and mounting good humor.

There have been many other visitors this Fall, as always, more than I can mention. It was good to have Ed and Johanna Turner with their son Tommy here for a weekend. Several groups of priests, nuns, and seminarians have also visited us. A man from Brazil, a young woman from Germany are listed among our guests. Helene Iswolsky's nephew, Eric Langkjaer, religious editor of Harper and Row, who brought his wife and children to enjoy the autumnal coloring. Irving and Vivian Rosenberg, our friends and neighbors, have visited several times, Howard and Louise Moore, whose hospitality both Dorothy Day and I have enjoyed, have stopped by for brief visits. Finally, this weekend, Caroline Gordon Tate, distinguished novelist and short story writer, arrived with her good friend and ours, Cary Peebles. This very day two Dominican nuns stopped by to take supper with us. Then just at rosy time, up for the weekend too came Walter Kereil and Tom Hoyer from *Christie Street*.

We have also had many comings and goings among the members of



our own community. Helene Iswolsky, who is the founder and head of the Third Hour ecumenical movement, is away this weekend leading a meeting of this group which is being held in Darien, Connecticut. Marty Corbin and Tom and Jan Murray are also attending this meeting. Fred Lindsey and Jim Canavan spent a period this fall at *Christie Street*. Marge and Johnny Hughes have been away for about a month so that Johnny could receive special treatment for his eyes and ears at St. Vincent's hospital. Reginald Highhill took a German friend on a short tour of the United States and Canada.

Community and Solitude

Visitors or no visitors, comings or goings, work must go on. In the routine work of farm; kitchen, house, and office, chauffeuring and errand-running, the following persons have done their fair share and often more; John Filligar, Hans Tunnesen, Alice Lawrence, Mike Sullivan, Kay Lylich, Fred Lindsey, Jim Canavan, John McKeon, Rita and Marty Corbin, Arthur Lacey & Bob Stewart. Arthur Lacey, who usually acts as sacristan, altar boy and mailman, has also been helping John Filligar with the fall harvesting. Mike Sullivan and Kay Lynch have built a chapel in the long annex to this residential building, which we call St. Joseph's House, so that we won't have to walk down the icy road during the winter months. Reginald Highhill is trying to make another cabin fit for use next summer when the children start coming up from Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant. Jim McMurry is continuing to work on his her-

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Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Two men rode in a cold gondola for twenty-six hours coming in from Denver, getting in at 1 a.m. It took them several days to get thawed out. One man who had been at our house three years ago saw our sign at the Roper yards and came for a night. We are at the extreme south end of the Roper yards. Dozens of freights pass each day and the longer ones stop to switch. The men can get off there, where our sign tells them of the House half a block away—3462 S. 4 W., Salt Lake City, Utah. I repeat our address each month because many transients read the CW in libraries.

In our front room above the fireplace hangs a picture of Joe Hill, formerly in an exhibit at the public library, done by James S. Barnes, a local artist. Six long bookshelves on both sides of the fireplace provide room for—classics, Tarzan books, and an assortment of others sent to us. On the west wall is the saying by John Dewey: "A good man is one, who, no matter how bad he has been, is getting better; a bad man is one, who, no matter how good he has been, is getting worse." Beneath this is a small framed photograph in color of Mary Lathrop's large mural of the execution of Joe Hill. Nearby is the well known thought of Eugene V. Debs: "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a criminal class I am of it; while there is a soul in prison I am not free." Beneath it is a framed picture of the store at 8th and Southwest Temple where Joe Hill was accused of the hold-up for which he was executed in November of 1915. Between these quotations is the large crucifix given to us by the Trappists near Huntsville, Utah. And beneath the cross is a framed picture of Joe Hill, with the four bullet holes near his heart. On the north wall is the picture by Mary of Joan of Arc and the notorious Bishop who fooled her into signing her abjuration and confessing herself to be: "Blasphemer of God, Sinner Against the Faith of Jesus Christ, Boaster, Idolater, Cruel, Dissolute, Invoker of Demons, Apostate, Schismatic and Heretic . . . A Misleader of the People . . ." And on the east wall a painting by Mary of the Three Hebrew Children in the Fiery Furnace. A man looking at these pictures, and just getting over a drunk, at our first Joe Hill House, shouted, "What the hell kind of a place is this?" A framed picture of Jesus wanted as a bum, by Art Young, is in our kitchen.

We walked down the tracks to The Jungle at the center of Roper

yards. A tunnel under the bridge was unlocked and scattered with tin cans. Further down the tracks, off in the weeds, we came upon two more or less "permanent" cardboard domiciles erupting from the ground, about three feet high and eight feet long, with the roof sloping to the ground. We said hello and after a bit heard some mumbling as to what we wanted. We told the men inside that when it got too cold and dreary they were welcome at our House. They replied that they knew where we were, "out by the Vitro smokestack; but we are snuggled in here now." Cooking utensils were scattered around. Here a bewhiskered old hermit lives. For years I had met him in the morning as I was coming with my cart back from the supermarket. I generally handed him some fruit as he shuffled along. Al says that one morning he came to the House for breakfast but left at once afterwards. Others have seen him by his open fire and told him about our place, but he says that there are too many people at our House and he wants to be by himself. In back of our garage there is a one-room shack, which, for want of a better name, we call the Eskimo room. We told him that he could live there and not be bothered, but he prefers his hole by the underpass.

We attended the farewell party at the Mill Creek Ward of the Mormon Church, where Douglas Rich had his send-off for two years at their Great Lakes Mission in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He has sung songs and played his guitar at our Joe Hill Memorial meeting and at our Friday night meetings, and he promises to sing these radical songs on his mission. The Bishop announced that any members of their "stake" could get tomatoes at the stake farm. Several Wards band together and run a farm producing certain products which are turned in to the central Mormon relief.

Each day as I go with my cart for food I pick up nails along the highway. I am sometimes accused by the orthodox of using the highways and not paying taxes for their upkeep. When I was a youngster on the farm I trotted along and thought I was helping my father work out the road tax, as was then the custom. They tell the story that I had a tantrum and rolled in a mudhole because I wasn't allowed to work with the men. Today I earn my way, as one of the few who walk on the roads, by picking up trash.

PERSEUS

Lines for an American
(alone, in armor)

Is she my mother or my sister-wife,
A bitter widow or a maiden aunt,
Or was she stolen from an older man?
Who is this universal bitch
Who so disturbs my peace?
I have a right to know before I kill her.

Damn sword—it rusts;
Who said that it was guaranteed?
Or these shoes—they shrink when wet?
Are they protection from her look?
She's rumored ready to out-trick
A man no matter what his instruments.

How can I be assured she'll look
Into this shield, or that my nerve
Will hold? Oh someone tell me—
Will it work? I can't bear doubt.
It is easier to kill the innocent
When you're afraid. Tell me—

Will I be victorious? Why
Are my friends not with me? Speak!
Oedipus was given nerve at least
To blind himself when he was lost;

Or was it grief? Thank God
I have no sorrow, no regret
To lead me into that disgust.
But why was I given the task
Of killing Medusa? I cannot bear
Not knowing I'll succeed . . .

Herbert Mason

One Year Ago: The Death of Roger La Porte

(Continued from page 1)

death of one who is killed by others because he is a Christian, but, in the other sense, of a life which is surrendered to death in adherence to a cause thought to be of greater moral significance than the life sacrificed. Men may dispute about which causes have a dignity which rationalizes such martyrdom, but, in the end, that remains in the solitary discretion of the martyred, and no one else has any standing to gainsay his commitment unto death.

Martyrdom as Treason

What can be said, however, of these American immolations?

Buddhist fanatics in faraway places may burn themselves, but there seems something alien, peculiar and, indeed, inherently unpatriotic in the self-immolation of an American citizen. Even if Americans could, somehow, be pardoned for their moral indifference to the Buddhist martyrs and the protest against American policy underwriting the Diem tyranny implicit in the Buddhist burnings, these American barbecues cannot be ignored.

The first impulse has been to explain them away as pathetic, precipitous, private acts having no significance as social protest. Thus, from the White House itself, the morning after Norman Morrison had set himself afire outside the Pentagon, came the gratuitous suggestion that Morrison harbored a morbid personal death wish and had utilized the Vietnam war as an excuse to act out his pathological compulsion to suicide. Surely no citizen would dissent so profoundly from American policy as to burn himself to death right outside McNamara's window, ergo Morrison must have been insane. Conceivably Norman Morrison was insane, I do not know, and, for that matter, neither does anyone else, least of all anyone in the White House or anyone in the Pentagon, but it remains a far more plausible explanation of Morrison's death in this fashion that he surrendered his life for a cause which he regarded as of greater moral significance than his own life. He had, after all, for a long time been involved in other protests against the American military involvement in Vietnam and it argues against the notion that his was some grisly personal act that he selected an hour and a location for his immolation certain to attract attention. Maybe Morrison was insane, but it is much more likely that he was, in the same sense as the Buddhists, a martyr. The pathology most evident in the episode is not Morrison's, but rather that of a nation which can only account for radical dissent as sickness and which so eagerly wants to believe that martyrdom is treasonous.

Immolation and Sanctification

The immolation of Roger La Porte, the boy who said he was protesting all the hate in the world, can, I think, be distinguished from the Buddhist happenings. I knew LaPorte and we had talked occasionally about this world in which he beheld and abhorred so much hate. He was not insane, he was troubled and concerned, as any truly sane man is. He was not conformed enough to have become, like so many of his elders, either a cynic or, what is worse and even more common, addicted to boredom. He was only twenty-two, but he was not so naive as to suppose that his death in this fashion would expiate the world of hate. He was a Catholic and he knew that Christians, though they are often persecuted and tortured in this world, do not seek suffering. He was not a martyr for some cause he thought more important than his own life.

It is rather with Roger—this is what I now intuit—that in the moment in which he ignited his own body he was afflicted with that appalling despair which has concluded that death is the ultimate meaning of existence and that only in the offering of his life to death

would his life have significance. A man so fearfully offended by all the hate militant in this world, a man who despairs of any hope this side of death, still nurses a certain vanity that there is one thing which he can do to render his existence morally significant: he can kill himself. Such profound despair is, in fact, an idolatry of the power of death, a way, as it is said biblically, of cursing God.

Yet, as is well known from a great host of witnesses—Job and Peter and Paul and Augustine and Kierkegaard and so many others, it is only from the very depths of Hell that life is sanctified.

It is affirmed that in the hours in which LaPorte lingered in agony he was emancipated from this despair. I believe that to be true with absolute certainty, because it is the absolution of men from the worship of death which is precisely the meaning for men of the Resurrection of Christ.

In matters such as these—in the Buddhist and now the American immolations—the truth of what has happened will not be fully acquainted to men until the last day of the world, to the embarrassment and consternation, no doubt, of every single man and to, also without doubt, that subtle amusement with which God practices forgiveness.

Meanwhile, let Americans pay attention to the irony of these immolations. Let it be remembered how few there were, a few years ago, who were distressed or moved in any way when those odd monks were roasting themselves in the streets of Saigon and, recalling that, let there be no surprise at all now when some Americans—for whatever reasons—set themselves afire, that there are very few who weep, and very few who mourn and very few, in fact, who care enough for any human life—even their own—to pause long enough to ask why.

There are so few Americans who lament the immolations, I fear, because there are so many Americans who know secretly the harshness with which any inquiry into why these things are happening among us must be answered. Americans cannot bear to question the immolations of these fellow citizens, or of those foreign monks, because that would expose the truth that this becomes a nation so casual and indulgent, so decadent and indifferent, so pretentious and so very fond of death that it is a nation itself engaged in immolation.

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THE JUSTIFICATION OF INNOCENCE

By ANTHONY TOWNE

On the television show called "Today" one morning recently Miss Marguerite Higgins, the veteran newspaper woman, who has spent much time in Vietnam, especially during the time of Diem, whose regime she enthusiastically supported and whose downfall she has vigorously lamented, ventured the hypothesis, which she asserted to be a fact, that the immolations of Buddhists in South Vietnam, a flurry of which preceded Diem's collapse, were in fact calculated political acts and not at all motivated by religious conviction. The immolations were designed, she suggested, to create the impression that Diem was engaged in repression of Buddhism, when there was actually no such repression taking place. Then in an astonishing non-sequitur, Miss Higgins sought to bolster her hypothesis by analogy, asserting that surely no one would say that the two recent American immolations, that of Norman Morrison and that of Roger LaPorte, were occasioned by any repression they had experienced from President Johnson. It is with this latter (and from the point of view of her primary argument) irrelevant observation of Miss Higgins that I propose to take indignant issue.

Let us grant that immolations,

which have been, until recently foreign to Western experience, are difficult to comprehend, especially, perhaps, for Christians, whose religion, although liberally sprinkled with the blood of martyrs, has in it a considerable horror of martyrdom. Madame Nhu, sister-in-law of the late Diem and herself purported to be a devout Roman Catholic, found it necessary, in order to dispose of the nuisance of the Buddhist immolations, to describe them as "barbecues." In that singular image Madame Nhu, I fear, gave expression to what many of us half-feel about people who burn themselves alive, namely, a grisly delight that seeks to mask feelings of pain we should otherwise have to undergo. (The United Nations guard who discovered Roger LaPorte, already, as he put it, "a ball of fire with legs," was subsequently so nauseated that it was necessary to take him to a hospital.) There is something, it seems, that strikes most Christians as peculiarly un-Christian about the action of immolation. The response tends to be incredulity. Is there, one wonders, among Christians some insecurely repressed disgust with Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, a disgust for which we seek to compensate by supposing that it is a mystery wholly restricted to Christ, and therefore



utterly unavailable to others, even those others who seek to witness to Him?

Moral Bankruptcy

In some remarkable comments on the American immolations, Dr. Preston McLean, who is director of the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry, and himself a psychiatrist, having said that martyrdom is never suicide but rather an acceptance of death unsought, added the far more pertinent thought: "That these people chose a manner of martyrdom—self-immolation by fire—which is really from another culture shows, I think, the bankruptcy of the Christian tradition as it has developed." It seems to me a reflection of that very "bankruptcy" Dr. McLean has identified that he himself assumes that martyrdom and suicide are necessarily incompatible. Who can say with certainty, who speaks as a Christian, that one who takes his own life, even by fire, seeks his own death, and not rather his own resurrection, and that of others? It is perhaps understandable that many people have tried to account for Norman Morrison and Roger LaPorte by speculating that they might be abnormal, twisted, or downright crazy. Such people have doubtless been discomfited by the conclusion of a survey the New York Times undertook of psychiatrists who were agreed that Norman Morrison, at least, exhibited no evidence of psychosis. Indeed, both young men appear to have been ordinary and normal in an almost extraordinary and abnormal way. Norman Morrison was married and a father, and Roger LaPorte, the newspapers seemed perplexed to report, occasionally dated girls.

Why, then, did two young men, seemingly of sound mind, take it upon themselves, incredibly, to burn themselves alive, contrary not only to their temperaments and customary demeanor, but contrary as well to the culture in which they lived and the religious tradition of which they were de-

voted adherents? We might well begin with Dr. McLean's suggestion that they were responding to the "bankruptcy" of that religious tradition and, by implication, of that culture. And we should not, it seems to me, reject out of hand the possibility that they acted for the very reasons they themselves, and their families and friends, gave—namely, that they were profoundly appalled by the war in Vietnam and the United States involvement in it and were persuaded that only this desperate witness would avail against it. Our Ambassador to the United Nations, Mr. Arthur Goldberg, forced to comment upon Roger LaPorte's ordeal outside his offices, deplored what he called the "unnecessary" act. "Unnecessary," one must assume, by way of distinction from the necessity Mr. Goldberg never wearies of arguing that the war in Vietnam must go on. It is certainly a fact that if that war must go on then Roger LaPorte's death was horribly unnecessary. It is equally a fact that if the war need not go on then that same death may well have been profoundly necessary.

Let us return to Dr. McLean for some light in this darkness. Reluctantly, it seemed, he rejected the hypothesis that the two immolators were crazy: "But as for pathology, that's not really a fruitful pursuit. Hardly anybody in the West is immune from some kind of pathology." They were not, the doctor seemed to conclude, any crazier than the rest of us. He added, in an afterthought as prodigious to me as the idea of an afterlife: "The important thing is that these acts are the precursor for a new beginning of seriousness. People are finally beginning to take life seriously." What does it mean, without resorting to the late Dr. Paul Tillich, to take life seriously? How is one to live seriously in a world where the extermination of life is commonplace, and the means for its extermination have become the proudest adornments of most nations? In short, when crime has donned the apparel of innocence, how shall innocence justify itself?

Johnson's Way

One way for innocence, and for apparent innocence, to justify itself is the way of consensus, the way of Lyndon Johnson. We are back with Miss Higgins. A consensus is the agreement, overt or tacit, of a substantial majority that a given procedure is, in Mr. Goldberg's language, necessary. There is no "necessity" that the procedure be morally right or Christianly tolerable; it is only necessary that there be substantial agreement as to the procedure. It is President Johnson's superb gift that he has mastery of all the techniques for achieving consensus, and has employed them with a consummate energy, frequently to achieve worthy and welcome ends.

It comes as no surprise, given the awesome power of the Presidency, and the awesome ambitions of its present incumbent, that President Johnson has succeeded in extending the national consensus from civil rights and wars against poverty, crime, ugliness and other manifest evils to a war against the consensus of people who live in Vietnam. A consensus, precisely because of its moral neutrality, as Hitler and many others have discovered, can be extended to the most unlikely of human adventures. A consensus, in the last analysis, is a mob. And a mob on the rampage is the perfect expression of a consensus.

Joseph Kraft, the columnist, writing recently and well in the New York Post about protests in general and immolations in particular ("not exactly the fashionable thing to do," he noted), put forward this helpful thesis: "The one answer that seems clear to me is that the protests of the few are somehow connected with the con-

sensus that encompasses the many." Bravo, Mr. Kraft! For he has said what we as a nation have refused to admit, that it is our own vaunted consensus that has compelled Norman Morrison and Roger LaPorte to import an alien form of protest in order to register upon us so simple a complaint as that they are opposed to war, even wars that we, by consensus, approve. Mr. Kraft is careful to say that he does not mean that "President Johnson is in any way to blame." He is substantially right. We are to blame. Lyndon Johnson did not invent the consensus; it was there, ripe for the cultivation. But the President is, by his own choice, the symbol of the consensus and the principal beneficiary of it, and he must bear a heavy burden of responsibility for it. It is in that sense, then, that I assert that Lyndon Johnson is responsible for the immolations of Norman Morrison and Roger LaPorte. It is in that sense, then, that I assert that Lyndon Johnson did, in fact, repress the opportunity for a free expression of dissent, which alone might have made it possible for Morrison and LaPorte to have eschewed their destiny. The free expression of dissent includes—most importantly—an assumption that dissent will be seriously listened to. It is one of the great tragedies of our time, politically, that Hubert Humphrey, Vice President and servant of the President's consensus theology, has lately taken to solemn pronouncements that the right of dissent is inherent in the American way of life but that that right does not include the right to be taken seriously. It is precisely the right to be taken seriously that confers upon us the right to dissent at all. To refuse to take seriously the opinions of a man who would burn himself to death for his convictions (or, merely burn his draft card, given the penalties our consensus has seen fit to impose for that offense) is, it seems to me, to abandon the last vestiges of human decency.

"To make a meaningful protest in the atmosphere of consensus becomes exceedingly difficult," Mr. Kraft, who is given to placid objectivity, observes, and, remembering Norman Morrison and Roger LaPorte, one can only feebly add, "Amen."

The concept of masochism has provided an out for Dr. David Abrahamson, a psychiatrist, who has permitted himself to be quoted: "In the final analysis, every suicide comes from a loss of self-esteem. There is nothing more to live for, nobody loves him. He hates himself, and just as he hates himself, he hates other people. Suicide, any form of suicide, is a form of homicide." One is tempted, rascally, to turn this around, and wonder, is any form of homicide, including say the homicide now taking place in Vietnam, equally, or comparably, a form of suicide? Be that as it may, and is, it seems pertinent here to rehearse some of Dr. Abrahamson's further reflections, as recorded in an interview with Al Ellenberg, terrifyingly entitled "The Human Torches: Martyrs or Masochists?" introduced, however, by a splendid quotation from Camus—"... if we deny that there are reasons for suicide, we cannot claim that there are grounds for murder" ... unanswerable, it might seem, but not for Dr. Abrahamson:

"Could these acts be valid political acts by sane minds?, the reporter asks Dr. Abrahamson, an expert on violence and the author of a study on suicide. "In all my life I have never found one act of suicide where psychopathology was not present," the psychiatrist answers. "I sound strict, but I talk from 30 years of experience. As for politics, I fought the Nazis in Norway; I did not kill myself, and you see, these people are wrong. What do they effect?"

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THE PATHOLOGY OF RACISM

(Continued from page 1)

version of internecine conflict, which finds its only similarity in the Civil War, is not, to any great extent, in Negro hands at all. The question rather rests upon whether whites will withdraw from violent provocation and suppression of Negroes, which at this point in history is simply intolerable. Nor is there much likelihood that this will happen, which puts prognosis for the future within the capacity of a schoolboy.

Be that as it may, both human honesty and Christianity demands that we begin to expose the sheer deceit, unwarranted assumptions and misconceptions that infest most white discussions of black rights in America. Irresponsibility toward Negroes is seldom admitted, and an air of self-righteousness pervades the atmosphere. In Scriptural terms, there is no willingness to repent or to make atonement. Moreover, the Anglo-Saxon pretension to lawfulness is insidiously abandoned when the law has to do with Negroes.

Bishop Cerety, of Portland, Maine, made this point in a speech which dared to make concrete reference to "the massive disobedience of whites toward Civil Rights legislation." Citing as an example the fair-housing laws already on the books Bishop Garey commented: "The Negro knows, however, that these laws are disregarded and disobeyed at every turn by lies, subterfuges, falsehoods—and he is the victim of this quiet lawlessness. Similarly, enforcement of fair-employment practices legislation is frequently evaded by illegal means. . . . We white people tremble when we hear the extremist cry 'Black Power.' And yet the Negro in this country is faced constantly and on every side with what he sees as the White Power which has lashed him, held him down, humiliated him for these many, many years. He knows that discrimination against him, disdain and even hatred because of his color is an all-pervading fact of our white-dominated society. In the great mass of Negroes this fact keeps constantly alive a deep and enduring mistrust of the generality of whites."

What is the basis, one might ask, for racial pathology of such depth and virulence? What has so infected our consciousness that we can ignore the common facts of humanity, to be obsessed with its surface distinctions? The widespread impersonality of modern life is one answer. Racial separatism, white-oriented education, innocuous and bland religion, social selfishness and materialism are others. These and similar deprivations combine to imbue us with the conviction that black men must be dirty because they're black, must be criminal because they're immoral, must be unintelligent because they are uneducated, must be promiscuous because they have their children, and keep them. And when in contrast, Negroes are obviously clean, educated and moral, the phobia against blackness still prevails, and rejection is still the rule. So we capsize our fears and myths and moral imbecility in the Negro "problem," and by a sick sort of transference load the whole unlovely burden upon black backs and call it theirs. James Baldwin has some very strong and pointed language to say about this brutal delusion. "In effect, there is no Negro problem. The problem is that one is still in a kindergarten, an emotional kindergarten, and the Negro in this country operates as some weird kind of gorilla who suddenly is breaking up all the blackboards. I am tired of not only being told to wait, but of people's saying, 'What should I do?' They really mean, what should I do about the Negro problem? . . . What should I do for you? There is nothing you can do for Negroes. It must be done for you. One is not attempting to save twenty million people. One is attempting to save

an entire country, and that means an entire civilization, and the price for that is high."

America is very far from paying the price. In fact, most of America is unaware that a price must be paid. In spite of the rhetoric pouring from pulpits, from the news media and from Washington (most of it inspired by uninformed and superficial good will), America has made the nearly unanimous decision to outlaw the Negro, or to put it more accurately, to live with its age-old decision to outlaw him indefinitely. Most Negroes now live in what has been called "occupied territory," citizens under colonial rule, where the white presence is preponderantly exploitative or repressive. Merchants, parasites, bill collectors, charlatans, housing agents, are all protected by the watchful eye of police power, which, in the inner city, is the buffer force shielding the white community from the restlessness of black resentment. In the most practical sense, Negroes must live according to white whim and nod—rules are very clear, and limits are scrupulously set. Enforcement of rule and limit is total, and enforcement is made possible by the ruthless economics of the system. Unemployment among Negroes is three, five or eight times as high as among whites, as it is in parts of Chicago now, and as it has been in Harlem for many years. At this point, Negroes earn less than half of what whites earn, a condition worsening in the most inexorable fashion—because of automation, because of impoverished education, because of lily-white trade unions, and in spite of a swollen war economy and an unparalleled gross national income. We must understand that, according to our real value system, power in this country means money, and that most Americans believe that money will buy most of what is important. Therefore, keeping the Negro in his place, keeping him from power or from ready access to it, keeping him the native colonial client and the perpetual American scapegoat, is purely and simply, keeping him poor.

Education is next, and part of the conspiracy is causing the Negro to be ignorant—ignorant of his own history, ignorant of his contribution to this country, ignorant of the cultural riches available to whites. As a practical measure of repression, the policy has been enormously successful, since men with ideas can be troublesome, and even uncontrollable. The American experience has shown that majority suppression of a hated minority depends for its success upon poverty and educational deprivation, and that the two are inextricably dependent. So it is that the "separate but equal" facilities were calculated as separate but hardly equal, and they were the perfect solution to keeping Negroes separate and unequal. Today, the neighborhood school in the North has become the symbolic counterpart of the almost total separatism of white and black in the South.

Harold Howe, United States Commissioner of Education, has this to say about compliance with the Supreme Court decision of 1954: "While we have gone on urging moderation, sweet reason, and bigger and better panel discussions, the schools throughout the nation remain almost as segregated today as they were in 1954, when the Supreme Court decided that racially segregated education was illegal. The small progress that the South has made toward desegregation has been offset by increasing *de facto* segregation in the cities of the North. Since 1954, an entire sub-generation of Negro and white youngsters who started first grade in that year has now graduated from high school, most without any classroom experience with the other race. The facts today are that a Negro youngster in an American elementary school has on the national average, not much

more than 15% of his classmates from the majority white group; in the Southern states the figure is nearer to 5%; white high school students can expect to have nine out of ten of their classmates from their own white group. The picture does not inspire calm satisfaction."

It is a fact that there is more segregated housing in this country than in 1954; nor have fair-housing legislation in many Northern States, executive orders, Federally financed housing, or the Civil Rights bills of 1964 and 1965 done much to change the stubborn pattern. Many urban areas in the South first began a conscious segregation of Negroes under threat of the legislation coming out of Washington: while the North blandly continued patterns of residential exclusion that were decades, and even centuries, old. Apart from Federal initiative, this has been the trend: either a small minority of Northern states would enact open housing by law, and see it subverted by corrupt housing interests that pandered to



a market obsessed with the sanctity of private poverty: or the states would reject open occupancy, and insure future rejections by nominating or electing candidates like Maryland's Mr. Mahoney or California's Mr. Reagan. With 50% earning power, with a closed housing market, with the fierce threat identified with moves into white neighborhoods, Negroes are literally forced to rent in the inner city, where they are often victims of slumlords, where their rent dollar is worth seventy-five cents, where they must pay exorbitant costs for food, furniture, credit and general services, where the whole syndrome of poverty remains their share of the American inheritance.

Under these conditions, it is little wonder that Negro infant mortality is twice that of whites, that life expectation is from eight to ten years less, that alcoholic psychosis is double, that hypertension and nervous disorders are considerably more common, that narcotics and crime flourish. After all, when there is far less reason to hope, there is far greater reason to rebel or escape.

The extreme pathology of segregation becomes even more evident when we consider its enormous human and material cost. Slavery was initially an economic measure, with morality adjusted to condone it. When the slaves were freed, what passed as morality would not allow their freedom—it had taken too great a toll among the oppressors. So it is that the Negro has been "welcomed" in both slavery and colonialism as an economic asset. Consciously or unconsciously, as a part of prejudice or an effect of it,

the Negro has been fenced into poverty as a prop to the nation's private economy. He did not cease to be "Black Gold" with the Emancipation Proclamation—as cheap labor, as victim of exorbitant rents, real estate and food prices, as customer of alcohol, narcotics and numbers, as barter in prostitution, as one whom white law suppressed that his value might continue. The Negro has been very profitable to us indeed, as a huge asset to private enterprise.

Yet private gains are more than lost in the public domain. The country at large pays at least fifty billion dollars a year for the extravagance of rejecting the Negro. We spend almost five billion dollars in welfare, most of which goes to the inner-city ghetto; we invest astronomical amounts in added police and fire protection; riot damage is in hundreds of millions, and has just begun; we lose thirty billion dollars annually because of employment bias; we accept educational costs, which under segregation in the South and comparable devices in the North, hover from one-third to one-fourth above needs, producing in turn an inferior education system for both whites and Negroes.

We are very loath, however, to allow considerations of public interest to invade the private world of income or investment. This would be, in our opinion, an infringement of sacred American rights to one's property, whether that be home, business, savings or labor. And so the signs of the times are not allowed to penetrate—whether these be urban carnage and destruction, a major economic crisis among Negroes, or the growing poetry of despair that now fills civil-rights and black nationalist talk. We can continue to rot morally while the Negro deteriorates physically, and we can face the certain eventuality of a series of Watts upheavals, because we suspect, with profound uneasiness, that it is cheaper to hire more police, or to call out the National Guard, than it is to remove discrimination. Indeed, our very absence of sincerity leads us to decide that police power is our only resource against the massing bitterness of black insurgency.

There is more yet to harrow our waking hours and invade our dreams. Racism is always ambiguous, and it is not less so for being sophisticated. For we treasure the Negro in wartime, while not allowing him to live humanly in peace. Even if one were objectively convinced of the morality of the Vietnam escapade, one would still be very hard put to condone the injustice of Negro participation in that war. A study recently published by the Center for Organization Studies at the University of Chicago verifies a very apparent fact: the Negro is derailed into the armed forces because of inferior education. In civilian life, he goes to the ranks of the unskilled; in the armed forces, to combat troops. The percentage of Negro troops in combat arms rose from 12.1% in 1945 to 33.4% in 1962. It is appreciably higher today. In short, poverty and low-grade education makes Negro youngsters fit applicants for cannon fodder, and to this fact is added the extra compensation and prestige offered to specialized battle troops. Although Negroes are about one-tenth of the population, Negro dead and wounded in Vietnam are not one-tenth of the casualties, they are one-third.

Whitney Young, the director of the Urban League, recently went to Vietnam to talk to black troops there. He returned saying that Negroes, in face of the heavy price they were paying in this war, were expecting a better show at home. In spite of Mr. Young's obvious concern, it was an idle gesture, since America is patently eager to trap black men in urban decay and hopelessness, while forcing them to fight its question-

able quarrels abroad, all under an incredible blanket of false moralisms and deceit. Anyone—who is unconvinced of the duplicity ought to read the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*, one of the great books of our times.

Some interesting phenomena are obviously in store for us in this country. For one thing, we are witnessing a massive failure of both domestic and foreign policy, simply because we are insensitive to human rights, and therefore, powerless to promote them. Our normal reaction to a human-rights revolution (both the Negro and Vietnamese revolutions are essentially that) is to meet it with naked force, while continuing to talk the hypocrisy of law and peace. The bastions of American power, and I mean by that the political-industrial-military complex, have the President, Mr. Rusk and Mr. McNamara as their spokesmen. And these men cannot wear two hats: they are white supremacist and caste-conscious at home, they are the same abroad. The victim in America is certainly the Negro; abroad it can be Dominicans or Vietnamese. The point is that the value system demands a victim. And so Americans must ask themselves today if they can handle with force a revolution at home, and one abroad—and har these in face of growing indications that they are already out of hand and moving to a climax of disaster. Justice may do little more now than make a few Christians; it may be too late for peace.

Let us imagine that Shylock was a Negro, who in the third act of *The Merchant of Venice*, calls at his persecutors—in particular, Antonio who symbolizes the malice of Christians. Let Negro therefore stand for Jew, and let white stand for Christian. "Why," Shylock asks, "has (Antonio) disgraced me and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Negro. Has not a Negro eyes? Has not a Negro hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a white is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Negro wrongs a white, what is his humility? Why, revenge! The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

Will we force the Negro "to better the instruction?" It is mere realism to understand that the time is short, and hate is shutting the door.

Ed. note: Father Berrigan is a Josephite priest stationed in Baltimore and active in the peace and civil-rights movements. His book *No More Strangers* was published last year by Macmillan. The article you have just read is the text of a talk he delivered in Newton, New Jersey, in September of this year.

"The time is coming when we will regret the billions spent in Vietnam. The time is coming when we may regret the number of Negroes we have trained there in guerilla war. There is hardly a city where the Negroes do not already dominate the strategic areas through which the affluent consumer passes on his way to the inner core. We cannot rebuild that sense of community so essential to our beloved country's future by engaging in a white man's war in Asia while a black man's revolt rises at home."

—L. F. Stone's Weekly, September 19th

LETTERS

Christi Matri

Loughton
Essex
England

My dear friend Dorothy:

How deeply in debt I am to you for many things! The blessings that the CW brings to me every month, the well-remembered hospitality your house gave me, and all you have taught me, not by words but by your being open to the spirit of God, so that through you strength comes.

Today I am seized with the joy of radio early morning (and late last night) news about His Holiness' call to us to keep October's whole month dedicated to prayer and work and wisdom for Vietnam.

The agony there has been haunting us.

So we thank God for this new appeal—all the more weighty because it is being made after His Holiness' quiet retirement and retreat.

My eager longing is that he enlarges his call, to all of us, non-Catholics but fellow devotees of our Lord and His way of overcoming evil. The barriers between you and us are very fragile, almost non-existent, and we need each other's help.

As I'm eighty-two (nearly eighty-three), I can't do very much, but my prayers are that October will be a miracle month in essence.

Yours lovingly,
Muriel Lester

New Orpheus

Fordham University
School of Education
302 Broadway
New York, N.Y.

Dear Marty:

The New Orpheus lecture series will be held again this year at the Fordham School of Education. We have already had Maurice Friedman on "The Death of God," and Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J. (They Call Us Dead Men) will speak on November 4th. Subsequent speakers will be: John Leo, on "The Changing Catholic" (November 18th); William Stringfellow, on "The Life of God" (December 2nd), and Brother David, O.S.B., on "East and West: An Encounter in Monasticism" (December 16th). All the lectures will be held at eight o'clock on Friday nights and there is no admission charge. CW readers are warmly invited.

Barbara Baggi

Pen Pals For Prisoners

R.F.D. 1, Box 1978
Voluntown, Connecticut
06384

Dear Friends:

We wish to thank all the individuals who have warmly responded to our Pen Pals for Prisoners proposals. (See February and April Catholic Worker.) A number of you have spoken of involving yourselves, if possible, beyond the level of writing letters to one or several prisoners. Thus we can be optimistic about the chances for a sufficient "lobby" of participants—sufficient to overcome the problems likely to be raised by prison administrators. Each of you should feel free to publicize the proposal from your own point of view, in other periodicals, and through different media, as you may find openings. Clippings of other publicity would be appreciated by us.

The idea has received very encouraging support from a prominent lawyer in Berkeley, who intends to do all in his power to introduce the program into the California penal system if and when it has been accepted by a single system elsewhere. He suggested the

Vermont and Philadelphia systems, as perhaps neither too large nor too small, and liberal enough to consider being the first.

Unfortunately, we here at the New England Committee for Non-violent Action peace farm are involved in so many projects against the war in Vietnam that we find little time to pursue the steps toward establishing Pen Pals for Prisoners now open to us. We have not checked with ministers, who might care to present the idea to the Prison Chaplains' Office of the National Council of Churches (475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y.). Prison chaplains are the most obvious links between the inside and outside worlds.

In other ways—through the American Psychiatric Association, for instance, through other professional groups, and through individual case workers—the search for connections between the inside and outside should be pursued. When enough contacts have proved successful for a pattern to emerge, the time will have come to plan formal procedures to establish and sustain pen-pal relationships.

The complete list of concerned individuals—which we hope will expand far beyond the present forty-six—will cover progress made over the summer and will be mailed to interested readers in September. Names and addresses of others equally interested are welcome anytime. We hope that between now and September you can find ways to:

- publicize the proposal;
- develop contacts with persons in relevant professions and with prison administrators, chaplains, and case workers;

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

- initiate personal correspondence with a prisoner or two by one means or other.

Thanks for your encouragement to us; we hope this has returned some.

Paul Salstrom & Anne Upshure

Image of Peace

George W. Henry Foundation
49 West 20th St.
New York, N. Y. 10011

Dear Walter Kerell:

Someone gave me Arthur Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House* for Christmas. Dipping into it, I find that JFK had been covering the San Francisco opening of the UN in 1945 for the Hearst papers. According to the book (page 88) he wrote this:

... War will exist until that distant day when the conscientious objector enjoys the same reputation and prestige that the warrior does today.

I suspect that this quotation could be put to good (?) use by the believers in the Cause. Not being a C. O., pacifist, or even particularly peace-loving, I have some conscientious scruples about passing it on to the brethren. But there is nothing to stop them from making use of what is to be found in the public print.

Alfred A. Gross
Executive Director

The Bitter Grape

The tragedy and bitterness of a jurisdictional dispute and membership raid struck the newly organized United Farm Workers Union, AFL-CIO recently when Teamster organizers moved into the Delano, California area. At least one of the major growers in the area, Perelli-Minetti, who crushes over 50,000 tons of grapes in his winery each year to produce the 11 Cellars brand, signed a contract with the Teamsters Union which excludes the UFW from its rightful jurisdiction.

The fraternal dispute is the more bitter since the United Farm Workers, and outgrowth of the National Farm Workers Association, founded by Cesar Chavez, leader of the Delano strikers, is now in the crisis stage of its organization and must simultaneously defend its jurisdiction, maintain the strikes it is engaged in to a successful conclusion, and push toward the organizational limits of its jurisdiction among farm workers; the latter alone a task of herculean proportions.

The Teamster Union, impelled by its own dynamic of "expand or die" and not bound by any "no raid" policy since its expulsion from the AFL-CIO for alleged leadership corruption, has very apparently extended the principle of vertical unionization "top to bottom in the industry—one big union" to the farm workers. Perelli-Minetti wine moves in trucks to the big consumer centers, and trucks in big consumer centers are Teamster driven and therefore Perelli-Minetti is vulnerable to Teamster organization at the point farthest removed from their rightful jurisdiction: in his fields.

The tragedy is twofold: without the dynamic, the sacrifice, the discipline and the courage manifested by Cesar Chavez and the membership of the newly founded United Farm Workers Union, AFL-CIO, in maintaining the strike against the Delano growers, the interest of the Teamsters in

extending their organization to the farm workers would never have been aroused. And if the leadership of the AFL-CIO, in their consuming desire to be accepted by the establishment, had not piously expelled the Teamsters from membership because of alleged corruption, the enormous strength of the Teamsters would have long since made a signed contract an actuality for the United Farm Workers. Perelli-Minetti products along with those of every grower in the area move on wheels; wheels are Teamster jurisdiction, and the fear of not being able to move the product from the fields to the consumer would have brought the grower to the bargaining table in short order. As it is the new membership of the UFW have a bitter introduction to the benefits of big unionism. Having fought and sacrificed for their own outfit; having moved from an association to a formal union; having groped for and joined hands with the rest of the labor movement, they are now, in the moment of initial victory, about to be defeated by the superior strength of a brother union. It can only be hoped that the membership of the United Farm Workers Union will stand fast, and continue to manifest the same discipline, courage and fortitude that made their union possible in the first place. It is too much to hope that either the Teamsters will relent or that the AFL-CIO will pour in even a fraction of the millions they have spent in previous dismal attempts to organize the farm workers to assist the UFW in their struggle for survival and victory.

One thing that all of us who have two dollars to spare can do is subscribe to the United Farm Workers Union paper, *El Macriado*, Box 1060, Delano, California. Every subscription to *El Macriado* gives hope and support to all farm workers, both organized and unorganized.

The Crafts of Freedom

(Continued from page 1)

minimum of political involvement. There was a certain uneasiness about urging a Negro sharecropper to register when you knew that it probably meant his losing his job. Jesse Morris, who had written a brilliant and detailed economic analysis called "The General Condition of the Mississippi Negro," and is presently an executive director of P.P.C., began to develop in practice some of the ideals of participatory democracy on an economic level. The concept of worker-owner cooperatives fit not only idealistically but realistically, given the nature of rural, Negro communities. Worker election of co-op managers and direct participation in such vital decisions as wage level, plant expansion, product development and marketing could overcome some of the psychological problems that the segregated system fostered. Groups as well as individuals and, hopefully, communities would be developing not only economic fortresses but the necessary psychological and political identity needed to confront the established white power.

Many of the civil-rights workers possessed craft skills or knew artisans in the North who were willing to go to Mississippi on a volunteer basis to train people. More importantly, many local people already possessed the necessary skills without realizing it. It was not unusual to have to convince a man who had built a very substantial home single-handedly that he was good at carpentry or a maid, who had spent many years making clothes for her white mistress, that she was an expert seamstress. Handicrafts could also be made with a minimum of initial worker training and equipment investment. The Northerners who supported the civil-rights movement constituted a potential market for handicrafts and would have patience with production and shipping difficulties that were bound to arise. Furthermore, handicrafts imply a concern with the creative potential of the workers and overcome some of the problems of alienation arising out of assembly-line-type working conditions. The feeling of looking at an aesthetic, functional work of art and saying "I made it myself" can be a joy to anyone. For a Mississippi Negro the feeling is magnified tenfold.

Membership in P.P.C. was confined to Mississippi residents, the fee set at twenty-five cents a year, corporate rules were drafted and officers elected. At present there are over a thousand members throughout the state. P.P.C. decides policy matters that affect the staff and considers proposals from groups wishing to establish new cooperatives and expand existing ones. Loans are made from a revolving fund, which frankly does more revolving than funding.

At present, P.P.C. supports a network of fifteen cooperatives with financial, technical and marketing assistance. Working with a small staff that is willing to work for ten dollars a week or less at such unglamorous assignments as filling orders, delivering supplies, publicity and fund-raising, P.P.C. has managed to survive its first year.

Once a week a P.P.C. truck calls on a producer co-op, picks up the finished products and delivers raw materials, equipment and the P.P.C. Newsletter. The goods are brought to a retail wholesale cooperative in Jackson called Liberty House, where they are sold to the Jackson community, Northern outlets and individuals ordering from a mail-order catalogue. A New York branch store of Liberty House has just opened and serves as a retail outlet. P.P.C. maintains an office in New York, at 5 Beekman Street, which carries on a large share of the ordering of raw materials, publicity and fund-raising. The items include suede hats, quilts, handbags, designer dresses, children's clothes, candles, dolls and belts. A carpentry cooperative

is now in the training stage at West Point, Mississippi, and wood handicrafts will soon be added to the catalogue.

Block Power

Two hundred former sharecroppers, most of whom lost their land or jobs because of civil-rights activities, are working in the co-ops. Although few are making more money than they did before joining the co-op, the economic independence and the new hope have fostered a spirit of cooperation and community awareness. In Prairie, Mississippi, for example, a small group working in a broken-down shack on the outskirts of town was engaged in sewing. Through an ingenious fund-raising scheme according to which individuals were urged to buy one cinder block apiece, funds were raised to acquire an acre of land and construct a solid factory. This co-op now employs fifteen people and produces a popular set of Negro and Caucasian stuffed dolls. On Friday and Saturday nights the factory is converted into a social club and the funds raised are used to buy more equipment. The co-op has become the concern not only of the workers, but of the whole county as well.

The project is plagued by a variety of difficulties which revolve around the lack of financial support. In order to produce the goods at a competitive price, raw materials have to be purchased in large quantities, and this cannot be done at the present time. Large contracts with major department stores cannot even be solicited, because production and shipping procedures have not been standardized to meet the needs of large-volume orders. Every time a machine breaks down, or an order gets lost in shipment a major crisis develops. Under "standard" business procedure of course, strong co-ops would be consolidated, weaker ones eliminated, workers fired and wages reduced.

Civil-rights organizations have all been sympathetic, but their own lack of funds and their increasing focus on Northern problems have drawn attention away from the economic plight of Mississippi Negroes. "The Civil Rights Movement don't mean nothing if your stomach's empty and your children go round the streets barefoot" said Mrs. Mathie Williams of Canton, Mississippi, who was a cook in the county jail, and was fired when she registered to vote. Now she is a worker in the Madison County Sewing Firm.

At present the co-ops cannot be self-sustaining. They cannot save money buying raw materials in large quantities or experiment with new designs and equipment. The need for more intensified worker-training programs, the difficulties of shipping products and the pressure of new groups wanting funds preclude complete financial independence. In a year, however, workers will be sufficiently skilled to produce a handbag in one-fourth the time it now takes. P.P.C. will have established credit to increase its purchasing power and increased inventory will cut shipping difficulties to a minimum. The co-ops will, one by one, develop economic stability. All this is a year away, and without substantial outside assistance during the next few critical months that goal will not be realized.

There are valid criticisms of the program, but it is an important step in the right direction. If it is successful, it could provide the model for more ambitious economic programs, such as cooperative farming chains with supermarket outlets, industrial factories, banks, and investment firms. The Poor Peoples Corporation is attempting to light the way to the realization of this goal.

Ed. note: Abbott Hoffman is sales coordinator of the Poor Peoples Corporation, Room 1025, 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y.

Priests and Policemen

By PETER MAURIN
(1877-1949)

Jean Jacques Rousseau said:
"Man is naturally good."
Business men say:
"Man is naturally bad;
you can do nothing
with human nature."
If it is true,
as businessmen say,
that you can do nothing
with human nature,
then we need fewer priests
and more policemen.
But if God the Father
sent His own begotten Son
to redeem men,
then we need more priests
and fewer policemen.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

the salt strata run all the way from Lake Ontario to West Virginia; three hundred and fifty men are employed around Piffard and Restof. It is the largest operating salt mine in the world and the local pastor told me that half a million people could take shelter in it. There is already a narrow-gauge railroad, the Genesee and Wyoming, called locally the Gee Whizz. Looking into the Encyclopedia Britannica for more information, I found nothing about salt mines themselves but a great deal about salt and the commerce in it. There is a long history of religious use, and bread and salt has always been a symbol of hospitality. Salt has been used to seal covenants and is so mentioned in the Book of Numbers. Soldiers in the time of the Roman Empire used to be paid in salt, and I recall the expression still heard, "He is not worth his salt." After reading this one can understand a little better the significance of Gandhi's Salt March.

On the first day of October, my oldest grand-daughter Becky was married to John Houghton of Newport, New Hampshire, which is the town of his birth and of his father's before him. The wedding took place at St. Mary's church, in Springfield, Vermont and the reception was at Weathersfield Center Church, which is much used for such receptions and where the yearly town meeting takes place. This historic church is on a country road and surrounded by maples and elms and pines in all their glory. Myrtle Baker baked the wedding cake, Mrs. Bullard guided everyone in all the arrangements, her daughter Sue drove the bridal car, the bride dressed at the Foley home down the road and Foleys and Bullards and Bakers and of course friends and relatives of the bridegroom were the guests. The church hall was so beautifully decorated with fall leaves by Judy Barton that the Pierce sisters, who were using the hall for a tea that afternoon, begged that the decorations be left. With all the joy and the excite-

ment no one noticed how it was raining, not even the bride. I am so much there as I write this, sitting by my window in Tivoli, that I was startled at hearing the New York Central 9:30 train go by the window, wondering, with a start, where I was and what was that noise. A first grandchild's wedding is a wonderful thing.

Death

And then, after the wedding, news came of my older brother's death in Helsinki of a heart attack, at the age of 71. He had lived in northern Europe since 1921 and had only returned once to the States, in 1934, for a short visit. Both my sister and mother, however, had paid him long visits and he had kept up a long and most cheerful correspondence with my sister. Only two weeks before his death he had written me, telling of a fishing trip he had just enjoyed, of the political situation in Finland, and recommending ultra-short wave treatments, at least of twenty of them, as a treatment for my arthritis, saying that he had had them for painful joints in the knees and had not had a pain since. They cost him, he said, only fifty cents a treatment in Finnish money. Hospital care is seven dollars a day over there. Donald never wrote without asking God to bless us all. Though he tried to avoid controversy, because he disagreed with my religious and political attitudes, he found it hard not to allude to these differences and so he wrote more frequently to my sister. I enjoyed all his letters and most especially his discussion of the concerts he attended. When my sister visited him it seemed to me that she went to opera, ballet and concert every night in the week. Aside from mother and father, this is the first death among us and we feel it keenly. Family ties are strong.

All Souls

November is the month when we should most especially remember the dead. November first commemorates All Saints, canonized or uncanonized, and there are undoubtedly more of the latter than the former, since, as St. Paul says, we are all called to be saints, that is, to be holy—that is, to be whole men, in whom the life of the spirit has progressively become stronger so that in putting off the "old man," we become "new men." There is a great deal of talk in both Russian and Chinese Communist circles about the necessity of becoming "new men," and I hope and pray that Catholics will realize this necessity too. Christ took on our humanity so that we could put on His divinity. He showed us the way and we are a lifetime learning it.

The philosopher Unamuno writes in *The Tragic Sense of Life* that all men are haunted by the

thought of death, no matter how hard they try to push it out of their consciousness. During this very season of October and November we see all things dying around us; there is a chill in the air and a sadness in the wind in the trees outside the window. Just to see the sudden rain of leaves in a gust of wind, to hear the sound of their dry rustle along the pavement, is a part of sadness. But the season is also crowned with glory, with promise, with a flaming assertion of God's promise. St. Paul expresses this faith, this mystery:

"This corruptible body must put on incorruption, and this mortal body must put on immortality. But when this mortal body puts on immortality, then shall come to pass the word that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory! O death, where is your victory? O death, where is your sting?'"

When I think of all those in our house of hospitality in New York and on our farms, who lived and died with us, through all the long years, whose names are written down in a little prayer book of mine containing the Office of the Dead, strange juxtapositions, such as Josephine and Father Pacificque Roy, Bebo Chandler and Solange Falgouste, Bill Duffy and Otto Spaeth—I think only of the mercy of God and how "He wills that all men be saved."

ST. ELISABETH



And of course through all my life I have prayed in our so persistent war times for those involved in war, directly or indirectly. God have mercy on us all, and may we say with Job,

"I know that my Redeemer lives, and that on that last day I shall rise out of the earth and be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see God. It will not be some other being, but I myself shall see Him. My own eyes shall look upon Him. This my hope lies deep in my heart."

CORRECTION

I very much regret having mistakenly reported in September in the "On Pilgrimage" column that no Puerto Ricans were represented at the conference on inter-cultural problems which was held at our farm in Tivoli on August 16. The conference was attended by Sister Thomas Marie, a Trinitarian sister who is a native of Puerto Rico and is presently working in the Brooklyn Diocese. About seven Puerto Rican youngsters and an equal number of Negro teenagers from St. Ambrose Parish came with Father John Highland. Others attending included: Monsignor Robert Fox, co-ordinator of Spanish Catholic Action for the New York Archdiocese, Father John Powis, of Brooklyn, and Father Jeff Caffee, an Anglican priest working in the lower East Side. D.D.

Death of Roger LaPorte

(Continued from page 4)

Do they change anything?

Well, it was suggested, maybe a few sleepless nights for people in government . . .

Dr. Abrahamsen turned to look out his window at the children playing in Central Park across the street. "Yes, a few sleepless nights . . ." We should never have gotten into it . . . It is a terrible war . . .

Then, turning back to the room, the psychiatrist said softly, "These are, perhaps, imitations of Christ, but if so, the impulse is masochistic."

Imitations of Christ. Must we conclude, by some inescapable logic, that to imitate Christ is to be a masochist? The answer is, in terms of the culture and concept of Christianity we have chosen to intrude upon the world, absolutely yes. That is why Ayn Rand, for all that she may be actually crazy, is, intellectually, emotionally, morally a more candid, a more consistent, a more honorable spokesman for America than, say, Hubert Humphrey, or William Buckley, or John Lindsay, or, amazingly than even Robert Wagner, that most representative American of our time. According to Miss Rand the system of society our national consensus has chosen for itself, despite numerous mitigations of which Miss Rand heartily disapproves, assumes that it is the nature of existence that the strong shall prevail against and profit from the weak. Given that premise, Miss Rand and the national consensus must conclude that anyone who would voluntarily take upon himself the sufferings of others is a masochist. It seems to be, however, that the nature of existence allows another ethic—the Christian ethic—according to which the weak shall prevail against and profit from the strong: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the world." In the terms of that ethic it is altogether conceivable that someone should voluntarily suffer on behalf of others without in the least desiring to suffer and certainly without taking pleasure in the suffering. Such a person could not possibly be less a masochist. It is in that way, I am persuaded, that Norman Morrison and Roger LaPorte have made their all too eloquent witness. Roger LaPorte, who lingered a full day in the consciousness of his pain, is reported to have expressed the wish to live. He does.

The Catholic Worker movement, to which LaPorte belonged, in a carefully worded statement following his immolation, while it did not condemn his action, counselled others, properly, against a similar witness, and suggested that fasting is a more acceptable procedure, which it surely is. Let no one imagine lightly that he is so meek and comfortable in Christ that the witness of immolation is

available to him. But let no Christian, either, presume to rob Norman Morrison and Roger LaPorte of the dignity of their witness by rejecting the extremity of it. Let us rather honor their deaths by renewing our own lives in Christ.

Voices of Protest

What is this consensus we value so highly and find so efficient for the achievement of such a variety of purposes? It is essentially an enormous lethargy, a splendid indifference, a vacuous lack of more than the most superficial concern. "Let Lyndon do it" might be the motto not only of the Congress but of the nation as a whole. And Lyndon, according to his lights, does it, frequently well; but where will we be if his lights fail, or if, in a moment of exuberance, he turns them off?

One suspects that many citizens whisper in private rooms their disquiet about the war in Vietnam, but few there are who come forward to shout it upon the house-tops, and to even these few precious little heed is given. The time has come to rend asunder the fabric of consensus and let loose in the land all the voices of dissent. Liberated, and emboldened by the company of Christ, who can doubt that the whispers in private rooms would swell into a mighty chorus that would be heard 'round the world, echoing the words of Pope Paul VI: "No more war! War never again!"

It was to that end that Norman Morrison and Roger LaPorte surrendered their young and fulfilled lives. Have they died in vain? Who, save Christ, does not? But if their voices are not heard the vanity of vanities itself impends. For who, in the depths of his being, seriously doubts that the alternative, sooner or later, is an immolation that will light up, briefly, the universe?

Sick of the War? Say So:

a leaflet composed of:
—a quote from Pope Paul's encyclical of September 15
—the text of the Call for Peace of eleven Vietnamese priests, reprinted from the CATHOLIC WORKER, May 1966
—the text of a January 1966 LIBERATION article on the destruction of a Catholic village in Vietnam by American bombers
—three photographs from Vietnam
available from Karl Meyer, 1339 N. Mohawk St., Chicago, Illinois for \$1/100 or \$7.50/1000
excellent for distribution at Catholic seminaries, churches and schools. Space provided for imprinting of a local address in addition to our own.

MAN AND THE BOMB

light transposed on shadow,
the inconsistent morning
tears away from darkness,
the unreasonable voices that
hold us to the night.
day follows into grey
in perfect rhythm
decreed unknowingly before the
monster time
reared his foolish head.
gilt edged noons deceive,
the hollow blackness is but hidden,
its menace laughed away by the
tyranny of hope.
laughing suns turn pale and dread,
the cold face of the moon is in
the heart.
fear strikes dead at the dusk,
an ancient gripping fear with
claws of ice
and clouds ride the dreadful sky.

Cecelia Paul

Bob Gilliam, who has the onerous task of custodian of the clothing room at Chrystie Street, urgently requests donations of men's winter clothing: windbreakers; overcoats; shoes; and underwear. The supplies in the men's clothing room are exhausted and with freezing weather due adequate clothing for some men on the Bowery might mean the literal difference between life and death. All donations may be addressed, brought to, or requested to be picked up by The Catholic Worker, 175 Chrystie Street, New York City. Phone OR 4-9812.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE QUIET BATTLE: WRITINGS ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF NON-VIOLENT RESISTANCE, edited with an Introduction and Afterword by Mulford Q. Sibley. Anchor Books, Doubleday & Co., \$1.45.

DEMOCRACY AND NONVIOLENCE: THE ROLE OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN WORLD CRISIS, by Ralph T. Templin. An Extending Horizons Book, Porter Sargent, \$4.00.

NONVIOLENCE IN AMERICA: A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY, edited by Staughton Lynd. The American Heritage Series, Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.45.

Reviewed by EDWARD MORIN

In these war-like days, when nonviolent resistance against war and racism is attracting a significant portion of young Americans (even while some New Left adherents of violence present their own challenge), it is valuable to have three recent books analyzing precedents of nonviolent action and offering guidelines for the future.

The first is a collection of writings on the theory and practice of nonviolence by Mulford Sibley, a Quaker at the University of Minnesota, who is well known as a political scientist. Readings in *The Quiet Battle* fall into three parts, which deal with the theoretical foundations of nonviolence, nonviolent action without express principle, and nonviolent action with express principle. The first part contains religious statements from Eastern and Judeo-Christian sources. This section is scantier than one might wish, and the omission of Tolstoy is unfortunate. There are also essays by William Godwin and Thoreau. Excerpts from Gandhi's *Satyagraha* in South Africa outline tactics of a campaign to illustrate well-known distinctions between passive resistance and *Satyagraha* (truth-force). George Coe and Kirby Page explore the difficulty of distinguishing between violence and nonviolence in conflict situations other than war; nonviolent resistance is seen to be a constructive or harmless form of coercion. Sociologist C. M. Case argues that most effective nonviolent resistance is coupled with specific political aims and democratic procedures. Richard Gregg presents nonviolence as a way of life and claims that all the virtues demanded of soldiers are required of the nonviolent resister.

The second part of *The Quiet Battle* deals with concrete situations in which oppressed people chose nonviolence instinctively when violent means of resistance were unfeasible or unavailable. There are two accounts of nonviolent uprisings against Roman power. The Dutch anarchist Barthelmy de Ligt analyzes some modern incidents. Wilfred Crook reports several instances of general strikes which lead him to conclude that strikes for limited political goals have been more successful than strikes promoting general revolution. An account of Hungary's 19th Century struggle for independence against the Austrian Empire, as narrated by the Irish Republican Arthur Griffith, is the most exciting reading of the second part. Accounts of resistance by Norwegians against the Nazis and by inmates of the Vorkuta concentration camps against the Russian government provide a partial answer to critics of nonviolence who claim that it cannot be used in a totalitarian society.

The third part deals with campaigns of principled nonviolence by Quakers in Pennsylvania, Las Casas in colonial South America, Gandhi in India, South Africans against apartheid, by sit-ins, freedom riders, and anti-Polaris demonstrators in the United States, and by the marchers from San Francisco to Moscow in 1961. Final essays by Jessie Wallace Hughan and Cecil Hinshaw on nonviolent national defense are

probably less "utopian" than the plans, powerful nations have for defending themselves against each other.

An afterword by Mr. Sibley draws together several issues raised by the 22 readings. He says that nonviolence is fraught with risks, as any conflict situation must be, yet the risks came short of global annihilation, which would be the outcome of nations' reliance upon violence. He argues that nonviolence on a national scale would accomplish the rare feat of creating a respect for truth among world leaders, with a concomitant lessening of their dependence upon the substitute of violent threats. Nonviolence is also an antidote for exploitative living, is inherently democratic, and would fulfil the potential of democratic political systems, which are now at an impasse in their efforts to live up to democratic ideals of equality and self-rule.

This theme of nonviolence as a means of fulfilling democracy is developed in Ralph Templin's *Democracy and Nonviolence*. Mr. Templin was a Protestant missionary in India during the independence movement. With a few other missionaries he formed the Kristagraha Movement, a Christian equivalent of Gandhi's *Satyagraha*, which promoted freedom for India and opposed her forced entrance into World War II. Expelled from India by religious authorities, Mr. Templin returned to the United States in 1940. He has worked with many peace organizations, has been a college teacher of sociology during most of the last twenty-five years, and is editor of *The Journal of Human Relations*.

The thesis of the first eight chapters of *Democracy and Nonviolence* is that although the American Revolution committed the United States to spreading the universal equality which is democracy to other parts of the world, racism at home and imperialism abroad have frustrated the Republic's reason for being. Later chapters offer modern nonviolent movements as an alternative to this contradictory posture of the West. These alone, says Mr. Templin, embody a consistent democratic spirit which can eliminate special privilege and rule by violence rather than law.

The book uses a wide selection of sources while maintaining a fairly popular style. Mr. Templin frequently takes his inspiration from such mentors as John Dewey, William James, Toyohiko Kagawa, Walter Rauschenbusch, Gandhi, and a half-dozen Indian writers. He has a taste for nearly forgotten facts of history, particularly as they affect non-white peoples. Owing perhaps to his many years in India and his first-hand contact with the race problem here, he seems to have that faculty rare in a white man of seeing and feeling events as non-whites do. His perspective adds dimension to our understanding of color conflict. He makes a good case for the necessity of America's solving its discrimination problem before its international problems can be solved. His antagonism toward the "Machine" of industrialism is reminiscent of the 30's. There is Gandhian emphasis on a program of positive social reconstruction. He sees decentralization as a major solution to Western cultural and economic problems.

Templin says that the meaning of democracy is expressed nowadays by responsible individuals resisting social injustice nonviolently. The book emphasizes character formation of resisters in three chapters (9-11) which have strong elements of spiritual autobiography. He argues for a process he himself has gone through: the blending of the mystical and practical traditions of East and West.

The style of the book is in the manner of Ruskin's exhortations and Barbara Ward's factual surveys. Yet some generalities and overlapping arguments make the development of an otherwise well-organized book seem random. In advocating world federalism and unilateral disarmament, Mr. Templin hardly touches on the communication problem of educating large numbers of people to carry on the programs he expects them to take up. These weaknesses, however, do not affect the wealth of information and the many good ideas which the book contains. Introductions are written by A. J. Muste and James Farmer.

Staughton Lynd is a Yale historian, former director of the Freedom Schools in Mississippi, and during the last few years has been well known as a leader in the peace movement. His *Nonviolence in America*, like the Sibley volume, is a collection of writings for students of nonviolence. It includes only writings by Americans and proves with its range of forty-one readings that America "has more often been the teacher than the student of the nonviolent idea."

The Abolitionists William Lloyd Garrison, Adin Ballou, and Elihu Burritt — whom many pacifists have heard of only second-hand



through Tolstoy—are represented by substantial essays on absolute nonviolence. These men and the members of the New England Non-Resistance Society strongly influenced Tolstoy. William James's "The Moral Equivalent of War" anticipates Gandhi's insistence upon a program of "constructive work" for nonviolent insurgents. This book is the first attempt to bring under one cover writings on nonviolence by Thoreau, Clarence Darrow, William James, Big Bill Haywood, and a host of contemporaries, including Ammon Hennacy, Richard Gregg, Mulford Sibley, A. J. Muste, Martin Luther King, John Lewis, Bayard Rustin, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Dave Dellinger.

Selections are arranged chronologically under the headings: Quakers, Abolitionists, Anarchists, Progressives, Conscientious Objectors in World War I, Trade Unionists, Conscientious Objectors in World War II, Direct Action for Peace after World War II, Direct Action for Civil Rights after World War II, with concluding essays by Niebuhr and Dellinger under the heading Nonviolent Revolution. The earlier writings encourage religious motives for nonviolence and civil disobedience as a means of maintaining personal integrity, but by the late 19th Century there is growing secular emphasis on socio-political goals. Throughout the collection nonviolence is presented as an ethical tradition.

The 19th Century essays stand out as landmarks in an era when nonviolence was not widely known, and they tend to be mainly theoretical. But over half the selections in the book have been written since the First World War. Most of these report direct action which indicates that nonviolence has come of age. The section on direct action for peace includes Maurice McCrackin's tax refusal, the sailing of the *Golden Rule*, Omaha Action, the Quebec to Guantanamo Walk, and the Declaration of Conscience Against the War in Viet Nam. Ten readings,

some of them containing several items, document nonviolent resistance in the civil rights movement.

Mr. Lynd's book is the first comprehensive documentary of the nonviolence movement in the U.S. His introductory essay is an excellent survey of the subject. He comments: "The inadequacy with which the modern nonviolent movement is being chronicled and documented is a disgrace to American social science."

The pattern so far has been for a few scholars with deep personal involvement in the movement to put together books about it. The "detached" scholars may find this material useful at a later time. Meanwhile, the real beneficiaries are activists, who can learn much from any of these three books.

YESHU, CALLED JESUS by Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Donald Bolognese. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$3.50. Reviewed by STANLEY VISHNEVSKI.

Claire Bishop, who is well-known as a writer of children's books (*The Five Chinese Brothers*)—and perhaps better known to readers of *The Catholic Worker* for her important books *France Alive* and *All Things Common*, has written in *Yeshu, Called Jesus* a book that reconstructs for children the daily life in Nazareth as it must have been lived by Jesus.

We see Jesus as a young boy employed in his father's carpenter shop. We see the young Jesus going with his Mother to the community oven, where she bakes the golden loaves. We follow Jesus as he is taken by Joseph to the synagogue—and we accompany the Holy Family on the pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

The book is written in a manner that will find favor with its youthful readers. It is a good book to give to any young person who is becoming acquainted with the Scriptures. Here he will find the background material which will help him to understand the Bible. Direct quotations from Scripture are skillfully incorporated into the narrative and printed in italics.

The art work by Donald Bolognese captures in a strong and tasteful manner the inspiring story of Jesus.

Although *Yeshu, Called Jesus* is presumably intended for older boys and girls, we can report that a nine-year-old and a seven-year-old at the Farm listened to a reading of it with absorbed attention. An ideal Christmas gift.

SACRAMENTS AND ORTHODOXY, by Alexander Schmemmann. Herder and Herder, New York, \$3.50. Reviewed by HELENE ISWOLSKY.

The author of this book is a Russian Orthodox priest and Dean of St. Vladimir Seminary, New York, who has a special mission in the ecumenical field: to speak of Orthodoxy from the inside, addressing himself both to those of his own faith and to Western Christians, both Catholic and Protestant. And he does so in clear and vivid terms, accessible to the reader of our modern age.

Too often, Russian Orthodoxy is described, even by distinguished theologians and liturgists, as seen only from the outside. It is dissected and rationalized, but never made quite clear, because it has been stripped of its inner life. Instead of giving an overall picture of the sacraments, Father Schmemmann examines each of them separately, so that they may be fully grasped, each retaining its theological and liturgical dimension.

To this analysis from inside, Alexander Schmemmann adds a broad, one may say cosmic, view of sacramental life, so characteristic of Russian religious thought: Christ seen as transfiguring the world we live in and drawing it to

the realm which is not of this world.

And first of all, according to the author, we should do away with the antinomy which obscures our view of Totality in Christ: the antinomy of the "profane" and the "sacred," of the "natural" and the "supernatural." By opposing the one to the other, we create a conflict which deprives us of Christ's very presence amidst us.

God did not leave man "in exile" after the fall, he sent his Light, Christ, not as a mere "rescue operation, but rather completing that which he had undertaken: man as he was created initially; after God's "own heart."

Father Schmemmann says that the purpose of his book is precisely to remind his readers that "Christ—life in all its totality—was returned to man as a sacrament and communion, made Eucharist." We must cease to be satisfied with a formal approach to the sacraments, concerning their number, their validity, their institution, we must see in them another dimension, an infinitely wider perspective.

Likewise, we must avoid an overemphasis of the historical, structural and esthetic interpretation of the liturgy related to sacrament, its reduction to "cultic categories." Such an exclusively "liturgical understanding" of the liturgy is not enough. The original meaning of the Greek word *leitourgia* was "an action by which a group of people become something corporately which they had not been as a mere collection of individuals—a whole greater than the sum. The Church itself is a *leitourgia*, a calling to act in the world after the fashion of Christ."

The Orthodox Eucharistic sacrifice of the mass begins with the words: "Blessed is the Kingdom . . ." And the mass is "the journey of the Church into the dimension of the Kingdom." This dimension can be discovered in each of the seven sacraments of the Orthodox Church, which in "number" and in "validity" are identical to those of the Catholic Church. Nor are the liturgies of East and West so far apart as to render Father Schmemmann's book difficult to understand for the Western reader. Both in the East and in the West, the Church takes man on his journey to the Kingdom, to Christ's dimension in the *leitourgia*. Schmemmann's work is a valuable contribution to ecumenical studies.

A Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

mitage with the help of Joe DeCarlo and Paul Mann.

When Jim's hermitage is completed, he will not be the only hermit in our woods. Joe Dumensky, who was the first to take to the woods and build his own cabin, is still occupying it and leading a hermit's life there. Keith Carpenter is living in the little cottage Eric Marx and Gertrude Wulf built. George Collins is occupying the cabin built by Eric and John Filligar. John still lives in the cottage above the swimming pool, but otherwise is hardly the hermit type. The others, I think, are truly hermits. Like the hermits of the Middle Ages, they seek lives of solitude and prayer. May their prayers help us all to live more peaceful, more God-centered lives.

The winds of Autumn blow. O Wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being. We move toward November, grey month of fallen leaves. Toward the great feasts of All Saints and All Souls. On a night in late October, the wind sings of November, intoning among the trees a requiem for fallen leaves, a litany for penitential souls. *Agnus Dei, miserere nobis.*