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Breaking the Thought Barrier

By Jerome Frank

The knowledge of how to make weapons of mass destruction, like the knowledge of good and evil, will never pass from the mind of man. Even in a completely disarmed world, any nation that was so minded could reconstruct these weapons in a few months. Therefore, the only solution lies in creating world conditions which would inhibit a country possessing superior force from using it. In brief, this means the abolition of war.

The relinquishing of war would require very drastic changes in human value systems and behavior, analogous to those produced by a religious conversion. This will require overcoming the thought barrier which has been constructed over the thousands of years in which conflict was always settled in favor of the side with superior destructive power. It will require relinquishing a pattern of behavior as old as humanity and constantly reinforced by success, and adopting a new and essentially untried line of conduct. One must remember that the correct solution for an unprecedented problem is almost certain to appear ridiculous at first, for the habitual, and hence seemingly reasonable, solution almost by definition becomes maladaptive when conditions change drastically.

Our language lacks a term to describe exclusive reliance on nonviolence means of persuasion. The usual terms, such as nonviolence, passive resistance, pacifism, conjure up images of a person standing by with a holy look on his face while a soldier runs a bayonet through his sister. Actually, the

aim of nonviolence is to prevent this situation from arising—to inhibit the use of destructive force by persons who possess it.

A second misunderstanding is that the reliance on nonviolence requires that conflict be eliminated from the world. The goal is rather to develop effective nonviolent means of resolving conflict.

A third common misconception is that nonviolence is offered as a simple, global solution to the dangers which threaten us. Actually it is an extraordinarily difficult one which incurs grave risks and demands the development of a wide variety of measures tailored to meet the specific requirements of different types of conflicts.

Through the ages a few religiously inspired persons have kept the ideal of nonviolence alive, and in recent years two of them, Gandhi and Martin Luther King, have shown ways in which it might be practiced on a mass scale. Yet the doctrine of nonviolence has been in existence for two thousand years in the form of Christianity and for longer than that in other religions, without having the slightest effect on war. In fact, differences between religious doctrines, both of which preach peace, have been used to justify extremely destructive wars.

One reason for the ineffectualness of pacifist preachments today is that we agree in principle, simultaneously dismissing them as hopelessly idealistic—an attitude which renders them impotent. Thereby we put our consciences at rest and avoid having to think further about the matter. Many

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hold that it is absurd to expect man ever to renounce war, because he is by nature aggressive and self-aggrandizing. On the other hand, humans also show strongly affiliative and altruistic behavior. Students of human nature, depending on their philosophies, tend to view man as basically aggressive but forced to tame his hostile impulses by the necessity to live in close relationships with his fellows, or basically affiliative, becoming hostile only when frightened.

Freud holds that in each generation the child painfully learns to hold his self-aggrandizing, destructive impulses in check, under the pressures of his parents and his group, since social survival would otherwise be impossible. But they are always just beneath the surface, ready to break forth under the slightest encouragement. Moreover, the more elaborate and complex civilization becomes, the more it necessitates damming up man's hostilities, which then eventually break forth with even greater fury. Human existence is thus a race between love and destructiveness, with the latter more likely to win out.

In situations of extreme stress there is no doubt that the veneer of civilization drops off many people. They trample each other to death in panics; they murder and eat each other under conditions of starvation. The more civilized societies become, the more destructive are their wars; and highly civilized societies, such as that of Germany under the Nazis, perpetrate the most fiendish atrocities.

Fortunately, there is evidence that man's affiliative drives may be at least as basic as his aggressive ones. In infants loving as well as aggressive behavior appears spontaneously. Furthermore, for most people anger and hate are unpleasant emotions which they desire to terminate; whereas love is a highly pleasant one which they endeavor to prolong. Finally, just as aggressive drives can cause people to make heroic sacrifices, so can affiliative ones, which cannot be explained on the basis of self-interest. Both trends are very strong; and the elimination of war

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Blowing the Dynamite of the Church

By Karl Meyer

The story of our passage through Belgium is the story of Abbe Paul Carrette, a secular priest, "responsible" of the Companions of Emmaus, of the movement of Pierre, in Charleroi, Belgium. He is a member of the Belgian Committee for the March and was responsible for finding most of our hospitality in Catholic schools and monasteries.

We met him first at the French-Belgian border in Mouscron, where he had arranged meals and lodging at Sacred Heart School. There the nuns served us a very fine meal, and I would say it was the best and most charitable hospitality we had received anywhere on the March.

I was grateful at that point to Abbe Carrette for having redeemed the Church from the charge that it had done nothing to help our work for peace. I had yet to discover how much more he would do. He subsequently arranged hospitality in more Catholic schools and convents. He shuttled back and forth from his duties in Charleroi, spending many hours with us.

On the third day in Belgium he appeared and walked with us for an hour or so through the countryside and carried a poster reading, "Agissez Pour la Paix." It was not characteristic of the prudence common to most priests; I thought, "well, he has made a courageous symbolic gesture of walking with us in an out of the way place."

Charleroi, a major industrial city, was not on our route, but a Socialist Deputy in the national legislature had arranged a meeting and a walk through the center of town for us. The evening before, Abbe Carrette picked me up in Brussels and took me for a visit to his Emmaus community in Charleroi. I was deeply impressed with the constructive work of salvage done by the men of the community. We in the Catholic Worker movement have failed to realize Peter Maurin's ideal of self-employment for the unemployed. The Emmaus communities have succeeded in this. In Charleroi they have a large area with several buildings for storage, a property which they will pay for

over a period of twenty years from the earnings of the community. My fear is that in Chicago or New York the cost of buying, or of renting, or the burden of taxes for such a property would be greater than the amount that could be earned from the salvage operation, although it is done by groups, like the Salvation Army, which have the capital.

The next day Abbe Carrette came with me to the meeting at the Socialist hall in Charleroi and then walked with our March through the streets of his own town, and later on he arranged a press conference in Charleroi at which he served as our interpreter.

In the next few days he became more and more active. He was an excellent interpreter and we came to rely on him very heavily for our meetings in public squares and everywhere. He was at first a little taken back by our direct appeals for draft and tax refusal, but he translated them without flinching, and those who understood French said that he radicalized the message in translation if our speaker was not thorough enough.

He was with us during all of our last three days in Belgium and we depended on him so much that I christened him "Monsieur le Crutch," for the edification of those who say that religion is a crutch.

I do not have to say that he was a kind and joyful man, well loved by all.

His crowning action came in the Commune of Hersfal, a suburb of Liege, which has been a center of arms production since the days of the sword and the bow and arrow. Six of us arose early one morning to picket the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre (National Factory for Arms of war) located there. We had taken our stations near the gate of the factory with posters and leaflets, when Abbe Carrette arrived unexpectedly and jumped out of his car. He had brought more signs with him and wanted to know whether he should hold signs or pass out leaflets. We left it to him, so he stood right beside the

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A Look at Outcasts

By Charles Butterworth

The Juvenile Delinquency Evaluation Project, set up in 1956 by Mayor Wagner to study the public and private agencies working to control delinquency, has almost finished its reports. It deals with the courts, the probation system, the police department, the Community Action Program, the detention system and the gangs. Let us look once again at the state correctional institutions.

The Elmira Reception Center, where boys 16 to 21 are sent for 8 weeks, decides which institution each boy goes to, his approximate time, the kind of program he should follow. Of the various institutions, the two forestry camps, open for less than five years, are the most promising. The Department of Conservation has praised the forestry work of the campmen who in general show an enthusiasm for their work, and more of these camps are planned. They are free of the usual security devices: no buildings are locked, the campmen and counselors eat at the same time. Since the work began, over a million and a half trees have been planted. The campmen are paid a small sum, from twenty to fifty cents a day, which is credited to them at the commissary.

Forestry Camps

But each camp has the capacity for only 80 boys. And in 1958 only 71 boys out of a total of 1,713 went to Walkill, a medium security prison. Most of the rest went to West Coxsackie, Elmira Reformatory or Great Meadow, all large institutions with a maximum-security atmosphere. There security is the purpose of the buildings as well as

the first duty of the guards. (Notice difference between terms: guards, counsellors. It is not a tricky difference to fool the boys, but a complete difference in attitude.) At Woodbourne, for instance, there are gas towers in the mess hall and gym. Mail is censored and usually limited to the immediate family. It is considered a good practice to search an inmate thoroughly before and after visits to control contraband.

The report by the JDEP dealing with state correctional institutions, Interim Report No. 16, openly declares that the treatment of these boys as "criminals" is harmful, for it makes it more difficult to educate the boy. "There is little doubt that security measures do hamper treatment." And the report calls for institutions of an intermediate character, between the old, reformatory-type institutions with its maximum-security atmosphere and one of the new work camps.

Getting A Job

The state institutions accent vocational training, but there are difficulties. The boy may have too short a sentence to learn a trade. There may be a shortage of competent teachers. Equipment may be out of date. Some employers are slow to hire a boy with a record. N. Y. State law closes some trades and professions to them by various licensing and other restrictions. Unions too are slow sometimes in opening a job.

Job improvement isn't encouraging, judging by the record. In a study on a small group of N. Y. City parolees, 64% were unskilled

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Notes Between The Bars

By Philip Havey

When you know that you are about to return to prison, you begin storing up sights and sounds as in a bank from which you will make slow withdrawals during the monotonous days of your confinement. Gathering things in with an aware eye, you begin to develop the scent of an artist about you. Trees scrub against the sky full of multiple greens and reveal a delicate geometry within their branches that one skims over unless he knows how to step out of his normal field of vision into a world of vivid intensities. The poet knows how; I can testify that the prisoner returning to confinement knows how during this drawing in of lasting things. It is this ability to see the world as though it were both the first and last time that makes the poet and the artist what they are. They simply deal in a different medium than the prisoner of the invalid, who becomes his own enclosed gallery of remembrances. I began the process the day before yesterday, when C.O.R.E. informed me that they

were planning to cancel the appeals for large numbers of Freedom Riders, and would like me to remain in Jackson after my arraignment to join a mass return to prison that would eliminate a three month legal skirmish in which C.O.R.E. and the State of Mississippi have been vying for position in the lower courts; each attempting to unbalance the other in a series of unexpected legal maneuvers, which began as the State of Mississippi reneged in its initial proposal to bring back a picked handful of defendants to serve as test cases by demanding that all of the Freedom Riders return to Jackson for arraignment and separate two-a-day trials on a blind docket. Such a docket would force the Riders to remain on call in the Jackson area. In retaliation, C.O.R.E.'s lawyer insisted on the defendant's right for a trial by jury, rather than a much less complicated action before a single judge. The State was forced to empanel separate juries for each case and

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Breaking the Thought Barrier

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requires that the former be strengthened and the latter be inhibited or rechanneled.

The crucial point is that man is extraordinarily modifiable. His attitudes, feelings, and behavior are molded by the groups to which he belongs; his society transmits to him its values, standards, and ideals.

War is a social institution, and the values supporting it must be transmitted afresh to each new generation. It is conceivable that we can learn to adhere to a set of values which excludes the possibility of war. There are isolated societies which do not have the institution of war, such as the Hopi. Another form of aggression is open to him—sticking out his tongue. Aggression does not disappear, but it can be rechanneled. The Hopi are prone to nightmares, but any of us would settle for a few nightmares in exchange for the removal of the threat of extermination.

The Comanche, as a plains tribe, was extremely warlike, but as a plateau tribe, they were without such patterns. The tribe passed from one existence to another in a few generations—a striking example of the power of group standards.

Within civilized societies there has been a steady reduction of the kinds of conflict for which personal violence is sanctioned. Dueling is no longer an acceptable method for solving conflict in our society. And only two generations ago industrial conflicts regularly involved the use of force on both sides. Yet there have been many prolonged and bitter conflicts in which neither side entertained the possibility of resorting to force. Certainly today's workers and plant owners are not less belligerent as individuals than their forebears, nor are the police stronger in 1960 than in 1910 when industrial warfare was common.

At least there is the possibility that mankind may eventually subscribe to a set of values which exclude war. But for the present, when violence is still sanctioned as a means of settling disputes between nations, the problem is whether it is possible to win by nonviolent means against an opponent whose group standards sanction the use of violence.

Almost everyone unhesitatingly answers "No," it is not possible to remain nonviolent in such a violent world, but there is room for doubt. At the level of the individual, a very important aspect of behavior is that it is guided by the responses of the person to whom it is directed. A person's response to what I do influences how I respond to his response, and this, in turn, influences what he does next. Violent behavior, like all other behavior, is not self-sustaining. Whether it increases or decreases depends on how the victim responds. It seems to be stimulated by counter-violence or by fear and inhibited by a calm,

friendly attitude which implies that the victim is concerned about the welfare of the attacker as well as himself.

If a person can find the courage to meet aggression with calm friendliness, this may have a powerfully inhibiting effect. Only a rare individual has such moral strength in the face of threatened death for himself or his loved ones; but when very strong group support is forthcoming, nonviolent campaigns may be surprisingly successful. Certain features are unusually favorable in the case of Gandhi in India and King in Alabama. They were able to turn the values of the dominant group against them—to the British and American sense of justice. In both instances the opposed groups were in close personal contact, so that the oppressors could not take emotional refuge in the insensitivity to the remote. And in each case, the oppressed could use media of mass communication to sustain their own morale and to sway public opinion. But despite the seemingly favorable circumstances that one is now able to see in these cases, no one would have predicted that the nonviolent campaigns could have succeeded, and one cannot exclude the feasibility of a nonviolent approach to some of the current conflicts in the world.

The heart of nonviolent resistance is to fight the antagonism, not the antagonist. Gandhi makes a sharp distinction between the dead and the doer. He rejects the stereotypes of the enemy, assuming that his opponents are acting righteously according to their own standards and tries to demonstrate how his position would achieve their aims better than their own approach. Further, he insists that the conflict must be waged in a constructive way. Thus to oppose the salt tax he organized a march to the sea to make salt.

Thirdly, the waging of a nonviolent battle is not a simple or easy way of fighting and requires the highest type of generalship, with an extraordinary level of flexibility, courage, and organizational ability. The leaders must be able to activate the strongest type of group ideals and controls in order to hold despair and violence in check, despite provocations. These controls will differ in different cultures. Gandhi fasted as a means of mobilizing guilt in his followers when they strayed from the path of nonviolence, and King held nightly prayer meetings with hymn singing to maintain the morale of the Negroes.

Because it rests on group controls, successful conduct of a nonviolent campaign does not require that the individual members be saints, or even believers in nonviolence. Gandhi, with less than 200 disciples, was able to free a nation of 350 million. King's followers, as individuals, are considered to be among the most prone to violence in our society, at least

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Notes Between Bars

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to throw open the docket for its own convenience. In its turn, Mississippi was able to raise the bond necessary for a state's appeal from five-hundred to two-thousand dollars, thus blocking C.O.R.E.'s attempt to bond over Freedom Riders as they lost their appeal cases in the lower court. Realizing that C.O.R.E. did not have enough money to continue all the appeals up through the courts, Jim Farmer sent out a letter to fifty-four Freedom Riders, who have short term sentences, requesting that they and any others, who could see their way clear to relinquishing their appeals, join him in a group return. Although my county appeal would probably not take place until early next year, I decided that I had too many commitments in the early spring in connection with the Civil Defense protest to chance being imprisoned at that time, so I informed C.O.R.E. that I would return with the Farmer group September fifteenth.

Mississippi's action is an example of how one of the Southern states handled the "Freedom Rider question." Each of the four major states facing an "invasion" by Freedom Riders received them in a different manner. The north-

mal conditions. A merchant marine sailor from Yonca, learning Freedom Riders were on the bus, alternated between bellicose claims that we would be "out-niced" by the people of Jackson with savage statements about we would be hung by new ropes for "fancy" intellectuals a thousand miles from home. As he rambled on I became aware of the terrible sense of inferiority that pervades the entire South. On my return trip, I encountered many intelligent Southerners who reinforced this point by constantly restating their claims of a new intellectual Renaissance that was supposedly taking place in the Southern states. Their fear of being viewed as rural cousins standing in awe of a sophisticated north was painfully apparent.

We were to be "out-niced." The paddy-wagon was waiting, a hailing black of shadow in the diffused morning sunlight, as the bus swung around the corner into its stall behind the Greyhound terminal. A police officer stood by the door of the colored waiting room. Just inside, we could see the arresting officer, Captain Ray arms folded behind the large rectangular plate glass. The door picked up the reflection of the scene behind us making behind him appear as part

tion of the farm stand in odd contrast with the fact that the farm has no library, or method of providing study materials for any of its 2,300 inmates. The lack of reading materials did not effect the Freedom Riders for we were already under maximum security regulations which restricted our reading to the few editions of the Bible that could be passed from cell to cell. In the Maximum Security cellblocks, we had only copies of the Gideon New Testament, however when the white male prisoners were transferred to a newly opened work camp on the outskirts of the plantation, a revised standard edition of the Old Testament suddenly appeared. Never had its reiterations on the theme of the just man's perseverance in the face of ill-treatment been so welcome. In the large dormitory of the work camp we began organizing seminars on the Bible and various other topics from that area of existence beyond the walls that we jokingly called "real life." I spoke both on the Catholic Worker and non-violence as a way of life. Much of the discussion centered around the integration problem. Oddly, I refrained from participating too openly in this area for I believed then as I do now that one must hold a general position in broad terms and face separate truths within those terms with the utmost simplicity. The tendency to over-intellectualize principles until they are stretched out of context leads to a misplaced realism in certain areas of action. I felt that segregation restricted the gradual evolution of the Mystical Body of Christ and that in this specific instance the right of an individual to travel across his nation with dignity was being violated. As a Northerner I had come to realize the vast scope of the problem to be encountered in the South and restrained myself when strictly regional questions were the centre of conversation. Later, during the twenty-seven hours of my return trip to New York I carried on an almost continuous dialogue with various groups of Southerners which confirmed my thoughts on how carefully we Northerners must choose our mode of participation in local racial problems. While in Nashville I had helped establish a picket-line on a series of chain stores, where riots had subsequently broken out and when I reconsidered my participation in the action it was not without mixed feelings, however, but I never doubted the principle behind the Freedom Ride itself nor the fact that I made a point of starting my return home in the "de facto" segregated coach to Memphis despite the pointed remarks of the conductor and groups of white racists, who came forward to suggest that I might find more suitable seating in one of the other cars. I found among my fellow prisoners that the most ideologically all-inclusive plans were held by those who went on to become involved with Robert Williams in the Monroe riots and the kidnapping incidents that followed, which tended to discredit the movement. The danger of becoming too engrossed in one aspect of the civil libertarian movement was obvious and I decided to follow courses of action that were somewhat more subdued.

Shortly after our transfer to the work camp, I was removed to the punishment block for leading a protest requesting equal facilities for the Negro prisoners who remained in the original maximum security cells. I maintained that their cell block were provided with common corridors that had been designed so the cell doors could be left open during the day, an accepted practice in most prisons, and that, since the white prisoners at the work camp could exercise freely within their large

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Chasing Soul

how seeing in the bee god's lesson of love (that must be learned over and over again)

before this soul will see increase)—

and speaking to the heifer in a phoney Irish accent—

how accepting the right of flies to wander on my naked skin;

and bees to gather pollen from the coarse hair of my fingers;

and negro children in the road to stare at me

(in city clothes, sitting in a field, talking to a cow)—

how accepting the yellow-jacket as a challenge,

to be trusted;

and accepting the horse-fly as a challenge,

to be loved—

how seeking the lord's understanding:

bees are for honey, workers to admire;

flies are chastisement,

reminding of waste and greed

(we must be poor men

and careful with god's works)—

how understanding "as you love the least of these so do you love me"

and seeing my unguarded soul was not filled with love

but only a studied tolerance;

and I was a soul that chased away the pesty flies;—

how seeing that my soul, if unforced to respond to adversity

with "loving-kindness" (when it judged the thing valuable),

would be a Chasing Soul—

how sitting lotus-flower posture in the field,

the holy field,

God taught this soul the lesson

of loving all things created.

by Allan Hoffman

ern most, Georgia, effected by the flow of anti-segregationist ideas, accepted the Riders allowing them to use its interstate lunchroom facilities without incident. It was left to Governor Patterson of Alabama to take the extremist position at the other end of the scale. By broadly stating that he could not protect any Freedom Rider, who attempted to test Alabama's laws of "separation," he gave implicit sanction to the bus burning at Anniston and the mob action which followed. Federal marshals moved in to take control of the situation out of local hands and the courts quickly enjoined further arrests. Both Ross Barnett of Mississippi and Orval Faubus of Arkansas profited at Alabama's expense by adapting a non-violent defense to meet a non-violent threat. In Mississippi the process of arrests was reduced to a business-like routine devoid of any excitement or heroic overtones. With an abiding faith in "de facto" segregation, Faubus merely let the Freedom Rider teams filter through and then close the facilities up tightly behind them.

I was arrested in Mississippi after a ten hour ride from Nashville through a heavy downpour that followed us throughout the night. Rain snapped against the wide windows of the scenic cruiser in rumpled silver sheets establishing a violent rhythm that would have been foreboding under nor-

of a huge double exposure. We entered the combination waiting room-luncheonette and walked past Captain Ray to the row of counter stools. As we were seating ourselves, he said, "I'll have to ask you to move on." We began to order a breakfast that we knew we would never eat. "If you don't move on, I'll place you under arrest," said Captain Ray. Hesitantly, the counter girl gave us all water. "You are under arrest," he said. A patrolman advanced to check our names against the lists that both C.O.R.E. and the F.B.I. had wired on ahead. They had misspelled my name and refused to correct their error, so I was tried, convicted, and sentenced the next day as P. "Heavy." Two days later we were removed to a section of Parchman Farm, which the county has leased from the state for one dollar to accommodate its surplus charges.

It is a hard and fast rule that prisoners are never to be found enjoyable and Parchman Farm lives up to this truism despite the multiple reforms which Warden Jones has initiated. Reforms, which have turned the farm into a strange mixture of innovation and anachronism. Methods that allow a prisoner to reestablish himself financially before his return to society, the small, white cottages that are provided for inmates and their wives during Sunday visits, and the totally self-sustaining opera-

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rooms, Negroes, serving the same sentence, should not be restricted to spending the whole day in their cramped cells. This was one of many protests ranging from Terry Sullivan's request for total integration of prisoners, which was actually more of a witness before God, since there was no change of its being granted, to Danny Thomson's insistence that he be maintained under the same condition as the Negroes, which was quickly granted.

Protestors were kept in six cells behind a steel plated door that led to the main room of the work camp. Each cell was only slightly larger than a common closet. Its walls were rudely worked with a grey stucco-like cement that had not completely dried. Taking up more than one-half of the room was a metal frame that seemed more suitable as a hothouse planting tray than an elemental bed. I had a cell to myself, which was a concession by the authorities for, when the others in the block introduced themselves, it appeared that Terry Sullivan, Danny Thompson and Bernie Mansfield were confined together in a single one-man cell. Bill Hansen and Bob Miller, who had refused to follow any orders since wristbreakers had been used on them, were also sharing a cell and well into their third week's growth of beard. There were two other men being kept in a single cell because they illegally processed writing materials (a pencil).

In the more crowded cells, the person sleeping on the warm sheet metal bed would sweat through its polka dot arrangement of holes onto the man sleeping on the floor

beneath him. Terry said that it was like spending the night in a slow acid drizzle. The high wattage electric light that flooded the cell day and night had been redesigned in the new cells and moved from its more comfortable position in the far wall to the center of the ceiling, where it constantly shone down into my face, until Terry explained how to mask it with toilet paper. The temperature, which never fell below ninety degrees, would build up to a hundred and thirty degrees at one o'clock in the afternoon, and maintained that level until sunset. The windows on the cell block were closed forcing us to lie prone on wet cement floor so that we could breathe the cool air that filtered under the main door. The further one was down the line of cells, the more punishing the experience.

I sweated so badly that Sgt. Middleton, who was in charge of the work camp, annex, added a cup of briney water to my regular meals in an attempt to replace the salt that I had lost during the day, however this was not enough and my skin, which remained soggy from the constant moisture, developed large eruptions from which thin red lines began to branch outward like copybook sketches of protoplasm. The skin condition worsened and I was let back into the relatively cool dormitory after my twelfth day leaving behind Terry Sullivan in the cell-block well into his forty-fifth day under such conditions. When I returned to the larger room, I found myself giddy from the new room, wobbled past the bunk on which I was sitting; I was appalled at the change in appearance in the men with whom I'd been arrested.

I got up and walked around among shadow-boxers and yogi-exercisers until my head settled. Although I soon felt better I never did regain the fifteen pounds that I had lost during that twelve day period until I returned to Peter Maurin Farm.

Although Father Brett came twice a week to give out Holy Communion from an altar improvised on the end of a bed; crucifix propped up against the pillow, candles aslant on the lumpy mattress, missing Sunday Mass gave a strange misorientation to the week. The days did not follow each other in a sensible order. If it wasn't for the twice weekly change of underwear shorts that we wore as a uniform, we could have been convinced that we were reliving the same repetitious day, however, men were slipping out of the dull routine of the camp to depart in the redpanel truck that transported them to the main unit, where they were processed for release. Suddenly one morning, when our numbers had markedly diminished, we were roused out of bed into a large bus that carried us back to the cell blocks from which we had come over a month ago. It was a day that ten or twelve men were scheduled to be released. Phil Perkins, whose name was on the list, was my cellmate and had become extremely tense about the break in the routine. To distract him, I dictated long messages to be delivered to the Catholic Worker staff members. Finally Joel Greenbaum in the first cell who could look into the guard's room said that they were bringing out bags of clothing. Sheriff Tyson entered with a list of names—Phil's was in its proper place. The

electric door to our cell shuttered and snapped open allowing him to step out. We shook hands and the door began to tremble closed. I had just settled back to do a series of time consuming sit-ups, when the automatic lock clicked again and Sheriff Tyson bellowed my name. Bob Rogers had decided to remain for his full sentence, so I had been selected as his alternate.

We dressed quickly. Sheriff Tyson spilled our valuables on the floor forcing us to stoop at his feet to gather them in and sent us back to our luggage on which our accumulated mail for the last month was neatly stacked. Climbing aboard the truck we exchanged month-old messages and laughed over events which had long been forgotten by those who had written about them.

The driver jerked and lurched the truck along the one hundred and twenty miles to Jackson while we looked out through the chinks in the covering at the small Southern hamlets that seemed to have just slipped from the pages of a Faulkner novel. The early signs began to proclaim Jackson again; soon we were pulling in among the city traffic.

We piled out in front of the county court building, which had been laid out in a gross approximation of Victorian elegance. The deputies lead up a long curving staircase to a large rotunda filled with a wide selection of automatic vending machines. The orderly group suddenly broke upon the machines feeding nickels and dimes into the slots, pulling out Cokes, candy bars and peanut butter crackers, in a particularly

American brand of bacchanal that reached a high level of gaily just as the county clerk arrived with the bail forms. Candy bars jammed in our mouths, hands wet with soda, wielding cigarettes in one hand and a pen in the other, we signed the triplicated forms. The clerk gathered in the sticky sheets of legal sized paper, inspected his soiled pen and departed; we were free. The C.O.R.E. attorney, Jack Young, led us down the back stairs past the doors marked "Colored Men" & "Colored Women" to where a bus sat waiting at the curb, the only integrated bus in Jackson. We were driven to Christ Baptist Church, which had been given over for the evening to Woman Power Unlimited, a group of Jackson women formed under Mrs. William Harvey to aid Freedom Riders on their release from Parchman. In the small basement of the church, we received our first substantial meal in over a month. After the last Freedom Rider had forced himself through his third portion of ice cream, we were assigned to various houses in the immediate area. I was sent to the home of a Negro businesswoman and her son, where I spent a restless night due to the unfamiliar comfort of sleeping in a darkened room.

The next day, when the Negro taxi driver dropped me off at the train station, I hurried into the negro waiting station to buy a ticket only to be confronted by the police officer, who had taken my name at my original arrest. We recognized each other. "Move on," he said. Visibly little had changed, however, as I slowly turned to withdraw, he said it again, but this time with a somewhat pathetic weariness in his voice that stemmed from long hours of extra duty without pay, he added—"please."

On Pilgrimage

The temperature is ninety degrees these days and there certainly has been a long continuing spell of hot weather. Right now at early morning, with the apartment door open, there is a current of air and one can catch a breath. The humidity is high and everything is so damp it is hard to handle paper or pen and one's reading glasses slide down the nose and get filmy. Walking down stairs the stair rail is sticky. August weather, in other words.

During the month we sent out an SOS to friends to help us pay the rent which comes due in frightening frequency. Now in a few days September first will be here. Rent for the 173 Chrystie Street place, St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, is \$275. Then there are rents for all the apartments, eight or ten of them, I forget which. Hatty and Scotch Mary have an apartment on Spring Street, and Dianne, Jean, Sharon and I are on Ludlow. Our places are \$25 and \$21 a month, and our landlord who is a plumber, generously tells us he will give us a few days leeway. If we are evicted I understand landlords can charge an increase of 15% of the new tenants.

Rents and utilities remain our biggest problem. Ed Forand goes regularly to the market and gets free vegetables and fruits, and of course we are raising all the vegetables we can eat on the Peter Maurin Farm.

HOME

I am writing in front of the window of the little apartment on Ludlow St. very much like the apartment I had when the Catholic Worker started so many years ago. There is an allanhus tree outside the window, an old tree stripped almost bare of leaves. Two doors down there are some beautiful maples, doing very well, and occasionally one sees tenants cleaning up the yard, a little haven of green in this slum area. It is a deep valley these windows look out on. The buildings are six-story walk-ups across the yards fronting on Essex street, and the Ludlow St. buildings are the same.

Essex street is famous for its markets, now under roof but formerly on push cart; and Ludlow street itself since we have been here, has been receiving every night great trucks from the south, from Florida, South Carolina, etc., bearing bushel baskets of small cucumbers and peppers for the innumerable pickle factories all over the East Side. The smell is delightful. When I come home from the office about eight at night, the glaring lights show a scene of unloading and loading. Men and boys stripped to the waist pass down baskets to others to load on small trucks to take elsewhere in the city. It is good to have this bright busy distribution center out in front of the house. Downstairs under me is a Chinese grocery store, and on the corner a kosher restaurant where one can get good barley soup, or in hot weather borscht or schav, which is a green sour-grass soup with sour cream, and served with heavy pumpernickel bread. Good for hot weather lunches.

Orchard, Ludlow and Essex streets, we report to former East Side residents, remain the same but further east on Grand street there is one great cooperative apartment house after another. A few blocks down Grand is St. Mary's Church, and a few blocks down Essex past Canal

and East Broadway there is old St. Teresa's surrounded by privet hedges and fronted by small sycamore trees nursed and cherished by the old monsignor who has presided there for many years.

SUMMER

I sit in front of this typewriter to finish a column or so for the CW before going on retreat over Labor Day with the Charles de Foucauld secular fraternity at Mt. Saviour, Elmira, New York. It is only grim necessity which keeps me at this writing. I think longingly of the farm and the green fields and woods, the cool porch where Classic Mary sits with her infant Brenda Lee and sews. Or of the beach where four mothers and their children are enjoying the salt breezes and bathing, fronting directly on the water as they are. Here is a delightful letter I received from one of the Puerto Rican grandmothers who accompanied her daughter and the children for a ten-day holiday while the poor father had to stay in the city and work.

"Excuse me for the lateness in writing you this letter. I hope you are well. I thank you very much for the summer vacation we stayed at your country. We were there as if we were in Portorican countries. I think since I am old it is the best week I have gone. I am very glad since I knew you and if in any time you need me for something, call me."

She wrote letters also to Marge Hughes and to one of the other mothers, Beverley. Summer is our busiest time with visitors from morning until night and much mail to answer, and it is hard to write articles or do the rewriting necessary on the book, *Leaves and Flashes*, which must be in by November first.

Or perhaps we feel overburdened simply because we would like to be sitting on the beach with the children collecting horse shoe crabs and whelk's cocoons and other delightful things.

Walter Kerrell lives with the sea in the city by painting the horse shoe crabs so that they look like masks and he hangs them over the desk where he works on Chrystie St. Ed Forand gets his taste of the country by transporting families to and from the beach every other week. Stuart Sandberg who has been cooking in a hot steamy kitchen all summer takes nine boys to the beach for a week end on one occasion, and to other points about the city for a day's excursion once a week. These are the small boys who come in to sing comply at night, and who are always wanting to assist him in the making of stew or soup or dessert. He is beginning a new project in October. We are renting for \$75 a month what is really a large first floor store house in back of us which is almost large enough for roller skating or a basket ball court to be used exclusively for the children, for games, for craft work, and we hope for catechetical and scripture classes, when we have the accredited people to teach. Complime itself may be class enough. Dianne Gannon, who does everything, editing, writing, copying, cooking, taking care of the little girls who run in and out, is at present at a retreat for the next ten days at Grailville, Loveland, Ohio. . . .

But it's no use trying to account for everyone on the staff. There are so many comings and goings.

We went to press August 2 and the next day when the paper was delivered to be mailed out, it poured rain. Wrote letters all day. Had a visit from an old Italian doctor from the Bronx, a Waldensian from Florence who had originally wanted to be a missionary to Abyssinia but had come to this country instead. He knew the old Italian radicals Arturo Giovannitti, and Carlo Tresca. He himself recently wrote a book in which he used many of Ade Bethune's cuts and a chapter about the Catholic Worker, the reprint of the McCloskey article which was part of a thesis for a degree at Harvard. While the doctor was there, Fr. Plante, S.J. who is vacationing in New York by giving another priest a vacation elsewhere, came in on his afternoon off and as usual we had a most mixed group of visitors. Sometimes the acquaintances made at the CW become lasting friends. August fourth was the first Friday and I went to Mass with Mary Hughes and my own grandchild Sue who visited us for two weeks this summer. Becky had had her vacation on a summer job of a month at Winooski Park, Vermont where she helped the nuns feed a summer school for foreign students conducted by St. Michael's College. Vacation! I can hear her exclaim. But she did have fun. She earned sixty dollars which came to her all in a chunk since the sisters, French Canadian, would not let the girls out of their sight to spend any money or go to the movies. But she saw *Death of a Salesman* played by the troupe from the Catholic University which had a workshop there, and she, and Mary and Sue and I who had come to call for her, heard a pre-Mozart opera, *The Servant Mistress*, which was completely delightful.

But I am ahead of my diary which informs me that on Saturday August 5 I drove to Pottstown, Pennsylvania to speak at Fellowship Farm, which with Fellowship House of Philadelphia was started by Marjorie Pennay. (It was there I first met Charles Butterworth), who now bears the burden of managing the House of Hospitality in New York. I spoke two hours Saturday afternoon, two hours Sunday morning and two hours Sunday afternoon, roughly speaking. The drive home at night to Staten Island over thoroughways which made night driving simple was exhausting but a night at the beach was a renewal of strength, and a delight to wake up to the sound of little summer waves and the smell of the shore.

LLEWELLYN SCOTT

One of the highlights of that week end was meeting our dear friend Llewellyn who has been running the three houses called Blessed Martin House of Hospitality for almost twenty years now in Washington, D.C. He is looking for another center as the city is taking over the houses in a slum clearance program. He told us about an incident in his youth when he with two other government employees had been driving through the south on a vacation. We had been talking of Freedom Rides and that was how he came to tell us how they had tried to sleep

(Continued on page 7)

Walk down Spring Street on a clear summer morning and Manhattan seems glistening clean as a New England Town; the shabbily picturesque fruit peddler, the cool black maccadam of the streets—wet still from early morning rounds of the street cleaners, the few unsoiled children swinging in the playground, and the neatly dressed secretaries, businessmen and factory workers hurrying along to work, allow one the easy assumption that the day will be respectable.

Then I cross the Bowery; a derelict shuffles out towards a taxi stopped at a red light and wipes its windshield with a dirty rag; he asks for a dime for a cup of coffee and the embarrassed cabbie gives it to him. By evening there will be a few pan-handlers wiping windshields at most of the lights along the Bowery and as always cops to teach them not to with nightsticks. I pass a man lying in a doorway, asleep, drunk or dead, and another lying on the sidewalk and another leaning against a fire-hydrant and I think of the Gospel from last Sunday's mass where Christ answered the question who is your neighbor with the parable of the good Samaritan.

Then turning down Rivington Street I pass the One Mile House, a bar where men sit glassy eyed with drink in front of them even at nine in the morning. Rivington Street is quiet and bright, its surfaces reflecting the gold light of the sun and dead-ending in the soft green of the trees in the park that runs along Chrystie Street. A few children call my name from a window above and I wave. Around the corner the small building that holds St. Joseph's House looks quieter than I ever imagine it is, and in the window a gaunt statue of St. Francis with his skull and cross; a fragile fanatic with ignoring eyes.

courtyard we have on the side of our building along with Mike, our lunchtime dishwasher, and Bill, the other waiter. He looks up from his *Mirror* and then gets up and says "Wait, I'll see, we should have enough to last us through Friday; let me have the key." In a minute he's back, "Yup, there's ten pounds—tomorrow's plenty of time to order it. Don't forget the canned milk." I make up the list (two canned milk—a privilege for the men who help in the kitchen—6 oleo, 20 lbs. of sugar, 8 cans of tomato puree, 5 lbs. of onions, 4 boxes of salt) which we order in small quantities, for we have so little money this is the only way we can buy, and such little storage space and there is so much temptation to steal. I ascend into the office. Walter is opening the mail and recording new subscriptions in front of a wall arrayed with his painted horseshoe crabs. Smokey Joe lunges toward me and glaring somewhere in the vicinity of my shoulder says "What kind of screwball factory is this? They get the biggest drunk on the Bowery wrapped up newspapers. Did 150 last night. Won't even give me a package of cigarettes. You can do them; you or Charley Butterworth himself. Intellectual screwballs with your 19 college degrees. Well, I don't need 19 college degrees. The biggest drunken bum on the Bowery has more sense than you'll ever have. That's right, and keep those rotten punks out of here or I'll tell their parents. That's right. How they'll get lice crawlen all over them that bite. That's right you . . . we've never had such screwballs around here; Peter Maurin'd throw em all out—rotten punks." As I dial the grocer's number Smokey retreats to his corner and shifts his stare from me to Dianne who is writing thank you notes and who is as guilty as I of letting the neighborhood children

as usual random: spinach, radishes, cucumbers, bananas and parsley. Figure on spinach tonight, I think. The six cases which have black pockets of rot will all have to be cooked or given away today; two cases should be enough for dinner. And on the verge of going bad are the three bushels of tomatoes brought from the farm yesterday.

I pour a cup of coffee, which I put on an hour ago to heat up. "Your coffee was boiling away, I turned it out," says George brusquely. "In this weather we don't need any extra gas on." "Thank you, you're right," I whisper and drink the by now lukewarm milky brown water. Ed reminds me that I better use the spinach today and that the tomatoes won't last much longer. I answer yes I know, and there's a case of lettuce that I hope I can salvage enough of for a salad. We smile at our obvious talk and he goes off to pick up some rice, lard and flour from Divine Providence, a shelter for youngsters, with an appropriate name. I finish my coffee and bring in the tomatoes. The few that are firm and red I put aside to slice and to put in the salad for supper. The rest I core and cut out the bad spots in order to make stewed tomatoes for tomorrow's dinner.

"Whose the boss here?" I turn around at the sink, as one of the men say, "Him in the blue shirt, see him—" A tall fellow soiled and with a few days' growth of whiskers, pink nose and cheeks, sad eyes and the smell of wine on his breath, ambles over. "Say mister, you the boss?" he says seriously. "I got a job to go to and I was wondering if I could get a shave and some clean clothes." "Men's clothes are given out at two o'clock," I answer mechanically,

take a tomato to make a sandwich to take over to my room." I hand her a tomato knowing that everyone can not have one and wondering on what grounds we can ever decide to whom we should give. "Perhaps I could take another," she whispers, and I let her take another.

"It's 11:30, we should start on time," George says crisply in his German accent. He and I each take a handle of the large vat of tomato, brusselsprout, hamburger, onion, rice and stringbean soup, bringing it over to a platform next to the kitchen table. I taste it and decide to add a little more salt. "I think you are right, a little more salt was what it needed," Charley advises after mulling over a cup. "I don't think the stringbeans are quite cooked; George keeps turning off one of the burners . . . has a phobia about wasting gas." Especially in the summer, I think, to complete Charley's complaint, but the stringbeans seem cooked to me.

I start dishing out the soup until Jean comes down with a copy of the Peacemaker and her rather beaten copy of a poetry anthology, hoping to read between every few bowls of soup. I read her a poem that I like in the anthology by John Weiners and then another also by him, before returning to the sink and the tomatoes, and we are called to attention by George, who wryly reminds us that the customers won't leave tips if they're kept waiting. Just as I finish up and get the tomatoes on the stove a fight breaks out on the line between two men who have both gone for the same seat and I have to ask them to be quiet or leave.

Scotch Mary calls so that I can barely hear her, "Stuart," I turn around and come over and she asks "could I have Hattie's eggs?" My mind prepares advice on the fu-

all are, phonies; give it all to the niggers who're gotten fat off welfare." I try to apologize and tell him that we help whoever we can. As he walks away cursing I think that he is probably right: if I call myself a Christian I am a Pharisee.

As I prepare the banana bread pudding the last men are finishing their lunch so I get out some eggs for the help's lunch since the few leftovers are not too appealing. I fry two for Joe who has been watching the door and two for Bill the waiter. Mike, who prefers his own cooking to mine, fries his own. Milly asks for a cup of coffee; Louise for a cup of tea; Jean, who has gone upstairs, comes down and finds herself a few tomatoes; I put the pudding in the oven and have a bowl of soup and some pumpernickel, which as our unpaid bill to the day-old bread man gets bigger is increasingly more likely to be stale.

Dave, our good humored butcher, who met Dianne trying to save money on meat at the Essex market, comes in with a basket filled with breast of lamb (nine cents a pound) on his shoulder. He is a Jewish convert to Catholicism with a rare Christian optimism that refreshes us whenever he comes around. When Dianne told him about us, he offered to give us meat at what it cost him, as if responding to Divine Providence. He talks about his visit to Peter Maurin Farm the previous Sunday, over a cup of coffee, and would like to send them out a ham to show his gratitude. "They were so nice out there."

Dianne comes down just as we are bringing our dishes over to the sink and talks with David a bit, then asks if there is anything she can do. Since I have a general aversion to office work, I assume most other people do too and will

CHRYSTIE STREET

Impressions from a Cook's Day

By STUART SANDBERG

Inside there is a breakfast-time peace about the place as a few of those we take care of finish up their cornflakes, coffee and bread. A few of the men who come in for soup at lunch time have begun to fill the chairs lined up between the tables and the front of the building; they sit silently waiting, dreaming, one maybe reading a newspaper, another cursing under his breath.

Charley, the breakfast man as he is called since he fixes breakfast, has gotten up at 6:30 and is puttering about as he finishes up the dishes and makes suggestions about the soup. Sometimes I find his suggestions already in the 15 gallon pot of water which he puts on to boil, and what one finds in the soup pot when one begins to add the vegetables, leftovers, puree, rice, peas or anything else that happens to be on hand, is just another variable that makes cooking at the Catholic Worker a mystery. Even on those mornings when I find the soup quite complete with ingredients I am usually allowed to season within reason.

Around 9:30 a fellow arrives with a bundle of newspapers which Charley takes charge of distributing. "You going up to the office, here take these up with you," he shouts and shuffles over to give someone going up the stairs four *New York Times*. "Yours is in the cabinet" he says to me as if I were accusing him of not saving a copy of the precious *Times* for me. "Thanks" I say, thinking I'll read it after I call in the order. "Do we need coffee?" I ask George, our headwaiter and keeper of the coffee. He is sitting out in the small

come into the house. The grocer wants to talk to Charley about paying our bill and Charley tells him we just don't have any money.

Downstairs on the second floor in what is called the day room men from the soup line are beginning to fill up the chairs, having filled the thirty or so chairs on the ground floor. When I get back to the kitchen I find that Ed has arrived back from the market with his load of fruit and vegetables. Since this determines what we will be cooking and hopefully eating, we examine his gifts with trepidation and pleasure. Time and again we receive gifts that we could never even consider buying: mangoes, Persian melons, avocados, Brussel sprouts, nectarines, as well as staples such as potatoes, lettuce, carrots, beets, squash, celery and bananas. What surplus we have, since we have very limited refrigeration, we give away to neighbors: families of eight, ten and eleven, who can always use any help in stretching their food.

Divine Providence, who sometimes seems to play with us, as when someone prays out-loud for blueberries and the next day Ed arrives with six cartons of them, gives us what we need, though we never know what we need until we are given it. If we receive 5,000 lbs. of potatoes we learn quickly enough various ways of using potatoes; five bushels of peaches, golden ripe and soft almost to rotting, means giving one's spare moments for the rest of the day with Margaret, Millie, Betty Lee and the various children who peel until they have nibbled their fill, only then willing to relinquish their knives to observers.

What Ed brings this morning is

then add, "Can you come around then? Maybe you can borrow a razor upstairs." "Look, I got a job to go to this morning and I can't go unless I get some clean clothes," he tells me assertively. "Well, you can ask them upstairs, if they have anything; the fellow who has a key to the clothes room isn't here right now."

As he walks over to the stairs he bumps into the table and I say half audibly, as if to reassure my sense of justice, "Usually we don't give out clothes to men that are drinking." When he doesn't hear me I am just as glad since it saves listening to the denials and the indignant questioning about where I got such an idea; it allows me not to ask where he expects to find a job in his condition: unmasking questions come so easily to those with possessions and the dispossessed are forever being exposed in their wretchedness. If one should not give, there is greater charity in saying no and seeming unjust than in asking why and revealing a man's unworthiness.

"I'll be right down to dish out the soup, I'm just going up to finish typing out a poem." I turn around and watch Jean climb the stairs. George, age 8, comes in to ask if I've seen his brother or Israel or know where they are and I tell him that I haven't seen them this morning. "Maybe they went to the Pete" (public swimming pool about eight blocks away), I suggest. "Oh no, they said they'd wait for me," he says accusingly as he walks out subdued for the moment.

Alice comes up hesitatingly: "Can I ask you a question?" "Yes." "Well, I was wondering if I could

tility of making three or four trips a day with provisions for Hattie who simply feels inclined not to leave her room and is willing, as the whim strikes her, to have Mary get what she wants; but Mary is too humble and easy to love for even such a beast as myself to give her anything but the eggs. And I think as I finish up the tomatoes how often our own sense of justice can crush that which is most meaningful to someone else; we have so many examples in the city, state, and charitable institutions which, in the name of welfare, so righteously destroy the human tendons that unite men—we should learn what a dangerous tool our justice is.

The soup being heavier at the bottom Jean adds a little hot water to take care of the last 40 men or so that have come down from the second floor making the number we fed today about 180. Joe comes back to say that even though the Full House sign is up there is a line forming along the front of the house, so I go out and tell them we are out of soup, thinking of Allan, our Jewish Buddhist friend who when he was asked to watch the door said that he couldn't turn anyone away, an understandable refusal. I had been tempted at the time to say indignantly, "Who likes to turn anyone away, and yet who doesn't deny himself many times each day?" Reluctantly the line breaks up; one man asks when clothes are given out and another who is quite red in the face shouts "You can help those lousy Puerto Ricans but you can't even give a bum a bowl of soup. You frauds. You know the first one to burn in hell is a religious hypocrite and that's what you

usually go out of my way to find them something to do in the kitchen when they have been filing or writing thank you notes all morning. Dianne, I am sure, takes my liberality in giving out kitchen work with a grain of salt, being one of those rare persons who will do whatever needs to be done, irrespective of her own desires. I tell her that I would be happy not to have to wade through the rotting spinach and if she would start it I'd finish up when I got the meat in the oven. Often people will offer to work but when they see it means putting their hands in rotting vegetables they change their minds; how much of life we reject through fear of touching rottenness.

Summer afternoons are the quietest time of the hours that St. Joseph's House is open, and even in the heat, being able to work in relative silence as a few of the older people sit gazing into the shadows of the place, dark except for the sunlight in corners where it slides in, through the store-front windows or from the courtyard in the back through the door, is a gift. Piecemeal peace is not, as Hopkins writes, poor peace, but the only peace, at least here on Chrystie Street, and when it comes we can feel its descent on us and be grateful.

A young woman comes in and talks with Dianne and I for a while. She is Catholic, her husband a Quaker, and when they were living in Ohio they heard Ammon talk about the Worker so she thought that perhaps she could come down now and then to help. When we heard that she is interested in children, and has taught

crafts and reading, we thank smilefully Divine Providence and tell her how much we can use her help in the new house that we plan to have for children in the factory-warehouse that has its front on our small courtyard and runs around behind St. Joseph's House. Children growing up mostly on the street have so many needs that we feel continually the smallness of what we can provide, without losing the hope of what God will allow. If we loved God wholly, this would be our only provision.

From talk of the future we return to the present; our visitor has to catch a train, and I have to get the meat in the oven and help finish the spinach. Ricky wanders in and sits on the high stool behind the work table for a few minutes, then gets down and says "Can I have a piece of bread?" "I don't know if there's any white bread over there," I say, knowing that the kids only like doughy white bread, the nemesis of food-faddists. Approaching the bread table, he says, "I want dark bread" as if to laugh at me for assuming that children are ever predictable. He cuts himself a piece with remarkable ease considering the staleness of the bread and slightness of his seven year old frame. I ask him if his mother would like some spinach. Yes she would, so I fill up some bags, knowing that the other kids will be in momentarily. George, Israel and Miguel come in passing Ricky and ask "What did Ricky have?" "I know, I know," says Israel, who usually does know, "he had that," and points to the spinach that we are washing. "Dianne, what's that? Can we have some?" says George, and I give them each a bag and tell them what it is, which reminds them of the last time they had it and they walk out saying "It's good" and "I don't like it," each one louder than the other.

Charley, the breakfast man, comes in and sits down at the front dining table. Milly and Margaret ask if they can be of any help and I tell them it would be fine if they'd slice the cucumbers, onions and tomatoes for the salad; Dianne has already begun washing off the lettuce. Freddy and Miguel come in and begin making noise on the piano near the front door. Charley, who has been talking and making faces to himself gets louder; "No other race had the welfare given to them like they do; they got here just in time; we had to go out and work or we'd starve . . . couldn't go runnen to welfare. And then they go given them what belongs to us. Makes a good story, brings in the money; their poor little Puerto Rican darlings, bar none. Might as well call a spade a spade; they're neither fish nor fowl." Israel comes in and comes up to the front kitchen table where I am opening a can of puree for the barbecue sauce. "Can I do that?" Freddy leaves the piano and comes back walking out into the little court where the men are reading. As he walks past Charley yells at him, "You're neither nigger nor white, are you? What are you?" Freddy tells him "Puerto Rican." "You proud of that?" wines Charley, but is ignored.

Ricky comes in and says "Can I open one Stuart?" Israel shouts "Oh, no," and Ricky, "Oh, yes," then they both battle in Spanish for a few minutes; finally I tell Israel to give the opener to Ricky, which he does looking hurt. Sammy, one of the youngest boys, with a monkeyish grin, comes running in, brushing by George who is making the coffee; he turns around and with German vigour says "I don't mind having you boys in here, but don't run around, and watch when I'm making the coffee; one of these days you're going to get burnt, you'll get boiling hot water spilled on you." The three listen wide-eyed and then a minute later, after jabbering in Spanish, go running out, brushing past George as if nothing had been said.

Put the barbecue sauce on the lamb. Drain the potatoes and the spinach. Mix the salad dressing. Scotch Mary asks if she can get some milk for Hatty and I get

some out of the back room. Mike, the noon dishwasher, asks what's for desert, and then with usual Catholic Worker humor, "Don't say my just deserts." I tell him "nothing that horrible, just banana bread pudding," and he says that sounds pretty horrible. Dianne brings over the lettuce and Milly the cucumbers and onions. I cut up the garlic and add it to the salad, then the oil and dressing and mix it with my hands, a *faux pas* that people are beginning to get used to, though now and then I hear, "look, he's using his hands." From five o' clock on people begin to stand around the dining tables waiting for dinner and keeping an eye on what they are going to be served. Alice comes up and asks "what are we having?" when I tell her breast of lamb, potatoes and spinach, she replies "Oh, I thought maybe we were having spaghetti."

if there is any left over. Freddy comes in and wants to dish out the meat but finally I convince him that I need to determine the size of the portion.

Conversation drifts up from the dining table to where we are serving: "He gets a check, and he's the first one in here." ". . . never does any work . . . just in for meals then out . . . when do you ever see her help with the paper." "Who'd eat here if they didn't have to?" "Do you think they give one damn for the children? . . . all to make nice stories about the poor starving . . . brings in money." ". . . good dinner for a change." "delicious, if you like grease and bone." "I heard them say it was five cents a pound . . . I wonder why they bother wasting the gas . . . all I can eat are the potatoes."

Mike, the dishwasher, comes up and asks his joke for the week:



When the pots are on the table ready to serve three of the children come in and want to know if they can help and Dianne lets Israel and Ricky take turns dishing out the desert; the family is invited to sit down as George and Bill put the plates on the table. Behind the work table the children multiply as Angel, Lisa, and Carmen cluster around us, carrying on their own conversation in Spanish now and then interrupting us to verify who's going to the beach or to tell us which selection of food they want

"You want to go picketing with me?" Dianne asks where he plans to picket. "At the Russian embassy—Ban the Bomb." Someone yells out "What, do you want to lose their party cards." I tell Mike that I might try and help him out if he could find someone to do the cooking and if we were Russian; as Americans there are enough areas in which we are culpable that we need not worry about the Russians. Having asked the question about five or six times and heard my little sermon just about as

many, he goes to try it on someone else out of my vicinity.

Julia comes up and says the pudding was very good. Bill, the waiter, asks how many guests tonight and I say about 15; this refers to extra people who wander in and ask to eat but are not one of the 50 or so regular guests whom we expect. One of our regulars who has been drinking quite obviously by the way he shuffles and the dazed look in his eyes comes up with his plate balanced precariously, and with a smirk asks Miguel "How many fathers do you have?" When Miguel answers two, he leans knowingly at me; then Miguel finishes, "I have my father that spans me, and God."

As the people finish eating the children begin to ask if they can eat and I tell them to get bowls which they do and circle the table. "Whose the biggest?" I ask, and

Charles comes in and hands out the tobacco; Bugler for the men we take care of and Pall Malls for the waiters, dishwashers and breakfast man, their only payment for work besides room and board. I make up plates for Bill the waiter, Charles and myself as Dianne fixes a plate of salad and spinach for herself. We sit down to talk and eat aimlessly for a few minutes not feeling overly hungry or conversational. Someone comes up and whispers "you better put the meat away, they're eating it," so I get up with not too much enthusiasm and put the meat in the ice-box, and notice happily that Paul has taken care of everything else. Israel comes in and asks "Are you going to say compline?", and I say yes. "Carry me up?, Carry me up?" whines Israel; "Carry me up" cries Ricky. Israel's seventy pounds come leaping at me from a chair and hang on until I lift him up onto my shoulders. When we reach the top floor Sammy and Jimito are already there waiting for the door to the office to be unlocked. Once inside they all head for the two bars that hang down from the ceiling at the center of the office and from which one can swing or do chins, and on which one can perch if one so desires. "Lift me up, Lift me up," they shout drowning out my directive to wait until compline is over to do exercises. Finally the kids that have gotten up by way of climbing on the files, jump down; Charley, Dianne and Jean come up, and children and staff line up in relative quiet and begin chanting the last office of the day. The children sing responses, the Glory Be to the Father, the Hymn and the Hail Mary and the adults try and sing just about everything. Jim comes in from selling papers just in time to take the leader's part and let me be the chanter; then a few moments of quiet chant and communion and conclusion to a not so silent day. How many times has compline cleansed a day's accumulation of bruises and dirt and quieted aches deeper than a day can know?

I walk downstairs as quickly as I can with George on my shoulders, swing him around a bit and set him on the front steps. After checking that the cornflakes and coffee are out for breakfast, I walk out with some of the children who would prefer to have me chase them, but when they see I have no intention of doing so, follow. "Where you going?" "Are you going home?" "Can I come with you?" Tasting the freedom of evening with its set sun and the day's first touch of coolness, I walk faster.

Along Rivington Street small groups of Puerto Ricans stand and sit in groups, some around a card game or dominoes, others drinking beer; their Spanish clicking brightly in the darkening street. Some children have opened a pump, and with a beer can opened at both ends are spraying the water over each other and any adult victim that they know won't mind too much. The children who have been following me disperse to more exciting adventure than following me to the Sunshine, a Bowery hotel where we pay the men in for the night.

Turning on to the Bowery I hear the mechanical sweetness of the Kingston Trio blaring from a jukebox in the One Mile House; I smile to myself at the irony of blase college students and Bowery derelicts enjoying the same noise.

On the Bowery there is no change; negroes congregate around the steps of the Alabama Hotel; in front of the Salvation Army men sell used clothes, watches, razors and hair tonic; at the door to the Sunshine Hotel behind a chalk drawn circle filled with pennies, three dirty men sit, and one asks, "Just a penny mister . . . for a jug." I smile hardly and say no, push through the swinging doors and climb the narrow brown marble stairs, the air acid with disinfectant, and myself by now wholly oblivious singing the compline antiphon, "Into your hands, Oh Lord, I commend my spirit."

SILOE HOUSE

By Dianne Gannon

When we announced our hopes to perhaps be of some help to our neighbors, the large families in incredibly small apartments throughout this East Side, at the time of our move back to Chrystie Street, we continued to do pretty much as we had always done. There are the meals to get on, the clothing rooms to be set in order, the paper to be put out, the endless discussion—the problems of a peculiar family, but a family nevertheless. And then, just as we had begun to settle down, a nine year old boy ventured in one day to look us over. We see so many who look at us, and quickly pass by, almost in horror, and we are used to the first reaction of some of our visitors. He just wandered in, past the rows of waiting men. Christ's words about children came back to us, and Ricky is so much the child, with his large brown eyes, mobile face, flexible body and hair that will not stay off his forehead nor remember the part so carefully combed into a few minutes of reality by his aristocratic-seeming mother.

He came back each day, and each time brought another friend. Because we are so busy, they have had to fit into our lives, rather than we dropping everything to play with them. They join in the work, quick to respond to our rhythms, peeling the vegetables

and fruit, especially when bananas are involved, chopping up the onions, measuring flour. Already they are learning what some never learn, for the process of growing up is growing outside oneself, discovering and coming to terms with the world.

Once I asked them what was the purpose of the CW, as people are fond of asking us. They replied quickly, "To feed the dirty bums and pray." And when I questioned them again, they replied just as naturally, that we feed them "because they're hungry."

Of course they are not always so logical nor quite so diligent. It is a constant process of discovering that they must respond to the needs of others.

Although there are six or seven who spend much of their time here, almost every child in the neighborhood visits us. The others, though, only stop to say hello, for there is so little room. Quite often there is no place to play even a checker game. This summer we have taken them to the farm and beachhouse, and they have been to Stuart's house for dinner. (After they had visited his home, quite close to the city, they asked if I could take them to my mother. I explained that my family lives in San Francisco, but they seemed all too willing to go.)

But the problem of space for them has become increasingly

more apparent. They would like to be with us, and can not. Just as we were bursting at the seams, the man next door decided to retire, and the answer presented itself. The barnlike building is connected to ours, and we hope that we can build an additional entrance. We have thought about participating off sections — a library, a craft room, a den, and then a small basketball court. The rent is seventy-five dollars a month, which we really cannot afford, what with all the rent we are now paying, but we need it, and so we are just going ahead. We will do no less than the flowers of the field, and place our faith in the Lord once more. And when we think of what we need! We have only a couple of games with which to start. No money, no lumber, no books, no craft equipment—but the Siloe House is a reality.

Our plans, of course, depend on what we have when we are able to begin. Stuart has already found several good books which will eventually develop into our catechism class. The emphasis will be on the bible, given in a liturgical frame of reference. Some of the crafts will be in the liturgical theme, and we hope, once we acquire a guitar, to teach through the psalms. And the work here is extremely important. Rickey, for instance, had never been back to them has become increasingly

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Breaking the Thought Barrier

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according to popular stereotype. But nonviolent methods of fighting, like violent ones, require a willingness to stake one's life on the outcome. The psychological problem is to create group standards which impel people to offer their lives in a peaceful battle with the same dedication that they do to war.

Thus while steadily inhibiting the aggressor's use of violence, prove to him that he cannot gain his ends with it. In most battles destruction is not the primary end, but a means of coercing the adversary—except where the aggressive feelings have been strongly fanned or the group standards require the destruction of the enemy, as was the case with the Nazis and Jews. If the aggressor's violence continues to meet with no reinforcing response and if his destruction of members of the other group fails to coerce the survivors, then in time his violent behavior may grind to a halt as his own guilt feelings mount.

In trying to apply the lessons of Gandhi and King to present international conflicts, there are two cautions. First, they are examples of the successful use of nonviolent means by one group against another within a single society, rather than between societies. Second, in each case the society was grounded on democratic values.

The question of nonviolent conflict with a dictatorship arises in two forms. First, if a doctrine of nonviolence ever showed signs of winning the adherence of a majority of the American people, the remainder who still believed that force must be an instrument of policy would almost certainly attempt to seize power, to prevent the disaster that they feared. The outcome would depend on whether the proponents of nonviolence had been sufficiently trained in the use of nonviolent methods and were able to be steadfast in their purpose. A dictatorship from within could not maintain itself against a persistent refusal of the masses of the population to cooperate.

If our renunciation of force tempted an enemy to impose a military occupation on us, the question would be: Can nonviolent methods prevail against a dictatorship by a group which does not highly value human life?

The most powerful argument, at least from an emotional standpoint, against the success of nonviolent methods opposing a dictator is the fate of the Jews in Germany. There are some situations in which no method of fighting would work, and this was undoubtedly true of the plight of the Jews after World War II was under way. Incidentally, the murder camps were set up only after Germany was at war; whether even the Nazis could have perpetrated such atrocities in peacetime is problematical. The Jews had three choices, none of which could have saved their own lives: violent resistance, nonviolent resistance, and fatalistic acquiescence; and so all they could do was to die in the way most compatible with their own self-respect and most likely to win sympathy for them abroad. Most simply acquiesced. There are many moving anecdotes of Jews who, having received a notice to report to the police station, would go to their non-Jewish friends and say farewell, without expressing any thought of attempting to escape.

But no one knows what might have happened had the Jews resorted to nonviolent methods of resistance early in the Nazi regime. Suppose, for example, in organized fashion they had refused to wear the stigmatizing arm bands and forced the police to publicly drag them off to prison. This would at least have made it more difficult for the German people to pretend they did not know what was going on. One cannot know what effect this might have had.

The question really comes down

to whether the group standards of the rulers are sufficiently strong to sustain indefinitely a program of slaughter and torture against a trained, undefeated people who steadfastly maintain a pattern of behavior which tends to inhibit aggressiveness. An artillery observer in the last war found great satisfaction in the impersonal game of directing artillery fire until, one day, a German officer surrendered to him, and, a few minutes later, saved his life by directing him away from a heavily mined area. From that point on, directing artillery fire became in his mind a personal assault on the bodies and lives of fellow human beings. He rapidly developed incapacitating emotional symptoms and had to be hospitalized. In 1953 some Russian soldiers were shot because they refused to fire on the East Germans in the nonviolent revolution. Thus, although it is clear that a nonviolent campaign against a dictatorship might be very costly in lives and difficult to maintain, it is not a foregone conclusion that it could not succeed.

Whether nonviolent methods can be used successfully in an international arena is unknown territory. Nations have resolved many disputes through peaceful negotiation, but these have always been held with the knowledge that violence could be resorted to if the negotiations failed.

One advantage that a nation would have, in comparison with an oppressed group under a dictatorship, is its greater command of the instruments of mass communication. It could wage a massive propaganda campaign in favor of its view, and of a form which would tend to inhibit the enemy's use of violence, such as Russia is doing fairly successfully today.

The fragmentary experimental data on the resolution of conflicts between groups suggest that the most successful way to resolve an intergroup conflict is through the creation of goals of overriding importance to both groups, which can be attained only by their cooperation. The exploration of the undersea world, the conquest of outer space, and cooperative efforts to speed the economic advance of the underdeveloped countries. Moreover, these activities would offer substitute goals for the satisfaction of drives which in the past would have been satisfied by war. Many years ago William James called for "moral equivalents for war" and modern technology has made such moral equivalents potentially available on a scale never before possible.

Suppose that America has committed itself to exclusive reliance on means other than military force for pursuing its aims and defending its values. It then would welcome the Russian proposal for complete disarmament in a given number of years—not out of fear but from the conviction that it would be to our advantage, because our goals can be achieved only through peaceful means. Commitment to nonviolent means does not require instantaneous total disarmament, any more than belief in the decisive power of superior violence requires the immediate launching of nuclear war. Actually, drastic disarmament by the U.S. without considerable advance preparation might plunge the world into chaos.

Ultimate values, however, guide day-to-day behavior, so renunciation of violence would be promptly reflected by a change in attitude at the conference table. If at each choice point of negotiations we would select that line of action which would most foster the development of a peaceful world, we would be prepared to run risks in order to achieve this end, knowing that at worst they would be less than those entailed by the continual build-up of weapons of unlimited destructive power. We would, of course, try to establish such controls and inspection as the Russians would permit, but we would not make our disarmament contingent on having precisely the

controls we desire. As we disarmed in accordance with a prearranged schedule, assuming that Russia was doing likewise, we would be taking certain other very important steps. That is, disarmament as a means of carrying out a program of nonviolence could not occur in a vacuum.

To abolish armies as well as war colleges and general staffs each country would have to wage a peaceful propaganda offensive within its borders as well as outside them; failure to do so would in itself be an evidence of bad faith. Therefore, a major task would be to change certain of our values. Today we give lip service to peace, but glorify violence, as our TV programs bear witness. We would have to learn to venerate heroes of peace as we now do gangsters and desperados.

We would have to be prepared to make the necessary economic readjustment required by disarmament. We must make plans for conversion of the armaments industries to other types of production.

Believers in nonviolence would have to learn the methods of nonviolence, for the most pessimistic possibility is that they might have to resist seizure of power by internal as well as external groups, or even that an internal group might trip to form a war in a desperate effort to keep control. The optimistic possibility is that the growth of a movement for nonviolence in any one country would encourage the like-minded in other countries, leading to increasing pressures on all governments to negotiate their differences peacefully.



We would especially emphasize cooperative activities toward the attainment of superordinate goals, such as the highly successful International Geophysical Year. The stronger habits of cooperation became, the more effectively they would inhibit a subsequent resort to violence. Along the same lines, we would work toward peaceful resolution of outstanding tension spots in the world, such as Berlin. We could not expect to resolve all the disputes in our favor. We have gotten ourselves into certain positions which are untenable positions with or without war, and we would have to recognize this fact. In each case we would seek the solution which most furthers the cause of universal peace, rather than the one which seems to promote an illusory national interest.

Our all-out effort to win over the uncommitted countries to our way of life would take the form of expansion of medical help and of measures to raise their economic level by self-aid. Whenever possible we would conduct these programs in cooperation with the Russians.

Finally, we would work toward bringing about world-wide disarmament and building up institutional machinery for the peaceful solution of international disputes. This would require surrender of some aspects of national sovereignty, but the advent of modern weaponry has doomed unlimited sovereignty, in any case.

The most favorable outcome would be that each successive disarmament step would become easier as its advantages to all coun-

tries became increasingly effective institutional means for peaceful resolution of disputes.

In such a world, any government that contemplated taking advantage of general disarmament to blackmail another country through threat of violence would face extremely unpleasant consequences. The move would have a profoundly demoralizing effect within the country that made it. And even Hitler, who probably conducted the most vigorous internal campaign to glorify war in the world's history, required several years to rouse Germany's martial fever sufficiently to enable him to start the war. Russian leaders would have a considerably more difficult time, especially if the liberalizing process in Russia had been accelerated by increasing prosperity, removal of the threat of war, and rise in educational level.

Then too, every country of the world would rearm as rapidly as possible, and the aggressor would be the common enemy. Since the countries would still know how to make weapons of limitless destructive power and since some of these are very cheap and easy to produce, the government which threatened violence would have to be prepared to police the entire world. And, too, she would know that she would meet stubborn nonviolent resistance.

If one country did announce, after the world was disarmed, that she had retained enough nuclear weapons to destroy us, and therefore attempted to coerce us, and if we continued to follow the policy of nonviolent resistance, three choices would be left the country—to exterminate us with a nuclear raid; to occupy us; or to use her superior force to weaken our influence internationally by threatening our allies and the uncommitted nations.

A nuclear raid would be unlikely, for the fear that we would strike first would be gone. Her aim would be coercion, not destruction. An attempt to occupy us would be more probable, but this would be difficult, for she would have to reassemble an invasion force. Meanwhile, we would use all possible means of mobilizing world opinion against her and of strengthening the will to resist of our own people by propaganda and refresher courses in nonviolent resistance. If she nevertheless occupied us, our nonviolent methods would probably be costly in lives, and they might not succeed. But even if they failed, it would be better to die in a course of action which held out some hope for the future than as part of a general holocaust. The cause of liberty might be set back for a time, but it would eventually prevail, for the only sure way of extinguishing it is through the destruction of the human race.

More like than outright occupation would be the effort to use her superior force to overcome our influence in doubtful areas of the world and to gradually encroach upon us in this way. Then we would have to rely on the determinations of the peoples involved to resist because they had been convinced of the superiority of our way of life. Obviously, we would lose in some areas, as we will if we rely on force. But again in the long run the future would be much brighter for humanity.

It therefore seems possible that, having considered nuclear blackmail, a country such as Russia would decide that the game was not worth it, and would commit herself to the peaceful competition she already professes to want.

Commitment to winning through possession of superior destructive power leads further and further along the road to a garrison state at home and tyranny abroad. Renunciation of violence implies that the values we believe in can be

promulgated only by peaceful means. At home we are already witnessing a steady erosion of freedom. Dissent becomes ever more dangerous. Recently in Baltimore some high school students mobbed a young man who was merely trying to peddle a Socialist paper. A short time ago our President Eisenhower rebuked the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for daring publicly to question our China policy on the ground that this endangered our will to resist.

It is safe to assert that all human beings aspire to freedom. The common denominator of all psychiatric illnesses is that they impose limits on the patient's freedom, and his longing to be free of the tyranny of his symptoms is a strong motive for accepting the work and suffering often entailed by psychotherapy.

The chance that conversion to abandonment of force as an arbiter of international conflicts could come about is not without hope. Sudden religious conversions, and nonviolence as a way of life must have the magnitude of the religious conversion, occur typically in persons who have undergone a long period of desperation, hopelessness, or panic. To use a phrase of which alcoholics are fond, they have "hit bottom." But perhaps it may be possible for the peoples of the world to renounce violence if they see the "bottom" to which modern weapons are leading them before it actually comes to pass.

And it may be even easier to change group standards than to change those of individuals. Witness the fact that Germany and Japan have changed in our eyes from diabolical enemies to trusted allies in about a decade. In all honesty, the most likely source of a conversion of mankind to renunciation of mass violence would be a nuclear accident which would bring home the horrors of modern war. But we must bend every effort to develop group standards of nonviolence through intensive educational methods. It may be hopeful in that America, in contrast to many European countries, has glorified nonmilitary figures, such as Thomas Jefferson. Perhaps we can exploit the potent TV image of the heroic cowboy who throws away his gun and faces down the villain by sheer will power.

In view of the present grave and entirely unprecedented threat to survival, it is important to examine all our patterns of behavior to discover which are still useful and which must be modified. Then we must fully exploit those which still work and endeavor to change the others. Among patterns of human interaction which undoubtedly still are valid are certain features of internal organization of societies, such as relations of larger to smaller units of governments and of governments to individual citizens. But the time-hallowed institution of war must eventually be abandoned if the human adventure is to continue.

The necessary first step toward achieving the renunciation of war without a catastrophe is to combat the world-wide hypnotic fixation on superior violence as the ultimate arbiter of conflict. This would release the imaginations of the world's intellectual, moral, and political leaders to devise constructive alternatives for war. If this can be accomplished, it would liberate man's energies to create a world of unimaginable plenty in which humanity, freed at last from poverty and war, could develop its full potentialities. One may hope that the human mind, which has proved capable of splitting the atom and putting satellites in space, will also prove equal to this supreme challenge.

(Condensed from an article in *Psychiatry*).

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gate holding one poster in his right hand and another in his left.

I had been carrying with me a copy of Peter Maurin's EASY ESSAYS ON CATHOLIC RADICALISM. On Bastille Day the team inscribed it, "To Abbe Carrette, with our gratitude for blowing the dynamite of the Church's message at the gates of the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre and all over Belgium, wherever you have gone with us." And with this inscription, we signed it and presented it to him.

He typified the warm support we received from many people in Belgium. At Aachen, Germany we parted with him profoundly refreshed in spirit.

We have felt some of the grimness of the German situation in our passage through Western Germany. Our German contacts complain that the restriction of freedom grows here steadily. And we have felt also the omnipresent tendency to restrict us. Everything in the way of public demonstration must be cleared with the police. They have rerouted us to avoid military installations, sought to prohibit us from leafletting in some towns, tried to prevent us from carrying posters that read, "We refuse military service," etc. They have forbidden any demonstrations at military bases in the Nordrhein-Westphalia state, where most military concentrations are located. "Verboten" has been their word to us. We have overcome these harassments successfully, simply by declining to proceed any farther until the matter is discussed and we are permitted to proceed with our whole program intact. But the German contacts

seem intimidated, unwilling to stand up to the police or to consider civil disobedience in defense of free speech. They tell us that the once strong opposition to the remilitarization of Germany has evaporated and the people are going along with the military program. And we are on our way to Berlin, to make our arrangements for entry into Eastern Germany.

The border is plastered with propaganda. Peter Maurin said a leader has only to shout a word. Adenauer's word is "Freedom." The prohibition of the Communist Party, the restriction the March has faced in Western Germany show his word to be a lie. Ulbricht's word is "Peace," but missile rattling over the Berlin question shows his word to be a lie also.

The contrast between West and East Berlin is striking. The West shows no sign of the recent war; everything is rebuilt; but the East is scarred with the ruins of World War II. There is nothing slick or suave about the offices of the German Peace Council. I feel comfortable in the dingy old building, chewed here and there with the marks of war.

Inside we discuss arrangements. The officials do not seem enthusiastic about our project, but assure that everything is to be taken care of; we will be permitted to enter, carry our signs, distribute our leaflets, walk with their young people and talk with all; the press will cover our activities in an impartial manner; everything is ready.

Back in Hanover, in Western Germany, four demonstrations at

military bases are prepared. In the end we receive permission for two of these demonstrations, but at the Defense Ministry in Bonn and another site in Dortmund eight team members are arrested for persisting in their picketing. In Bonn they are fined and then released without paying. In Dortmund they are also released. With this background of action, the Team finishes its March in West Germany and crosses the East-West border at Helmstedt, August 7.

August 13th—the 12th Sunday after Pentecost "... the written law inflicts death, whereas the spiritual law brings life."

This is a rural country where we have seen poor farmers working in their fields. The villages seem not to have been built, but to have grown here. They seem completely organic, and the only,



and always present, incongruous aspect is the Government peace slogans painted in wretched colors on old walls. We come to a great old house set among high bushes and trees. Over the weathered door we read, "Christus Konige—Katholische Kpaelle." We enter the

chapel. The walls are a dull washed pink, in the corners are shrines to St. Joseph and the Madonna, the statues simple and well worked. Everything is worn with years and chalk dusted. In the foreground is a wooden altar with wrought candlesticks holding yellow beeswax candles of varying heights. The altar is decorated with gladiolas and different country flowers. A primitive wooden crucifix hangs over a gold painted tabernacle, also of wood. The whole is brightened by the morning sunlight through small square windows. We kneel in the small world of faith in moments stolen from a watched world.

Our passage through the German Democratic Republic has not been easy. It has been marked by a continual struggle with our Peace Council hosts, to preserve the integrity of the March against their efforts to dominate it and submerge its radical message under the weight of the Government line. We were welcomed at the border at Helmstedt a week ago by numerous representatives of the Peace Council and ever since we have been accompanied by twenty or thirty supporters who are not in sympathy with our program of unilateral disarmament and nonviolent resistance, but support devotedly the policies of the G.D.R. Government. In this first three days they distributed literature not in agreement with our leaflet and carried posters which bore partisan attacks against West Germany. All efforts to discourage them failed, until on the fourth day we stopped and declined to walk with them any further if

they persisted in the manner of distorting and obscuring the message of the March. This sitdown succeeded, but other problems remained. We have distributed 15,000 leaflets in the G.D.R., but could have distributed more if the Peace Council had not routed us through the countryside to bypass the largest cities and towns. We have requested permission to demonstrate at the Defense Ministry headquarters in East Berlin, as we demonstrated at the Defense Ministry in Bonn, but no progress has been made. We have had no real public meetings, although we have been received in many villages by the Burgomeisters, originally in the center of the villages, but later on at the outskirts, after several occasions when crowds gathered in the village squares and heard us present our full program in a direct and radical way.

Despite these conflicts and reprimands our progress has been very satisfactory. We have been accompanied by several reporters from Quaker circles in Dresden who have supported us well in spite of official attempts to discourage them. We have talked at length with the many Peace Council supporters who have walked with us, and with some of the people in villages and towns where we have stopped for meals or for the night. And I could say that our difficulties were on our way to resolution until the explosion of the Berlin crisis.

We stop Sunday night at the Mühlenbeck, three kilometers north of East Berlin. Our schedule calls for us to march through East Berlin tomorrow morning, through the Brandenburger Tor into East Berlin around noon, and then to march through West Ber-

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 3)

in the car, not being able to get any other accommodation, and when a white policeman shone a flash light in their faces and called them "niggers" Llewellyn's first reaction had been to shout "Kill 'em," very vociferously and repeatedly. His two companions calmed him, and the three had to submit to arrest and confinement for a few days in a local jail until they could be identified as government employees from Washington.

"And it wasn't only the white man I wanted to kill," Llewellyn said with a big grin. "It was also the colored woman who brought us our meals and treated us worse than the policeman did. I just threw those meals back at her."

Llewellyn has achieved such a position of prominence in the mind of the Church, and has been given honor by both secular and religious press and we were enchanted by this revelation of high spiritedness. "It's taken me a long time to learn to love my brother," he laughed. "Yes, the Catholic Worker ideas changed a lot of things for me. I don't call myself a pacifist yet but I guess I am."

Another good meeting at the farm was with Fr. Albert Clappert of Belgium, a member of the order of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who is most interested in interracial work and who would give anything to go on a Freedom Ride. (But it is a layman's work, it is for us to fight such battles. The priests will have the suffering and sacrifice they crave soon enough and meanwhile they can preach and teach and cry out against injustice and break the terrible and long silence of acceptance.

GETTING LOST

One enjoyment on that trip was getting lost in Mennonite countryside because I came off the Turnpike too soon. Pottstown is near Ephrata, and the music of that small communistic society is written about in Thomas Mann's Dr. Faustus. The program at Fellowship Farm is most enjoyable and includes much music. After the Saturday meeting and a barbecue supper half way up a hillside, we went on to the hill top and the sixty or seventy people participated in a period of silence, looking out over the fields and woods of the Mennonite country stretching out on all sides of us. Saturday evening some of us went to the usual country fair at Boyertown road and later there was folk dancing. Marjorie told me about the work of Father Divine in Philadelphia where he is still most active, running hotels and helping African students too.

Fellowship Houses have become so widespread that folks come from all around the country to their meetings, and it was good to meet Susan Herrmann, a psychology student of Whittier College, California, who had just come back from one of the Freedom Rides and who told me of the violence inflicted on women also who had joined the others in this protest from all over the country. (We are hoping that Philip Haves who has worked with us since spring here in New York will write of his imprisonment at Parchman, Mississippi for the last month. He is out on appeal now and may have to go back to serve another three months.)

PERKINSVILLE

The following Friday I had the joy of a trip to Vermont, returning not only Sue to her family, but Ellen

Paulson to Massachusetts who had been visiting us for ten days. A bicentennial celebration was going on at Perkinsville and there was great gaiety, dancing in the square at Perkinsville and in the basement of the church at Weathersfield which is just up the road from the Hennessey's. The girls had a good time and one woman, middle aged, said Susie, danced until she fainted. Such square dances, four in a row, are violent affairs. But old and young both danced. Tamar was making pickles and canning and getting food ready for the deep freeze. Jim and Willi Baker came with all their children and the three they were taking care of besides while their mother had treatment in the State Hospital for a short period. There was a picnic supper, and in addition to the hot dogs and marshmallows (strange combination), there were a half dozen squirrels taken from the deep freeze from the hunting season the fall before. The boys have had no time for fishing, since the last two weeks they had spent at generous Bishop Joyce's camp at Lake Tara. The priests and seminarians made it a retreat as well as a vacation, I am grateful to say. The Bakers are one of my favorite families, and have always exemplified personal responsibility in acts of loving kindness such as that of caring for these extra little ones. And all on a modest teacher's salary!

In addition to the supplies for supper and the old fashioned ice cream freezer which is always the climax of these wonderful cook-outs, they brought two new comfortable chairs for Tamar's living room. They had already, on another year, brought her extra beds. The Bakers have bought a new house already furnished near Mt. Carmel, New York and may they have a long, happy and healthy life in it.

THE ASSUMPTION

It took eight hours to drive home, and a leisurely drive at that, coming down Route five which is the quickest way. The next day was the feast of the Assumption, which always reminds me of that saying of St. Augustine's "The flesh of Jesus is the flesh of Mary," and emphasizes to me the dignity of her humanity, just as the feast of the Sacred Heart emphasizes the love of God for man. The feast of the Assumption together with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body makes heaven real, and goodness knows we need to grow in faith and in hope of heaven in this perilous life which we nevertheless so treasure and cling to.

READING

I read Edwin O'Connor's On the Edge of Sorrow, a truly beautiful book. If he is as politically perceptive as he is spiritually so, I shall certainly read his former book, The Last Hurrah. It is a far better book than The Devil's Advocate though not so colorful.

When it comes to recommending a book which is fascinating in the light of the present history of Brazil and Cuba, not to speak of all the other opening-up areas of the world, where men are beginning to realize they are men and not slaves—I can heartily recommend The Missionary's Role in Socio-Economic Betterment, edited by Fr. John J. Considine, M.M., \$1.75, paper back, published by The Newman Press in 1960 and given me on my last

trip by Fr. L. J. Twomey, S.J. of the Institute of Industrial Relations of Loyola University in New Orleans. If this is the kind of teaching he is handing out in his Institute I hope he gets the support and backing to widen his work in this field so important in our day. Here are a few quotations from it.

"Communal land tenure in Africa," said Joseph Blomjous, Bishop of Mwanza, Tanganyika, "is a form that in Catholic philosophy is classed as private ownership of land because it is the ownership of more or less the extended family living on the land. It is not at all ownership of land by the State. Naturally with the changing economic and social conditions in Africa there will be changes which I hope will be slow..."

"What we find in many papal documents," states Fr. Edward Murphy, "is not so much an insistence upon private property as we understand it but rather an insistence upon some kind of ownership which gives security. The type of ownership may change from culture to culture. It may be a communal ownership, which is a perfectly legitimate kind of ownership if it guarantees the individual farmer security, a means of subsistence and opportunities for improvement."

There is a good deal of discussion in this book, which is a report of four days of meetings at Maryknoll in 1958, of "forty Catholic specialists in problems confronting the less developed areas of the world. They will seek ways to integrate religious and cultural efforts in those areas with action in the social and economic fields." The initiative for the Easter Week Conference came from Rev. Frederick A. McGuire, C.M., Exec. Sec. of the Mission Secretariat of the Catholic Sending societies, Washington, D.C. and Monsignor Luigi Ligutti. The Catholic International Rural Life Movement and the Fordham Institute of Mission Studies were the two sponsoring organizations for the conference. The participants were twelve lay specialists, thirteen non-missionary priests and sixteen field missionaries chosen for their experience. We were glad to see our dear friend Fr. Marion Ganey, S.J. among them. He has built up the credit union movement in Honduras, the Figi Islands and in Samoa.

As one acquainted with the problems of destitution in our own country, in both cities and rural areas, a great many of these techniques could be studied to advantage to help sharecroppers, migrants and youthful delinquents in the cities where the great problem is unemployment and lack of leadership. I am thinking especially of Puerto Rican and Mexican peoples who are generally considered Catholic.

CUBA

If such directives as this book contains had been used in Cuba there would be no or should we say, there would be less of a problem about Church and state in Cuba. We are printing excerpts from an article either in this month's CW or next, which has already appeared in Esprit in Paris, and was reprinted in translation in Cross Currents in this country, and in World View. In view of our 70,000 circulation, and the smaller circulation of the other papers which reach intellectuals mainly, we are glad to be able to reprint some of this article which may answer some of the questions of our readers.

Okinawa Halts Missiles

By BOB CASEY

The Okinawan legislature has just served warning by unanimously passing a resolution demanding the immediate halt to any further construction of missile sites on the Ryukyu Islands. This may immediately effect the proposed building of four new Mace missile sites. The legislators freely described the missiles as "offensive type weapons."

In the past the controlling faction was a pro-American grouping, well situated politically and supported by a mass base and many U.S. military installations. But they have been steadily losing ground to the growing peace sentiments of the people, who vividly recall the fearful ravages of the last war. Alongside the prospect of becoming among the major battlefields of the coming nuclear holocaust, the appeal of a war industries job tends to fade.

To the right of this large, but mostly unorganized peace-movement, which as yet has taken no outright political form (however every legislator who desires reelection pays them heed today), there is the pro-Japanese organization of "The Council for the Return of Okinawa Prefecture to Japan," in addition to some twenty-eight additional organizations which also advocate the early return of Japanese rule. Representing a formidable force in Ryukyuan politics, these groups have sent a delegation to Tokyo to see Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, to urge him to include freeing the Ryukyus in his coming Washington, D.C. talks with Pres-

ident Kennedy. The Council is also considering a direct appeal to the U.N. in order to secure their independence.

To the left is the very vocal, active and growing Socialist movement, but as it is not in a position to play a decisive role in politics, they follow a policy of simply adding fuel to the already growing fires of national discontent. Perhaps this whole situation is unique in the world, for where else do the objectives of these groups so closely match?

The Okinawan legislature, in Naha, addressed a letter to the U.S. High Commissioner for the Ryukyus in which they requested the U.S. military authorities to scrap the proposed missile project "so as to reduce tension in this area." And to the Japanese government, anticipating forthcoming talks with the U.S. President, they sent a note, requesting them "to convey the feelings of the Okinawan people against the construction of the Mace missile sites."

So now all the warning flags are flying, and it remains to be seen whether we will act before the crisis arrives. Will the islands become, as some European political writers have already predicted, "America's Oriental Cyprus"; do we still say, in the words of John Foster Dulles, that "to be neutral is immoral"; can a people (even remote islanders) avoid the apparently approaching nuclear horror and still remain friends with America? Perhaps Okinawa will provide the answers.

Best, always,



FATHER DAMIAN

Dynamite of the Church

(Continued from page 7)

lin to a large meeting in the evening.

Sunday night, around 10:00, we were visited by Herr Zack, representative of the Minister of the Interior of the G. D. R. Government. He announces to Bradford Lyttle, our coordinator, that under no circumstances can we enter Berlin. He states the proposal of the Ministry of Interior that we interrupt the March and take a bus to Stalin Stadt, a few miles west of the Polish border and continue the March from there. He will talk only to Bradford; he is not here to negotiate.

The Team hears the proposal from Bradford, considers it, and decides not to accept it. We cannot honor our commitment to walk for peace from San Francisco to Moscow by climbing on a bus and driving away from the center of world conflict.

That night and the next morning Herr Zack returns several times, reiterates the proposal of the Ministry of Interior, receives again the refusal of the Team, and rejects the consideration of any alternative proposals.

Late Monday morning the buses arrive. Herr Zack instructs the Team to board them. The Team declines. Herr Zack goes back to get and bring back the "final position of the Government," he returns. He instructs the Team to load its luggage into the trucks. The Team declines stating that it wishes to go on walking and not to continue by vehicle. The Peace Council supporters load the luggage. Herr Zack instructs the Team to board the buses. Three members of the Team defect and agree to the proposal of the Ministry of Interior. The rest, in the words of Herr Zack, "defy the power of the State." The Peace Council supporters carry away the sitting marchers and load them into the buses. They leave behind Rudolf Pinkert from the Quaker circle of Dresden, a citizen of the G.D.R. who stuck with us and has been made a Team Member in tribute to his courage. Herr Zack says ominously, "Herr Pinkert is my special responsibility." (Later we learned that Pinkert was released unharmed 24 hours later.)

The buses are driven back to the border at Helmstedt. The Marchers are roughly unloaded into the neutral area between the checkpoints of East and West.

August 18th.

The Team is now waiting in Helmstedt. Today I am writing from West Berlin, where A. J. Muste, Bradford Lyttle and I wait for word whether we can go on to Warsaw and arrange for the continuation of the March in Poland. Yesterday we crossed the divided city, flashing our American passports, to the Peace Council Offices in East Berlin. We got no encouragement there, nor from the barbed wire, or the soldiers or the tanks in the streets of the city.

Karl Meyer.

A Look at Outcasts

(Continued from page 1)

before doing time and 60% afterwards. For the difficulties of finding a job—before the boy is released on parole he must have a place to live and usually a firm promise of a job. Most boys have the familiar pattern—no influential friends outside, often a family that doesn't care or can't help find a job, poor pre-arrest job records. All they can do is solicit employment by writing to a miscellaneous list of possible employers, oftentimes taken from the yellow pages of a telephone book. Only in rare cases does the Division of Parole seek a job for a boy, or release someone under a "reasonable assurance" clause. Here the report suggests that there should be a closer coordination between the training and the actual job available, and that the N. Y. State Employment Service could help. And here the taboo of hiring a "con" could be stopped by the attitude of the employment service! But the report says nothing about the need of the boys to earn money and to work on jobs that actually serve the needs of the government and the community.

Vested Interests

The Recommendation of the Correctional Association of NY to our legislators points out the problem of the full employment of the prisoner. Monotony and idleness breed discontent; the slow pace of degrading "made work" is bad basic training; the dependents of many of these inmates must seek relief from either public or private sources, thus making for an added charge against public funds. Yet even at the very limited industries in the prisons now, there are vested interests that would wish to curtail the existing industries.

Equal Pay

The Second United Nations Congress on Crime, held in London last year suggested several interesting proposals. "Prison labor must be regarded in the same light as the normal and regular activities of a free man. It must also be integrated in the general organization of labor in the country . . . The establishment of a minimum wage would already be a step forward. The final aim should be the payment of normal remuneration in equivalent to that of a free worker, provided output is the same both in quality and quantity." The texture of his being an outcast would change quickly, the prisoner is already becoming a useful citizen.

Judge Liebowitz

Two years ago Judge Liebowitz published an article on his visit to the Russian courts and prisons in *Life*. Critical of the court system, he said that a prisoner can be tried, found guilty and sentenced. But if the prosecutor isn't satisfied, the case must be tried all over again.

But the Judge found the prisons far advanced over any in the U. S. At a penal colony at Frukovd, a minimum security prison with 680 men from 19 to 56, here was a soccer game going on, the men wore regular civilian clothes. They live in dormitories, and while there are no religious services, men may keep icons. There has never been a riot at Krukovd.

If a prisoner has a complaint he presents it to the warden in writing. The warden must forward it to the local prosecutor and report back the disposition to the prisoner. If the warden failed to do this he could be criminally prosecuted. A committee of 12 prisoners help govern the prison. They arrange the work schedules, the cultural programs, sports, entertainments and have a say in the minor discipline problems.

A complaint is sent in by the men when a machine breaks down. The Judge liked that. "If a machine broke down at Sing Sing the convicts would shout hallelujah." The workshops have efficient machinery and the men learn the trade of their choice. They are paid as much for work inside the

prison as outside—a very important fact. First they earn and pay for their own keep and then about \$100 more a month. That is used to support their family and for their own daily extras. The men are trained on the job and keep their self-respect. This way they are prepared financially, educationally, and psychologically to become a useful citizen.

Wives Visit

The Judge saw a building with a series of small bedrooms. A man and woman sat on a bed engrossed in conversation. It seems a prisoner can be visited by his wife once a month for several days at government expense, as long as his conduct is good.

General Bochkov, head of the Moscow region of the Russian prison system, said:

"Your prison methods in America disregard a prisoner's sexual and emotional life. It is part of your vengeful attitude. You feel it is not one of your concerns what happens to his marriage, to his wife, to the normal sex drive, the most powerful instincts he has . . . And homosexuality of course is one of the biggest headaches of the wardens in your institutions."

In Russia a man's criminal record is wiped out once he has served his time. He need not admit to an employer that he is an ex-convict. Judge Liebowitz commented on this good custom, "The contrast with our own prison situation is striking. The men we release from prison are usually maladjusted and resentful. Except in a few prisons they have not been taught a useful trade. Their transgressions have not been forgiven, and even though the men have served their time they are not allowed to put their pasts behind them."

With this issue of the CW, 3,000 are being printed for hawking on New York City streets. Though this is only a small increase in the paper's current circulation—70,000—we hope that there will be a birth of this "street apostolate" in many areas of the country. The schedule for street sales in NY is as follows:

Monday—9:30 to 10:30 p.m., in season, New School, 12th St. near 6th Ave.

Tuesday—11:45 to 2:45 p.m., Wall and Broad nearby Pine and Nassau Square.

Wednesday—1 to 4 p.m., Fordham Gate 190th St.

Friday—11:30 to 2 p.m., 43rd and Lexington.

9:30 to midnight, 3rd and McDougal St., south of Washington Square.

Saturday—2 to 4 p.m., Union Square.

9:30 to midnight, 3rd and McDougal St., south of Washington Square.

Those interested in either selling the CW in their own cities or in New York should contact Jim Forest at Chrystie St.

Catholic Worker

Books Now Available

Copies of the following Catholic Worker books are now available at the Catholic Worker office, 175 Chrystie Street, New York City 2: *The Long Loneliness* by Dorothy Day, Image Book edition, \$0.85; *St. Therese* by Dorothy Day, \$3.25; *The Green Revolution* by Peter Maurin, with woodcuts by Fritz Eichenberg, \$2.50; *Peter Maurin, Gay Believer* by Arthur Sheehan, \$3.75. Copies may be ordered or purchased at the office.

Invitation To Visiting Priests

Priests visiting the New York City area are cordially invited to visit Peter Maurin Farm and say Mass in our Chapel. The address is 469 Bloomingdale Road, Staten Island 9, N. Y. Directions for getting to the farm may be procured by calling YUkon 4-9896.

Siloe House

(Continued from page 5)

Confession and Communion since his first. We at the CW witness the tide of Puerto Ricans leaving the Church, for ignorant of their faith, they find in the store front churches a community which is absent from the frighteningly large Catholic Churches. As we pass the Pentecostal storefronts we see such a joyous group, each with his tamborine, reading the bible, learning of the Word for the first time, singing the songs that could be called a new kind of spiritual. And then we wonder, why can't the Church meet its people, and come into the storefront? But Christ has said, "Where two or more have gathered together in My Name, there am I." We are that. And so we shall begin.

There is so much that we must learn to do together. And although it shall be a long time before we can function as a Christian community, the seeds are being planted. One short block from the Bowery, where people sleep on the sidewalk every night, and right next door to the main artery in the Puerto Rican section, Rivington Street, where families stroll and children dance in front of open pumps, and where children jump across the body of a drunk too far away from the doorway—this is our home, this is where we will begin to teach, and be taught.

We call our center the Siloe House because we recognize how helpless man is, how utterly blind we are, and would remain being,

if it were not for the waters of grace, the waters of Siloe. Since we will have the awe filling responsibility for guiding the children, we will assume it only in the knowledge of our communal weakness and our source of strength. And we turn to you for help. If you can donate games, interesting magazines, good books for both children and teen agers, good records of every sort but most especially folk records, craft tools, lumber, if you can give us a bit of your time, either in the construction of the Siloe House or in coming down and working with the children, if you can send us money, please come to our aid.

Investment

"The stalemate must be broken, but it will never be broken by rational argument. There are too many right reasons for wrong actions on both sides. It can be broken only by instinctive action. An act of disobedience is or should be collectively instinctive—a revolt of the instincts of man against the threat of mass destruction. Instinct are dangerous things to play with, but that is why, in the present desperate situation, we must play with instincts. The apathetic indifference of the majority of people to the very real threat of universal destruction is partly due to a lack of imagination, but the imagination does not function in the present situation because it is paralyzed by fear in its subconscious sources. We must release the imagination of the people so that they become fully conscious of the fate that is threatening them, and we can best reach their imagination by our actions, our fearlessness, by our willingness to sacrifice our comfort, our liberty, and even our lives to the end that mankind shall be delivered from pain and suffering and universal death."

Sir Herbert Read.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

During the month of September we will be discussing concepts of work: Hindu, Christian, Puritan, Hebrew. After the lecture and questions, we continue the discussion over ice tea. Everyone is invited.