

CATHOLIC WORKER



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JUNE, 1962

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Bishop Strikes At Labor Exploitation

MADRID—Further evidence that the Roman Catholic clergy know of the plight of the Spanish people under the Franco dictatorship is seen in a pastoral letter read several weeks ago by Monsignor Pablo Gurpide, Bishop of Bilbao. The text of that letter is being circulated from hand to hand among working people.

Here are some of the Bishop's comments therein:

"If we observe impartially the social conditions about us, we are obliged to concede the lack of strong social Christian conscience. . . . The distribution of wealth among various groups is such that it makes for inequality and disparity of a sort unknown in practically every other European country. . . .

"Anyone acquainted with the facts knows that in our factories there is an atmosphere of tension and genuine hostility between capital and labor. . . . This tension is caused not only by economic problems, but by questions affecting human dignity. . . .

"In this respect economic reforms is not enough. Justice demands that changes be made, not only in distribution of wealth but also in organization of the factories."

Bishop Gurpide issued a second letter, declaring that it was the duty of industrial employers to increase minimum wages, which are now no more than the equivalent of \$1.40 a day in American money. He contended, too, that workers were entitled to have their own organizations to safeguard their rights. —Espana Libre



Don Martin Marks 1st Year in Prison

"YOU GUYS STOP BOTHERING THE INMATES."

Words of a tower guard at the Federal Correction Institution, so-called, Ashland, Kentucky, where Ed Morin and I picketed in behalf of Don Martin on Sunday, May 27.

Don Martin is a pacifist who swam the Thames River in New London, Connecticut in November 1960 and illegally boarded the Polaris submarine, Ethan Allen, during its ceremonious launching. He was 19 years of age then. He was an uncooperative prisoner and defendant. He was sentenced under the Youth Correction Act, which provides that a youthful offender, may be imprisoned up to six years, until the Justice Dept. judges that he is sufficiently rehabilitated to serve the balance of the six years on parole. A Parolee must agree to obey all laws. Some pacifists could not do this without denying their conscience. Don Martin is probably one of them. If he doesn't recant, he may have to serve the full six years in prison.

The Youth Correction Act is a stupid act. It is common knowledge among the stir-wise, that youth prisons and so-called correctional institutions are among the most vicious and corrupting societies in which a man can be restrained:

Don Martin has already been at Ashland for almost a year. So we went to picket for him. The prison is set off from the public road and we were told to stay off of the Federal Reservation. Inside the prison fence some prisoners gathered opposite the place where our path passed nearest to the fence. They

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Further Developments at Fordham

By JUDITH GREGORY

Last month we printed an article on Fordham University telling something about the situation of the employees and including a statement by two of them, John Heinsohn and Joseph Early. We noted that on May 7 Mr. Heinsohn was fired by the University.

On May 14 in the evening the Employees' Association held a meeting open to all the members. The main issue before the meeting was the recognition or explicit rejection of Mr. Early as president of the Association. Mr. Heinsohn naturally wanted to go to the meeting. He had been told by the administration not to appear on the University grounds and was even threatened once, in sight of some of the supervisors, by one of the employees, against whom no punitive action was taken. He was, however, given permission by Fr. Mulcahy and Bro. Kenny to attend the meeting. Bob Steed and I were there in Keating Hall but were not allowed to go in to the meeting. Three University guards appeared a little before 8:00, brought Mr. Heinsohn out of the meeting room and questioned him. They said it wasn't enough for him to have permission over the phone, and they threatened to call the police if Heinsohn didn't leave the grounds. Bob and I left with him and passed a police car coming in, and were told that these policemen did turn up at Keating Hall shortly thereafter.

Heinsohn phoned Fr. Mulcahy who told him he had given him permission to attend the meeting if the Union members admitted

him. Then I called Fr. Mulcahy who told me he knew nothing about it, and that the only conclusion he could come to was that the Union had told the guards to order Heinsohn off the grounds! The guards are of course not employed by the Union but by the University. Then Bob and I returned to Keating Hall where through locked and guarded doors we could hear the meeting progressing with much clapping, cheering and exclamation. On my questioning him, one of the guards told me that Mr. Clavin, the head of the physical plant, had signed the written order to keep Mr. Heinsohn away.

The meeting broke up around 9:45. The members had voted that Mr. Early was still their president, though the others members of the Executive Board refused to put it in writing. They had also voted to carry the issue of Heinsohn's dismissal through the whole grievance procedure to arbitration, if necessary.

The grievance procedure is slow but it is going forward step by step. The University is of course in no hurry and the split among the Union Executive Board members will also tend to slow down the process. Meanwhile Mr. Heinsohn, who is not covered by unemployment compensation, must support himself and his family while waiting for the outcome. He faces the prospect of losing his vacation and all accrued benefits under the contract as well as, of course, his job.

Finally, we learned on June 1

that the University had fired Mr. Early a week before. This will certainly make any progress for the grievance and for change in the employees' situation even more difficult.

The University has not offered us any further statement of its position. Perhaps the administration is counting on the controversy dying down and hopes that with Mr. Heinsohn and Mr. Early out of the way the Union will be glad to let things go on as before. We hope, on the contrary, that the issue will be kept alive and that some definite improvements will result.

Integrationist Bares Torture

WASHINGTON—Eric Weinberger, a staff member of the New England Committee for Nonviolent Action on leave to work with evicted Negro sharecroppers in Tennessee, told a panel on integration May 25 that he was tortured last March by police in Brownsville, Tenn.

Weinberger, of Norwich, Conn., was among many integration workers who testified about the role of the FBI, Southern police, courts and jails in civil rights activities.

The non-governmental committee of inquiry was organized by Eleanor Roosevelt to make public frequent collusion by state and local officials and segregationists against the integration movement. The committee has staff help from the Congress of Racial Equality.

Weinberger, who is white, was

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You Can't Come Home Any More

By WILLIAM WORTHY

According to top civil liberties attorneys in this country, on April 24, 1962 I became the first person ever to be indicted for coming home.

"The charge—and the McCarran Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, upon which it is based—approach the point of constitutional absurdity," says Rowland Watts, legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union and board member of the Workers Defense League, which is supporting my legal defense.

The one-count indictment, returned by a federal grand jury in Miami, charges that on October 10, 1961 I "did unlawfully, willfully and knowingly enter the United States without bearing a valid passport."

The facts in the case are not in dispute. On the date of the "crime" (which is punishable by a five-year sentence or \$5,000 fine, or both) I flew from Havana to Miami aboard a regular daily flight of Pan American World Airways. At Miami International Airport, U. S. immigration, customs and health inspectors cleared me for re-entry into my country of birth after I presented a smallpox vaccination certificate and a copy of my birth certificate. I had been in Cuba for eleven weeks—my fourth visit since the Revolution and my first trip since the outgoing Eisenhower administration had banned travel to that island on January 16, 1961.

Not since March, 1957, following my "unauthorized" trip to China, have I had a passport. Renewal was denied when I refused to sign

an oath promising in the future to abide by "geographical restrictions" decreed by the State Department. Ultimately, after a three-year legal battle, the Supreme Court refused to review my appeal, presumably because it was too hot a potato. The great and courageous Justice Black noted that he favored a review. Justice Douglas disqualified himself: the State Department had rejected his application to go to China one summer for National Geographic magazine.

Had I been upheld—had the Court said a citizen could go to China or to any country willing to admit him—the high wall of our diplomatic, trade and travel embargo on China would have been seriously breached.

As pernicious as the bans are on traveling to the fluctuating list of forbidden countries—my attorney, William M. Kunstler, stresses that travel control is thought control—the new government wrinkle on "illegal re-entry" is even worse. Consider some of the potential applications. An anti-nuclear student, vacationing in England, joins a ban-the-bomb demonstration. The State Department cancels his passport. Comes time to return home, he has the "choice" of staying abroad indefinitely or re-entering the U. S. "without bearing a valid passport."

Or an American tourist, for some reason out of favor in Washington, loses his passport while traveling, or has it stolen on a ship coming home. (This happens each year to many Americans abroad.)

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Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, EDGAR FORAND, JUDITH GREGORY,
WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, ARTHUR
SHEEHAN, ROBERT STEED, ANNE TAILLEFER, EDWARD TURNER,
MARTIN CORBIN

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Peacemaker Training In Nonviolence

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19th
to SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd
CHICAGO

PROGRAM OUTLINE:

Ideals of life

Adherence to truth—the relation of means and ends.
Simple living and voluntary poverty.
Intentional communities and the unintentional community of need.
The values of work, art, and study.

The real encounter with destitution

Injustice and violence in economic, social and political relations:
Rural problems—tenant conditions and land ownership, tech-
nological displacement, segregation and racism;
Urban problems—housing conditions and property power, corrupt
values in planning and redevelopment, segregation;
Political power—the state, socialism, voluntary association, prisons.

Synthesis of the ideal and the real

Life on the land and the Green Revolution.
Cooperatives and other economic and social associations.
Nonviolent action for integration.
What should be done in court and prison?

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The arms race, the balance of terror, the garrison state.
War and conscience.
Conscientious objection and draft refusal.
Tax nonpayment and other noncooperation with militarism.
Nonviolent direct action for world peace.

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From the one-man revolution to the world-wide revolution.
Problems of bureaucratism and the "paper revolution."

Openings for action in peace, integration and other social movements

Representatives of the Committee for Nonviolent Action, Acts for
Peace, Polaris Action, CORE, etc, will be invited to contribute to
these sessions.

FACULTY (partial listing):

Wendall Bull—Peacemaker from
Celo Community, in North Caro-
lina.

Kenneth Calkins—initial organizer
of the Student Peace Union.

Holley Cantine—printer, farmer,
radical, co-editor of Prison
Etiquette.

David Dellinger—an editor of
Liberation, and member of Work-
ers' Community at Glen Gardner,
N.J.

Ed Forand—member of staff of the
Catholic Worker house in New
York.

Ammon Hennacy—"the One Man
Revolution"; organizer of Joe Hill
House of Hospitality in Salt Lake
City.

Scott Herrick—participant in di-
rect action for peace, including
Polaris Action and the San Fran-
cisco to Moscow Walk.

Gerald Lehman—San Francisco to
Moscow Walker, who did village
development work in Mexico as
an alternative to military service.
Mildred Loomis—director of the
School of Living and editor of
Balanced Living.

Rev. Maurice McCrackin—active
worker in Operation Freedom,
which provides assistance to evic-
ted Negro tenant farmers in Fayette

and Haywood Counties in Tennes-
see; a leading refuser of military
taxes.

Karl Meyer—householder of St.
Stephen's Catholic Worker house
in Chicago, active war resister.

Marty Mitchnick—expert in simple
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Wallace and Juanita Nelson—
hard-core resisters to war and
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Joffre Stewart—anarcho-pacifist
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future. It is an easy but at the
same time a terrible thing to have
to say at times we can only go
so far and then we can do nothing;
we can hope, we can pray and
then leave her in the hands of
God.

Tuesday, April 3—The office
wasn't any place to do any typing
today because of visitors and in-
terruptions. Walter, our poetry edi-
tor, who is the mainstay of the
office and who is so faithful in
handling the mail and the dozen
and one things that come up in
any office, could well sympathize
with me. I was able to type only
one page in three hours time.
Judith Gregory, who is so wonder-
ful with visitors, took care of two
of them; so we finally were able
to get through the afternoon
before Walter had to start the
evening meal. He is also an excel-
lent cook and the people in the
house are always happy when they
know he is "on" for supper that
night. This is always with the able
assistance of Paul.

Thursday, April 5—We don't al-
ways have to prepare our meals.
Sometimes we get enough sand-
wiches or salads that have been left
over from an affair at a parish
or club. Maryknoll has been won-
derful to us in this respect; they
have also given us a great deal
of other food in bulk as well as
many clothes. Today we were lucky
enough in having enough meat
pies which were rescued from a
fire in the village.

Saturday, April 7—We had the
back seat stolen from our car. The
men had used it for a fire; so we
were lucky to find at least the
spring up at the corner. Bob
Stuart, who is quite ingenious,
fixed it up with bags; so for the
time being we have some kind of
back seat.

Sunday, April 8—Where else
but at the CW could three hundred
men have soup such as we had
today? Thanks to Ed. Gerlock and
Maryknoll our soup today con-
sisted of shrimp chow mein, mush-
rooms and raviolis. Then for sup-
per tonight we had roast beef, pork
chops and beans which he had also
brought in. Tomorrow Walter and
Paul will finish up Maryknoll's gift
by making a venison stew. After a
weekend like this it is going to be
hard for the family to settle down
to our regular fare.

Friday, April 13—Since the fire
downstairs in our apartment build-
ing on Spring St., it seems like
the roaches have subsided but
brother rat keeps pecking away

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This Is New York But It Happens In Every City

The City is planning an express-
way crosstown between Broome
and Kenmare Streets just south of
us which would also force many
people to move. The following is
a report by a resident of that area.

"The Lower Manhattan Express-
way, intended to serve as a link
between the Williamsburg and Man-
hattan Bridges, and the Holland
Tunnel to New Jersey, is a propo-
sition that has given Mayor Robert
Wagner and the city's Board of
Estimate an enormous headache.
The present plan to construct the
expressway across Sarah Delano
Roosevelt Park at Chrystie St.,
then through the area between
Broome and Kenmare Streets, an
area occupied at present by resi-
dential and commercial properties,
has been hanging fire for thirty-
five months, surely a long time to
nurture a headache.

This plan has given other people
plenty of headaches, too, notably
the residents of the area, all of
whom are understandably reluc-
tant to be forced out of their
homes, out of the neighborhood in
which they were born and grew
up. Nor is it any good sending
someone down from Westchester
County to tell them that they must
not be provincial, that they must
be forward looking and progres-
sive, that they must be prepared
to sacrifice for the common good
of New York City.

Such preachment has a hollow
ring to it, particularly when the
people reflect that all this "pro-
gress" and "forward looking" will
benefit them not at all. Whether
it will be, as the city authorities
maintain, a common benefit for all
of New York, we will examine
presently.

The right of eminent domain as
a guard for the common good is,
of course, a perfectly valid talking
point. But before talking so much
about it, before invoking the right
of eminent domain, the city has
got to furnish proof that the ap-
plication of this right really does
serve the common good. Within
the area proposed for condemna-
tion, roughly two miles, there are
approximately two thousand fami-
lies, and seven hundred or more
businesses. There are ten thou-
sand working people, many of
them unskilled. All of these peo-
ple dispute the city's claim that it
is striving to promote the common
good in this matter.

The city says that it will move
all these families to other homes.
How this is to be done in view of
Mayor Wagner's repeated hand
wringing over the shortage of mid-
dle income housing in New York
is difficult to see. But even if we
suppose for the moment that it
can be done, that is not the point.
The point is that these people be-
long to two or three minority
national and ethnic groups; in the
main they are Italians. Italo-
Americans and Jews. For them
this area is not just a neighbor-
hood, it is a way of life, a tradi-
tion; for them this is New York.
To maintain, as the city does, that
the move will be painless, or, to
use Mr. Robert Moses' term, that
it will be "humane," is pure non-
sense. This is so because these
people, in the main, are no longer
young, and they are not sophisti-
cated; too, they are very clannish.

But Mr. Moses doesn't reflect on
these intangibles where he talks
of humaneness. He is thinking of
money, the peculiarly American
balm that is always prescribed for
a broken heart. The city will give
them money to help them, regrettable
elsewhere. By actual count there

are fourteen religious and public
institutions to be demolished. Will
the city rebuild for the people the
churches and synagogues that are
such a vital part of their way of
life? Will it replace the atmos-
phere of the little cafe, the win-
dow-to-window and window-to-side-
walk visiting, the bustle of the
pushearth hucksters? What will it
do to abate the loneliness of these
uprooted lives?

In speaking of middle income
housing, the city authorities usual-
ly figure middle income at six
thousand dollars a year. Well, 82%
of the people in the area earn less
than five thousand a year. And
48% earn less than three thousand
per year. Where are they to find
decent housing? Or are they to go
on welfare as an advance in prog-
ress and the forward look? Would
this serve the common good? The
housing they have is not ideal,
true, but it has a roof, it is de-
cent, and they can pay for it. That
is, they can now. What they will
be able to afford after the city
moves them is another matter. And
then who will pay?

At the present time the esti-
mated cost of the two-mile ex-
pressway is \$100,000,000, all of it
to come from the federal and state
governments. Of this, \$31,000,000
is earmarked for the purchase of
the homes and businesses we are
discussing, properties that pres-
ently pay taxes to the city every
year. These tax rates will end,
of course, once the city acquires
the properties. Now you would
think that the city, in view of the
heavy opposition of the residents
and of the businessmen, would
look for a solution more in the
interest of all concerned, even of
itself. A solution that would really
serve the common good. You would
think that, but you would be
wrong.

In April, 1962, the residents of
the area offered an alternate plan
to the Board of Estimate of New
York. Carefully engineered, this
plan presented a number of ad-
vantages; it would have swung the
expressway up Allen St. to Canal
St. to make contact with the two
bridges, then down Canal and
Walker St. to the tunnel. Had the
Board of Estimate accepted it, no
families would have been in-
volved, nor would properties have
been demolished, nor businesses
lost. Best of all, from the city's
point of view, no tax rates would
have been cancelled. But the Board
of Estimate rejected the plan within
a matter of hours. Why? Because of
the old water-
way under Canal? Surely engi-
neering ought to be able to solve
that. Too expensive to solve? Think
of the \$31,000,000 earmarked for
property rights; this would go a
long way toward strengthening
the foundations of the expressway
down Canal and Walker where there
would be no need to buy property.

Whatever the reason, the alter-
nate plan was rejected out of hand.
Did the city come up with another
one? No. So what's to be done?
Well, we can still protest. The
Board of Estimate has set June 18,
1962, at 10:30 in the morning for
a public hearing.

As of now that appears to be
our last chance to make our voices
heard. Meanwhile, let us pray that
Mayor Wagner gets a new pair of
glasses. He needs them. Too long
has he been looking at the Lower
Manhattan Expressway project
through the murky lenses of the
irascible Mr. Robert Moses, Chair-
man of the Triborough Bridge and
Tunnel Authority, and liaison be-
tween the federal and state gov-
ernments (the sources of the
money, remember?), and the City
of New York."

G. LaM.

CHRYSTIE STREET

By EDGAR FORAND

Monday, April 2—Joe Motyka,
who is such a great help in the
office in taking care of new sub-
scriptions for the paper, has been
told, he says, that he has glue on
his lungs. He says this is the result
of licking the paper in rolling his
own cigarettes for the past twenty-
five years. He has just gotten back
after an x-ray at the clinic; so
we can't argue with him.

We finally made out a form for
city welfare in order to try to get
Josephine out of sleeping in hall-
ways. We can't put her up at any
of the places around here as she
has already had accommodations
but after short stays, has been
asked to leave. She goes into a
tantrum each time she has to go
before someone at Welfare; so
we are not too hopeful about her

CANADA

Dear Miss Day:

There is a terrible problem among the Beaver Indians up here near Alaska, and I wonder if you could give us any help. Last year I was invited from New York to teach here, and for the last six months have been doing my pathetic best against death, disease and ignorance. Supposedly Catholic, this is an instance of a place where a Catholic mission has been established and then withdrawn, leaving behind it a weird melange of faith & practice: I have dug graves more often than I have heard mass; we have a witch doctor: we have no other sort of doctor: mass has never been said here since I arrived and I can't discover when it was last said.

I discovered a village of 55 Indians, ten miles from any vehicle road, where no official or priest had been for over ten years. An article of mine in the Montreal Magazine CANADA MONTH for February brought this matter to national prominence, and since then the scandalous state of Indians thruout BC has been given much attention—see Canadian Edition of TIME for April 20.

The last grave I dug here was for a five month baby, which an official visiting in a helicopter had refused to take to hospital. This so infuriated me that I have started an appeal for funds, and the Mayor of Fort St. John, BC, has agreed to act as patron. I hope to return to New York after June to publicize this appeal: can you kindly suggest what Catholic or other organizations I might approach, address or beg to pray and donate? I had better stop writing, or the details will sicken you. Just let me add that the Jesuit magazine MONTH of London is running a piece of mine on the purely religious angle here, and I'll send that on when I can. Pray for us!

Simon Flian,
Dolg River Indian School,
Rose Prairie, BC, Canada.

PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Mr. Steed,

Thought this (poem) might interest you for the Worker.

Your recent issues have been especially good—inspiring, in fact. All that can be said for Western civilization today is that where there is life there is hope. But the margin of hope seems to be growing narrower every day. The traditional meanings of "sanity" and "insanity" have been reversed. It is as though everyone were falling into a pit of terrible madness without being the least bit conscious of what was happening to them.

For me The Worker fulfills the demand which Albert Camus makes of the Christians: "... Christians should speak out, loud and clear ... should voice their condemnation in such a way that never a doubt, never the slightest doubt, could rise in the heart of the simplest man. That they should get away from abstraction and confront the blood-stained face history has taken on today."

All good wishes,
Jack Lindeman

ILLINOIS

Dear Dorothy;

Yes, the quotations from the South American bishops were mostly from NCWC, but some were from the Catholic Herald, of London, which publishes many things the American Catholic press seems afraid to touch. My son, Dan, editorial writer for the Chicago American (now owned by the Tribune) is the Latin-American expert on the TV show, Press Interna-

tional. He gets carloads of daily papers from almost every country in Latin America, and some of the most beautifully printed monthly & weekly publications I have ever seen. Castro's main drive now is "alphabetization"—teaching all the peons to read; also in Mexico, this is a main objective. After four hundred years of Catholic education the people are mostly illiterate. Bishop Pinera, of Temuco, Chile, explains it thus; the religious orders supported themselves by their schools, which only the rich could afford. Hence only sons of the rich could learn to read and write; hence the priesthood was limited to them; hence the vicious circle, and the deep gulf between Catholic Dives and Lazarus, who comprised 95 per cent of the people. Msgr. Quinn, head of the Migrant Workers commission, says the bishops are fighting desperately to break this circle.

Yours,
Friar Tuck (St. John Tucker)

S. INDIA

Dear Friends,

My Sister Companion and myself just returned from the forest area, bringing with us three girls and two boys left without the father. The widowed mother is sorrow stricken for she is unable to support the children. The man passed away of heart failure. I was forced to go over and take charge of them. The youngest is only four years old. These are pagan children. Five souls for Christ, but, dear friends, my monthly bills for food stuffs has increased and I have not paid two months' bills and I am heavy at heart. If I leave them in the hut, they will only starve and die, for they are in the forest area, where no one can reach them.

In this pitiful condition I turn to your help. Please do help me my friends. In return my sisters and little orphans will pray for each dear one.

Begging God to bless you and help you to help me.

Yours hopefully in Jesus.

Mother Stanislaus, Superior
St. Joseph's Convent
Chinnakanal P. O.
Via Munnar, Kerala
South India

NOTE: The International Money Order is about the only sure method of having the money reach the sisters.



OHIO

School of Living
Lane's End Homestead
Brookville, Ohio
April 4, 1962

Dear Dorothy Day,

Let me tell you how much I enjoyed the letter by Bob and Ann Stowell in your March issue. It is always exciting to hear about a new intentional community, whether it is along one's own lines or not. I'm individualist-anarchist rather than communist-anarchist, but I'm interested in all intentional communities—as long as they are experimenting with alternatives to the Power State system of the present.

Your readers, incidentally, might be interested to know that the March issue of our publication, *Balanced Living*, has a long list of several hundred intentional communities now operating in the United States. Our April and May issues contain Bob Stowell's account of his Vermont Homestead. It seems to us that the peace movement has at least four levels of functioning: (1) the verbal level—"I'm against war," writing letters to Congressmen, etc., (2) the respectable activist level—peace-walks, picketing, etc., (3) the really revolutionary activist level—jumping on atomic subs and that sort of jail-inviting behavior, and (4) the constructive level—creating a better society, on however small a scale. Only the last, the constructive approach, really shows the world an alternative to the capitalist and communist Power States. This is not to put down the other three levels of pacifism, but merely to express my own personal reasons for considering the building of intentional communities to be a very important part of any real pacifist movement.

Sincerely,
Bob Wilson
Co-Editor, *Balanced Living*

Route No. 7, Box 14
Chillicothe, Ohio
April 24, 1962

Dear Friends of the
Catholic Worker

We are sending you money for the sacrifices we did during Lent as an Easter gift. We got the idea from putting beans in a jar, but instead we put pennies in a jar.

We live on a farm, and have some animals. We have 9 head of cattle, two goats and two kids, 5 ducks that are sitting on eggs,

chickens, 7 rabbits, 5 sheep and a lamb, 2 dogs, and 3 cats and a parakeet.

We got our report cards last Wednesday.

Daddy painted two bedrooms and the living-room.

On Monday our family went to a Diocesan Development Fund meeting. They took our picture and put it in the newspaper. Mary Jo wouldn't stand up for the bishop, she sat down on the floor.

We hope you had a happy Easter.

Love in Christ,
The Murray Children: Joe,
Pat, Susan, Kathy,
Theresa, Beth, Martha,
Jimmy, Mary Jo, Billy

CHICAGO

THE STUDENT PEACE UNION
By PHILIP ALTBACH

In February, some 8,000 students converged on Washington, D.C. and spent two days in picketing both the White House and the Soviet Embassy and in speaking to some 250 Congressmen and Administration officials about peace and disarmament. This demonstration, which was the largest peace action in the nation's capital in the past twenty years, shows the growth of the student peace movement. In the past two years, the colleges have been active in building up a peace movement which has reached sizable proportions. The Student Peace Union, which is the organized manifestation of the movement, now has affiliated groups on some 80 campuses and its bulletin reaches 15,000 students monthly.

From small beginnings in Chicago three years ago, the SPU has become a national organization with offices in 7 key cities and local groups from Vermont to California. Beginning with a predominantly pacifist base, the SPU now includes many pacifists, but has also involved large numbers of others in its activities, which range from discussion groups to direct action projects. The recent Times Square demonstrations in New York, which were subject to police brutality, were co-sponsored by

The Rock

What is there in becoming rock
But a hardness, a rich man's
Denial, a beggar's curse. The imploring
Sun runs aground on its tough
Impartial rind; and rain washes sun's rays
Down throats of soil but not its shine.

I have seen instruments bend probing
The closed pores of its skin.
Where need for love was surgical
The patient died becoming stone
Perhaps, and entering at last
The heaven of its hardness.

It is like a soul which stays
Beyond the body's leaving,
Finding a house in the grass
Or being a home, a roof for
Snake and ant. Knowing it
Is learning the soul's semblance.

I think I could smash it with
A stick, but the hand blisters
And the wood is shredded like
A feather against its stubborn form.
To exclude it from my thoughts is
Easier than breaking its existence.

I will say it is God knowing
No other and being myself mortal,
Since it sits defiantly against weather
And my persistent stick. There have
Been errors of greater magnitude
Made than naming this other than rock.

Around it under the pious
Compulsion of wind, flowers and grass—
For a moment before withering taller
Than its highest point—bow
Acknowledging the impenetrable
Beauty of its everlastingness.

In all things nature is right,
And who else can read the book
Of seasons but he whose blank face
Has eyes which never tire of
The phases of the months. In
The sky's blueness is its chapel.

Jack Lindeman

the SPU. All over the nation, students marched in the various peace walks. Last November, Students Speak for Peace Day involved 10,000 students in meetings, demonstrations, and leaflet distributing.

The basis of the SPU is stated in its Statement of Purpose, which emphasizes that war can no longer be used as a means of international policy and that students and young people have a responsibility to act for peace. The Statement, while not committing anyone to a precise policy, does emphasize the need for alternatives to the present situation and states that to be effective, the peace movement must work independently of the two sides in the Cold War. SPU members come from a wide range of religious and political viewpoints but are united in their concern to act forcefully against the arms race and to seek for constructive alternatives. Students and young people who are interested in joining with the Student Peace Union and in working for peace are invited to contact the SPU, 6029 University Avenue, Chicago 37, Illinois.

GEORGIA

To our friends in the North:

We write you this appeal just as the second bus boycott in the history of our movement—in Albany, Georgia—is in full swing. The Albany Bus Company has been forced to completely discontinue all operations because of this drop in revenue. This boycott, being supported by 95% of Albany's 25,000 Negroes, has been organized primarily from the Albany office of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee.

We write you this appeal shortly after 737 Negro young people and adults went to jail in Albany to attain the measure of human dignity which was guaranteed us generations ago by our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

And we are writing with a girl in mind—a young Negro girl, 19-years-old, who was whipped by two policemen in Clarksdale, Mississippi.

(Continued on page 8)

We Have To Make

By THOMAS MERTON
(Continued from May issue)

5.—The Moral Problem.

In all-out nuclear war, there is no longer question of simply permitting an evil, the destruction of a few civilian dwellings, in order to attain a legitimate end: the destruction of a military target. It is well understood on both sides that all-out nuclear war is purely and simply massive and indiscriminate destruction of targets chosen not for their military significance alone, but for their importance in a calculated project of terror and annihilation. Often the selection of the target is determined by some quite secondary and accidental circumstance that has not the remotest reference to morality. Hiroshima was selected for atomic attack, among other reasons, because it had never undergone any notable air bombing and was suitable as an intact target to give a good idea of the effectiveness of the bomb.

It must be frankly admitted that some of the military commanders of both sides in World War II simply disregarded all the traditional standards that were still effective. The Germans threw those standards overboard with the bombs they unloaded on Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry and London. The Allies replied in kind with saturation bombing of Hamburg, Cologne, Dresden and Berlin. Spokesmen were not wanting on either side, to justify these crimes against humanity. And today, while "experts" calmly discuss the possibility of the United States being able to survive a war if "only fifty millions" (!) of the population are killed; when the Chinese speak of being able to spare "three hundred million" and "still get along," it is obvious that we are no longer in the realm where moral truth is conceivable.

The only sane course that remains is to work frankly and without compromise for a valid supra-national authority and for the total abolition of war. The pronouncements of the Holy See all point to this as the best ultimate solution.

The moral duty of the Christian is by no means simple. It is far from being a neat matter of ethical principle, clear cut, well defined, and backed by a lucid authoritative decision of the Church. To make the issue seem too simple is actually to do a great disservice to truth, to morality and to man. And yet now more than ever we crave the simple and the clear solution. This very craving is dangerous, because the most tempting of all "simple" solutions are the ones which prescribe annihilation or submit to it without resistance. There is a grim joke underlying all this talk about "red or dead." The inherent destructiveness of the frustrated mind is able to creep in here and distort the whole Christian view of life and of civilization by evading the difficult and complex way of negotiation and sacrifice, in order to resort, in frustrated desperation, to "magic" power and nuclear destruction. Let us not ignore this temptation, it is one of the deepest and most radical in man. It is the first of all temptations, and the root of all the others. "You shall be as gods . . ." (Genesis 3:5).

On the contrary, our Christian obligation consists in being and remaining men, believing in the Word Who emptied Himself and became man for our sakes. We have to look at the problem of nuclear war from the viewpoint of humanity and of God made man, from the viewpoint of the Mystical Body of Christ, and not merely from the viewpoint of abstract formulas. Here above all we need a reasoning that is informed with compassion and takes some account of flesh and blood, not a legalistic juggling with principles and precedents.

In the light of these deep Christian truths we will better understand the danger of fallacious justifications of every resource to violence, as well as the peril of indifference, inertia and passivity.

It is not a question of stating absolutely and infallibly that every Christian must renounce, under pain of mortal sin, any opinion that the use of the bomb might be legitimate. The H-bomb has not been formally and officially condemned, and doubtless it does not need to be condemned. There is no special point in condemning one weapon in order to give casuistical minds an opportunity to prove their skill in evasion by coming up with another, "licit" way of attaining the same destructive end. It is not just a matter of seeing how much destruction and murder we can justify without incurring the condemnation of the Church.

But I submit that at this time above all it is vitally important to avoid the "minimalist" approach. The issue of nuclear war is too grave and too general. It threatens everybody. It may effect the very survival of the human race. In such a case one is not allowed to take any but unavoidable risks. We are obliged to take the morally more secure alternative in guiding our choice. Let us remember too that while a doubt of the existence of an obligation leaves us with a certain freedom of choice, the doubt of an evil fact does not permit such freedom.

We may well dispute the legitimacy of nuclear war on principle; but when we face the actual fact that recourse to nuclear weapons may quite probably result in the quasi-total destruction of civilization, even possibly in the suicide of the entire human race, we are absolutely obliged to take this fact into account and to avoid this terrible danger.

It is certainly legitimate for a Catholic moralist to hold in theory that a limited nuclear war, in defense, is permitted by traditional Christian moral principles. He may even hold the opinion that the strategic use of nuclear, bacteriological and chemical weapons is theoretically permissible under certain very stringent conditions—which are not very likely to be actualized in practice.

But when we come face to face with the terrible doubt of fact, *dubium facti*, the absolutely real and imminent probability of massive and uncontrolled destruction with

the annihilation of civilization and of life, then there is no such latitude of choice. We are most gravely and seriously bound by all norms of Christian morality, however, minimal, to choose the safer course and to try at all costs to avoid so general a disaster.

Let us remember that even if one were to admit the theoretical legitimacy of nuclear weapons for purposes of defense, that use would become gravely unjust, as soon as the effects of nuclear destruction overflowed upon neutral or friendly nations. Even though we may feel justified in risking the destruction of our own cities and those of the enemy, we have no right whatever to bring destruction upon helpless small nations which have no interest whatever in the war and ask only to survive in peace. It is not up to us to choose that they should be dead rather than red.

Pope Pius XII said in 1954: (concerning ABC warfare) (described above as a sin, an offense and an outrage against God) "Should the evil consequences of adopting this method of warfare ever become so extensive as to pass entirely beyond the control of man, then indeed its use must be rejected as immoral." He adds that uncontrolled annihilation of life within a given area "IS NOT LAWFUL UNDER ANY TITLE."

Nor is it moral to overindulge in speculation on this dangerous point of "control." A lax interpretation of this principle would lead us to decide that a twenty megaton H-bomb dropped on Leningrad is "fully under control" because all its effects are susceptible to measurement, and we know that the blast will annihilate Leningrad while the fallout will probably wipe out the population of Helsinki and Riga, depending on the wind. Obviously what the Pope meant was much more strict than that. He meant that if there was uncontrolled annihilation of everybody in Leningrad, without any discrimination between combatants and non combatants, enemies, friends, women, children, infants and old people, then the use of the bomb would be "not lawful under any title" especially in view of the "bonus" effects of fallout drifting over neutral territory, certainly without control. And I don't think clean bombs are going to get around this moral difficulty either.

Hence though nuclear warfare as such has not been entirely and formally condemned, the mind of the Church is obviously that every possible means should be taken to avoid it, and John XXIII made this abundantly clear in his Christmas message of 1961 where he pleaded in most solemn terms with the rulers of all nations to "shun all thought of force" and remain at peace. The words of Pope John in this connection imply grave reservations even with regard to limited war which might possibly "escalate" and reach all-out proportions.

By BASILE YANOVSKY

In August Mr. Romeo told me:

"The boom is over. Veterans are begging for jobs. From now on I pay you only 48 dollars a week."

"What about your goods, are you going to sell them cheaper too?" I asked.

After that we parted. He turned out to be a wise man, this Mr. Romeo; I should have done better to agree to any condition of his. The plain truth was, suitable jobs were no more to be found.

And so began for me a fantastic existence. As long as a man has a definite occupation, his life is well measured, balanced, and keeps its meaning. You know the routine: you're through with your work for the day and you go out into the streets: the city is full of friends. In the shops and in the drug store, in the restaurant or the theatre—you are welcome everywhere. Women smile at you; you order succulent fruit, cool drinks, a steak, strong liquor; everything of the best and finest, and all you give instead is money: wretched, sticky metal tokens. Why, they even thank you, ask you to call again! . . . It does happen, though, that sometimes you cannot find the right coins in your pocket. That is an awkward moment. But as you rummage in your wallet and happily produce a five or ten-dollar bill, life's giddy merry-go-round begins to spin again; everything is pleasant and easy, the band plays, the crowd laughs and the feast goes on. And only when the last bill is changed and spent, a man is suddenly aware of his loneliness: he is alone with his shadow.

That's exactly what happened to me. I had nowhere to go any more, yet I could not stay home, I felt depressed and restless. Mechanically, I continued to travel downtown every day, but that brought me no nearer to the desired goal; I only was using up the last of my strength. I returned home dead tired, counting over my few remaining cigarettes and odd change. And again that vague and horrible uneasiness: do something, don't just sit around with folded hands! I rushed downstairs, down to the streets, staring senselessly ahead, spending long hours at store windows; sometimes I would go in and haltingly offer my services . . .

I was in such state of mind when I met the Professor. The man's appearance was quite striking: he looked something like an Einstein or a Stokowski with his handsome silvery, artistic shock of hair. He sat down next to me on a seat in the Public Library garden and began to scribble something in a note-book. He was left-handed and somehow his writing seemed all the more fast and flowing for it.

Having finished, he looked me over from head to foot with cool attention and suddenly offered a cigarette. We started talking.

He turned out to be a learned specialist in social psychology, or is it psychological sociology? (I really cannot

There can be no doubt whatever that the absence of formal condemnation cannot be twisted into a tacit official approval of all-out nuclear war. Yet it seems that this is what some of our theologians are trying to do.

On the contrary, our duty is to help emphasize with all the force at our disposal that the Church earnestly seeks the abolition of war, we must underscore declarations like those of Pope John XXIII pleading with world leaders to renounce force in the settlement of international disputes and confine themselves to negotiations.

Now let us suppose that the political leaders of the world, supported by the mass media in their various countries, and carried on by a tidal wave of greater and greater war preparations, see themselves swept inexorably into a war of cataclysmic proportions. Let us suppose that it becomes morally certain that these leaders are helpless to arrest the blind force of the process that has irresponsibly been set in motion. What then? Are the masses of the world, including you and me, to resign themselves to our fate and march to global suicide without resistance, simply bowing our heads and obeying our leaders as showing us the "will of God"? I think it should be evident to everyone that this can no longer, in the present situation, be accepted unequivocally as Christian obedience and civic duty.

It is true that Pope Pius XII in his Christmas Message of 1958 declared that a Catholic was bound in duty to help his country (note—not necessarily by force) in a just war of defense. But to extend this to all-out nuclear war is begging the question because all the Papal pronouncements on nuclear war cast doubts upon its justice. No theologian, however broad, however lax, would insist that one was bound in conscience to participate in a war that was evidently leading to global suicide. Those who favor nuclear war can only do so by making all kinds of suppositions concerning the political and military facts: that it will be only a limited war or that the destructive effects of H-bombs are not as terrible as we have been told. However much they limit the scoresheet of megacorpuses, it is difficult for us to admit the morality of all-out nuclear war.

This brings us face to face with the greatest and most agonizing moral issue of our time. This issue is not merely nuclear war, not merely the possible destruction of the human race by a sudden explosion of violence. It is something more subtle and more demonic. If we continue to yield to theoretically irresistible determinism and to vague "historic forces" without striving to resist and control them, if we let these forces drive us to demonic activism in the realm of politics and technology, we face something more than the material

THE MIRACLE:

tell the difference.) As it happened, he was on the lookout for an assistant:—temporary work but well-paid. The Professor was writing a book which was to create a revolution in certain circles, and some factual data for it were yet missing. I could be of use to him there.

Well, this was a real break at last. All my life I dreamed of a serious, intellectual occupation . . . I do not remember my parents, my elder brother brought me up. But he died, unfortunately, leaving a young widow with two kids, so I had to quit school early and go to work to feed myself and them too. But I kept my respect for learning. I did my best to round off my education, evenings, by studying popular science books or an encyclopedia . . . So that now, of course, I agreed with enthusiasm to help the Professor.

"You will have to beg for charity," the Professor informed me then. "That is what I am hiring you for. We will select a likely spot, you will approach such people as I will point out to you and you will ask for a nickel. Ten people a day. I'll pay you a dollar for each. Should a man give you a coin, you'll explain that you are an investigator at a Sociology Institute and you will take down his answers to the following questionnaire: family background, age, profession, chief interests, and the intellectual or emotional reasons for giving you that nickel."

I was still at a loss to understand his point, and the Professor saw fit to explain further . . . His book was to present an analysis of contemporary civilization and he wanted to establish exactly, what proportion of men in our society would respond to a call for help and, in particular, the reasons for such response.

There was something in this scientific business that I did not quite like from the very beginning. But the pay was persuasive enough: ten dollars for two or three hours a day. There could be no refusing.

We started going out "on the job." Rich or poor neighborhoods, at various hours of the day, the sunny or the shaded side of the street, sometimes in the rain . . . The Professor found a seat somewhere within view and when the person marked for experiment would appear,—it might be a young boy or an oldster, a smartly dressed woman or a working man,—he signalled me by lifting his hand in a prearranged manner. According to these signals I would ask for a nickel, without explanations, or said it was for a cup of coffee, for my subway fare . . . In some cases I would add that I was sick, out of a job.

I have to admit: the results were deplorable. It's hard to believe. They were in a hurry. They ran by. They did not listen, would not answer. They smiled, with embarrassment, stupidly, wickedly. All in all, they were not people, not real, human beings: nothing but flickering shadows.

That first day, only one girl took pity on me, proffered her coin with a trembling hand. Twenty-six years old, a typist, Italian, fond of chamber music, very shy when

ce Ourselves Heard

evil of universal destruction. We face moral responsibility for global suicide. Much more than that, we are going to find ourselves gradually moving into a situation in which we are practically compelled by the "logic of circumstances" deliberately to choose the course that leads to destruction.

The great danger is then the savage and self-destructive commitment to a policy of nationalism and blind hate, and the refusal of all other policies more constructive and more in accordance with Christian ethical tradition. Let us realize that this is a matter of choice, not of pure blind determinism.

We all know the logic of temptation. We all know the confused, vague, hesitant irresponsibility which leads us into the situation where it is no longer possible to turn back, and how, arrived in that situation, we have a moment of clear-sighted desperation in which we freely commit ourselves to the course we recognize as evil. That may well be what is happening now to the whole world.

The free choice of global suicide, made in desperation by the world's leaders and ratified by the consent and cooperation of their citizens, would be a moral evil second only to the Crucifixion. The fact that such a choice might be made with the highest motives and the most urgent purpose would do nothing whatever to mitigate it. The fact that it might be made as a gamble, in the hope that some might escape, would never excuse it. After all, the purposes of Calphas were, in his own eyes, perfectly noble. He thought it was necessary to let "one man die for the people."

The most urgent necessity of our time is therefore not merely to prevent the destruction of the human race by nuclear war. Even if it should happen to be no longer possible to prevent the disaster, (which God forbid) there is still a greater evil that can and must be prevented. It must be possible for every free man to refuse his consent and deny his cooperation to this greatest of crimes.

6. The Christian Choice.

In what does this effective and manifest refusal of consent consist? How does one "resist" the sin of genocide? Ideally speaking, in the imaginary case where all-out nuclear war seemed inevitable and the world's leaders were evidently incapable of preventing it, it would be legitimate and even obligatory for all sane and conscientious men everywhere in the world to lay down their weapons and their tools and starve and be shot rather than cooperate in the war effort. If such a mass movement should spontaneously arise in all parts of the world, in Russia and America, in China and France, in Africa and Germany, the human race could be saved from extinction. This is indeed an engaging hypothesis—but it is no more than that. It would be folly to suppose that

men hitherto passive, inert, morally indifferent and irresponsible might suddenly recover their sense of obligation and their awareness of their own power when the world was on the very brink of war.

In any case, as has been said above, the ordinary man has no access to vital information. Indeed, even the politicians may know relatively little about what is really going on. How would it be possible to know when and how it was necessary to refuse cooperation? Can we draw a line clearly, and say precisely when nuclear war becomes so dangerous that it is suicidal? If a war of missiles breaks out, we have at the most thirty minutes to come to our momentous conclusions — if we ever know what is happening at all. The time to form our conscience and to decide upon our course of action is NOW.

It is one thing to form one's conscience and another to adopt a specific policy or course of action. It is highly regrettable that this important distinction is overlooked and indeed deliberately obfuscated. To decide, in the forum of conscience, that one is obligated in every way, as a Christian, to avoid actions that would contribute to a world-wide disaster, does not mean that one is necessarily committed to absolute and unqualified pacifism. One may start from this moral principle, which is repeatedly set before us by the Popes and which cannot be seriously challenged, and one may then go on to seek various means to preserve peace. About these different means, there may be considerable debate.

It seems to me however that the enormous danger represented by nuclear weapons and the near impossibility of controlling them and limiting them to a scale that would fit the traditional ethical theory of a just war, makes it both logical and licit for a Catholic to proceed, from motives of conscience, to at least a relative pacifism, and to a policy of nuclear disarmament.

In so doing, however, he has a strict obligation to see that he does not take a naive and over-simplified position which would permit him to be ruthlessly exploited by the politicians of another nuclear power. The logic of all serious efforts to preserve peace demands that our very endeavors themselves do not help the war effort of the "enemy," and thus precipitate war. There is sometimes a danger that our pacifism may be somewhat short sighted and immature. It may consequently be more an expression of rebellion against the status quo in our own country than an effective opposition to war itself.

In a word, there are three things to be considered. 1) Christian moral principles, which by their very nature favor peace, and according to which nuclear war remains, if not absolutely forbidden, at least of exceedingly dubious morality. 2) The facts about weapons systems and

defense policies. Our moral decision, and the morality of our participation in the economic and political life of a society geared for nuclear war, demand imperatively that we realize the real nature of the military policies to which we contribute by taxation and perhaps also by our work in industry. Everything in our national life is today centered on the greatest arms race in the history of man. Everything points to the fact that these frightful weapons of destruction must and will be used, most probably on the largest scale. 3) We must finally consider factors by which these military policies are dictated.

The Christian moral principles are relatively clear. While there is still intense debate over details, no Christian moralist worthy of the name can seriously defend outright a nuclear war of unqualified and massive aggression.

The facts about ABC warfare are also clear enough. There is no question of the immense destructiveness of the weapons available to us. There is no question that the destruction of civilization and even global suicide are both possible. There is no question that the policies of the nuclear powers are geared for an all-out war of incredible savagery and destructive power.

What remains to be explored by the Christian is the area that is least considered, which also happens to be the area that most needs to be examined and is perhaps the one place where something can be done.

By what are our policies of hatred and destructiveness dictated? What seems to drive us inexorably on to the fate which we all dread and seek to avoid? This question is not hard to answer. What started the First World War? What started the Second World War? The answer is, simply, the rabid, short sighted, irrational and stubborn forces which tend to come to a head in nationalism.

Christopher Dawson has said: "The defeat of Hitlerism does not mean that we have seen the end of such movements. In our modern democratic world, irrational forces lie very near the surface, and their sudden eruption under the impulse of nationalist or revolutionary ideologies is the greatest of all the dangers that threaten the modern world . . . It is at this point that the need for a reassertion of Christian principles becomes evident . . . In so far as nationalism denies the principle (of higher order and divine justice for all men) and sets up the nation and the national state as the final object of man's allegiance, it represents the most retrograde movement the world has ever seen, since it means a denial of the great central truth on which civilization was founded, and the return to the pagan idolatries of tribal barbarism."

Dawson then goes on to quote Pope Pius XII who distinguishes between "national life" and "nationalistic politics." National life is a combination of all the values which characterize a social group and enable it to contribute fruitfully to the whole polity of nations. Nationalistic policies on the other hand are divisive, destructive, and a perversion of genuine national values. They are "a principle of dissolution within the community of peoples."

This then is the conclusion: the Christian is bound to work for peace by working against global dissolution and the anarchy due to nationalist and revolutionary ideologies (for Communism is in fact exploiting the intense nationalism of backward peoples). A world-wide spirit of confusion and disorder is breaking up the unity and the order of civilized society.

It is true that we live in an epoch of rapid & cataclysmic change and the break up and re-formation of society are more or less inevitable. But the Christian must see that his mission is not to contribute to the blind destructive forces of annihilation which tend to destroy civilization and mankind together. He must seek to build rather than to destroy. He must orient his efforts towards world unity and not towards world division. Anyone who promotes policies of hatred and of war is working for the division and the destruction of civilized mankind.

We have to be convinced that there are certain things already clearly forbidden to all men, such as the use of torture, the killing of hostages, genocide (or the mass extermination of racial, national or other groups for no reason than that they belong to an "undesirable" category.) The destruction of civilian centers by nuclear annihilation bombing is genocide.

We have to become aware of the poisonous effect of the mass media that keep violence, cruelty and sadism constantly present to the minds of uninformed and irresponsible people. We have to recognize the danger to the whole world is the fact that today the economic life of the more highly-developed nations is in large part centered on the production of weapons, missiles and other engines of destruction.

We have to consider that hate propaganda, and the consistent heckling of one government by another, has always inevitably led to violent conflict. We have to recognize the implications of voting for politicians who promote policies of hate. We must never forget that our most ordinary decisions may have terrible consequences.

It is no longer reasonable or right to leave all decisions to a largely anonymous power elite that is driving us all, in our passivity, towards ruin. We have to make ourselves heard.

Every individual Christian has a grave responsibility to protest clearly and forcibly against trends that lead inevitably to crimes which the Church deplores and condemns. Ambiguity, hesitation and compromise are no longer permissible. We must find some new and constructive way of settling international disputes. This may be extraordinarily difficult. Obviously war cannot be abolished by mere wishing. Severe sacrifices may be demanded and the results will hardly be visible in our day. We have still time to do something about it, but the time is rapidly running out.

E: A Short Story

spoken to by strangers, — that's why she gave up her nickel: to be rid of me as quickly as possible.

Next day, a handsome sailor with merry drunken eyes handed me a quarter and, before I had time to approach him with my questions, jumped on a conveniently stopping bus. Later, a puny old man, slovenly and unshaven, presented me with a nickel and a cigarette and topped the gift with quite a lecture: I had chosen a bad pitch on the hot, sunny side of the street; people were too busy in this section; besides, it was the wrong time of day. His manner was condescending and benevolent, like a famous virtuoso in the company of a bungling amateur.

A trim, kindly old lady turned up on the third day. She parted with a dime, and made me write down the address of a charitable organization where they were sure to find me a suitable job . . . But when she found out that I was engaged in statistical research she demanded her dime back and walked off, angry and insulted. There was another man, no longer young, with a cruel stone-hewn face, legacy of many peasant generations; and with light, transparent eyes, who bestowed a coin on me. His answer was:

"Our Saviour taught us so."

After work, the Professor and I used to settle down at a cafeteria table. I fortified myself with sandwiches and coffee and passed on my observations. Unfavorable reports did not upset him at all, on the contrary; his intuition was proving correct. The basic idea of his learned work found its corroboration in figures,—so he asserted.

"Just think," said the Professor at the end of the third day, rubbing his plump little hands with pleasure. "Just think. They claim they had built up a Christian civilization, yet what do we find? Less than twenty percent give response to your modest request. And out of these twenty percent not one, you hear, not one of them had helped you for the sake of love, love for you, his brother, love for the image of Christ in your person."

And then I got scared. I realized that I was made a party to an outrageous crime and temptation. The Professor paid me punctually every night, and as he handed me my third ten dollar bill, I felt like Judas. Personally I am not much interested in religious matters and do not go to church very often. But it is good to know that somewhere, in His own place, there is God; and that the poor folks who are having a tough time of it, my sister-in-law, for instance, or her children, have such a place to turn to: help shall be given! And now, suddenly, everything tottered, crashed headlong upside down. The soul was no more than a table filled with figures and percentages. No joy to draw breath in such a world. Something had to be done about it, for certain, to shame this arrogant theorist, to upset his calculations. But what? I couldn't quite figure out.

My legs shook as if I were drugged when I got out of the cafeteria. Life had become a burden. But my sister-

in-law was expecting me: I had promised to bring her some money; and I also had to see a friend, to pay back an old debt.

Well now, just fancy, the very next day a miracle did come to pass. We were working at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. At this populous crossing, as the Professor signalled to me, I always had the chance to choose among two or three passersby . . . And all of them, this time, responded warmly to my need. They gave me silver, then bills, offered work, addresses, a room for the night. One woman, obviously a widow, begged me to take her late husband's suits; they would be just the right size for me. And those people proclaimed, as one, that they were ashamed, that they suffered for me, felt their responsibility,—for this sin is common to all; and that they loved, they loved, loved me.

The Professor had joined me by now; he listened, asked intricate questions, argued, pleaded, parried. But nothing could save him. These people knew how to answer, prompted by a deep inner knowledge: things like that cannot be learned by heart.

Later on, we sat in the 57th Street cafeteria. The Professor gloomily made his final calculations, he adjusted figures, swore, frowned, groaned . . .

"No matter," he said, "we've come across an unfavorable series. That's all there is to it. All this could hardly affect the metaphysical essentials. One more law; the law of the series. It follows that the spiritual life, too, is governed by material laws."

He babbled on. But I was paying no attention. He seemed pitiful to me: I had him in the hollow of my hand, that presumptuous sage. Everything in me was jubilant. I felt free again.

"By the way, I went to the address that little old lady gave me, the philanthropic agency. They found a job for me all right. I start tomorrow." I announced coolly. "That's something else to note down in your little book, Professor."

"Forty-six dollars a week?"

"Fifty."

The Professor waved it off with a contemptuous gesture.

We parted coolly. I did not tell him the most important part of it though . . . The people who, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, protested their love for me, are my friends,—I managed to round them all up. They had refused to lend me any more money; but today, they put off their work, traveled hours in the subway, spent without stint, pretended and schemed, — all in order to take part in a cause the importance of which they realized at once. The woman who offered the suits is my sister-in-law, and the two boys who filled my pockets with pennies are her children.

It is a miracle, Professor, a miracle indeed.

Letter from Cuba

April 2, 1962

The Catholic Worker

To the group as a whole:

This is not only to thank you for sending me your publication which I always read with interest, but also to share with you some ideas which may be of some help to you.

The last time I showed your newspaper to a priest in Havana was before the mercenary invasion killed Cuban women and children under the fire of American planes, American tanks, and other supplies handed down by the Pentagon to make Cuba yield to its imperialist and oligarchical designs. Now with the new Leninist orientation it is no longer necessary to persuade the Catholic church in Cuba because it no longer has the public media and parochial school power which it used to have. Still it is sad to remember the hostility of those priests when I talked to them about Dorothy Day and other anarchist Catholics. I was always told that you were heretics and trouble makers who would be more useful to the Church if you joined an order (one of the many branches which practice full communism within the Catholic Church). I then used to tell them that secular monasticism of the anarchist type was necessary for those who wish to be merciful without authoritarian or celibate strings. They never understood this, and I always left with the impression that they were actually afraid to admit it, though they did understand it.

We all know that if Jesus Christ were among us, we would dismiss him as a rebel, a tramp or what is worse, a lunatic. Can any one imagine reaction if a shabby looking bearded rag picker came to us and said: "I am the son of God." We would laugh at him or beat him for his blasphemy. Jesus would be attacked for exposing the hypocrisy of bishops. Jesus would be slandered for associating with prostitutes like Magdalene, and whipping the shopkeepers who have converted the church in a trading company of relics, fetishes and meaningless ceremonies. But above all Jesus would be denounced for his pacifist anarchist ideals, especially those concerned with the turning of the other cheek and making the Sabbath for man. No christian plutocrat is willing to love his enemy: he can hardly be friendly. How can he talk about LOVE? Before the revolution the average Cuban was a slave of the Sabbath. He was not allowed to work on Sunday nor any other day. The catholic plutocrats were too busy playing bridge and canastas to get any poor devil a job. So these poor devils had to become real devils and make a violent revolution and send all the falangist priests back to Franco's Spain or any other country where the Catholic Church still can afford to be indifferent about social justice.

I would like to know what Dorothy Day would do if she were in Cuba. Some plutocratic servants feel that she would be in jail but I think she might be working in some cooperative or helping the bearded rebels teach the socialist morality of generosity and sacrifice. A good catholic can easily accept the "materialist" doctrine of paradise on earth. Happiness is not the exclusive property of an otherworldly place after death. To fight for your neighbor's happiness is more noble or admirable than praying for one's own selfish salvation, though in Cuba a catholic can do both things if he does not conspire against the revolution. Regardless of its errors the new Cuba is using all its resources to satisfy the vital needs for food, clothing, shelter, medicine and education for all. If many catholics are against the revolution it is not for spiritual reasons but rather because they can no longer live in material opulence with the former privileges of many pirates in vestrymen's clothes who overtly supported the corruption and perversion of the Batista tyranny.

I do not know if you will have the courage to print this letter but I think your readers should face the fact that most of the Cuban priesthood was slavishly committed to the Cuban oligarchy. They commenced with suffering and poverty in a very profitable way. So as soon as the Cuban revolution demonstrated its determination to do away with suffering and poverty, the hypocrites opposed it because they knew they would be out of business with the coming of abundance for all. If these catholic hypocrites had been less materialistic, they would not have feared to lose their plutocratic comforts and luxuries. The failure of the catholic and other christian churches to compete with Marxism Leninism resides in this undeniable fact. Most catholics and christians do not love their neighbors or practice brotherly love. The hierarchies themselves do not use their tremendous wealth to alleviate human suffering. They enjoy material comforts while they exhort the poor to rejoice in their suffering and resignation. This is vile and disgusting in a world that needs so badly to have a house of hospitality in every little village and hamlet around the planet.

The Church has no right to be sumptuous while people starve to death in some blind alley. This is the truth which all catholic workers should accept. It is obvious that before they can expect to change society they must try to change their own prostituted establishment. These words may be harsh but none are more illustrating. Your paper has used them before and I would not be surprised if some of you who are self-supported have picketed in front of a cathedral or sent a word of protest to the Vatican. For no real anarchist can pledge alliance to a higher power without a certain determination to bring its irrational authority to an end. For the real anarchist can only fully yield to the rational authority of brotherly love which in a less cliché form can be called hospitality.

Mario J. Gonzalez



Intergrationists

(Continued from page 1)

arrested in Brownsville March 2 with Jeffery Gordon and released three days later without any charges being pressed. He was arrested alone shortly afterward for allegedly speeding.

"I was beaten by Deputy Anderson and four others, some in blue uniform, some in plain clothes," the 30-year-old pacifist told the panel. "A wrist clamp was screwed down to the screaming point and then was shaken to increase the pain.

"My fingers were bent back, my pants were slashed or torn off and a high voltage electric probe—the type they use to make cattle move—was applied to sensitive parts of my body, he said. "During the beating I passed out two or three times, but was revived each time by slaps so the torture could continue."

Weinberger said he refused to cooperate when police attempted to fingerprint him because of the injustice and inhumanity of the police action. He was tied face down on the cell floor and pliers were used to hold his fingers so he could be fingerprinted.

During his testimony, Weinberger said that Haywood County Sheriff S. (Tip) Hunter was among those who applied the wrist clamps. Hunter denied he knew about the beating. "We tied his feet and hands and stretched him out because he wouldn't let us fingerprint him. I think we have a right to take a man's fingerprints..." the Sheriff said.

Weinberger went to Haywood County to help train the sharecroppers in home industry through the manufacture of leather tote bags. They had been evicted from their tenant homes for attempting to exercise their right to vote. They have set up living quarters in what has come to be known as Tent City.

A member of the Nashville to Washington peace walk for the first two weeks, Weinberger returned to Tent City early in May to resume his work.

(The tote bags are for sale at \$9.75 each. They are completely hand made in light tan suede. Money orders should be made out to the Haywood County Civil and Welfare League and mailed to Odel Sanders, 307 West Margin St., Brownsville, Tenn.).

—From CNVA Bulletin

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

every night in our walls trying to get in. My room mate, Walter, has made a suggestion which I don't think much of. He thinks I ought to take the steel wool out of the holes in the walls which block off the rats, let them in and catch them with traps. I'd rather keep throwing my shoes at the walls to scare them off—at least in this way I don't have to see them.

When leaving the building early in the morning we often find men sleeping in the hallway. They come in off the streets at night to get in out of the night chill although there it is damp in the hallway and they lie down on floors of cold tile. Sometimes, by the time we get down the men have already left. We know they have been there though, because the newspapers, which they use for blankets, have been left lying in the hallway.

Sunday, April 15—Greta Mitchell and a Canadian friend of ours Kay Quick, who is now working in Washington, helped us with the lunch and supper. Greta ladled out the soup at noon while Kay was busy with vegetables for our evening meal. I think it does us good to have a feminine touch around the kitchen once in awhile, although as everyone knows, the best chefs are always men!

I have just finished reading Marcelle Auckair's biography of St. Theresa of Avila. No wonder that in comparing the great women of the ages she is considered by many to be second only the Blessed Virgin in stature. We find such tremendous strength and fortitude; humility and faith; joy and love in this 16th century saint. In many respects, she speaks just as much today to us as she spoke to her Carmelite daughters 400 years ago.

Thursday, May 3—This was a day for visitors. Fr. Walter Broderick from Australia, the Apostolic Nuncio to Santo Domingo came in for a brief chat. Judy's friends, graduate students from Putney School in Vermont, roamed all through the House and the neighborhood for a good look at us. Marian Shindel brought her sister in to see us. Our last visitor was a girl prematurely aged because of lack of food, burdened with a husband who won't work, sick unto death worrying about her two children, Cecilia came in asking for money for her prescription and food for her young ones.

I forgot to mention, of all things, that on our feast day of St. Joseph, May 1st we had the pleasure of a visit from Sr. Grace Maureen and Sr. Helen St. Paul. They worked around the House and the kitchen and St. Grace likes us so much, she is going to come back to help us when she gets the chance.

Friday, May 4—Maurice Friedman, who teaches Philosophy and Religion at Sarah Lawrence, spoke on Martin Buber at the meeting tonight. Buber, a Jewish Social Philosopher is a fascinating character. I am sure that after Friedman's fine talk, many of the listeners tonight will want to get more information on him. Two of Buber's best known books are *Paths to Utopia* and *I and Thou*. At 10:30 PM as the meeting ended, Dorothy Day went up to the office with a group of Brazilians for a discussion. These are young people, once members of the YCW who are active in the labor movement in South America, and are now touring the U.S. for a look at our problems.

Saturday, May 5—Again today, Miss Day was kept busy by a group of students from Pendle Hill, the Quaker house of study in Wallingford, Pa. For supper it was a great pleasure to have Fritz Elchenberg who had brought his new engraving of the crucifixion with him. This was used on the front page of the May issue of the C.W.

We, and other pacifist groups are often asked why we are so critical of our own American policies and not of the Russian's. First of all, anyone thoroughly familiar with pacifist writings down through

the years, knows that violence has been condemned no matter who was exercising it. Secondly, it is sort of a back-and compliment to be always asking more of our own country than of Russia. We are, after all, supposed to be a God-fearing country with a long spiritual heritage. If this is true then we should be expected to act from our own moral principles and not on the same ones as a communist government which calls itself atheistic. It we are going to fight an atheist on his level then we are just as materialistic as he. Much more than can and should be expected of us if we what we are supposed to be.

Don Martin

(Continued from page 1)

waved to us and strained to read our signs. After a while one began to shout, "What do they say?" I shouted back, "Freedom for Don Martin and all prisoners! Down with Ashland! Down with prisons!" The prisoners cheered. From the watchtower a guard called out, "You guys, stop bothering the prisoners." I replied "We're not bothering them." A prisoner shouted, "What are your names?" I looked very closely. I could see it was Don Martin. He was waving his hands above his head. We gave our names. He called my name and asked some question, but I didn't catch it. I shouted, "This is only the beginning." We left and returned to our homes. The prisoners stayed. Around June 25 another delegation of Peacemakers will go to Ashland for a more extended demonstration.

The day before our demonstration, I spoke to two of Ed Morin's classes in English composition at the University of Kentucky. It was Ed who took over the House here in 1959 when I went to jail for Omaha Action. He is a bold teacher. Among the readings he assigned to these classes during the year were Thoreau, *Stride Toward Freedom*, and Mill's *Causes of World War III*. He wrote to me, "Thoreau isn't quite alive for my students yet," so he invited me to come down to their last class session, and I spoke on "The trials of an editor," the literal trials, not the literary. I quoted Peter Maurin's report on his visit to Professor Moley:

I came here to see. If I could make an impression on the depression by starting a rumpus on the campus, but I found out that Agitation isn't rampant on the campus. Only business is rampant on the campus, although business is the bunk.

And Professor Moley said, You're right, We don't make history on the campus; We only teach it.

I told them that at the Catholic Worker we try to make a little history and then to write about it. I told them about the seven trials and seven convictions that took me through fourteen American prisons, about the house of hospitality, the San Francisco to Moscow March and the philosophy of poverty and of pacifism.

I guess we bothered some of the inmates.

Karl Meyer

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

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

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

Irresistible movement that Mike Harrington wishes existed in America exists in its force in all the poor nations and in the world as a whole.

This book, like *India and the West* (also by Miss Ward) is a short analysis and therefore inevitably superficial in some respects. They are both more in the nature of advocacy than anything else—urgent exhortations to pay attention and to act. They both serve this purpose excellently.

One quotation used by Miss Ward (and worth the whole book to me) is a beautiful and perfect summary. As she says, it "gave classic expression to the drive which would dominate politics for the next four hundred years," and "ever since it has been the motive power of revolutions beyond number. It is a remark of John Lilburne, a soldier in Cromwell's army: 'The poorest he that is in England has a life to live as the richest he.'"

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

The Spoil of the Violent, by Emmanuel Mounier, Cross Currents, West Nyack, New York, a paper back reprint. 48pp. 75c. Reviewed by Ed Turner.

How much of current Catholic teaching can be reduced to be safe! How sad it is! How false it is! "Keep from mortal sin." "Don't mix with bad companions." "Don't go to bad movies." "Make your Easter duty." How little challenged is the Catholic! What little is expected of him! "Listen to the priest and contribute to the support of the Church." The only real challenge is a negative one: "Don't practice birth control!" Do we need to reiterate that a half truth is worse than a straight out lie? How does Nietzsche view this? Listen:

"You, when I see what eyes you make, it almost seems to me that you seek insecurity. You seek more horror, more danger, more earthquake. You long (it almost seems so to me—forgive my presumption, you higher men)—You long for the worst and dangerousest life, which frightens me most,—for the life of wild beasts, for forests, caves, steep mountains and labyrinthine gorges. And it is not those who lead out of danger that please you best, but those who lead you away from all paths, the misleaders."

"In truth, neither do I like those who call everything good, and this world the best of all. Those do I call the All-satisfied. All-satisfiedness, which knows the refractory, fastidious tongues and stomachs, which have learned to say 'I' and 'Yes' and 'No.' To chew and digest everything, however—that is the genuine swine-nature! Ever to say Yes—that has only the ass learnt, and those like it—Deep yellow and hot red—do wants my taste—it mixes with all colors. He, however, who whitewashes his house, betrays to me a whitewashed soul."

"Do I reject your virtues? I reject your virtuous people."

"Who will then appear as the most strong? The most moderate, those who have no need of extreme beliefs."

"The Christian has no nervous system. He who is the wisest among you is but a discord and hybrid of plant and ghost. But do I order you to become ghosts or plants?"

"The Church fights the passions by radical extirpation; her treatment is castration. She never considers how to purify, adorn and sanctify a desire. Life comes to an end there where the 'Kingdom of God' begins."

"They have not yet become men, those terrible ones. Hardly are they born when they begin to die."

"Whom do you call wicked? He who would make all things shameful."

"For they are modest even in their virtue; for they are desirous of ease. Good sleep is sought for, and virtues crowned with the poppy. The virtues that make smaller. All very alike, very small, very smooth, very obliging, very wearisome."

"Only those men who are whole, do I allow to philosophize upon life. Our civilization does not make men proud.—So much the better.—Is it really so much the better?"

"Better songs would they have to sing, for me to believe in their Savior; more like saved ones would his disciples have to appear to me."

"Thus demands my love for the most remote ones: be not sparing of thy neighbor! To create sufferings for oneself and for others in order to make them capable of the highest life. When one is not enclosed and firm in one's own skin, one has nothing to give, one cannot hold out one's hand nor be of use as a prop or a stick."

"One must be capable of being an enemy. Their conclusion is that only emasculated man is virtuous. I love the great despisers because they are the great adorers, and arrows of longing for the other shore.—What is the greatest thing you can experience? It is the hour

of great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness becomes loathsome to you, and so also your reason and virtue."

"I love those who do not wish to preserve themselves. The down-going ones do I love with my entire love; for they go beyond."

Thus that magnificent mad man Nietzsche. What wonderful text for meditation! Emmanuel Mounier made this meditation. Now thanks to Cross Currents we have it translated in this small volume.

The Other America: Poverty in the United States, by Michael Harrington, The Macmillan Co., New York, 1962, 191 pp. Reviewed by Judith Gregory.

Michael Harrington has concluded that between forty and fifty million people live in poverty in this richest of countries. In this book he describes "the other America" and attempts to analyze what he calls "the culture of poverty." Unfortunately, the book is not very well written, but full of sloppy language and (less often) sloppy thinking.

Many of the descriptions are unconvincing. I have not checked the statistics, but they do convince and seem to have been taken from reliable sources. The trouble is that the book is neither personal testimony nor statistical analysis but a rather half-hearted effort to combine the two.

Two examples: "The conservative image would have those facing impoverishment racing to the relief office" (p. 35). "Here one sees the faces and attitudes behind the statistics: the fear, the food, the religion, the politics of Negro poverty. Looking at this surface of Negro life first, one gains a human perspective on the grim economic figures and occupational data that lie behind it" (p. 63). Which lies behind which?

However, despite my irritation with these defects, I find that what stays with me is what the author clearly wanted to impress on his readers: the facts about poverty in America. The book is certainly worth reading in order to get an understanding of the amount of poverty there is in this country, and of some of the reasons for the fact that such a large minority of poor people can live almost unnoticed by a majority of Americans.

Harrington strongly emphasizes the invisibility of poverty today. He speaks of the fact that the poor, and particularly the elderly, often live in isolation; that good clothes are cheaper and thus more available than they ever have been to the poor, and conceal their poverty; that the poor are today an expendable minority in both major political parties, and issues that matter to them are often the first to be compromised in the interest of party unity; that many people simply cannot believe that so much poverty exists in "the affluent society"; that most Americans have come to accept the existence of the welfare state and assume that it takes care of the poor, except for unworthy parasites. He points out that in fact we have "socialism for the rich and free enterprise for the poor." "As long as the illusion persists that the poor are merrily freeloaders on the public dole, so long will the other America continue unthreatened. The truth, it must be understood, is the exact opposite. The poor get less out of the welfare state than any group in America."

Harrington also points out several aspects of the close relationship between poverty and racial discrimination. He insists on the fact of the higher incidence and greater severity of mental illness among the poor than among other groups, including the much-discussed neurotic suburbanites. He mentions the fact that it is futile to blame delinquency on conditions in the home when, a decent



home, or any real home at all, is impossible for so many. There are many observations of this kind in the book, all illustrating the extraordinary complexity of poverty—the many vicious circles in which the poor live.

The author's suggestions for getting rid of poverty in America are not very specific. He speaks of the need for "a movement in this land so dynamic and irresistible that it need not make concessions," and says, "What is needed if poverty is to be abolished is a return of political debate, a restructuring of the party system so that there can be clear choices, a new mood of social idealism." He believes that the popular notion that there are only islands or pockets of poverty in America is false and dangerous. On the contrary, poverty is so wide-spread that "There is only one institution in the society capable of acting to abolish poverty. That is the Federal Government. In saying this, I do not rejoice, for centralization can lead to an impersonal and bureaucratic program, one that will be lacking in the very human quality so essential in an approach to the poor. In saying this, I am only recording the facts of political and social life in the United States."

The conclusion that any solution must be on such a large scale seems to follow necessarily from Harrington's conviction that poverty is a culture, a way of life. He says of the poor: "Everything about them, from the condition of their teeth to the way which they love, is suffused and permeated by the fact of their poverty." This is a difficult statement to prove, and furthermore such a belief can easily lead to the idea that the poor are not like other people at all, which is a dangerous notion. George Orwell, in *Down and Out in Paris and London* flatly contradicts this idea: "The mass of the rich and the poor are differentiated by their incomes and nothing else, and the average millionaire is only the average dishwasher dressed in a new suit . . . Everyone who has mixed on equal terms with the poor knows this quite well."

I am certainly no expert on this subject—far from it—but I am not convinced that Harrington's thesis that there is a culture of poverty is certain enough to be the basis of a program for the elimination of poverty.

The Other America is far from a satisfactory book on the subject of poverty in this country, but it is good to have available a book that shows clearly the appalling negligence of Americans that permits so many to live in such poverty that they cannot possibly be free.

FROM GLORY TO GLORY—texts from Gregory of Nyssa's mystical writings, edited by Jean Danielou and Herbert Musurillo, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 298 pp., \$4.95.

MYSTICS OF OUR TIMES—Hilda Graef, Doubleday & Company, New York, 238 pp., \$4.50.

THE ENGLISH MYSTICAL TRADITION—David Knowles, Harper & Brothers, New York, 197 pp., \$3.75.

Reviewed by Ed Turner

The life of prayer, the life of union with God, the anticipation of heaven—for as St. Catherine of Siena says, "all the way to heaven is heaven"—this is the mystical life. Through the history of the church there has been a development of the mystical teaching of the church. Saints have described their prayer life. Directors of souls have written instructions to their penitents for their spiritual development. Over the centuries the road has been well mapped: the purification, the enlightenment, the union with God. With varied success, each of these three books attempt to measure a point in this development.

St. Gregory of Nyssa, one of the four great fathers of the Eastern Church, stands at the beginning of this teaching. Fr. Danielou has selected the 88 Greek texts that define Gregory's position. Fr. Musurillo has done the translation noting: "As translator my task has been to render Gregory's very difficult prose style into a modern idiom, although at times I have deliberately retained some of his baroque and quite individual mannerisms. In some cases I have translated disputed texts in ways which might incline the reader to one interpretation even where others were possible; but in most cases the brief notes will indicate some of the complexities and difficulties involved." That the text is readable indicates the translator's success. But it is Fr. Danielou's introduction that is the masterpiece of this work. It stands with his Origen and other writings on the early Fathers of the Church. He makes the era come alive. A random example is his grand understatement, speaking of Gregory's brother Basil: "And Basil, desirous of having men about him he could trust, forthwith had his friend, Gregory of Nazianzus, elected to the see of Sasima, quite against the poor man's wishes in the matter." Or the two lines above this: "As for Gregory of Nyssa, Basil tried to draw him to Annesis, as we know from one of his letters, but there is no proof that he ever succeeded. Gregory was married and it would mean leaving his wife. Years afterwards, in extolling the ideal of celibacy, he was to confess that he never attained it himself." But if the atmosphere lives, the exposition and illumination of Gregory's doctrine is even clearer. Any student of the early church or of the Eastern Church must seek out this introduction and the remainder of Fr. Danielou's work or forever fail to understand them.

Professor Knowles notes in the preface to his book: "Perhaps at the present time there is a tendency among spiritual writers to lower unduly the threshold of contemplation, to encourage souls to think that one who practices the prayer of simplicity or of loving attention—or even any formless kind of effective prayer—may take to himself the name and prerogatives of a contemplative."

Such a degradation sooner or later produces a disregard, even a distrust, of the true mystical life,

and there is always the danger of "quietism," not indeed in the gross and extravagant forms condemned in the seventeenth century, but in the form of applying the teaching of the saints—and the English mystics—to low and commonplace levels of the spiritual life. And though the growth in grace, like all spiritual growth of which we have experience, is normally a slow and continuous process, yet there is a moment, as there is in the process of conversion from sin or unbelief, when the soul realizes and marvels that the right hand of the Lord hath wrought power, and that a new chapter of life is opening. This real birth of the mystical life, rare but real, must not be confused or blurred by identification with a mere facility for prayer or an inability to make set meditations."

His book is a study of Richard Rolle, Walter Hilton, Juliana of Norwich, Margery Kempe, and Father Augustine Baker. He measures these English Mystics against the standard of St. John of the Cross. His conclusions are that only Walter Hilton and Juliana of Norwich achieved true mystical experience by these standards. Richard Rolle arrived only at the threshold. Margery Kempe might more properly be regarded as a religious eccentric than mystic. And Father Augustine Baker was a sound, if personally eccentric, spiritual director who carried the teachings of the English Mystics to a later age. This is a book for the scholar. One would recommend to the beginner Scribner's *The Mediaeval Mystics of England* which gives the texts of these writers excluding Fr. Baker, but including the earlier St. Aelred and St. Edmund, giving a continuity from earlier time.

If Professor Knowles' work exacts a strict definition of mystic, Miss Graef's is lax: "A man may practice all the virtues to an heroic degree and perform the prescribed miracles after his death, yet God may withhold from him, for reasons of His own, the experienced union with Himself, which He may nevertheless accord to another person of lesser virtue. Yet, I should think, most saints will have experienced the mystical union with God." It is Miss Graef's thesis that there are mystics in the modern church. This is a fine thesis which no one familiar with the life of grace would deny, yet one will look in vain for this thesis' proof among these perfunctorily written sketches of Fr. Francis Libermann, Hermann

(Continued on page 8)

PAX BULLETIN

Sponsors include: MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE; Dom BEDE GRIFFITHS, O.S.B.; COMPTON MACKENZIE; Fr. C. G. MARTINDALE, S.J.; ROSEMARY SHEED; ARCHBISHOP ROBERTS, S.J.; Very Rev. HENRY St. JOHN, O.P.

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Fr. Herbert McCabe, O.P.

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Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

The yellow blobs bending in the wind were buttercups. I saw them and was glad. Judith and I were walking across the hummocky grass that grows between Maryhouse and the sea when suddenly these sunlit flowers came into the blurry focus of my diminished vision. My delight did not diminish but continued through our walk by the beach, where the wind blew strong and fresh, and the tide came in with a rush, and some seagulls called louder than wind or sea. Later that May afternoon when Judith and Dorothy, and I sat on the leeward side of the house and talked while hulling peas for Marge to cook and teasing wool for Dorothy to make into a comforter, my delight at seeing the buttercups seemed a lamp of gladness in my mind, a small TE DEUM to Him from Whom all beauty flows.

Two days later my sight had diminished to the point where I could discern light only. All else was hidden behind a thick impenetrable veil. Now I who had rejoiced with a brief TE DEUM cried out with longer lamentation, louder reproach. It was a time when I had need of friends; and He Whom I reproached sent friends—Jean who made a special trip into Manhattan to take me to Anne Marie's; Anne Marie who made for me a kind of oasis in her apartment of good talk, good reading, good food, so that I began to break through the dark shell of self-absorption into that larger room of mind where the mind's eye sees in light or dark; and Judith who took me to the eye specialist from whom I learned that there was a possibility, a "long chance" that another operation might help. So early in June when the fragrance of sweet clover is sweet over Staten Island and daisies are white and gold in our little meadow, I shall lie again in a hospital bed and await the coming of light. I hope that many will pray for me, that I may see, that I may accept.

May and June are busy months on any farm, and Peter Maurin Farm is no exception. John Fillinger has had to call on the two young Johns, as well as Shorty and Albert, to help with the replanting after the damage caused by the hail storm. Despite the hail storm, John says we shall soon be eating lettuce and Swiss chard out of the garden. Hans has a hard time keeping up with repair jobs at both beach houses and the farm. Joe Cotter is already getting ready his cannery for the midsummer canning season. Larry Doyle, Joe Roach, and Classie Mae, with the help of Hans and Joe Cotter, take care of the cooking. Molly and Agnes continue to perform their household duties with more efficiency than many who are younger. Classie Mae, Lucille, and Mary take care of the babies and help wherever needed—cleaning, table setting, preparing clothes to go to Chrystie Street, etc. They have also been very kind in helping me during this difficult period when it is so much more difficult for me to help myself. Stanley has been busy printing wedding invitations for Bernadette Smith who is to be married early in June, getting out the new issue of THE RIGHT SPIRIT, and doing other printing jobs. Needless to say Jean Walsh, who is the only car driver at present, and is in charge, is kept busy. She would find it even harder to keep up with things without the help of Eddie Okstel who brings his own car over to help with the farm errand running. Although Slim is as devoted to the New York Times as ever, he always finds time for dishwashing, which is no small task in our large family.

We have had a number of interesting Sunday afternoon discussions. Ann Marie Stokes gave a brilliant analysis of the plays of Claudel, the great French Catholic writer whom we Americans ought

to know better. Dorothy Day spoke on the Cooper Square Renewal Project, which is of interest to the Catholic Worker because it includes the area where our Chrystie Street headquarters is located. The Charles de Foucauld Lay Fraternities took over one Sunday for a day of recollection, and Father Foley, their adviser, gave two conferences based on Jesus Caritas, the motto of the De Foucauld groups. The first conference emphasized the need to go to Jesus, directly and simply, with preparation, taking with us our fatigue and distractions, our diffidence and disinclination, waiting with Him, asking for help. In his second talk, Fr. Foley gave a forthright hard-hitting discussion of Charity, and the difficulties of trying to live by that law of Love, which is the very core of Christ's teaching. He spoke of the danger of intellectualizing, of becoming enamored of our own words, fine phrases, and analyses, forgetting that these are empty and worthless, unless made flesh, given living reality in concrete acts of Love. He spoke further of the danger of being guided by feeling, of doing only what we like doing, of helping those only whom we like naturally, while ignoring those for whom we have a natural antipathy. He said that it was important to be honest with ourselves, to recognize that much of our striving in the apostolate is motivated by a desire for esteem, for recognition, even for power, good enough motives in themselves in the natural order, but by no means selfless supernatural motivation. He said that we should not be discouraged because our motives are mixed, but keep on trying, be honest with ourselves, and ask God's help. "God writes straight with crooked lines." After the talks, the day of recollection was concluded, with the singing of Compline and Benediction. It was a good day of recollection because it helped us to take "a good look at the worst"; and for me at least because it helped me to listen to the contrite voice of conscience—"Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa, Mea Maxima Culpa."

Spring weather, and our Sunday afternoon discussions have brought us quite an influx of visitors. Several have come for the first time wanting to see the farm they have heard about or read about, but as always many are old friends and associates, real members of the Catholic Worker Family. Among those revisiting in recent weeks have been, Larry Evers, Sheila Dugan and Mary Ann, Terry Neeland and David, Magdalen Roman with little Magdalen and Clare, young David Smith with his bride of three months, and his mother, Helen Dolan and Muriel Zimmerman with many of the old Friendship House group from Harlem, and as always many from our own Chrystie street staff and family.

The most dramatic event here at the farm in recent weeks occurred on Saturday evening May 26th. I was sitting in the loom room when suddenly I heard from the play room next door a sound as of small feet prancing. Before I had time to speculate about the source of the sound, Classie Mae's voice squealed out delightedly—"Brenda Fay is walking, Brenda Fay is walking." Soon others joined Classie Mae, squealing approval and delight, while Brenda Fay pranced all over the room. When I entered the room Classie Mae said to Brenda—"Brenda, walk to Deane," and Brenda Fay, eleven months old, did exactly that.

Sounds take on a richer meaning for those who cannot see. I have always delighted in the sounds of nature, and do so even more now. The spring time chorus of nesting, mating birds; the ecstatic evening symphony of crickets and frogs; the portentous gabble of geese; the gossipy chatter of hens; the self confident important crowing



Book Reviews

(Continued from page 7)

Cohen, Isaac Thomas Hecker, Conrado Ferrini, Elisabeth Leseur, Charles de Foucauld, Hieronymus Jaegen, Maximilian Kolbe, Edel Quinn, and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. This book is as disappointing as her previous books on Therese Neumann and on modern literature.

The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations, by Barbara Ward, W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1962, 159 pp. Reviewed by Judith Gregory.

This book is a brief discussion of four revolutions that Miss Ward believes "weave their way in and out of our lives at every point." They are the revolutions of equality, of progress in "material change leading to a better world," of a more rapid rate of increase in population, and of "the application of science and saving—or capital—to all the economic processes of our life." She discusses these revolutions as they have taken place in the industrial west—the rich nations—and as they are taking place in the poor nations. She discusses their economic and political implications.

The situation she describes is similar in some ways to that described in *The Other America*, though poverty in the world can in no way be said to be "invisible." Nor are the poor in a minority in the world, and the dynamic and

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of our lone rooster; the sound of the wind in the trees; the ancient rhythm of the waves—these are sounds that mean much to me, that help take my mind away from that inner clamor of anxiety that affliction usually brings. One night recently, sometime after midnight, when I lay awake listening to a special concert of crickets and frogs, I heard over the orchestral background the rhapsodic solo aria of a bird. It was one of the mockers, a brown thrasher I thought, but Tom Cain told me the next day that it might have been a mocking bird, since he had seen one hereabouts, though the mocking bird usually does not come this far north. But brown thrasher or mocking bird, the song was beautiful, a night song of love, and gladness to be alive, a kind of Te Deum to the Creator who gave the bird its song, and marks the sparrow's fall. *Laudate Domine.*

You Can't Come Home

(Continued from page 1)

By stalling on the issuance of a new passport or by refusing to issue one, the State Department would have him in an impossible box.

Or a U. S. citizen travels to Canada, Mexico or a Caribbean island where, by Presidential dispensation under the McCarran Act, no passport is at the moment required. During his journey the country he finds himself in is suddenly added, by Presidential proclamation in Washington, to the list of countries where a U. S. citizen must have a passport. If Washington then refuses to issue him a passport for his return trip home, he too is effectively exiled.

These are not far-fetched examples. During the McCarthy era numerous Americans had their passports cancelled and seized by our embassies abroad, with rudeness, arrogance and no explanation. On January 16, 1961, when President Eisenhower decreed that henceforth a specially validated passport was needed for travel to and from Cuba, thousands of Americans who had lived for years in Cuba without holding any passport at all became dependent on the uncertain grace and mercy of the State Department if they decided to come home.

I know why I was indicted. The "illegal re-entry" charge, six and a half months after my return, is a mere cover. I was indicted because I have reported the many positive achievements of the Cuban revolution, including the rapid elimination of all racial barriers. My paper, the Baltimore Afro-American, has a not insignificant A.B.C. circulation of 148,000 and, in today's world, a very strategic Negro readership that is interested in colonial and racial issues abroad.

Three regional lecture bureaus have booked me to speak on Cuba at many colleges and universities where, without exception, the student audiences have proved to be highly receptive to a facts-supported dissent on our futile Cuban policy. Shortly before I was indicted, the FBI paid a visit to the Midwest lecture bureau in a transparent effort to scare them into dropping me from their roster.

On Friday evening, June 22, at 8:00 P.M., when the President's brother addresses the Negro Newspapers Publishers Association at Morgan State College in Baltimore, an ad hoc group of students, Freedom Riders and others will picket in protest against the indictment. Chartered buses from New York, Philadelphia and Washington will transport to Baltimore everyone interested in joining the demonstration.

In New York on the following afternoon, Saturday, June 23, at 1:30 P.M., Ambassador Adall Stevenson will be picketed at the U. S. Mission to the United Nations, First Avenue at 45th Street. Dorothy Day will participate.

For full details on both demonstrations interested persons may

contact Daniel H. Watts, 244 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Telephone: YUkon 6-5939.

Venturesome Americans, returning home from abroad and wishing to see the Cuban revolution for themselves, can fly directly from Prague to Havana on twice-a-week Cuban and Czech planes after obtaining a visa from a Cuban embassy or consulate.

Our Cuba travel ban, devised, it is claimed, to "protect" us from non-existent dangers on that island, is a total fraud. Americans true to a heritage of civil disobedience should ignore the ban, violate it and expose it for what it is. Particularly when American students apply to visit Cuba, I hope that Fidel Castro will cooperate and expedite their trip. I would like him to instruct his cautious and slow-moving Immigration Office to speed up the issuance of visas, even though this would inevitably mean that, in the guise of undergraduates, a few CIA agents (comically easy to spot) will slip in.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 3)

Mississippi, on January 19, 1962, whipped with a wide leather strap on her naked breasts, buttocks, and between her legs. We have alerted the Justice Department, and are trying to rally a national outcry against this brutal outrage.

In the past year, we have initiated direct action projects in McComb and Jackson, Mississippi, and in Albany, Georgia, all three cities in the heartland of the Deep South. We have tested, and been arrested, and gone to jail, as we tried to see whether the L.C.C. ruling was really being obeyed. Seven field secretaries and volunteer workers are in Mississippi right now organizing a massive onslaught against segregation.

Our paid staff numbers sixteen. Our highest salary (for our married men) is \$60 a week. Fourteen of the sixteen receive \$40 per week when they get their "subsistence" checks.

We need your financial help. We need whatever you can send us. We have been beaten and jailed—but we intend to continue. We have helped local citizens set up community movements in Albany, McComb, Jackson, and in Cambridge and Crisfield, Maryland, and there are countless other communities where we can help. If YOU help.

Please send your contributions to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, 197½ Auburn Avenue, N.E., Atlanta 3, Georgia.

With your aid we will be able to continue in the South—as we try to make America what it was meant to be.

WORK WEEKEND—JUNE 15-17

Over this weekend we plan—with the help of anyone who will join us—to work on the grounds around the two Staten Island beach houses owned by the Catholic Worker. This will involve cutting the grass, perhaps some planting, and also filling in a large depression in the ground between the lawn and the beach and perhaps building a retaining wall or terrace, and cleaning house for our visiting families. On Sunday we will have a discussion on the philosophy of work. Bring a bathing suit if you want to swim (no bikinis or short shorts) and a towel and sleeping bag or sheet, if possible.

Women will stay at one of the beach houses. Take the ferry to St. George, Staten Is., then the Hylan Blvd. bus (No. 103) to Pouillon Ave. in Annadale (at the sign of the Beachcomber Hotel), cross Hylan Blvd. and walk down Pouillon Ave. to the end and it is the first house on the right.

Men will stay at Peter Maurin Farm. Take the ferry to St. George, S.I., then the train (there is only one railroad line) to Pleasant Plains, then walk about a mile up Bloomingdale Rd. to the Farm, which has a sign, and is on the right. Phone at the Farm is YUkon 4-9896. No phone at the beach house.

We know this is very short notice, but if possible write or phone us ahead of time at the Catholic Worker office if you are coming: 175 Chrystie St., NYC 2; phone GR 3-5850. On Friday, women go directly to the beach house, men to the Farm; anyone coming Saturday morning go directly to the beach.