

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Can We Serve Both Love and War?

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

Sanford Gottlieb, the political-action director of SANE, is one of the most informed men in America on the Vietnam war, and he often gives lectures on the subject. During the question period after one such talk before a predominantly Christian audience, a somewhat antagonistic questioner arose to challenge him.

"Mr. Gottlieb," he began, "you seem to know all the answers. What do we do about this war?"

"Before trying to answer that," Gottlieb said, "can I ask you a question or two?"

"Go ahead," said the man.

"Are you a Christian?"

"Sure," came the reply, "and proud of it."

"Fine," said Gottlieb. "Now I happen to believe that Jesus Christ was the world's greatest revolutionary, because he loved his enemies, and commanded his followers to love their enemies. I believe this and I try to live it, though I myself am a Jew. My question, therefore, is: Do you believe it?"

"Sure, I believe it," answered the man. "But you didn't answer my question. I asked you what we should do about this war."

"That's your problem!" said Gottlieb.

The man sat down angry, unmoved, and quite confused.

Our poor friend's dilemma is, in fact, the dilemma of this country—in Vietnam, in the arms race, and in the world. Most Christians and most Americans have great difficulty in seeing the I (the self) as being also the we (humanity). Consequently, we cannot feel the effects of our actions as other people feel them, we cannot see ourselves as others see us. And so, by and large, we think we can have peace by fighting wars, we think we can rape a people and have them love us, we think, by way of practical norm, that we can have everything that wealth and arms can force from others. Or nearly everything. Most children could tell us, I suppose (provided they have not played with too many war toys or watched too many Westerns) that you can't have war and peace at once and that, given the determination of the Vietnamese, you can't have a truce in Vietnam and a base against China. One or the other has to go.

To go a bit further into the "problem," we cannot ravage the ecology of Vietnam and kill ten civilians for every soldier and expect to have anything but "do or die" opposition. We cannot bomb North Vietnam and support U Thant's program for peace. We cannot replace Polaris with Poseidon and expect to avoid an arms-race escalation into ABM systems. We cannot manipulate encephalitis and yellow fever for person-to-person transmission and have other men trust us. We cannot have the Pentagon owning 53% of all Federal property and have civilian control of government and diplomacy. We cannot fight the abstraction of Communism by killing the men who believe in it. We cannot propagandize for peace while our deeds give the lie to our words. In a word, we can't have it both ways. And that's why our friend, and so

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Robert Hodgell.

## "CREATION IS FOR MAN"

Excerpts from Pope Paul's fifth encyclical, *Populorum Progressio* (On the Development of Peoples):  
**ACTION TO BE UNDERTAKEN**

### The Purpose of Created Things

"Fill the earth and subdue it": The Bible, from the first page on, teaches us that the whole of creation is for man, that it is his responsibility to develop it by intelligent effort and by means of his labor to perfect it, so to speak, for his use. If the world is made to furnish each individual with the means of livelihood and the instruments of his growth and progress, each man has therefore the right to find in the world what is necessary for himself. The recent Council reminded us of this: "God intended the earth and all that it contains for the use of every human being and people. Thus, as all men follow justice and unite in charity, created goods should abound for them on a reasonable basis." All other rights whatsoever, including those of property and of free commerce, are to be subordinated to this principle. They should not hinder but on the contrary favor its application. It is a grave and urgent social duty to

redirect them to their primary finality.

### Property

"If someone who has the riches of this world sees his brother in need and closes his heart to him, how does the love of God abide in him?" It is well known how strong were the words used by the fathers of the church to describe the proper attitude of persons who possess anything toward persons in need. To quote St. Ambrose: "You are not making a gift of your possessions to the poor person. You are handing over to him what is his. For what has been given in common for the use of all, you have arrogated to yourself. The world is given to all, and not only to the rich." That is, private property does not constitute for anyone an absolute and unconditional right. No one is justified in keeping for his exclusive use what he does not need, when others lack necessities. In a word, "According to the traditional doctrine as found in the fathers of the church and the great theologians, the right to property must never be exercised to the detriment of the common good." If there should arise a conflict "be-

tween acquired private rights and primary community exigencies," it is the responsibility of public authorities "to look for a solution, with the active participation of individuals and social groups."

### Use of Revenue

If certain landed estates impede the general prosperity because they are extensive, unused or poorly used, or because they bring hardship to peoples or are detrimental to the interests of the country, the common good sometimes demands their expropriation. While giving a clear statement on this, the council recalled no less clearly that the available revenue is not to be used in accordance with mere whim, and that no place must be given to selfish speculation. Consequently it is unacceptable that citizens with abundant incomes from the resources and activity of their country should transfer a considerable part of this income abroad purely for their own advantage, without care for the manifest wrong they inflict on their country by doing this.

The introduction of industry is a necessity for economic growth

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## The Fast and The Waters

By JACK COOK

Before the four of us from Chrystie Street left for the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception to begin our two-week fast from Passion Sunday to Easter, Reynold, a young Canadian free spirit, advised us that our fast should be one of joy; that were our spirits to dampen, we should go for a walk until we recovered. We disappointed Reynold, I think, for we were not consistently joyful, nor did we walk in that cold, bitter air. The Shrine, unlike the waters of the Jordan, warmed the body somewhat, but not the soul. The soul, in fact, suffered from chills, neglect, poverty, and ennui.

Our purpose in fasting at the Shrine was primarily religious: an act of atonement, if you will, for the guilt we all bear for the crimes being done in Viet Nam; to offer our slight discomfort for the anguish of the Vietnamese; to clearly state not only our disaffiliation with the U.S. government, but our outrage and shame at the American Catholic's involvement in, and support of, this war; as our leaflet read, "to appeal to all our fellow Catholics to consider and to make a decision about their participation in this war"; and, finally, as we told an official from South Viet Nam, who came to thank us for our effort, "We grieve for your people; we grieve for our people."

The four of us—Jan Hongess (who stayed for the first week), Bob Gilliam, Dan Kelly, and myself—confronted Msgr. Grady with our intent on Passion Sunday. Believing our leaflet ambiguous, our purpose covert, he was distrustful and threatened us with arrest should we picket or leaflet on the Shrine's grounds. He was worried that our position might be identified by Joe Tourist with that of the Shrine. We had no desire to leaflet or picket; and, as the days went by, he became solicitous of our health, and, in the end, respectful of our position. We stayed the first few nights at Dave and Cathy Miller's, and then accepted the kind hospitality of Gabe Huck, his wife and friends, who live in community near the Shrine. Gabe provided transportation and was instrumental in obtaining the publicity we never sought. Paul Mann and his wife Salome arrived later that week, Jenny Orvino on Sunday, and Phil Maloney was finally able to leave Chrystie Street on Thursday of the second week. We were never quite alone.

A couple of non-conformist students, two quiet nuns (one of whom had permission to pray with us if there was no publicity, left when it came, but returned despite "permission" for the last day), a lone seminarian, and one priest on the next-to-the-last-day — joined us: beautiful mavericks from that huge black herd of clergy and nuns, roaming those environs. The publicity we received—newspaper, radio and television—was unsought for, yet most welcome; for the reporters provided an outlet for our pent-up rage, a podium for our position, and their stories reassured us of a breathing, reading public outside that tomb, which seemed to absorb us, during that last week, much as it absorbs the thousands of nameless Christians

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## SPRING APPEAL

Spring, 1967  
St. Joseph's House of Hospitality  
175 Chrystie Street  
New York, N.Y. 10002

Dear fellow workers in Christ,

We reach those we can, which means those who come to our door. Holy Mother the city and Holy Mother the State are doing much to relieve the want of the unemployable and the displaced. But there is plenty of room for the non-governmental agencies, and for the individual who believes with Eric Gill that Jesus Christ came to make the rich poor, and poor holy.

I think most of us wish to be poor, to simplify our lives, to throw out the trash and make more room for the good—to put off the old man and put on the new—to be new creatures, as St. Paul said. It's the essence of Spring that it makes all things new, though there is not much suggestion of Spring on this March snowy day that I write. But none of us wish to be destitute. And it is the destitute who come to us day after day for help. "Deal your bread to the hungry and take those without shelter into your house," we are told at the beginning of Lent. That has meant that we have grown into a community of sorts, and somehow or other the Lord has blessed us and sent us what we needed over the years. But He told us to ask. "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." I love those words and recommend them to all. Pascal even elaborated on the second part and put the words into the mouth of our Lord, "You would not seek me if you had not already found me," thinking, I suppose, that there is no time with God. The seeking is the finding. So I write with confidence in regard to the rest of the Lord's words and I am asking again, and knocking again at your doors, as we have done for many years, twice a year, and you have kept answering. But it is like the manna, there is enough for the day, and we never have anything left over. Someone said once, "You are certainly a success in your voluntary poverty. You have managed to maintain it for these many years." But again I repeat, it is not destitution, but a sharing which the Lord Jesus enables us to do because He continues to multiply the Loaves and Fishes for us, day after day. What need of foundation funds, or government funds, to do the work we do? St. Hilary commented once, "The less we have of Caesar's the less we will have to render to Caesar." And Jesus Himself said, "Your Heavenly Father knows you have need of these things," food and shelter, and the means to keep on doing the work He has given us to do, the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

It is the month of St. Joseph, traditionally speaking, and being a woman I appeal in the name of St. Joseph as the head of our house and he in turn appeals to the foster Son he cared for. Nothing like having intermediaries! So now I am appealing to him, not only to send us the money, through your generous hands, to pay our bills, but also to help us obtain the house we are trying to buy to take the place of the scattered apartments we are now living in. (The roof is in danger of falling in on the house we occupy during the day for office, meeting room and breadline.) We must move, but how, when the housing code calls for such changes in the repair of a house before we can move in: which four contractors estimate will cost us \$50,000? An enormous sum, which we shudder to think of, let alone ask St. Joseph to concern himself with. And yet, the city estimate of the cost of a new house to provide shelter for homeless women is \$700,000, according to a news story, whereas the house we have in view costs \$35,000 plus the repairs of \$50,000. As I speak of these sums it is almost as though I were playing a game of Monopoly with my grandchildren and not talking about Catholic Worker needs.

But to count the way city agencies count—we have provided 8,760 nights' lodging for women (not counting the men) in the last year, and at Chrystie Street alone have served meals to 100,500 guests, men and women, these who work with us as volunteers and those who come to get help, because we all sit down to the same table, "knowing Christ and each other in the breaking of bread."

So, hoping against hope, as St. Paul said, I appeal to you again, our dear readers and fellow workers.

Gratefully in Christ,  
Dorothy Day



# ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Tivoli, New York.

All Lent and Easter season I have been reading *The Two-Edged Sword* by Fr. John McKenzie, S.J. (Bruce) which answered many of my questions about the New Testament as well as the Old. I had recently read Fr. Rene Vawter's *A Path Through Genesis*, a fascinating account. Both answered some long-standing questions in my mind, which I had put to one side, knowing that some day an answer would come that would satisfy me. I just received a letter from my granddaughter Margaret, thirteen, who is starting to read the Bible, and I am wondering what comparable book there is for her.

Fr. McKenzie's books on the Old and New Testament were given me by the Christian Brothers at nearby Barrytown. They have a novitiate, a place for aged and sick brothers and a high school for boys. Cursillos and retreats are given here on this big estate, but the grounds are not used for farming or gardening.

When we moved into the "man-sion" class, as someone called it, thanks to the Verrazano Bridge, and the resulting rise in price of Staten Island real estate, which brought us enough money to purchase this 86 acres and three buildings along the Hudson, we had already been preceded in our move by the Marist novitiate, which used to be in Staten Island on the waterfront. I had once worked for them for a summer, back in 1928. There were so many associations with Staten Island that I hated to move. But we found the Marists nearby in Rhinebeck and dear Father Guerin, who used to give us Sunday afternoon conferences, those same conferences that Charles Butterworth used to come all the way from Philadelphia to Staten Island to hear. Now Father Guerin has been coming to offer Holy Mass for us every week in our little winter chapel, which is all windows on three sides and he again gives us conferences. I don't think he uses the words new morality or new theology, and he probably would think, with St. Paul, that today's Athenians are spending all their time in "saying or hearing some new thing," but I was surprised to see in the spring issue of *Sheed and Ward's Own Trumpet* the essence of Father Guerin's ideas on life and death expressed in a long passage from the new book by Marc Oraison, *The Mystery of Human Sexuality*, which is causing quite a stir. I had been so impressed by one of Father's conferences of some years ago, that I mentioned it several times in my column. He said that if a babe in the womb were asked to be born it would prefer to hang on to its present comfort and security, and that we too feel that way, in this life, about death and the life to come. "We do not know what we shall be," in St. Paul's words, and we don't like not knowing. We'll hang on to this life, which we know, just as long as we can, for all its pains and miseries.

When we moved up the Hudson we had never lived near the Christian Brothers and knew little of them except what Peter Maurin had told us. He had been a Christian Brother once himself, and we still hear from one of his family who is a Christian Brother in Belgium, in fact the head of a school.

The Brothers at nearby Barrytown knew that we wanted to get a garden in, a big one to feed our multitude and some of the multitude of the Bowery. So one of the Brothers came over and ploughed up a field for us, giving us a good start in preparing the land, which had been used as pasture for many years. Good material us fifty beds, with good mattresses, and if it were not for the fact that they needed every available bed for their high-school retreats, they would gladly have let

us keep them. As it is, we sleep under the blankets they have given us and wear many of the clothes they pass on to us. Just yesterday they brought boxes of shoes for men, and overcoats, so that we will have a goodly supply of men's clothes to send to Chrystie Street.

Every Saturday at eleven-fifteen we go to the Mass sung by the Brothers and some of the students, a folk Mass accompanied by four guitars. The music is haunting and the words descriptive of what the Mass is. Afterwards, we are always invited to lunch—even when we bring a dozen people. Neighborhood families come too, and I have heard the littlest children sing the refrain, *Maranatha, Come Lord Jesus!* of the long communion hymn.

### In the Vineyards

I had reached this point in my writing when the mail arrived with news that the Christian Brothers and the National Farm Workers Organizing Committee were in conflict on the West Coast. Cesar Chavez had refused to take part in an election, charging that the farm workers he represents had been intimidated and fired from the vineyards because of their ardent work for unionization. Not long after I read this, Brother James came in, bringing gifts as usual, and I lamented over the story I had just been reading. "I'll have to add this to my *On Pilgrimage* column," I told him, but before we even had a chance to get into a discussion of the controversy, the March 22nd issue of the invaluable *National Catholic Reporter* (P.O. Box 281, Kansas City, Missouri 64141; seven dollars a year) came in, carrying the story of the recognition of the union by the Christian Brothers, without an election. The National Farm Workers Organizing Committee had been certified as the representative of the workers at the Christian Brothers Mont La-Salle vineyard in Napa County, California. The N.F.W.O.C. was approved by the State Conciliation Service Office after a check showed that more than half the winery's workers were members of the organizing committee. Bishop Hugh A. Donahoe of Stockton, chairman of the California Bishops' social-justice committee, had urged the Christian Brothers to resume labor negotiations after Chavez called off the election. The agreement provided that union elections would be held later at two other vineyards belonging to the Christian Brothers.

### Agnes

Cesar Chavez will be speaking at Community Church in New York on April 8th, and I shall certainly, God willing, go to hear him and learn more of what is going on, not only on the West Coast but in our own neighborhood: Long Island, the Hudson Valley and New Jersey. The migrants are starting to come up into New York state by the thousands and there is talk of an organizing drive on the East Coast.

I say "God willing," because we have a seriously ill person on the farm, who has been with us many a year, and we are short-handed when it comes to nurses. Agnes Sydney always reminds me that she came to Peter Maurin farm the year my granddaughter Mary, who will be sixteen in July, was born. She keeps Mary's picture on her dresser and has a special love for her. I sleep in the room with Agnes, and a more uncomplaining patient I have never seen. One morning when Mike Sullivan (hearing us talking at six a.m.) brought us cups of fragrant coffee, she looked over at me and smiled. "The Life of Riley," she said, appreciatively. There are poppies on her dresser from Peggy, and a little pot of shamrock. She comes from County Longford in what is now the Free State, not too far a ride from Dublin. They had two acres of fertile soil, and her father was a tailor who hired three men from England in the busy sea-

son to help him. There was a mill nearby to spin the wool from their own sheep, which were kept with other sheep in nearby pastures. She tells me long stories of her life, of the beautiful field of cattle next to their two acres and of the wild bullock that leaped the fence and began to eat her mother's corn, which was drying on a hedge. "There were no clotheslines, and we hung the wash on hedges then." There were two sisters, who went to America, and two brothers, one of whom worked for a doctor while the other worked the bit of land, raised all their vegetables and took care of her mother after she had a stroke. Her father was dead by then. Then, when the mother died, Agnes joined her sisters in New York. She worked hard, she said, from the time she was a little girl, and she danced all Saturday nights and missed Mass on Sunday, and the priest was often harsh with her. But she spoke admiringly of priests who, from the pulpit, "gave it to them straight from the shoulder, and dragged the men out of the taverns along the waterfront before they could drink up their pay." And these rough ones often paid the rent for families when they were in trouble. Agnes married a man who was a captain of a barge, and they made the trip between New York and Boston with their coal barges, for thirty years.

Agnes is often in much pain, and today she said that a good remedy for a pain in the side, such as she was having, was oakum, obtainable in shipyards, of course, and which smelled strongly of creosote and was damp with the oil, which drew out the pain. And, because I had a few drops of turpentine on a spoon; once swallowed, it would cure me in a moment.

### Old and New

Called to the 'phone one day from Agnes' bedside, I learned from Nicole d'Entremont that a new Catholic Worker, Nathan Peter Wilson, had been born of Raena and Jim Wilson on March 22d. Jim is in Allenwood prison for refusing induction. But it was not the first baby to be born among us while the father was in prison. There was Ellen Paulsen, born of Carl and Mary Paulsen at Boston, Massachusetts, where the Boston Catholic Workers had started their first farm, St. Benedict's, with John Magee and Arthur Sheehan in charge. Carl was in prison at the time because he had been refused conscientious-objector status in the Second World War, and my daughter Tamar went to Upton to help Mary when she came home from the hospital after Ellen's birth. Ellen herself is married now and living with her husband Al Learnard and their two children at Easthaven, Vermont.

On April first news came of how David Miller's protest against conscription and the war in Vietnam disrupted Selective Services headquarters in Washington, D.C. David Miller sat in the door at the entrance doorway to block the passage. The *Times* and the *New York Times* carried pictures of him obstructing the entrance while a handsome young woman in the usual short skirt, and carrying flowers and a large white handbag, attempted to step over him. David was supported by eighteen pickets, a group which included his wife, Catherine Miller, and their five-month old baby Juanita Clare. The Millers have worked not only with the Catholic Worker but with the Committee for Non-Violent Action in Voluntown, Connecticut, and lately in Washington, D.C. David will appear in court April 6th for a hearing before a U.S. District Judge on whether he violated the terms of a suspended sentence given him last March for having burnt his draft card. The sentence had been appealed. The appeal was denied and David was ordered to obtain a new

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# A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Spring came in Holy Week, in the midst of what appeared to be a mid-winter festival. Snow covered the bright-flowering crocuses in the New Jersey garden, where I myself had come only the week before—like the crocuses—in search of Spring. (Kay Lynch had driven me on Monday of Passion Week for a visit with Caroline Gordon Tate and Cary Peebles in Princeton, New Jersey.) Now on the first day of Spring, in Holy Week, snow continued to fall; the evergreens bowed under a snowy weight; every bush and bough—even the rare Franklinea tree and the golden-wand willows down at the foot of the garden—were sequined, glittering with ice and snow. In December it would have been easy to say, "How beautiful!" now it was hard not to say, "Where is Spring?" But underneath the snow, the crocuses were still fresh and springlike; and in between the snow gusts the cardinals continued to sing, in a kind of springtime jubilation, a pre-Easter chorale of faith and hope.

On the night of Holy Thursday—with the snow still falling—Caroline and I drove to St. Paul's in Princeton to participate in the beautiful liturgy of Christ's great gift to us, the gift of Himself in the Holy Eucharist. I prayed very specially for my Catholic Worker family, and remembered gladly that they too would be praying for me in the same great liturgy, since—as Dorothy Day had written me—our good friend Father Jude would be celebrating the liturgies of Holy Week in the beautiful winter chapel at the farm which Mike Sullivan and Kay Lynch had made for us. Then in the presence of the Real Presence, the Holy Eucharist, I prayed for peace.

On Good Friday morning the sun shone brightly; and the consequent trickle of melting snow was aqueous music to the crocuses and me. Then in the afternoon, when Caroline and I participated in the solemn liturgy of Good Friday, I knew that the sun shone brightly, that here in this dark hour, this somber hill of Death is the true glory, the Light, the eternal-living Light which alone can nourish the flower of resurrection. Once more beholding the weight of sin on the Cross-bound Innocent, I asked forgiveness for my sins, and prayed that I might at least learn how to begin that long slow dying of self, which is the true beginning of new life, of resurrection.

On Holy Saturday night, at the Easter Vigil in St. Paul's, Caroline, Cary, and I—with all our fellow Catholics—held lighted candles in our hands, as symbols of the newly lighted fire, which is the Light of Christ. We heard again the great readings from the Old Testament, which are, I think, like the movement of great winds upon the waters. We participated again in the consecration of the new baptismal waters and holy oils. We renewed our baptismal vows.

Then, as we prayed the many prayers of the vigil, I prayed again for the Catholic Worker, remembering especially Agnes Sidney, who now, in her eighty-sixth year, has experienced so much of suffering during recent months. I prayed too for those who are caring for Agnes; for Dorothy Day, who has taken upon herself the nighttime care, for Alice Lawrence, Kay Lynch, Mike Sullivan, Arthur Lacey, and all who share in the daytime care. Surely it is this kind of living-out of love which makes the Catholic Worker so truly a family, so fully Catholic. Then, after midnight, as the Gloria and alleluias proclaimed the Resurrection, I prayed again for peace, for that peace which comes from Him who told us to seek Him in our neighbor, whether friends or foe, to find Him in our brother, whether in Vietnam, in China, in Russia, in Wall Street, or in the sometimes more difficult enclaves of our own families and communities. Then I prayed that God would

help me to continue to believe in this peace, even though bombs continue to fall in Vietnam, and murder and greed mock at Him, in all our cities, in all our hearts, at Him who died that we might know, might live this Peace.

By the Sea

On Easter Sunday morning, I awakened to hear the cheerful cadenzas of song sparrows mingling with the loud clear whistles of the cardinals. There was a gladness in the bird song, in the very air. On such a day the sun must be shining. And so it was. On such a day, we could only—as Caroline suggested—drive into the country. Almost by accident, it seemed, we headed toward the sea, and found ourselves, somewhat later in the morning, standing on a not-too-frequented beach, listening to the prophetic utterance of the waves, the ancient oracle of the sea. Standing there in the sand, breathing deep draughts of the revivifying sea air, listening to the multi-tongued waves, I seemed to hear again the great voices of the Easter Vigil. This watery death—they seemed to say—is the womb of life. Only by so dying can you hope to suffer that "sea change into something rich and strange." Alleluia. He is risen.

On the way home, Caroline and Cary described to me some of the many signs of Spring in the surrounding countryside: the green grass, the swelling buds, the little plantations of crocuses gaily blooming for Easter Sunday. I thought again of the Catholic Worker farm at Tivoli, and wondered about the signs of Spring there. Was the river clear of ice? How were Peggy's jonquills doing? Had any of our hermits found in the woods the furred purple plant of a young skunk cabbage? How many new voices had joined the morning bird chorus? I thought gratefully that Mike Sullivan and Helene Iswolsky would be feeding the birds and inviting them to stay and nest with us so that when I returned I could expect to hear many new birds rehearsing for the great bird-song festival of Spring.

I wondered if all the guests Dorothy had expected had arrived, and thought that probably there were more. I hoped that among them would be our old friends, who are really part of our family: Joe and Audrey Monroe, Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner, B. J. Richards, and Lorraine Freeman and her boys. I could almost hear the Freeman boys, the Corbin girls, and Johnny Hughes romping about the place in a springtime frolic. I knew that Hans Tunnesen had outdone himself in preparing the Easter dinner, and that Easter would be a day of good food, and good talk so much the more enjoyed after the Easter liturgy.

I thought of all the Spring planning that would be taking place at the farm. Both John Filliger and Peggy Conklin had started studying seed catalogues in January. John was ordering seeds for the large garden which supplies us with a significant part of our food during the summer and fall, with root vegetables sometimes lasting through the winter months; Peggy was planning for more flowers to make beautiful our farm with a view. I knew too that Dorothy Day and Marty Corbin would be doing some Spring planning for our summer conferences and discussions, so that the farm could continue the tradition of round-table discussion which Peter Maurin considered such an essential part of the Catholic Worker program of cult, culture, and cultivation.

Then I made a special Easter thanksgiving for all those who had done so much to keep the work going during the winter months and without whom we could hardly hope to have a summer program. I thought first of Dorothy Day, whose vision, prayer, and work never seem to falter. Then I thought of all the others who make

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## Friday Night Meetings

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

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

## CHRYSTIE STREET

By CATHY GRANT

There are things one only finds out by answering the telephone at Chrystie Street. Take, for example, the woman who had just returned from Ireland, who called asking for a subscription. She said that she had met two university professors in Dublin who drew much of their material about the American scene from the Catholic Worker, so she thought she'd better have one of those.

March swept in two well known holidays, St. Patrick's Day and Easter, but even that caused little change in the day-to-day living of those who come around the Catholic Worker. Consumption of alcohol, already at the maximum panhandling will allow, does not make any notable gains in deference to St. Pat. Besides, drink is not really a companion of mirth hereabouts. We did celebrate Easter with ham and sweet potatoes instead of soup, and I personally observed, while walking along Delancey Street, that on Easter Sunday drivers were more cheerful about tipping the men who stand in the street wiping windshields and headlights.

The Easter vacation period brought Anne Peel and Betsy Dowling from the College of New Rochelle. Jean Little from Milwaukee also joined us for a few days. All pitched in to help with the cooking, the clothing room, and the time-consuming task of mailing out the Spring appeal.

Dave and Cathy came up from Washington, D.C. for the baptism of their daughter, Juanita. Dave, who received a three-year suspended sentence as the first person convicted under the new law against draft-card burning, has been waiting for authorities to arrest him, since he has not met with the conditions of his probation, which require him to co-operate with Selective Service. Waiting for the law to take its course has prevented Dave and Cathy from opening a house of hospitality in Washington as they had planned. Dave tried to bring the matter to a conclusion by sitting in at the Selective Service headquarters in Washington on March 31st, but following what the New York Times termed a "calculated decision," authorities refused to arrest him.

Other news includes the birth of Nathan Peter, new addition to Jim and Raona Wilson's family. Jim is still at the prison farm in Allenwood, Pennsylvania, and will see his son for the first time in the early part of April. Nathan will be baptized by Father Daniel Berrigan on April 15th. Others of our friends, Tom Likely and Mike Herniak, have been taken to Bellevue Hospital for indefinite stays.

Father Berrigan is making the rounds of the various Worker apartments for informal sessions. There are eight more apartments on Kenmare and on Spring streets. Reports of his activity encourage my hope that the clergy will get back to addressing the faithful in the context of the world in which they live, rather than devoting irretrievable hours and funds toward creating such manifestations of irrelevance as appalled the CW people at the National Shrine. (See Jack Cook's article elsewhere in this issue.)

# Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Although we had had a heavy snowstorm the week before, crocuses were blooming at our front door in the last week of February. A Ute Indian, who had been living all winter in his dugout in the jungles, came to us and roomed with Del. Since the Ute was suffering from a toothache they decided to hop a freight east to Denver, where the veterans hospital has a dental clinic. A sober but rather befuddled young man went with them. Since it was warm at Grand Junction, the young man wanted to ride on a flat car, but they persuaded him to ride in a box car with them. Somehow he wandered into another box car as they went "over the hump" and by the time they reached Denver, which was also warm at the time, he had frozen to death.

Two middle-aged men rode freight all the way from St. Louis to Salt Lake City with only two stops, alternating between flat cars and box cars. One frosted his feet and the other got a cold which developed into pneumonia when he arrived here. We took him to the county hospital.

The Great Northern, the Western Pacific, the Burlington and the Rio Grande all welcome the men who ride the freights, for their owners remember that it was these men who built the railroads in the old days. But the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific get the cops after them.

Court Wood, a young man who finally decided that he would go to prison rather than war, returned to Joe Hill House for a time and will run it while I go on a speaking trip to the West Coast for a few weeks after Easter. The free wood which we pick up several times a day is piling up, so he suggested that he build a ten-by-twenty-foot shack on the cement foundation in back of the "Eskimo House." Joe and Bob, two Chippewa carpenters who are staying with us, are telling him how to plan it but allowing him to do the work himself. We find plenty of stray nails among the lumber we pick up.

Bruce Phillips, Jack Freeman,

Robert Thera, Roger Carrier and I have organized a Joe Hill Memorial Committee and mimeographed a Big Red Songbook of 55 songs, entitled *If I Were Free*. Most of them are by Joe Hill and Woody Guthrie and there are some by Bruce Phillips and Murphy Dowd. I wrote an account of Joe Hill's case for it, as well as a history of the Joe Hill House. There are pictures of the three locations where we have lived. We have fifty of these books for those who came to our Friday night meetings, and we all enjoy the singing. We hope to have a monument erected to Joe Hill in Sugar House Park, which is the site of the old prison where he was executed on November 19, 1915.

For the next three months men will be coming and going on the freights. One man who works on farms in the summer says that he will stop next winter. Every night, as the men talk before the fireplace, one of them will mention a farm or a mine where he has worked. Another will tell of working in the same place.

Our first song on Friday nights is usually Woody Guthrie's "Jesus Christ," which is sung to the tune of "Jesse James." The first verse goes:

Jesus Christ was a man that traveled through the land,  
A carpenter true and brave;  
He said to the rich, "Give your money to the poor,"  
So they laid Jesus Christ in his grave.

And the last song is usually the one beginning:

Go to sleep you weary hobo,  
Let the towns drift slowly by.  
Can't you hear the steel rails hummin'?

That's a hobo's lullaby.

For the information of friends, and for the tramps who come and go, our address is: 3462 S. 4 W., Salt Lake City. The mailing address is: P.O. Box 655, Salt Lake City, 84101. This is the time to ask CW readers for blankets, rather than in the fall. Although most of the men carry their own bed rolls, these are often stolen when they hop the freights. And the ones we have here wear out.

## Mobilize On Saturday, April 15 To End The War In Vietnam Now

• We call on all Americans to unite and mobilize in a movement to end the senseless slaughter of American GI's and the mass murder of Vietnamese. We call for the enlistment of the men, money and resources now being used to maintain the military machine in a fight against the real enemies of man: hunger, hopelessness, ignorance, hate, fear, discrimination and inequality.

• As the war cruelly destroys in Vietnam, so it denies hope to millions in the United States. The need for decent homes, quality education, jobs and fair employment is brushed aside. Our cities smother in smoke and grime, strangle in traffic. Our slums continue to rot. Streams and rivers are polluted, and the very air we breathe is fouled. Our vast wealth could in a short time eliminate these ills. It goes instead to murder and destroy. War contracts and the draft corrupt our campuses and laboratories. And, as the war continues, the ultimate danger of nuclear holocaust hangs over all.

• This national mobilization will affirm the will of the American people for peace in Vietnam and a new life for America and for all mankind. We speak to people around the world to mobilize to stop the war in Vietnam. We declare not merely a protest but a new beginning.

Founding Chairman: A. J. Muste (1885-1967).

Among those endorsing the Mobilization are: Rev. Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., Stokely Carmichael, Dorothy Day, James Farmer, Rabbi Everett Gendler, Paul Goodman, Nat Hentoff, Martin Luther King, Jr., Staughton Lynd, Dwight Macdonald, Floyd McKissick, Rev. Richard McSorley, S.J., Linus Pauling, Mulford Q. Sibley, and Dr. Benjamin Speck.

### NEW YORK

ASSEMBLE 11 a.m., Central Park, Sheep Meadow, (66th St.)  
MARCH at noon through midtown to U.N.  
RALLY at the United Nations at 3 p.m.

### SAN FRANCISCO

ASSEMBLE 10 a.m., Second and Market Streets  
MARCH to Kesar Stadium via Market Street  
RALLY at Kesar Stadium, 1 p.m.



# Economic Development and Poverty

By E. F. SCHUMACHER

A great effort is going on called Foreign Aid for Development. Yet the impartial observer cannot help noticing that most of the so-called "developing" countries are plagued by large-scale and increasing unemployment. If the proverbial visitor from another planet would come and have a look, he might say: "I do see development but little improvement. I do see changes but no signs of growing economic health. I hear a great deal of talk about approaching the take-off point, but I see it receding. I notice more and more countries requiring ever-increasing food imports (and it is indeed one of the great marvels of the world that the United States are capable of producing very large food surpluses). I see increasing balance of payments problems—not increasing stabilization on the economic front." And he might also say that he sees increasing political instability.

Turning his attention to the aid-giving world, he will undoubtedly say: "I see increasing disillusionment." A few years ago one could say that only a kind of lunatic fringe in the aid-giving countries was openly critical of aid and even against it, but today this is no longer so. Disillusion is spreading fast. So we had better have a new look at the whole problem.

Some say the trouble is that there is too little aid. They admit that there are many disrupting tendencies but suggest that with more massive aid one ought to be able to over-compensate them. Effective aid, however, would have to be so massive that there could not be enough for everyone. So there are suggestions to concentrate on a few countries only, and to forget the rest: to concentrate on the countries where the promise of success seems most credible. But the moment one looks at such proposals, one realizes that this is a running away from the problem. I think, therefore, that one is entitled to ask whether there may not be something fundamentally wrong with the philosophy of development. Because for the rich to help the poor is never easy. We know this from our private lives. The rich normally have very little understanding of what it is really like to be poor. They have little contact with real poverty. Complacently they say to the poor: "Make a plan to show what help you need. Carry out the plan and all will be well."

It is this thinking that needs perhaps to be questioned a little. Perhaps the logic of this thinking is too mechanical, too much lacking in insight. Our own civilization is a machine civilization, but it was not created by a machine civilization—it has grown out of something else, a pre-machine civilization. In every branch of modern thought the word *evolution* stands written with capital letters as a central concept; we accept that everything has evolved bit by bit. But in economic development we appear to think differently. We talk about the great leap, the great jump and, of course, we have every reason to hope that such a jump might be possible, because the pressures are very great. The only question is, does it work?

The theory of evolution is certainly, to a very large extent, a reflection of all our experience of human development, particularly economic and technical development. Let us imagine a modern industrial establishment, say a great refinery. As we walk around in its vastness, with all its fantastic complexity, we might well ask ourselves how is it possible that the human mind has conceived such a thing. What an immensity of knowledge, thought, ingenuity, experience is here incarnated in equipment! The answer is that it did not simply spring ready-made

out of the human mind—it came by a process of evolution. It started quite simple, then this was added and that was added, and so it became more and more complex. But even what we actually see in this refinery is only, as I would say, the tip of the iceberg.

What you do not see on your visit is far greater than what you see: the immensity, again, of the arrangements and the ingenuity to allow the crude oil to flow into the refinery and to ensure that a multitude of refined products, properly separated, properly labelled, is sent to specific consumers through a most elaborate distribution system. All this you cannot see. Nor do you see all the intellectual achievements of planning, or organization of financing, of marketing. Least of all do you immediately become conscious of the great educational background which is the pre-condition of all, extending from primary schools to universities and specialized technical establishments, to cope with all these problems, only a few of which are immediately visible in the refinery itself. That is what I mean when I say that the visitor sees only the tip of the iceberg. There is ten times as much somewhere else which he cannot see, and without the "ten" the "one" that he does see is worthless. And if the "ten" is not supplied by the country where the refinery has been erected, either the refinery simply does not work or it is in fact a foreign body which depends for what I call the "ten" on some other country somewhere else. The whole modern tendency is to see only the visible and to forget all the invisible things that are really the pre-conditions.

Now, could it possibly be that the failure of aid, the failure or relative failure of development, has something to do with our materialistic philosophy, which makes us liable to overlook the invisible pre-conditions? We forget that the visible means nothing unless the invisible requirements are met and they may be ten times as great. If we do not forget it, we call for a plan and imagine that the whole iceberg can be created by blueprint, by a comprehensive plan; in other words, not by evolution but by creation.

## Fallacy of Planning

Our scientists tell us from morning to night that everything has evolved by little mutations sieved out by natural selection. We are told that every complexity has risen incidentally through this process of evolution. But our development planners seem to think that they can create a most complex thing at one throw by a process called planning. Planning with a capital "P," letting Athens spring, not even out of the head of Zeus but out of nothingness, fully armed, resplendent, and viable.

Occasionally something like this can be done. One can get a project done here or there, but is that really development? To change the metaphor, you can always create little modern islands in a pre-industrial society. But these islands will have to be defended, like a fortress, and provisioned, as it were, by helicopter from far away, or they will be flooded by the surrounding sea.

Whatever happens, whether they succeed or not, they produce what is called the "dual economy"; that is to say, a social and human split where, on the one hand, you have a very modern sector normally concentrated in one or two towns and, behind it, a vast hinterland of impoverishment which sinks into ever deeper misery. There is no integration, no cohesion, and it stands as a question whether perhaps the modern sector may not have a baneful influence on the hinterland, producing a kind of poisoning. I believe that I have seen how it does tend to poison the hinterland; how the erection of modern factories in

the modern sector, producing ordinary consumer goods, agricultural implements, building materials—the kind of goods which, in its primitive way, the hinterland could produce itself—creates havoc in the hinterland. For every job created in the modern factory, ten or even a hundred jobs in the small towns and villages disappear. Thus the great hinterland, probably containing ninety per cent of the population, is poisoned and, in a desperate way, it takes its revenge. By what? By mass migration into the centre, in the forlorn hope to find work in the modern factory. But these jobs are so few that the majority of the migrants become an unemployed town proletariat, making a mess of the towns themselves. Hence we have this very disturbing development to which this recent press statement from the World Health Organization refers: "The W.H.O. experts present a shattering picture of the ramshackle speed at which cities are now proliferating, particularly in Africa with its estimated 44 million urbanised population." I do not know why the reference is particularly to Africa, because the phenomenon is world-wide.

The experts also say that on present trends it must be expected that, with the world population doubling between now and the year 2000, the proportion of urbanised world population will also double—in other words, the city population will increase fourfold. They state that "today the very shanty towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants at the fringes of our modern cities concentrate 12 percent of the world population, more than one third of the world's city population." And people who have studied this, like Kingsley Davies in his book on India's urban future, put forward estimates about the population of say, Calcutta, in the year 2000: a minimum of thirty-three million inhabitants, more likely sixty-six million.

This is the terrible disease of the dual economy; this is what I call "the process of mutual poisoning," when thoughtless industrial development in the cities destroys the economic structure of the hinterland, and the hinterland takes its revenge by mass migration into the cities, poisoning them, making them utterly unmanageable, as you can observe all over the world. And if they are still manageable, they are only manageable because the great populations in the shanty towns just become forgotten people, breeding vice and every kind of degradation.

Is there any alternative? I am not suggesting that everything that has been done in the past was wrong or that everything must now be totally changed. Life is not like this. Of course, every country is committed to an irrevocably modern sector, and if the country needs an airline, I would not recommend that it should buy anything but the best. Is there a need for a certain change of emphasis, a certain reconsideration of the basic philosophy of aid? The ruling philosophy of aid over the last twenty years has been "what is best for us must be best for them." And we have carried this to the most extraordinary lengths, which I think I can epitomize by reading out a list of the countries where the Americans have found it necessary or wise to establish, of all things, nuclear reactors: Formosa, Colombia, Congo, Indonesia, Iran, South Korea, Philippines, Portugal, Thailand, Turkey, Venezuela, and, for good measure, Vietnam—all of them countries whose overwhelming problem is agriculture, the occupation of the overwhelming majority of their poverty-stricken peoples.

Why tackle development at all? The only reason why one is interested in development is the exist-

ance of poverty of such a degree for many people that it goes beyond poverty and constitutes misery. It is not because a country is under-industrialized that it ought to develop; if it is rich, whether with or without industry, it needs no "development," certainly no development aid. The starting point is poverty, and if we want to deal with poverty, our first task is to recognize and understand the boundaries and limitations which poverty imposes.

I would put it to you that the causes of poverty are certain deficiencies in education, organization and discipline. These are the causes of poverty. There are too many people who think that the causes of poverty must be visible factors: a lack of natural wealth or a lack of capital or a lack of infrastructure. Admittedly, in some extreme cases, like that of the Eskimos in Polar regions, the environment may be so hostile that an adequate level of education, organization and discipline cannot be established. These are the exceptions. As a rule, the material factors are not primary, and there are prosperous societies without any basis of natural wealth at all. A very interesting case, known to all of us, is Hong Kong. And what about Switzerland—or even England? Economics does not start with goods; it starts with people and their education, organization and discipline. Without these three, all resources remain latent, untapped, potential, like the marvelous, unlimited resources of Brazil, about which so many people have said that "Brazil is the country of the future and will always remain so." There has been plenty of opportunity to observe the truth of this thesis after the second World War. Every country, no matter how devastated, which had a high level of education, organization and discipline, produced an "economic miracle." In fact, these were miracles only for people whose attention is focussed on the tip of the iceberg. The tip had been damaged but the basis, which is education and discipline, was still there.

## Creative Evolution

Here lies the central problem of development. If the causes of poverty are deficiencies in these three respects, then the alleviation of poverty depends on the removal of these deficiencies. Here is the reason why one cannot "jump" in development, because education does not jump; education is a gradual process. Organization does not jump; it must evolve to fit changing circumstances, and the same goes for discipline. All three cannot be ordered or simply planned; they must evolve step by step, and the foremost task of policy must be to speed this evolution. And all three must become the property of the whole people, not merely of a small minority.

Education can be effectively tackled only if it is closely allied with work, and any economic activity, to be really helpful, must be designed to produce educational effects—so that the higher level of education attained can fertilize more economic activity—and must lead to a higher level of organization and discipline.

So we come back to aid. Aid is given to introduce certain new economic activities, but these activities will be viable only if they can be sustained by the already existing educational level of fairly broad groups of people, and they will be valuable only if they raise, spread, promote an advance in education, organization and discipline. There can be a process of stretching—never a process of jumping. If a new economic activity is introduced which is entirely out of reach of "the people," then it will have a negative demonstration effect. It will convince the broad masses of the people that they can do nothing, that they are out of it, that they are

helpless. Not unless Uncle Sam or John Bull or somebody else gives them something, like a *deus ex machina*, can they do anything at all. And they will stop doing, as they have stopped in very many places, that which they can perfectly do themselves. That is what I mean by a negative demonstration effect.

Equally with organization and discipline. If the new activity depends on a special organization and a special discipline which is not at all inherent in the society where the activity is introduced, then the activity will be neither viable nor valuable. It will remain as a foreign body that cannot be integrated.

So the task for development planners is first of all to understand that the problem of development is not primarily an economic problem. Economics is secondary. I should be the last, as a professional economist, to say that economists do not have their usefulness, but only as long as they know precisely what is the crux of the matter. The invisible factors are more basic than the visible ones. If any project does not fit educationally, then it will be an economic failure. And even if it appears to be successful, owing to certain highly artificial arrangements that can always be made, it will not promote healthy development but simply intensify the dual economy.

Poverty sets boundaries not only in economics but also in education, as in everything else, and the dearer the university places, the fewer they are. If the number of places is very small, the temptation to utilize education solely for one's personal advantage is very great and, from the point of view of the society as a whole, this kind of higher education may become a pure loss. When, therefore, we encounter attempts to democratize education in a poor country, I don't think it is fair to say that this amounts to a sacrifice of quality for quantity. No, it is an attempt to find the right quality of education—a quality that is relevant to the real problems of a poor society, a kind of education that respects the boundaries of poverty. Today, all populations are participants in the worldwide revolution of expectations, and everybody must somehow be given a chance to participate. This means that there must be education for everybody.

As I look around, it seems to me that of all the developing countries only two have quite clearly understood these truths. They are very different. One is China, and the other is Israel. And they know what to do about education. Fundamentally, they say to their students: "If society enables you to get an education, something so valuable and so much better than what most of your fellow-countrymen can get, then you have to give something in return." And so in one way or another there is some kind of a conscription of the educated. It is temporary conscription, but with some element of compulsion. In China between 1958 and 1964, productive labor became a regular activity in all educational institutions; part-farm, part-study colleges and secondary schools; part-factory, part-study institutions in towns. They say that it is only in this manner, when you marry education and work, that you achieve the necessary change in motivations and avoid producing an alienated educated class who will think of anything except looking after the people at large. Another approach is of great interest in this connection: the conscription of the educated through what is called "the peaceful use of military forces." And the very well-developed youth service has, I am informed, already founded or helped to develop something like two hun-

(Continued on page 8)



# ISHI—A Meditation

By THOMAS MERTON

Genocide is a new word. Perhaps the word is new because technology has now got into the game of destroying whole races at once. The destruction of races is not new—just easier. Nor is it a specialty of totalitarian regimes. We have forgotten that a century ago white America was engaged in the destruction of entire tribes and ethnic groups of Indians. The trauma of California gold. And the vigilantes who, in spite of every plea from Washington for restraint and understanding, repeatedly took matters into their own hands and went out slaughtering Indians. Indiscriminate destruction of the "good" along with the "bad"—just so long as they were Indians. Parties of ruffians from the mining camps and saloons suddenly constituted themselves defenders of civilization. They armed and went out to spill blood and gather scalps. They not only combed the woods and canyons—they even went into the barns and ranch houses, to find and destroy the Indian servants and hired people, in spite of the protests of the ranchers who employed them.

The Yana Indians (including the Yahi or Mill Creeks) lived around the foothills of Mount Lassen, east of the Sacramento River. Their country came within a few miles of Vina where the Trappist monastery in California stands today. These hill tribes were less easy to subdue than their valley neighbors. More courageous and more aloof, they tried to keep clear of the white man altogether. They were not necessarily more ferocious than other Indians, but because they kept to themselves and had a legendary reputation as "fighters," they were more feared. They were understood to be completely "savage." As they were driven further and further back into the hills, and as their traditional hunting grounds gradually narrowed and emptied of game, they had to raid the ranches in order to keep alive. White reprisals were to be expected, and they were ruthless. The Indians defended themselves by guerilla warfare. The whites decided that there could be no peaceful coexistence with such neighbors. The Yahi, or Mill Creek Indians, as they were called, were marked for complete destruction. Hence they were regarded as sub-human. Against them there were no restrictions and no rules. No treaties need be made, for no Indian could be trusted. What was the point of "negotiation"?

Ishi, the last survivor of the Mill Creek Indians, whose story was published by the University of California at Berkeley three years ago, (\*) was born during the war of extermination against his people. The fact that the last Mill Creeks were able to go into hiding and to survive for another fifty years in their woods and canyons is extraordinary enough. But the courage, the resourcefulness, and the sheer nobility of these few stone-age men struggling to preserve their life, their autonomy and their identity as a people rises to the level of tragic myth. Yet there is nothing mythical about it. The story is told with impeccable objectivity—though also with compassion—by the scholars who finally saved Ishi and learned from him his language, his culture, and his tribal history.

To read this story thoughtfully, to open one's heart to it, is to receive a most significant message: one that not only moves, but disturbs. You begin to feel the inner stirrings of that pity and dread which Aristotle said were the pur-

ifying effect of tragedy. "The history of Ishi and his people" says the author, Theodora Kroeber, "is inexorably part of our own history. We have absorbed their lands into our holdings. Just so must we be the responsible custodians of their tragedy, absorbing it into our tradition and morality." Unfortunately, we learned little or nothing about ourselves from the Indian wars!

"They have separated murder into two parts and fastened the worse on me"—words which William Carlos Williams put on the lips of a Viking exile, Eric the Red. Men are always separating murder into two parts: one which is unholy and unclean: for "the enemy." Another which is a sacred duty: "for our side." He who first makes the separation, in order that he may kill, proves his bad faith. So too in the Indian wars. Why do we always assume the Indian was the aggressor? We were in his country, we were taking it over for ourselves, and we likewise refused even to share any of it with him. We were the people of God, always in the right, following a manifest destiny. The Indian could only be a devil. But once we allow ourselves to see all sides of the question, the familiar perspectives of American history undergo a change. The "savages" suddenly become human and the "whites," the "civilized" can seem barbarians.

True, the Indians were often cruel and inhuman (some more than others). True, also, the humanity, the intelligence, the compassion and understanding which Ishi met with in his friends, the scholars, when he came to join our civilization, restore the balance in our favor. But we are left with a deep sense of guilt and shame. The record is there. The Mill Creek Indians, who were once seen as bloodthirsty devils, were peaceful, innocent and deeply wronged human beings. In their use of violence they were, so it seems, generally very fair. It is we who were the wanton murderers, and they who were the innocent victims. The loving kindness lavished on Ishi in the end did nothing to change that fact. His race had been barbarously, pointlessly destroyed.

The impact of the story is all the greater because the events are so deeply charged with a natural symbolism: the structure of these happenings is such that it leaves a haunting imprint on the mind. Out of that imprint come disturbing and potent reflections.

## Peace Treaty

Take for example the scene in 1870 when the Mill Creeks were down to their last twenty or thirty survivors. A group had been captured. A delegation from the tiny remnant of the tribe appeared at a ranch to negotiate. In a symbolic gesture, they handed over five bows (five being a sacred number) and stood, unarmed, waiting for an answer. The gesture was not properly understood, though it was evident that the Indians were trying to recover their captives and promising to abandon all hostilities. In effect, the message was: "Leave us alone, in peace, in our hills, and we will not bother you any more. We are few, you are many, why destroy us? We are no longer any menace to you." No formal answer was given. While the Indians were waiting for some kind of intelligible response, one of the whites slung a rope over the branch of a tree. The Indians quietly withdrew into the woods.

From then on, for the next twelve years, the Yahi disappeared into the hills without a trace. There were perhaps twenty of them left, one of whom was Ishi, together with his mother and sister. In order to preserve their identity as a tribe, they had decided that there was no alternative but to keep completely away from white men, and have nothing

He made the earth first and peopled it with dumb creatures, and then He created man to be His overseer on the earth and to hold suzerainty over the earth and the animals on it in His name, not to hold for himself and his descendants inviolable title forever, generation after generation, to the oblongs and squares of the earth, but to hold the earth mutual and intact in the communal anonymity of brotherhood, and all the fee He asked was pity and humility and sufferance and endurance and the sweat of his face for bread.

WILLIAM FAULKNER

whatever to do with them. Since co-existence was impossible, they would try to be as if they did not exist for the white man at all. To be there as if they were not there.

In fact, not a Yahi was seen. No campfire smoke rose over the trees. Not a trace of fire was found. No village was discovered. No track of an Indian was observed. The Yahi remnant (and that phrase takes on haunting biblical resonances) systematically learned to live as invisible and as unknown.

To anyone who has ever felt in himself the stirrings of a monastic or solitary vocation, the notion has a profound meaning. It has implications that are simply beyond speech. There is nothing one can say in the presence of such a happening and of its connotations for what our spiritual books so glibly call "the hidden life." The "hidden life" is surely not irrelevant to our modern



world: nor is it a life of spiritual comfort and tranquility which a chosen minority can happily enjoy, at the price of a funny costume and a few prayers. The "hidden life" is the extremely difficult life that is forced upon a remnant that has to stay completely out of sight in order to escape destruction.

This so called "long concealment" of the Mill Creek Indians is not romanticized by any means. The account is sober, objective, though it cannot help being an admiring tribute to the extraordinary courage and ingenuity of these lost stone-age people. Let the book speak for itself.

The long concealment failed in its objective to save a people's life but it would seem to have been brilliantly successful in its psychology and techniques of living...

Ishi's group was a master of the difficult art of communal and peaceful coexistence in the presence of alarm and in a tragic and deteriorating prospect...

It is a curious circumstance that some of the questions which arise about the concealment are those for which in a different context psychologists and neurologists are trying to find answers for the submarine and outer space services today. Some of these are: what makes for morale under confining and limiting life-conditions? What are the presumable limits of claustrophobic endurance? ... It seems that the Yahi might have qualified for outer space had they lasted into this century.

There is something challenging and awe-inspiring, about this thoughtful passage by a scientifically trained mind. And that phrase about "qualifying for outer space" has an eerie ring about it. Does someone pick up the half-heard suggestion that the man who wants to live a normal life span during the next two hundred years of our history must be the kind of person who is "qualified for outer space"? Let us return to Ishi! The following sentences are significant:

In contrast to the Forty-niners ... whose morality and morale had crumbled, Ishi and his band remained incorrupt, humane, compassionate, and with their faith intact even unto starvation, pain and death. The questions then are: what makes for stability? For psychic strength? For endurance, courage, faith?

The answers given by the author to these questions are mere suggestions. The Yahi were on their own home ground. This idea is not developed. The reader should reflect a little on the relation of the Indian to the land on which he lived. In this sense, most modern men never know what it means to have a "home ground." Then there is a casual reference to the "American Indian mystique," which could also be developed. William Faulkner's hunting stories, particularly "The Bear," give us some idea of what this "mystique" might involve. The word mystique has unfortunate connotations: it suggests an emotional king on an ideological cake. Actually the Indian lived by a deeply religious wisdom which can be called in a broad sense mystical, and that is certainly much more than "a mystique." The book does not go into religious questions very deeply, but it shows us Ishi as a man sustained by a deep and unassailable spiritual strength which he never discussed.

Later, when he was living "in civilization" and was something of a celebrity as well as an object of charitable concern, Ishi was questioned about religion by a well-meaning lady. Ishi's English was liable to be unpredictable, and the language of his reply was not without its own ironic depths of absurdity:

"Do you believe in God?" The lady inquired.

"Sure, Mike!" he retorted briskly.

There is something dreadfully eloquent about this innocent short-circuit in communication.

One other very important remark is made by the author. The Yahi found strength in the incontrovertible fact that they were in the right. "Of very great importance to their psychic health was the circumstance that their suffering and curtailments arose from wrongs done to them by others. They were not guilt ridden."

Contrast this with the spectacle of our own country with its incomparable technological power, its unequalled material strength, and its psychic turmoil, its moral confusion and its profound heritage of guilt which neither the righteous declarations of Cardinals nor the moral indifference of "realists"

can do anything to change! Every bomb we drop on a defenseless Asian village, every Asian child we disfigure or destroy with fire, only adds to the moral strength of those we wish to destroy for our own profit. It does not make the Viet Cong cause just; but by an accumulation of injustice done against innocent people we drive them into the arms of our enemies and make our own ideals look like the most pitiful sham.

## The Hidden Remnant

Gradually the last members of the Yahi tribe died out. The situation of the survivors became more and more desperate. They could not continue to keep up their perfect invisibility: they had to steal food. Finally the hidden camp where Ishi lived with his sister and sick mother was discovered by surveyors, who callously walked off with the few objects they found as souvenirs. The mother and sister died, and finally on August 29, 1911, Ishi surrendered to the white race, expecting to be destroyed.

Actually, the news of this "last wild Indian" reached the anthropology department at Berkeley and a professor quickly took charge of things. He came and got the "wild man" out of jail. Ishi spent the rest of his life in San Francisco, patiently teaching his hitherto completely unknown (and quite sophisticated) language to experts like Edward Sapir. Curiously enough, Ishi lived in an anthropological museum, where he earned his living as a kind of caretaker and also functioned, on occasion, as a live exhibit. He was well treated, and in fact the affection and charm of his relations with his white friends are not the least moving part of his story. He adapted to life in the city without too much trouble and returned once, with his friends, to live several months in his old territory, under his natural conditions, showing them how the Yahi had carried out the fantastic operation of their invisible survival. But he finally succumbed to one of the diseases of civilization. He died of tuberculosis in 1916, after four and a half years among white men.

For the reflective reader who is—as everyone must be today—deeply concerned about man and his fate, this is a moving and significant book, one of those unusually suggestive works that must be read, and perhaps more than once. It is a book to think deeply about and take notes on, not only because of its extraordinary factual interest but because of its special quality as a kind of parable.

One cannot help thinking today of the Vietnam war in terms of the Indian wars of a hundred years ago. Here again, one meets the same myths and misunderstandings, the same obsession with "completely wiping out" an enemy regarded as diabolical. The language of the Vigilantes had overtones of puritanism in it. The backwoods had to be "completely cleaned out," or "purified" of Indians—as if they were vermin. I have read accounts of American GI's taking the same attitude toward the Viet Cong. The jungles are thought to be "infested" with communists, and hence one goes after them as one would go after

(Continued on page 6)

## Two Lovers

(Paolo and Francesca)

When it is late  
we two lovers lie  
with grief in our arms

while night  
flees from a  
burden of sheets

to the sweeping  
wimples of birds  
against the dawn.

Harold Isbell

\* ISHI IN TWO WORLDS: a biography of the last wild Indian in North America, by Theodora Kroeber, University of California Press, 1964, \$1.95.



# "Creation Is For Man"

(Continued from page 5)

and human progress; it is also a sign of development and contribution to it. By persistent work and use of his intelligence, man gradually wrests nature's secrets from her and finds a better application for her riches. As his self-mastery increases, he develops a taste for research and discovery, an ability to take a calculated risk, boldness in enterprise, generosity in what he does and a sense of responsibility.

## Liberal Capitalism

But it is unfortunate that on these new conditions of society a system has been constructed which considers profit as the key motive for economic progress, competition as the supreme law of economics, and private ownership of the means of production as an absolute right that has no limits and carries no corresponding social obligation. This unchecked liberalism leads to dictatorship rightly denounced by Pius XI as producing "the international imperialism of money". One cannot condemn such abuses too strongly by solemnly recalling once again that the economy is at the service of man. But if it is true that a type of capitalism has been the source of excessive suffering, injustices and fratricidal conflicts whose effects still persist, it would also be wrong to attribute to industrialization itself evils that belong to the woe-filled system which accompanied it. On the contrary, one must recognize in all justice the irreplaceable contribution made by the organization of labor and of industry to what development has accomplished.

## Work

Similarly with work: While it can sometimes be given exaggerated significance, it is for all something willed and blessed by God. Man, created to His image, "must cooperate with his Creator in the perfecting of creation and communicate to the earth the spiritual imprint he himself has received." God, who has endowed man with intelligence, imagination and sensitivity, has also given him the means of completing his work in a certain way: whether he be artist or craftsman, engaged in management, industry or agriculture, everyone who works is a creator. Bent over a material that resists his efforts, a man by his work gives his imprint to it, acquiring, as he does so, perseverance, skill and a spirit of invention. Further, when work is done in common, when hope, hardship, ambition and joy are shared, it brings together and firmly unites the wills, minds and hearts of men: in its accomplishment, men find themselves to be brothers.

## Contrary Effects of Work

Work, of course, can have contrary effects, for it promises money, pleasure and power, invites some to selfishness, others to revolt; it also develops professional awareness, sense of duty and charity to one's neighbor. When it is more scientific and better organized, there is a risk of dehumanizing those who perform it, by making them its servants, for work is human only if it remains intelligent and free. John XXIII gave a reminder of the urgency of giving everyone who works his proper dignity by making him a true sharer in the work he does with others: "Every effort should be made that the enterprise become a community of persons in the dealings, activities and standing of all its members." Man's labor means much more still for the Christian: the mission of sharing in the creation of the supernatural world which remains incomplete until we all come to build up together that perfect man of whom St. Paul speaks, "who realizes the fullness of Christ."

**Urgency of the Task to Be Done.** We must make haste: Too many are suffering, and the distance is growing that separates the progress of some and the stagnation, not to say the regression, of others. Yet the work required should advance smoothly if there is not to

be the risk of losing indispensable equilibrium. A hasty agrarian reform can fail. Industrialization, if introduced suddenly, can displace structures still necessary, and produce hardships in society which would be a setback in terms of human values.

## Temptation to Violence

There are certainly situations whose injustice cries to heaven. When whole populations destitute of necessities live in a state of dependence barring them from all initiative and responsibility, and all opportunity to advance culturally and share in social and political life, recourse to violence, as a means to right these wrongs to human dignity, is a grave temptation.

## Revolution

We know, however, that a revolutionary uprising — save where there is manifest long-standing tyranny which would do great damage to fundamental personal rights and dangerous harm to the common good of the country — produces new injustices, throws more elements out of balance and brings on new disasters. Real evil should not be fought against at the cost of greater misery.

## Reform

We want to be clearly understood: The present situation must be faced with courage, and the injustices linked with it must be fought against and overcome. Development demands bold transformation, innovations that go deep. Urgent reforms should be undertaken without delay. It is for each one to take his share in them with generosity, particularly those whose education, position and opportunities afford them wide scope for action. May they show an example, and give of their own possessions as several of our brothers in the episcopacy have done. In so doing, they will live up to men's expectations and be faithful to the spirit of God, since it is "the ferment of the Gospel which has aroused and continues to arouse in man's heart the irresistible requirements of his dignity."

## Programs and Planning

Individual initiative alone and the mere free play of competi-

tion could never assure successful development. One must avoid the risk of increasing still more wealth of the rich and the dominion of the strong, while leaving the poor in their misery and adding to the servitude of the oppressed. Hence programs are necessary in order "to encourage, stimulate, coordinate, supplement and integrate" the activity of individuals and of intermediary bodies. It pertains to the public authorities to choose, even to lay down, the objectives to be pursued, the ends to be achieved, and the means for attaining these, and it is for them to stimulate all the forces engaged in his common activity. But let them take care to associate private initiative and intermediary bodies with this work. They will thus avoid the danger of complete collectivization or of arbitrary planning, which, by denying liberty, would prevent the exercise of the fundamental rights of the human person.

## At Man's Service

This is true since every program, made to increase production, has, in the last analysis, no other raison d'être than the service of man. Such programs should reduce inequities, fight discriminations, free men from various types of servitude and enable him to be the instrument of his own material betterment, of his moral progress and of his spiritual growth. To speak of development is, in effect, to show as much concern for social progress as for economic growth. It is not sufficient to increase over-all wealth for it to be distributed equitably. It is not sufficient to promote technology to render the world a more human place in which to live. The mistakes of their predecessors should warn those on the road to development of the dangers to be avoided in this field. Tomorrow's technocracy can beget evils no less redoubtable than those due to the liberalism of yesterday. Economics and technology have no meaning except from man whom they should serve. And man is only truly man in as far as, master of his own acts and judge of their worth, he is author of his own advancement, in keeping with the nature which was given to him by his Creator and whose possibilities and exigencies he himself freely assumes.

free "shelters" than any other variety of Christianity? Shelters for our Sunday masses; shelters for those who service Sunday masses. Few shelters for the unpaying poor. All that real estate, wealth, and property—preserve it at all costs! for \$250.00, a square foot of wall space in the Shrine's lower church can be purchased to shelter one's memory, acquire "spiritual benefits," perhaps insure one's salvation, for at every mass in the Shrine its benefactors are remembered. Vanity Hall, as it is called, that part of the lower church where all the walls and pillars are plastered with such names, and the only spot where the benches are cushioned (all the better to meditate) was the scene of a furred woman on her knees, Kodak in hand, trying to zero-in on a square foot of purchased salvation, unfortunately too close to the floor for comfort; and the following, "But as you say," said a wife to her husband as they stood, staring at a blank spot on the otherwise name-filled wall, "it's not that high and the lighting is good."

Security and status, then, are purchased at the cost of neglect—spiritual neglect. From the pulpit, the priest intones to the never-to-meet-again congregation, "Gathered together in this community..." and the words are lost in the vast, dull spaces above the tourists' heads. The daily masses we attended in the crypt church ("Lights dimmed as in the catacombs," said the tour guides), though in English for the most part, would still qualify as prime examples of what sociologists term "alienation"; and the Easter midnight service, celebrated by the Shrine's clergy and choir, to the accompaniment of our military vicar's domed organ, sounding to all the world like a battle-field rout, was so bereft of beauty that one's immediate response was one of pity.

The spiritual poverty of the Shrine, and by analogy of American Catholicism, is apparent in all its Tetzel-like activities; the guided (by bored boys) tours, the Shrine Store (Baby's First Rosary, Blessed Mother Coloring Book, Shrine Chocolate Bars), the Cafeteria (in the middle of which stands an aluminum counter for trays, condiments, etc.; and on top of that, assorted statues for sale); vigil candles—small 10c, large \$1—in every nook and cranny of the church (a small nun knelt to empty the coin boxes every day, and the candles were removed and stashed away, still lit, in boxes while new ones were put in their place); slides of the Shrine (the totalitarian, all-American Christ behind the main altar, a favorite) and/or JFK's funeral; a miniature glass-encased Vatican City, complete with buttons which, when pressed, lit up St. Peter's or the stables; a replica of Lourdes chapel, obviously designed (as Vatican City encased) for vicarious pilgrimages; or, how - to - keep-all-that-money-spent-on-foreign-shrines-at-home.

The works of mercy are not. Though surrounded and hemmed in on all sides by the squalor of Washington's Negro population, no soup-line is to be found in those marbled halls, nor a clothes-room for the naked. No beggars or cripples asked for hand-outs. No hand-outs; only collections. No gifts; only purchases.

## The Poor

It is not enough to say, with Bishop Blomjouw of Jerusalem, in commenting on Pope Paul's recent encyclical, that "Christians by and large are not living in poverty, and the church itself, as an institution, not only does not give the impression of being poor but also it gives the impression, in many instances, of not being on the side of the poor." (N. Y. Times, March 30, 1967). Impressions aside, the church is obviously not poor, and Catholics in this country, so nationalistic by training, so isolated and security-conscious by desire, scorn the poor, who are regarded, along with the "kooks" of foreign lands, as a threat to their well-being. A soon-to-be doctor of philosophy at C. U., and alumnus of the same undergraduate school I attended,

could not see a distinction between combatants and non-combatants, thought certain peoples should be obliterated, felt it unfortunate that the Negro is regarded as a criminal, and regretted his scanty knowledge of Viet Nam: he was kept too busy at the university.

To the degree that Catholics in America disregard the poor—and the multi-million dollar Shrine in which they so assiduously invest is an apt criterion—to that degree, one might say they are not Christian, but nationalistic and materialistic.

The lack of any real community, the lack of any meaningful liturgy, the presence of the State as idol (Holy Mother the State, as Dorothy Day says), the possession of property as salvation—all reveal the spiritual poverty of their lives, encased though it be in material comfort and dependent upon national security. A wasteland.

Thus, the ennui. After a week of the Shrine, we yearned for the Worker. After the predictable apathy and indifference toward the war, we yearned for the company of the concerned and the anguished. After the salesmen, the tourists, the businessmen-clergy, we yearned for the people at Chrystie Street and the all too human faces of the men on the line. After so much money changing hands for chimeras we yearned for the sacrament of soup, bread, and tea; for a place where the poor must forgive us for waiting on them. After the marble, gold, and ivory, we yearned for the dingy walls, chipped paint, worn rooms in which we live, work, and somehow breathe a fresher, purer air. Finally, after two weeks in that tomb, we yearned for the waters of our Jordan: the relentless poverty and need of the Bowery. It chills the body but not the soul.

# ISHI

(Continued from page 5)

ants in the kitchen back home. And in this process of "cleaning up" (the language of "cleansing" appeases and pacifies the conscience) one becomes without realizing it a murderer of women and children. But this is an unfortunate accident, what the moralists call "double effect." Something that is just too bad, but which must be accepted in view of something more important that has to be done. And so there is more and more killing of civilians and less and less of the "something more important" which is what we are trying to achieve. In the end, it is the civilians that are killed in the ordinary course of events, and combatants only get killed by accident. No one worries any more about double effect. War is waged against the innocent to "break enemy morale."

What is most significant is that Vietnam seems to have become an extension of our old western frontier, that enables us to continue the cowboys-and-Indians game which seems to be part and parcel of our national identity. What a pity that so many innocent people have to pay with their lives for our obsessive fantasies!

One last thing: Ishi never told anyone his real name. The California Indians apparently never uttered their own names, and were very careful about how they spoke the names of others. Ishi would never refer to the dead by name either. "He never revealed his own private Yahi name," says the author. "It was as though it had been consumed in the funeral pyre of the last of his loved ones."

In the end, no one ever found out a single name of the vanished community. Not even Ishi's. For Ishi means simply man.

**Ed. note:** Thomas Merton's most recent book is *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander* (Doubleday), which includes excerpts from a journal he has been keeping for a number of years. His study of *Mystics and Zen Masters* will appear shortly.



# The Fast and the Waters

(Continued from page 1)

who mill and swarm around and in it.

The Nation's Shrine. — for I'm sure American Catholics in general look upon it that way ever since they were taught in parochial school to worship the cross and reverse the flag—occupied much of our thought; an unavoidable occurrence, for nowhere, within or without it, is free from distractions of the grossest variety. From a distance the Shrine is absurd: The blue and gold dome and the blue and gold tip of the steeple are at first amusing; one reserves judgment, hesitates as if one were to laugh at a bad joke. Upon approaching, the apt word comes screeching forth; it is grotesque. The Irish Stew of the architectural world: so many conflicting, discordant, unattractive elements from every age and period. Truly, a Vision of Error.

Those Catholics who see in this

Shrine some connection with Christianity are as far removed from reality as the inhabitants of Plato's cave. Though the shadows here are certainly palpable, they are nonetheless unreal and unchristian; and, if the truth be known, dangerous and deceptive. It became increasingly clear to us that the Shrine was at once the epitome and symbol of American Catholicism. Its weaknesses, vices, and misconceptions are ours. By understanding them, we better understand why Catholics, as a whole, have supported every war this country has ever had and continue to do so. (Andrew Jackson, who once had a mass said for the success of a battle in his little war, is enshrined in stained glass in the main church). We can understand why the Shrine, though it shelters a body, chills the soul.

Have not we American Catholics succeeded in putting up more tax-



# CAN WE SERVE BOTH LOVE AND WAR?

(Continued from page 1)

many Christians and Americans, have a "problem." How can we serve love and war? The fact is that we can't.

People have, I would say, two problems when they try to serve love. The first is to know themselves; the second is to know what they must be. As to the first, we are, in effect, a violent people and none of the mythological pabulum fed us at Mother's knee, in the classroom or at Fourth of July celebrations can refute the charge. The evidence is too crushing, whether it be Hiroshima, or nuclear equivalents of seven tons of TNT for every person on this planet, or scorched earth in the Iron Triangle, or Green Berets in Guatemala, or subhuman housing in the ghettos of America. A substantial share of our trouble comes from what we own, and how we regard what we own. President Johnson told our troops: "They [the rest of the world] want what we have and we're not going to give it to them!" To prevent them, one thing needs to be done: "Bring home the coonskin and hang it on the wall."

On December 29, 1966, Secretary Rusk talked about the prospects for a Gross National Product of eight hundred billion dollars in 1967, the implication being that possession of such wealth destined America to be the international arbiter of justice. What Johnson and Rusk are talking about is this: we control about fifty-two per cent of the world's productive wealth. In 1965, General Motor's sales of twenty-one billion dollars exceeded the Gross National Product of all but nine other nations. In 1966, it may have been all but seven, but in any case, one-sixteenth of the world's population controls half of its wealth. That is why, I suppose, Reinhold Niebuhr recently said that we are in Vietnam to protect a policy of economic imperialism. He was saying nothing startling or new. President Eisenhower said it in 1953:

"Now let us assume that we lost Indo-China. . . . The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming. . . . So when the U.S. votes 400 million dollars to help that war, we are not voting a give-away program. We are voting for the cheapest way that we can to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of a most terrible significance to the United States of America, our security, our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of Indo-Chinese territory and from Southeast Asia."

And Henry Cabot Lodge said it in 1965:

"Geographically, Vietnam stands at the hub of a vast area of the world—Southeast Asia—an area with the population of 249 million persons. . . . He who holds or has influence in Vietnam can affect the future of the Philippines and Formosa to the east, Thailand and Burma with their huge rice surpluses to the west, and Malaysia and Indonesia with their rubber, ore and tin to the South. . . . Vietnam does not exist in a geographical vacuum—from it large storehouses of wealth and population can be influenced and undermined."

## Economics of War

Ideologically, we are in Vietnam because of China; economically, we are there because of wealth. Ideology has been tailored to fit economic aggrandizement. Scripture tells us that one must choose God or riches. This nation has overwhelmingly made its choices, and it is riches. Our shrinking world being what it is, we are now in the process of assuring the same status quo abroad as at home, and that means keeping the "haves" on top and the "have nots" on the bottom. Foreign policy is increasingly becoming indistinguishable from domestic policy.

The curtain is no longer iron or bamboo or cotton, it is mostly dollar and to a lesser extent ruble, franc and pound. Abroad, the "have nots" are two billion people, most of them brown, yellow or black; at home, we have thirty-four million poor people, fourteen million of whom are black. The arguments that we are in South Vietnam to insure the freedom of that people, that we are bombing the North to make a rising "quotient of pain" the price of aggression in the South, that behind the National Liberation Front stands Hanoi and behind Hanoi Peking represent a degree of hypocrisy unmatched in history. They are pure Cold War rhetoric. The only present freedom we're fighting for is our own, and that is of questionable value, since ultimately it means the right to stay on top of the anthill and fight off those crawling up the slopes.

When a people arbitrarily decide that this planet and its riches are to be divided unequally among equals, and that the only criterion for the division is the amount of naked power at its disposal, diplomacy tends to be essentially military, truth tends to be fiction, and the world tends to become a zoo without benefit of cages. And war tends to be the ultimately rationality, because reason has been bankrupted of human alternatives.

This tells us something about what we are economically and politically, if not personally. And yet the personal integrity of each one of us is indissolubly linked with our social integrity; in truth, the two cannot be separated. This means that it is useless to oppose the violence in Vietnam while refusing to face personal violence in its every manifestation: bias, arrogance, insensitivity, dislikes, indiscriminate sensuality, trivial values.

By the same token, it is useless to condemn such a war while neglecting to hold one's representatives in Congress to a reasonable position, or while gaining one's livelihood from war industry. What I'm trying to say is this: our lives, to be agencies of peace, must stand the scrutiny of both God and man, and by man I mean not our peers, but the billions of people suffering from war, tyranny, starvation, disease and the burden of color prejudice. In our better moments we may pity them, but sentiment has yet to stop bombing or feed starving children. They will hold us to our acts, and if these acts will not bear human analysis, we will be judged and condemned and withstood in the same coin.

If disengagement from the violent aspects of the "system" is one side of peacemaking, service of truth and human rights is the other. As Pope John used to say, "love ought to be the motive, but justice the object." This is a very large order, demanding people who know humanity by principle and by experience, who are as pained by the plight of starving millions in India as by the sufferings of our own poor, by Chase Manhattan Bank investments in South Africa as by the ruthlessness of Detroit car manufacturers, by napalmed Vietnamese children as by rathbitten Harlem kids. For as they see it, people are one before they are many, they are man before men, not objects to be manipulated, exploited, cursed or killed. As for themselves, they know what it is to be a minority but are not disconcerted by it, for, with Thoreau, they know that being right is being a majority of one. They are confident too, in their faith, knowing that God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and that the focal point of divine action is always a tiny remnant of the faithful. They know finally that politicians will not have the

final say, nor will technologists, or Joint Chiefs of Staff, or war industrialists, or churchmen who bless war with the Gospel. They are the people who when asked, "Do you believe in the revolution of Jesus Christ?" will be able to answer "Yes, whether their faith springs from the Jewish prophets, or the Gospel, or Mohammed, or contemporary humanism. When they are told, "That's your problem," they will answer heartily, "You're right, it is." And they will then go out and do something about it.

**Ed. note:** This is the substance of a talk given by Father Berrigan at a meeting on the Vietnam war held in Newburgh, New York on January 27th. Father Berrigan is a Jesuit priest stationed in Baltimore and the author of *No More Strangers* (Macmillan). He is presently working on a second book, to be published this year.



## A Farm With A View

(Continued from Page 3)

an important contribution: Hans Tunniesen, John Filliger, Mike Sullivan, Alice Lawrence, Luigi, Jim Canavan, Marge Hughes, Helene Iswolsky, Kay Lynch, Flacid Decker, Arthur Lacey, Stanley Vishnewski, Marty and Rita Corbin. There are so many phases of the work that many different talents are needed. I knew that John and Hans and Alice would all need more help during the summer months, and I prayed that such help would come.

Finally, I thanked God for all the friends, readers, and benefactors of the *Catholic Worker*, for all those who by their prayers, contributions, and many kinds of help, make possible everything we do. And for myself, I made a special thanksgiving for those good friends—Caroline and Cary—who had made my visit so satisfying and memorable, with laughter and lively conversation before an open fire, with delicious food cooked with love and an artist's touch, with a much needed change of scene and new experience of persons and places, and finally, this Easter day, a wonderful drive to the sea.

Now in a garden in New Jersey, on the afternoon of Easter Tuesday, I hear a mourning dove—*coo ah coo coo coo*—warning of rain. After morning clouds, the sun has come out; but there is the taste of rain in the air. It is mild. I hear the voices of children at play. Small birds twitter. The crocuses are gay. The willow wands at the foot of the garden are gold. Even the cats Xenophon and Melusine, sense the Springtime. Cynthia Gooding is coming for dinner, and will play her guitar and sing for us. We move toward April. Surely down deep in the earth the roots, those true radicals, are preparing the revolution, are stirring "new life into dried tubers" and sending the sap flowing upward to swell the buds until—even in April—they unfold into blossoms, beautiful with the fragrant promise of Autumn's fruitfulness. *Deo gratias.*

# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from Page 2)

draft card which he has refused to do.

The young people opposing the war in Vietnam today scarcely know the history of all the Catholic Workers in past wars, some of whom served in the armed forces and some who served prison sentences, and worked in conscientious objectors camps, and they are so busy living with their own immediate problems that they do not even have time to go over back issues of the CW to see what happened in other Houses and on other CW farms a generation before. There are not enough historians among us. If each one who ran a house or started a farm all over this vast country, in the name of the Catholic Worker, could write even a few pages for the record, what a book it would be! Farms near Rutland and Cuttingsville, Vermont. Houses of hospitality in Burlington and Rutland, Boston and Worcester. Farms in the state of Washington, and houses of hospitality in Seattle and Portland; houses of hospitality in Houma, Louisiana, and Memphis, Tennessee. But the records are written on the hearts of those who partook of the work. They knew Christ in the breaking of bread with the hungry from coast to coast.

## Winter Visitors

It would be hard to list all the people who have been visiting us these past two months. Through hail, ice, snow and stormy winds, visitors came, some to stay the night, some for the day. Thanks to Father Jude Mill, who teaches in the Franciscan Seminary at Wappingers Falls, we had services Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday, and he brought with him four or five men and several families, members of the Third Order or of the Christian Family Movement. The beauty of those nights, the singing, the wholehearted participation of all during this holy season strengthened the heart. Two theology students, one with a guitar, drove up from Washington to visit Emmaus House in New York and came to spend twenty-four hours with us. Their singing delighted the little flock of children who sat around them in the big living room and sang with them most heartily. Two of the songs we will never forget, one called "First Comes the Dying," and the other "The Lord of the Dance." Before they left they sang them to Agnes, sitting by her bed, and she loved this serenade. The refrain of "First Comes the Dying" is

First comes the searching, the longing, the toiling,  
First comes the sadness, the sorrow, the bruising,  
Only fools would challenge the beauty of this mystery,  
Only fools would fail to see the meaning of this history.  
First comes the dying, then comes the rising.

If there are records of The Lord of the Dance we'd be glad to know about them. The first verse is:  
I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
I danced on the moon and the stars and the sun,  
I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth.

At Bethlehem, I had my birth.  
This is the March-April issue and we do not go to press until April 5, which means that our readers won't get their copies until the middle of the month. But we beg them to be patient with us.

## Economics And Peace

Besides, we feel that most of the articles in the *Catholic Worker* are timeless. The Pope's great new Encyclical, an excerpt from which we publish this month will repay a great deal of study, and with it in this issue is printed the article "Economic Development and Poverty" by E. F. Schumacher, a British economist, having to do with the problems of economic aid to the poor of the world. In speaking

on the works of mercy as direct action, I have often quoted Father Jimmy Tompkins, who said that all work should be considered in the light of the Lord's command to practice the works of mercy, as expressed in the 25th chapter of St. Matthew. Engineers, home-builders, agronomists, chemists, oceanographers—all have to do with feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless, in a long-range plan which involves the community, the municipality, the state and the nation. It is the individuals who think in terms of pilot projects, and who voice the overall problem of man's need to find meaningful work, creative work for the common good.

The great problems of the day are not just Vietnam and the rest of Asia but Africa and Latin America too. The recent brave criticisms made by Monsignor Ivan Illich of the aid offered Latin America need to be most seriously considered. We need, too, to remember the earlier words of Pope Paul:

There is no need . . . to stress the tragic inadequacy, both short and long term, of all programs of aid to less developed countries, whether by international agencies, national governments or religious organizations . . . What then should be done . . . to prevent men from dying of hunger, to fill the chasm between the possessor peoples and nations in misery? . . . Experts will reply that nothing less will do than to change the worldwide economic and financial system, to seek out new sources of subsistence in a world still awaiting the plough . . . to uncover new methods capable of multiplying productivity, to transform the mechanism of international trade—all this and still other things which are not within our competence but whose necessity we are anxious to stress, while congratulating all those working upon them efficaciously and unselfishly.

This illustrates again what we mean by expanding the works of mercy in these ways. Students should consider these words when preparing for their life work, striving to become competent in these fields, exploring every possibility and opportunity to work along these lines. Priests and laymen and laywomen working together among the "republics" we mentioned in Colombia, among the tin miners in Bolivia, the fishermen of Recife, Brazil.

When Dom Helder Camara of Recife came on the briefest of speaking trips to this country a few weeks ago, he ran into Monsignor Illich at a Methodist Church meeting in Greenwich Village. It was just a meeting in passing, I understand, and all I can report of it is that Dom Helder shook his finger at Monsignor Illich and smiling, called out to him, "Ivan the Terrible!"

But Ivan the Terrible is thinking, it seems to me, as the Pope is thinking, and we hope he reads such articles as Prof. Schumacher's and we hope that he subscribes to the *Bulletin of the Intermediate Technology Development Group, Ltd.* (9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, WC2.) And we hope too that he read the article by Bob Swann, — "The Economics of Peace," in our January issue, so that he will find himself on the side of non-violence, where men of God are supposed to be, and which will may well mean martyrdom.

## The Fast

Jack Cook's article in this issue of the CW has somewhat the flavor of Monsignor Illich's criticism of charity in Latin America which appeared some months back. At first I was shocked and disturbed by it. I could not help but think of December eighth in 1932 when I went to Mass in the crypt of that same shrine he is writing about, after spending days with the

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## Economic Development

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dred new agricultural communities and given them the necessary impetus for growth. I believe that all these things deserve the closest attention both from the donor countries and from the receiving countries.

And what do the educated have to do? They teach the simple things, literacy, hygiene, and some improvements in either collective or co-operative farming. People might ask, what have literacy and hygiene to do with development? It is interesting to recall that when Gandhi was once asked what to do to fight the misery of rural India he said: "Promote literacy and hygiene." He did not give the answer of an economist but, even economically speaking, his was unquestionably the correct answer. Because it is only with literacy and hygiene that the three basic preconditions of development—education, organization and discipline—can be realized. They can be realized only on a basis of self-respect.

I think the principles that we should never forget when dealing with development are these—

**If you want to go places, start from where you are.**

**If you are poor, start with something cheap.**

**If you are uneducated, start with something relatively simple.**

**If you live in a poor environment, and poverty makes markets small, start with something small.**

**If you are unemployed, start using your labor power; because any productive use of it is better than letting it lie idle.**

In other words, we must learn to recognize the boundaries of poverty. A project that does not fit, educationally and organizationally, into the environment, will be an economic failure or a cause of disruption.

Therefore, if we really want to help the helpless help themselves in education, health, agriculture, industry and so on, then in all these fields we need, I suggest, an approach which I have termed the method of "intermediate technology." This does not include, as I have said before, certain highly-developed sectors which are irrevocably committed to the most modern methods and can afford them. All the others need an "intermediate technology," something more effective and more viable than the indigenous, traditional technology and at the same time far cheaper and simpler than the modern. This intermediate technology must be cheap enough to create enough work places for all—in populous countries like India; millions of work places—and must be simple enough to educate the people. As I said before, education en masse can only be done through work—an education not just for a few people, who then will become alienated, but for the whole people.

### Optimum Aid

I would also say that we should give the very best we have got. And what is the best we have got? It is not our ironmongery and hardware. The best we have got and can give as aid are matters of the mind; it is the knowledge that the West has gained through its scientific development. That knowledge has found one particular application in our present-day technology; it could find quite a different application in a different technology. Our technology has been designed to suit our condition, being rich in capital and poor in labor. But the same knowledge must now be applied to suit other conditions, the conditions of societies which are rich in labor and poor in capital. If that were done, a very different technology would result; a technology that recognized and respected the boundaries of poverty and really helped the poor.

I would recommend to anyone

in industrial life to look at his equipment and ask himself how much of it is really the tool element and how much of it is labor-saving devices. Generally, the proportion is one to ten. One element is the tool. Well, if you want to do something with any precision and perfection, then you need a highly developed tool; but you do not need all the labor-saving accretions, which constitute probably ninety per cent of the whole cost of the machine. The approach of Intermediate Technology becomes clear-sighted on these matters and says: "They do not need to save labor because they have got the labor—one of their biggest problems is unemployment. So, for goodness sake, no costly labor-saving devices, but, for goodness sake, no inferior tools either. Let us reduce the capital intensity but maintain the quality of the tool and create more jobs; let us make our technology appropriate to the country that is to use it."

I would like to mention three roads to this intermediate technology, all of which are already being used. The first road is somehow to scale down our technology so that it becomes appropriate to poor countries, keeping the tool element and dropping all expensive labor-saving accretions. That is the first road—starting from where we are and making our machinery appropriate for the poor. Another road is to start from the traditional methods of production and to upgrade them—probably the sounder road, but it depends on which product we are talking about. The third road is to recognize the problem as new and to commission new design studies. Normally, the design studies commissioned in the West aim at a reduction of the labor requirement. The studies I have in mind would have different terms of reference, such as: "This is the raw material—this is the final product. Design a process for a capital-poor country where labor is relatively cheap and plentiful."

An organization has now been set up in London to put these ideas into practice. It is called the "Intermediate Technology Development Group." It is a private, voluntary organization and depends of course on attracting financial support. But it is unlikely to require large funds, the kind of money on which other types of aid depend. The approach of Intermediate Technology is "organic" and "non-violent," and we all know that everything truly "organic" and "non-violent" is relatively very cheap indeed.

Requests for help are coming in from all over the world. Here is a typical case: "Some 20 years ago there existed a bit of equipment which one could purchase for £20 to do a particular job. Now it costs £2,000 and is fully automated and we cannot afford to buy it. Can you help us?" These are the requirements of the poor people for whom nobody really cares. The powerful people, who are no longer poor, are more interested in nuclear reactors, huge dams, steel works, and so on.

I think the time is right for new thinking on aid and development, and this new thinking will be different from old, because it will take poverty seriously. It will make a real effort of the imagination. It will not go along mechanically saying: "This is good for the rich; it must also be good for the poor." It will make a conscious effort to develop a real feel and understanding for the realities of a poor society. It will care for people—from a severely practical point of view. Why care for people? Because people are all that matters, and they are also the only ultimate source of any wealth whatsoever. If they are pushed out of the way by self-appointed experts and high-handed planners, then nothing can ever yield real fruit.

**THE POORHOUSE STATE: THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ON PUBLIC ASSISTANCE.** by Richard M. Elman, Pantheon Books, \$5.95. Reviewed by MARJORIE C. HUGHES.

The first thing necessary for a theory of revolution, Peter Maurin used to say, is an awareness of chaos. Mr. Elman has an acute awareness of the chaos of our affluent society in which the value of a man is determined not by his humanity, much less by his dignity as a son of God, but by his worth or lack of it as producer and consumer, socially useful or socially superfluous, the criteria being only economic.

Within our Welfare State, from which the majority of citizens claim benefits and subsidies and social services, there exists the Poorhouse State, which has not citizens but clients, who do not claim benefits but apply, humbly, for assistance.

There are eight million Americans presently living in the Poorhouse State and, in the words of the author, "whether they live in the Borough of Manhattan or in an agricultural village in Kansas, they may have to face suspicion, enforcement, and victimization; in return for the minimum subsidies they can expect to receive for food, rent, clothing, and personal care, these eight million dependents are regularly policed, punished, and rehabilitated, often with a complete disregard for their constitutionally guaranteed rights, which, in some cases, they are expected to forfeit in advance as conditions of assistance. Threats of ultimate institutionalization are made, and they are forced to live under constant suspicion of fraud. Applying for assistance, they are often greeted by an armed policeman. They also become acquainted with more subtle symbols of coercion throughout their dependencies. They are a target population in the War on Poverty, which as often as not seems to view them as the enemy."

Mr. Elman is not engaged in making a theory of revolution, but in describing our treatment of the poor he has written an indictment of the status quo to make the head and the heart ache, to trouble conscience and sleep. Mr. Elman is a scholar and an artist who writes with restraint, detachment and a solidly decent respect for his neighbor, and it is this unusual combination of gifts which makes *The Poorhouse State* such a very good book.

The scholar examines the structure of our American welfare system, records the philosophies and events which produced it, shows its relationship to the rest of our social-economic-political system, discusses its theory, its methodology, its statistical findings, its problems and its solutions, its uses and abuses. He tells us how it is supposed to work and how in fact it does work; all thoroughly and scrupulously researched, documented and lucidly presented.

At the same time the artist, in a series of haunting sketches, is making us feel what it is to live in the Poorhouse State under the wheels of the welfare juggernaut. Mr. Elman has an understanding heart; he perceives and rejoices

Ed. note: E. F. Schumacher is director of statistics for the National Coal Board (London). He has studied at Bonn, Oxford and Columbia and worked in business, farming and journalism and as an economic adviser to the governments of India and Burma. This article first appeared in the *Bulletin of the Intermediate Technology Development Group* (9 King Street, Covent Garden, London WC 2, England) and was reprinted in the February 15th issue of *Manas* (P.O. Box 32112, El Sereno Station, Los Angeles, California 90032).

## BOOK REVIEW

in the unique flavor of each person he describes. Indeed his artistry is such, the hell he describes so vivid and particular, that I fear his middleclass readers, though they weep, will never be able to imagine themselves in such circumstances, any more than they can imagine napalm falling on their own children; the result might be a certain angry disbelief.

And yet, what he writes of so movingly is sober fact. Napalm is burning children every day. The poor in America are insulted and injured, brutalized and depersonalized every day. The pictures of the poor in this book are authentic, unexaggerated, appalling, as we well know in the Catholic Worker, where we have met every one of them; the woman who screamed and screamed and threatened to kill her children; the teen-age boy eager to enlist in the Marines ("Not everybody dies, you know...") and his mother less afraid of his dying in Vietnam than of "trouble" in the slum, eviction from the project, suspension of the check. We know so many kinds of poor people; flamboyant poor and quietly desperate poor, the hopeful and the despondent, serene or troubled, fat or thin, wise or foolish, saints or sinners—just like everybody else in fact, but lacking money and therefore the power to conceal their condition or change it.

And what is to be done? In his last chapter, Mr. Elman discusses guaranteed annual income, negative income tax and similar schemes currently proposed (along with more police, police dogs and tear gas) as substitutes or supplements to the present welfare system, which seems at the point of collapse. These are attempts to put some money into the pockets of all those below a certain income level without regard to whys and wherefores (which is sensible) but he realistically foresees that the amount offered is unlikely to be more than enough to maintain the poor at their present inadequate level, while lack of jobs, lack of opportunity, the dependency and powerlessness of the poor will remain, and the class gap between the dependent poor and the achievers may even be increased by this approach.

"So now the present state of the poor has convinced some of us that they need a guaranteed annual income because their present dependency is cruel and anachronistic; but are we to assume that dependency is an anachronism? Even as we try to overcome the historic injustices for a minority and to remove the yoke of their unwanted dependency, we must seek out ways to vest dependency with decency, to provide assistance without humiliation. The present generations of the poor may be of little help in this endeavor because they have been so victimized by doctrines of individual achievement that they find all dependency hateful and ignominious. Their immediate need is for sufficient stable sources of income to right their economic statuses so they can begin to aspire to liberty and justice; but if we are not to have new inequalities and indignities perpetrated, we of the rising middle classes must somehow dispel our myth that we are not dependent and do not wish to become dependent. We must try to create even more agencies of dependency, and we must make it possible for all to make use of them with equality, without being exploited and used by them. But this will happen only if public services are so excellent that it will not be a mark against a man to use them, and that will not happen so long as poverty is relieved through scarcity and tax cuts produce abundance." (Emphasis added.)

"The world is given to all and not only to the rich," says the Holy Father in his latest encyclical, quoting St. Ambrose. "You are not making a gift of your possessions to a poor person. You are

handing over to him what is his. For what has been given in common for the use of all, you have arrogated to yourself. The world is given to all and not only to the rich." Does anyone seriously think that the rich will hear him?

My daughter spent a few months working among the poor of rural Spain. In that medieval land the poverty is frightful. "But," said my daughter, "they are not ashamed. They suffer terribly, but not shame for poverty." Our American poor suffer terribly and are ashamed besides.

"People in need," Peter Maurin taught us, "are ambassadors of God." And in our houses of hospitality we have had problems with which we could not cope, persons turned away; we have had, and have, injustices, inequalities, fights and failures, but we are not ashamed to be in need; we are all poor together. We depend on each other. Do you think the Catholic parishioners of America might hear the Holy Father and open in each parish a house of hospitality, handing over to the poor man some of that which is his, and do you think Catholic pastors in America will hear the Holy Father and teach the people of God that people in need are ambassadors of God and need not be ashamed?

This is a simple, even simplistic solution to a complex problem, but it is capable of emptying the Poorhouse State and liberating the energies of its people to attack the complexities.

If we do not hear the Holy Father, who will? Governments? The rich and powerful are busy making war. Secretary McNamara says that he cares for men's souls as much as their bodies. So the government expends our lives and treasure seeing to it that men in Asia and Latin America are rather dead than red. This singular cure of souls takes precedence over the humble bodily needs of the poor.

Oh, the unspeakable groans of the ancient lowly! One day God will wipe away their tears. But what will he say to the rest of us?

## On Pilgrimage

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Hunger Marchers in Washington, and prayed with all my strength for some way to open up to work for the dispossessed of this world. That petition of mine was answered immediately. I returned to New York to find Peter Maurin sitting in my kitchen with his program and his teaching, which we have tried to follow all these years. It was a single visit I made to the shrine—a single Mass I participated in. There was all the pomp of the great feast. But the cumulative effect of all those Holy Week pilgrims that Jack and Bob and Dan saw day after day, who were making their own single pilgrimage to the shrine, was too much for them. Those young men fasting on the steps of the shrine, were not judging the individual pilgrims but the scene as a whole. The picture of American Catholicism as it appears in the eyes of the world—the picture of comfortable, materialistic Catholicism, of which we are all very much a part. We have come from this bourgeois background ourselves, we have partaken of its comforts. But our eyes have been opened to see more clearly the words of the Gospel, and the words of the Pope today. We must pray that those same visitors may make the prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" God takes us at our word, and will answer each one, will call each one to his vocation, which may not be our own particular kind of works of mercy.