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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

One of the outstanding things about the Catholic Worker I always feel is that everyone around the place is seeking love, is seeking God, whether they are articulating about it or not. Fr. de Lubac says you cannot go wrong if you are on the side of the poor, and the volunteers who come to us are so absorbed in the work around St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie street, that they have no time to write for *The Catholic Worker*. They are expressing themselves in deeds, not words, and are well content. What with meals to get, cooking to do, the hungry to feed, the naked to clothe, the sick to visit at Bellevue, and then of course the paper to mail out each month, they put in a long day and part of the night.

No Reports

Consequently we get no reports of the demonstrations they also find time to go on. Right now George Amrhein is down at Whitehall street lost among the thousands there, and I'm praying he does not come back with a cracked head or a bruised back. Only yesterday Conor Cruise O'Brien, a brilliant writer and critic of modern literature, was injured by kicks from a policeman. Others were injured in the attempt which was being made to block entrance to the induction center near the Battery. It is a week of protests and the fervor is mounting to turn the protest into resistance and resistance into more active forms of interference. With threats of violence the police are afraid, and thousands of extra policemen are doing overtime duty.

The Catholic Worker has participated in the Monday and Tuesday demonstrations which emphasized non-violence, but when some others of the forty-two organizations which make up the Stop the Draft Week Committee repudiate non-violence, we cannot go along with them. George is there as an observer.

Washington Demonstration

When it came to the October 21 demonstration in front of the Pentagon in Washington, Chris Kearns drove fifteen participants, including two children, to and from Washington. Nicole d'Entremont, Tom Hoey, George Amrhein, and Mary Kay Josh were there; Tom and Mary Kay actually were the first to sit down rather than let themselves be pressed back by the military police.

I got some flavor of the Washington affair from Mary Kay this morning, over breakfast.

She hated the shouting and the cursing, she said. It was right and necessary to take to the streets and demonstrate, but to do so with anger and contempt for police or soldier was neither right nor effective. She told me how bitterly cold it was and how someone loaned her an overcoat which came clear to the ground. The vigil went on all night and the

inactivity made it a time of real suffering. She told me of a conversation she had with a young MP who told her there was nothing he would rather be doing than sitting in a warm place looking at TV or reading the paper. She found out in further conversation that he wanted to go into his medical studies but was drafted before he could begin.

As Mary Kay told me these things, I could picture to myself a little island of peace and fellowship in the midst of the thousands of participants, and I hoped there were many more of them. It is a time when a great deal of praying needs to be done, and I am sure that even those who would scoff at the idea, and I have heard these scoffs often enough, are glad of the prayers. Hate is a lonely thing. It is one thing to hate evil, but people are people, brothers and sisters, with one common Father. One of the prayers I say often is that verse from the psalms which begs God to deliver us from the fear of our enemies. It is fear itself that engenders hatred and violence. We have to transcend fear and seek and find another source of that energy which gives us strength to love, to grow in love.

The Catholic Worker never seems to go under its own banner, most of the group being made up of personalists, shall we say, rather than rugged individualists. Perhaps we ought to go with banners. Martie Corbin says perhaps we should identify ourselves. I do know that we should have an inquiring reporter around the place, to piece stories together that should have been written by the actors therein.

I Was Away

Meanwhile it seemed to me I was at the other end of the world, yet still a part of the Catholic Worker family, even a spokesman for it. On the boat going over, I spoke to the freshman class of seminarians on their way to the American seminary in Rome, and later in Rome itself I spoke to young ordained priests who were remaining at the Casa, as it is called, on Humility street, as someone termed the street of our Lady of Humility.

In England

In London it was good to see Peter Lumsden again, who is earning his living "charring" and teaching people to drive in order to get out of paying taxes for armaments. Earning little and living poor is one of the things Ammon Hennacy taught all the young men who came under his influence. Unfortunately there are many who admire him but do not imitate him in his self-discipline.

At one of the PAX meetings held in London, Archbishop Roberts had to leave early, although he was the speaker of the evening, so it fell to my lot to fill in. There were three PAX meetings, two in

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DANILO DOLCI'S SICILY

By DOROTHY DAY

While I was in Rome I assisted at a dialogue Mass at the Jesuit headquarters on the Via Santo Spirito in Rome just down the street from the Hospital of the Holy Spirit, where one can still see the turnstile into which destitute mothers used to place their new-born infants to be succored by the nuns. After the kiss of peace and communion we went out into the cobbled streets to find a place to have dinner—Eileen Egan, Dorothy Coddington, Gary McEoin, Tom Cornell, Fabrizio Fabbri and I. The only trouble with such an interesting group was that there were too many things to talk about, too many avenues to be explored.

Fabbri, a professor at the university in Rome, had lost his position and had been imprisoned for six months in a damp cold cell beneath the level of the street. He was in the same cell with nine others, not conscientious objectors but sentenced on various charges. There was neither work nor exercise nor recreation for him, and one wonders how he stood it.

Gary could have told me something about Vatican finances, since he has written a book on the subject, but Dorothy Coddington began talking about the work of Danilo Dolci, and her talk was so interesting that I resolved to visit Sicily before proceeding to London. Eileen was going on to Israel and had already been to Trieste.

My idea of a good dinner party would be one at which everyone took turns to talk about his latest interests. Peter Maurin used to say, "You give me a piece of your mind and I'll give you a piece of mine and then we will be closer to one mind." Or something like that.

Dorothy and I made our plans to go, and we started out the following Tuesday, taking a crowded train to Naples, then a bus to the small ship which went to Sicily, then from Palermo to Tunis. It was an overnight trip and the cabin was so cramped that it was almost impossible to get in and out of the bunks. There were three classes on the boat, and we chose second. (Third, or steerage, would have meant our bringing our own food and sitting up all night.) We left Rome on Tuesday and were back on Friday, a great experience crammed into four days. Of course, I can give only a glimpse of all that Dolci is doing, but I hope that Dolci will lead our readers to look up his books and go to their public libraries and do some real studying of this non-violent and most active movement.

We were met at the pier in Palermo by one of Dolci's aides who drove us in a very small Fiat through the narrow streets, through traffic jams, and over the climbing, spiralling roads, through amid scenery to Partinico, a trip of a little over an hour. There we drove along the main street, and then through narrow cobbled lanes with children playing in the gutters and women in doorways staring at us to a stone building of perhaps eight offices, spotlessly clean and modern, where many young Italians were working, and were ushered into an office to see Dolci.

He is a big man, a northern Italian, born in Trieste. His father was half German, half Italian, and his mother Slovenian. His Slovenian grandfather was beaten by the Fascists and given the castor-oil treatment; he retreated to what is known now as Yugoslavia, never to return.

What impresses one at once about Dolci is his size—he is so much bigger than the Italians around him—and then his gentle calm, his confidence. It was ten in the morning when we arrived, but Dolci had already been up since four, his usual rising hour, which gave him time to read and study and to write his books: *To Feed the Hungry; The Outlaws of Partinico; Waste; A New World in*

the Making. Not all of his books are printed in the United States but they can be ordered from England.

Dolci speaks a little English but prefers to use an interpreter if he has one at hand. The young driver, who actually knew very little English, was a very hating interpreter.

I was happy to meet Dolci's wife Vincenzina, a dark-haired, strong and quiet woman, who, one felt, had done much of the hard work of their early years at Trappeto, the village by the sea where the work had started among the fishermen and where there had been a school - settlement - house - hospice and refuge during the first years of Dolci's work.

Vincenzina's first husband had been a farm laborer. He was so badly beaten by the Mafia for his refusal to blackmail his employer that he died of his injuries within a few months. (I obtained this information not by direct questioning, but from a book by James McNeish, *Fire Under the Ashes*, which was published last year.) When Dolci arrived in Trappeto, she was a widow with five small children. Those first children have now become young adults, working in the north of Italy, and there are five more children by the second marriage. I met the two older ones, doing their homework in one of the offices, the girl Maria Liberte, and the boy Cielo.

Vincenzina gave me a present before I left, an earthenware lamp, of two tiers, of little cups which were to be filled with oil, with little wicks floating in it.

Dolci soon turned us over to his right-hand man, Franco Alasio, whom he met in his boyhood in Milan and who later joined him in Partinico, who has fasted and marched with him and faced all the dangers of fighting the Mafia with him for all these years. Franco spoke French as well as Italian. There was a young British Broadcasting Corporation employee with us who also spoke French but no Italian, so our conversation was

mixed up. But we had a tremendous day of it, driving this time in a slightly larger Fiat, all over the western part of Sicily, from the north to the south coast, which is so near to Africa. We drove over incredibly bad roads most of the time. When there was a good stretch the speedometer showed 80 miles an hour, and we had to hang on to our seats.

What did we not see? The lethargy of villages thousands of years old, of many cultures, Greek, Arabic and Roman. At the close of the day we had a glimpse in the dusk of the ruins of a Greek Temple at Geneste and I was sorry I missed the great amphitheater nearby on a now desolate hillside. The scenery throughout was like that in the moving picture, *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, Pasolini's masterpiece.

One of Dolci's techniques is to send out experts to make surveys, and then to publish the reports, hold meetings, energize the people locally to get to work on the problem presented. He needed experts and he got them—from all over Europe.

I remember Abbe Pierre when he visited us some years ago telling us, "You work and work and suddenly there is an explosion. Something happens. Public interest is aroused, and the ideas spread. You cannot tell when it will take place, if ever. You just must follow your conscience and do the work you have been called to do."

The beginning of Dolci's fame came when he was arrested for what he termed a "reverse strike." He found unemployment in Trappeto, and men wanting to work, and a road which needed repairing. So he took the men out with their tools to do a job which public authorities had not done, and was arrested with many of the men, all of them so desperately poor that they were indifferent as to whether they were in jail or out. Besides, they had that confidence in Dolci. He knew what he

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Vietnam and Racial Conflict

The war has smothered and nearly extinguished the beginnings of progress toward racial justice. The war has created the bizarre spectacle of armed forces of the United States fighting in ghetto streets of America while they are fighting in jungles in Asia. The war has so increased Negro frustration and despair that urban outbreaks are now an ugly feature of the American scene. How can the Administration with quivering anger denounce the violence of ghetto Negroes when it has given an example of violence in Asia that shocks the world? . . .

Only those who are fighting for peace have the moral authority to lecture on nonviolence. I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not equating the so-called Negro violence with the war. The acts of Negroes are infinitely less dangerous and immoral than the deliberate acts of escalation of the war. In fact, the Negroes in the ghetto, goaded and infuriated by discrimination and neglect, have for the most part deliberately avoided harming people. They have destroyed property, but even in the grip of rage the vast majority have vented their anger on inanimate things, not people. If destruction of property is deplorable, what is the word for the use of napalm on people? What would happen to Negroes if they not only set fires but killed people in the vicinity and explained blandly that some known combatants had to die as a matter of course? Negroes would be called savages if we were so callous, but for generals it is military tactics.

This is the inescapable contradiction between war and social progress at home. Military adventures must stultify domestic progress to insure the certainty of military success. This is the reason the poor, and particularly Negroes, have a double stake in peace and international harmony . . .

Beyond the tragedy at the front, at home the young people are torn with confusions which tend to explain most of the extremes of their conduct. This generation has never known a severe economic crisis but it has known something far worse. It is the first generation in American history to experience four wars in twenty-five years: World War, the cold war, the Korean War and the War in Vietnam. It is the generation of wars and it shows the scars in widespread drug consumption, alienation and the feverish pursuit of sensual pleasures. Yet we cannot call this generation of the young the lost generation. We are the lost generation. We are the lost generation, because it is we who fail to give them the peaceful society they were promised as the American heritage.

MARTIN LUTHER KING

(from a talk given in Chicago last month to a conference of labor leaders under the auspices of the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace.)

Tivoli A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the First Sunday of Advent the sky wept. Rain fell on us as we went to Mass, coldly, sadly, and throughout the day, coldly, sadly, freezing at times, now and then intermixed with biting gusts of sleet. "Drop down dew," cried the liturgy of Advent. But the sky wept.

Let the sky weep. I, too, weep. Weep for the victims of Vietnam, for all the victims of war and violence on this unhappy earth. I weep for those caught up in the great greedy potlatch of gift-buying, gift-exchanging, to fill the coffers of those already rich, while millions and millions of people—some not so far from our own doorsteps—look on hungrily, bitterly, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed.

Yet it is Advent, the time of preparation for the anniversary of Him Who came into the world to bring us the gift of eternal life. There at Mass, on the First Sunday of Advent, the New Year of the Church, I promise Him, the Christ-Child, a small gift; that on the Fridays of Advent I shall fast from all food, as a token of penance for my own sins, for my share of that heavy burden of guilt which has deafened our ears and deadened our hearts to the song the angels sang: *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

The rain, which began early on Sunday, was in some ways a blessing here at our Catholic Worker Farm with a view. For one thing there was enough rain, I think, to help replenish our somewhat depleted water resources; for another it put an end to the tinder-dry conditions in our woodland, which were partly responsible, I suppose, for the fire which occurred here on Saturday, the Vigil of Advent. Shortly after lunch that day, I heard—with that kind of dread which that kind of sound always evokes in me—the sirens and clang of fire engines coming up our driveway. On going downstairs, I learned that Joe Dumeniski's shack, which Mrs. Rachel Willis had been using as a weekend hermitage, was on fire. Since this particular shack is concealed from our main residence by a wooded hill, the fire was not discovered in time to save the structure. The Tivoli Fire Department, however, is to be commended for responding so promptly and for taking the necessary measures to keep the fire from spreading. We were sorry that Mrs. Willis should lose her little cottage, but glad—as one always is at such times, I suppose—that the disaster had been no worse.

A few days before the fire, a telephone call apprised us of another disaster involving a member of our staff and family. Pat Rusk, who was driving to California, where she hoped to spend some time working in behalf of the migrant workers there, suffered a broken hip in an automobile accident near Little Rock, Arkansas. She is now in Arkansas Baptist Hospital in Little Rock. If any of our friends and readers are located near this hospital, I am sure that Pat would appreciate visits. Prayers and letters will most certainly help. Here at the farm, we pray, in our evening prayer of rosary and Compline, for Pat's swift recovery.

Tommy Hughes, who lost a leg in a motorcycle accident last summer, appeared on his last visit with a cast on his hand and lower arm. As the result of a fall he had cut the tendon of his hand. As for the leg, Tommy has undergone two operations and is making a good recovery. His morale, agility, and independence in caring for himself are certainly commendable.

Another sufferer from a broken hip has been convalescing here at the farm since early fall. Catherine Ryan, who has been a friend of the Catholic Worker since Mott Street days, came to us as soon as the hospital released her and she

could get about with the help of a walker. She is quiet, pleasant-voiced, uncomplaining; and we all admire the way she accepts her handicap.

The truth is that our house of hospitality on the land is a place where many persons have come to convalesce from both physical and mental illness, or mishap. Several of the older women who are permanent residents of our community also suffer from those chronic ailments which so often afflict older persons; one from painful arthritis, another from a serious heart condition. Most of the older men, too, have their share of suffering; yet they do their share of the work and do much to help keep the house running smoothly.

Although we are a flexible and open kind of community, our sense of community is most in evidence—as is true of many families—at times of crisis or on occasions of special festivity. Thanksgiving Day was for us such an occasion. One of the Marist priests came to say Mass in our chapel in the morning. Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner, who had not been able to visit us for many months in consequence of Frances' breaking her hip early last summer, arrived to spend the day and long weekend with us. Beth, as many of our friends and readers will remember, was in charge for several years at Peter Maurin Farm, where Frances also spent a year. Although Frances was by no means fully recovered, we were glad that she could at least get around with a cane; and that she and Beth were once again able to visit us. Thanks to the hard work and culinary skill of Alice Lawrence, Ron Gessner, and Elizabeth Duran (Elizabeth, I am told, stayed up until two o'clock the night before, baking pies), our Thanksgiving dinner was a true feast. Then to give us full cause for Thanksgiving, Dorothy Day, who had returned from England a few days before, came up to spend Thanksgiving Day with us.

In addition to being a house of hospitality on the land and a community, our Catholic Worker Farm with a view is also an important conference center. Although this phase of the work is most emphasized during the summer months, we have decided to keep the intellectual fires burning through the winter months by holding monthly Sunday afternoon discussions. The first of these discussions was held on Sunday, November 19th. The subject was the special *Commonweal* issue on God with articles by some of the leading theologians of our time, including Leslie Dewart, Louis Dupre and Brother Gabriel Moran.

With such a subject we were fortunate in having with us Tom Casey, who teaches philosophy at Marist College, several priests, some seminarians, and brothers, as well as some interested members of the laity. After the discussion Father Jude Mill said a beautiful Mass for us, with Joe and Audrey Monroe playing their guitars, and everyone singing joyfully. Our next Sunday afternoon discussion is planned for December 17th, when Dorothy Day will speak to us about her experiences in Europe, at the Congress of the Laity, about her meeting with Ignazio Silone and Danilo Dolci, and finally in England with the PAX and other peace groups there.

We are glad, too, that some members of our community can go forth to other groups in other places to help with what Peter Maurin called *clarification of thought*. In this phase of the work Dorothy Day has always taken the lead. The week of her return from abroad, she spoke at our Chrystie Street Friday night meeting; this past weekend she met with a group at Cambridge, Massachusetts in a preliminary discussion of papers on transcendence. Marty

Corbin, our managing editor, also does some speaking, and is, I think, an excellent clarifier of thought. Recently he spoke at our neighbors, the Christian Brothers, on the important topic of forming a conscience about Vietnam, using "Vietnam: Crisis of Conscience" by Novak, Heschel and Brown as a starting point. Helene Iswolsky, as all know who have heard her, is a witty and accomplished speaker. On the 6th and 7th of December Helene is delivering talks at Canisius College in Buffalo.

Fortunately for variety's sake, there are members of our community who have gifts other than speaking. Rita Corbin is a most gifted artist. The rock paintings which she has been making this fall have appealed to so much to some of our visitors that they have purchased a number to take home or bestow as gifts on friends. Elizabeth Duran has such a gift for baking that the bread, which she bakes early each morning, becomes an important part of every meal. Kay Lynch has a special gift for organizing work projects. One such project which Kay organized this fall was painting our bathrooms, which were much in need of fresh paint. Ron Gessner and Wally Kendrick were Kay's chief assistants in this project. Mike Sullivan has a special gift for understanding mechanical contrivances and so is never out of work in this place of frequent mechanical breakdowns. Stanley Vishniewski has a gift for making even the worst puns and oldest jokes sound funny; a gift with which he is always very generous. Reginald Highhill has a gift for beekeeping and has—after perusing several manuals on the subject—made his bee-hives winter-proof. Or so, for the sake of the bees and of next year's honey, we hope. Sally Corbin, our precocious five-year-old, has a gift for acting. For her our community is but an audience which she regales with an amazing spectrum of roles from comedy and melodrama to the way out dialogue of the theater of the absurd. Wesley, our dog, who is part husky, has a gift for howling, and answers every siren with a prolonged haunting howl that seems the very evocation of the "call of the wild."

In a community like ours, where there is always work to be done, we can be truly thankful that there are so many who have real gifts for working and who believe in using them. Those who keep things going in kitchen, dining room, housekeeping, maintenance, office, car driving, correspondence, etc., include: Ron Gessner, Elizabeth Duran, John Filliger, Hans Tunesen, Mike Sullivan, George Burke, Placid Decker, Fred Lindsey, Bob Stewart, Jim Canavan, Alice Lawrence, Kay Lynch, Joan Welch, Marty & Rita Corbin, Marge Hughes, Stanley Vishniewski, and last but not least, Arthur J. Lacey, who has returned from a two-month sojourn at Chrystie Street and has, I am glad to report, all of his many duties under his efficient control again.

Among some of the many visitors who have visited us in recent weeks are: Arthur Sullivan, Michael Kovalak, Louis Draghi, Mrs. Marion Tanner, Bob Steed, Walter Kerell, Tom and Michael Hoey, Preston Lewis, Ed, Johanna, and Tommy Turner, Tommie and Mary Hughes, Joe and Audrey Monroe, Kay's sister and nephews, Mrs. Rachel Willis, John Willis, Don Fontaine and his fiancée, Don, who is a lawyer and works with the anti-poverty program in Portland, Maine, spent one evening of his visit telling us about Ghana, where he worked for two years with the Peace Corps. Don is the kind of young person who makes one feel hopeful, the best answer to the hippies and the drug addicts. There are, I think, many young people like Don—intelligent, idealistic, involved, ready to give years from their life in working for the poor and disadvantaged. The trouble is we don't hear enough about them.

It is December, Advent. We

CHRYSTIE STREET

By JACK COOK

It is difficult to write about "Mama." I really don't know why, because there is much that can be said. She fits all the classic descriptions of that beauty only the very old and the very young attain. She reminds me of Ann Jones, that humpbacked, hooded heart whom Dylan Thomas elegized so poignantly:

I know her scrubbed and sour
humbled hands
Died with religion in their clasp.
Her threadbare whisper in a
damp word,
Her wits drilled hollow,
Her fist of a face died clenched
on a round pain.

"Mama" has not died yet. But tonight she invited me to her funeral and gave me the address of the undertaker. "And then," she said, "I go to the cemetery where my man, my husband, is," and her shrill, egg-shell voice choked in a cry. But she was happy in that moment. Her husband died forty-five years ago.

She is not happy, however, in the hospital; she is suspicious of all the complaining women around her. Once before, when she was very ill, I tried to get her to go to a hospital; but she would have none of it, got mad at me, and said she'd die where she lived: a tiny three-room apartment on the fifth floor of an old brownstone down the street. She is 81 years old and walked those six flights of stairs an unknown number of times a day (muttering with each step, "God will take me")—or did walk, until she fell down on the street somewhere about a week ago and was taken off to Bellevue Hospital. For four days we looked in vain for her; her nephews stopped in, then, to tell us that she was lost and that detectives were looking for her. Today I learned from a 5th Precinct detective that she was in Bellevue.

She would come into our Chrystie Street house at least twice a day for coffee and cake. The cake she never seemed to eat, but put it away in one of her ever-present shopping bags, from which she would remove some over-ripe fruit or vegetable, which some Essex Market merchant had given to her. Whatever it was—orange, banana, candy—it always seemed about to escape from the frail and trembling grasp of her small hand. But it delighted her, and us, to exchange gifts. Then she'd ask: "How's your Mama? Your Papa?" She is stone deaf, so we nod our heads off. Whenever any of us are away for some time—Bob Gilliam, now in Sandstone penitentiary, or Charlie Keefe or Tony (who has taken a job as cook in an uptown hotel)—she would really be delighted that we returned.

Her second visit each day usually corresponded with our soupline. Beside the seated Bowery Men, waiting for their turn at the table, she'd stand and face the crucifix on the wall: dressed all in frayed and faded black, her doorway on an old piece of string around her neck, a cluster of medals pinned to her coat, and rosary beads twined about her wrist. Only four feet high and humped over like an old cane, she would mumble her prayer, then throw a kiss to the hanging man.

Seldom did Hugh Madden, that stern Stylite, smile. But his face relaxed, his eyes warmed, he smiled when he greeted "Mama."

We could seldom understand what she said, for it was a mixture of Italian and English and old age. But she would sometimes lament in her high-pitched voice that she had no friends, that "God is my

move toward Christmas. Drop down dew. On cold mornings I hear small birds twittering about my window, making a feast of grain and crumbs. Their sweet and grateful twittering shall be my Christmas carol, my Christmas greeting to you, O friends and readers. May your Christmastide be holy and blessed. And may this Christmas bring us all the great gift of His peace, His love.

only friend," and then she would totter and clasp her hands, her eyes in her shrunken skull rolled upward, and the myriad fine wrinkles of her face were taut with weariness.

Such weariness. Tonight when I visited her—huddled in her blankets like some shriveled child—she seemed all but dead. All the light had gone out of her. With shock she greeted me—that I should find her there and with her forehead, eye, and cheek all bruised: black and purple rings on chalk-white bone. Bitter, perhaps, at being in a hospital; saddened, I think, because she knows that her nephews will put her in a home; and weary, weary of it all. But, then, feeling like some sly magician, I reached into my shopping bag, brought out the muslin-wrapped statuette of Our Lady of Lourdes, recently donated to the Worker, unwrapped it, and placed it in her hands. Such delight. The nurses all gathered round to see what wonders are wrought by ceramics and a faith as great as "Mama" is old.

Thou Shalt Steal

The old Natural Law must in unnatural places and insane times be changed. Hence our Chrystie Street house has been burglarized twice in two weeks' time, our truck stolen, but finally recovered, without wheels and other removable. Play, not maliciousness, I think, motivates our young intruders. Summer evenings along First Street are alive with the sound of sprung hubcaps and the clang and clatter of tools extricating prizes, as the idle poor pursue their games.

One wonders about the response. Peter Maurin, Dorothy says, returned home with a black eye one day: the holdup men did not believe him when he tried to point out which pocket held the money. Nicole d'Entremont and Raona Wilson, in their First Street apartment, had posted on their wall a letter to prospective thieves: "We welcome you to our apartment. We wish we could be here to greet you and perhaps offer you a drink . . ." They went on to ask a small favor: that letters, clothes, and beds be spared; but pointed out where other valuables—TV set, toaster, certain wedding presents—might be found. "Feel free to make yourself a sandwich or something. As you make your way downstairs tread softly. Mrs. Russell sleeps a lot during the day. Beware of the dog. She's always hungry. Peace." And I recall the Desert Father who helped the thief load his donkey with the few goods which his hut housed. And he pointed out what had been forgotten.

Epicurus Baptized

"Let me, if I may, be ever welcomed to my room in winter by a glowing hearth, in summer by a vase of flowers; if I may not, let me then think how nice they would be, and bury myself in my work. I do not think that the road to contentment lies in despising what we have not got. Let us acknowledge all good, all delight that the world holds, and be content without it."

GEORGE MACDONALD

"What good is our intelligence to us, if we will not use it in the greatest issues? Nothing will excuse us from the responsibility of living: even death is no excuse. We have to live. So we may as well live fully. We are doomed to live. And therefore it is not the smallest use running into 'pis allers' and trying to shirk the responsibility of living. We can't get out of it."

"And therefore the only thing is to undertake the responsibility with good grace."

D. H. LAWRENCE

WAR AND VISION: The Autobiography of a Crow Indian

By THOMAS MERTON

The practice of "fasting for vision" was once almost universal among North American Indians, for whom it might almost be said that a certain level of "mysticism" was an essential part of growing up. The term mysticism is here used broadly. The Indian believed that life could and should be based on a spiritual illumination beyond the ordinary conscious level of psychic experience. The present article is not concerned with the religious content or value of the visions in themselves, but with the facts that such visions were taken for granted as a normal part of life in an archaic culture. They were an essential component in the concept of the mature human personality and hence they were to some extent institutionalized. For although the practice of fasting for vision was an entirely individual project, there was a prescribed ritual, and the value of the vision was not decided on the individual's own judgment. The practical consequences of the vision, for good or for evil, could be quite momentous for the rest of the tribe. Hence the chiefs and elders passed judgment on the vision and its interpretation.

It can be said that the vision received after an initiatory period of fasting and solitude was decisive in giving the young Indian a place in the life of his warring and hunting tribe. An Indian without vision could hardly hope to be a great hunter and had no future in the military hierarchy of his people. But of course this was not determined entirely by one initiatory fast. Fasts and solitary retreats were multiplied throughout life and other "psychedelic" expedients were resorted to: ecstatic dancing, self-torture, and drugs, which are now well-known, all might be called upon to stimulate the "vision" without which a well-integrated and purposeful existence could hardly be conceived. However, we must not generalize: the use of drugs was far less widespread than dances and fasts for vision.

The nature and content of the vision were not left entirely to chance. It was not just a matter of removing the block of everyday automatism and the flowering of deeper psychic awareness, though of course in the drug experiences the chemical properties of the drug, producing intense color sensations and so forth, worked in the normal way.

The Indian who fasted for vision sought a personal encounter with a clearly recognizable spirit-friend, a protector whom he felt himself destined to meet, one to whom he felt himself providentially entrusted. This protector was not just any spirit. It was his spirit, his "vision person." And the encounter was not just a matter of seeing and knowing. It was not just "an experience." It changed the course of the seer's entire life; or rather it was what gave his life a "course" to begin with. The spirit, in vision, with "his spirit" met the young Indian upon his life's way. This was the true beginning of his destiny, because henceforth he would be protected, taught, guided, inspired by his vision person. However, guidance was not automatic. Protection and other forms of help could be completely withdrawn if the Indian was not careful, if he disobeyed, and if he was not extremely attentive to every hint or suggestion from his vision person. Such indications were given in dreams, or in the sudden, unexpected appearance of some animal who was the vision person's friend, or in some other event that somehow signaled the presence and concern of the vision person. Finally, of course, one could fast again, or hold a sun dance, for a renewal and clarification of the vision, a deeper encounter, a more intimate familiarity with one's vision person.

The Indian lived in life-long per-

sonal companionship with his guardian spirit, encountered (ideally) in the first fast and vision which occurred at the entrance into manhood. He depended immediately and directly on the vision person, especially in his two chief occupations: hunting and war. The vision person gave signs when and where to hunt, where the bison were grazing, and above all he furnished crucially important clues to war strategy: when to plan a raid, when to go on the warpath, when not to, and so forth. However, the Indian was not left to deal with his vision person alone: the visions and indications required comment and approval from the more experienced men of the tribe, the elders, the medicine men and the chiefs. These were men of authority whose vision persons were very powerful and very friendly. Hence these Indians had a familiar and intimate knowledge of the whole world of the spirits. Indeed they could be assumed to have some acquaintance with the vision persons of others. At least they understood how the spirits usually functioned. In other words, they had a better and more accurate knowledge of the language of vision. The young Indian might interpret the vision in one way, and the elders might proceed to show him that he was quite wrong. He remained free to disobey them and follow his own interpretation, but if he did he ran the risk of disaster. Obedience to his own vision person implied a healthy respect for the opinion of those who understood the spirits, and the elders were most severe in censuring young warriors who "disobeyed their vision person," misguided by passion, temper, ambition or impetuosity. Superstition and vain observance could also antagonize the vision person. One should not be too importunate, too fretful, or multiply too many ritual invocations. There was a right measure to be recognized in everything.

Communion with the vision person was ritually formalized through the use of a "medicine bundle," a little package of magic objects which had been assembled under the explicit direction of the vision person. The ingredients of the medicine bundle were usually fragments of animal skin, bone, rock or herbs: but all these objects were associated in some way or other with the vision person. They were things which he had used to demonstrate his friendly power and were normally revealed in a vision or dream. One prepared for battle or for the hunt with a ceremonious veneration of the vision person, by ritual prayers to the medicine bundle and perhaps also a little impromptu magic suitable to the occasion.

As may easily be guessed, the formalization of relations with the spirits through cult objects easily took the place of vision. Once a culture had passed its peak vitality, one might expect the medicine bundle to become, in practice, more important than direct communion with the vision person. Then the medicine man became a kind of pharmacist of good-luck charms rather than a discernor of spirits.

Primeval Wisdom

There is a certain fascination even in dry anthropological studies of Indian culture, but there also exist living records of personal experience: the stories told by men who had fasted for vision and who had tried to follow the instructions of their vision person. When we read these stories, we realize that there was really a deep psychological validity to this way of life. It was by no means a mere concoction of superstitious fantasies and mythic explanations of realities that only science could eventually clarify. However one may choose to explain the fact, these Stone Age people had inherited an archaic wisdom which did somehow protect them against the dangers of a merely superficial, wilful

cerebral existence. It did somehow integrate their personality in such a way that the conscious mind was responsive to deep unconscious sources of awareness. Those who were most in contact with a powerful vision person tended to have an almost phenomenal luck and dexterity in war or in the hunt.

However, we must not be too romantic about all this. There would be no point in merely idealizing primitive men and archaic culture. There is no such thing as a charismatic culture. Though the life of an Indian was much more individualistic than we have imagined, it was integrated in the culture of his tribe and in its complex rituals. "Vision" was perhaps more often a deepening of the common imagination than a real breakthrough of personal insight. Hence there is special interest in the biography of a Crow Indian visionary who, within the framework of this primitive culture and entirely devoted to its values, was a relative failure. Such a story was left by one of the last Crow warriors, Two Leggings, who died at an advanced age in 1923. The record of his conversations, taken down with an interpreter fifty years ago, has now been edited and set (as far as possible) in its accurate historic context, by Peter Nabokov*. The book is one of the most fascinating autobiographies published in this century.



What strikes us immediately is the concept Two Leggings has of biography. What is man's life? It consists primarily in a series of visions. His life is his "medicine." His autobiography is in some sense a description of the way his medicine bundle was put together over the years. This might at first sight seem to be the merest formalization of human existence, a kind of primitive alienation imprisoning the human person in arbitrary and superstitious emblems and in psychic delusion. But as a matter of fact the writings of a Levi-Strauss on primitive thought enable us to see it quite differently. Instead of considering his history as a purely linear sequence of events in two dimensions—like a graph of good and bad fortune—Two Leggings had a much more sophisticated and complex conception of himself and of his life. This biography is structured like a meditation. Besides the very definite individual motivations of Two Leggings (a man of stubborn character and a man of drives!) the secret and superior motivation of the vision person is manifested now through nature, now through tribal culture, now through peculiar coincidence.

Each item in the medicine bundle is a concrete and quasi-sacramental emblem of the most significant points of intersection, points where the dynamic of nature, of culture, of inspiration, of individual passion and interest all clash and render flashes of meaning. The total effect is not one of religious and sacred exaltation but of a cosmic pragmatism based on a particular concept of reality as a system of relationships in which every existing thing has semantic possibilities.

For Two Leggings, however, religious and cosmic symbols were of little interest except in so far as they had meaning for his own individual projects as hunter and fighter. The medicine bundle is a kind of concretization of his spiritual and warlike "career."

For the most curious thing about Two Leggings is that he is by no means a pure mystic. He is also a career man, and apparently his misfortune was that—in our terms—he tried to make his mysticism serve his career. What we have here then is the life story of a shrewd and intrepid person trying to make his way to the top by mystique and a magic of success. If we abstract from fasting, vision, and sun-dancing, we can easily translate the formula into a more modern and urban setting!

Within the framework of his cultural establishment, there was nothing unusual about a religious mystique of success. Two Leggings was a very ambitious young Indian, and he was determined to become a chief with the minimum of delay. He was tough, courageous, ruthless, single-minded. He was not afraid of fasting or of intense hardship. He could go through the sun dance with all the

prescribed tortures, the tearing of the flesh and everything. He followed all the approved formulas for fasting and vision. He sought out dangerous, almost inaccessible places. He fasted on the tops of cliffs. He refused to become tired, discouraged or scared. Even after companions had given up and gone home, he would keep on fasting until he saw something. It might not be the top premium vision but at least it was something. When he finally established contact with a reasonably plausible vision person, and began to assemble his bundle, he had highly optimistic ideas of how high the vision person wanted him to go—and how fast. As a result he had some very narrow escapes from death and was not always able to come back to camp in a blaze of glory.

Two Leggings was not beyond faking some spirit-information, and on one occasion he even got together a spurious medicine bundle. That time he landed half dead in a creek where he was thrown by an angry bison. In the end, to make sure of having a really good medicine bundle, he purchased one from one of the elders who had the genuine goods. Unfortunately, Two Leggings never realized his ambition of becoming a chief. He never got beyond the rank of pipe-holder.

It is an unusually interesting book. The stories of the fasts, the visions, and the subsequent raids, the big bison hunts, the horse-stealing forays and the missions of revenge are vividly told. But what is more important is that the psychological reality of the record comes through without staid. Two Leggings was not sophisticated enough to be dishonest about his motives. He tells them as they were, frankly admitting that his ambition and impetuosity made him break the rules. He describes himself,

perhaps naively, as a determined operator, working with the materials provided by his religious and cultural establishment. He was a man who wanted to count in his society. In order to be someone, he had to meet his vision person. He had to convince his vision person he meant business and then the person would let him in on the secret of a really powerful medicine. Having made himself a thoroughly reliable bundle he would get a lot of bison and a lot of scalps. Then he would be a chief and everyone would admit that his medicine was truly potent stuff. He would be a medicine man, and perhaps condescend to share out some of the proven exclusive ingredients with younger men on the way up. . . .

Two Leggings got a lot of scalps and a lot of bison, but that was about all. When other Indians of his time heard that his story was being taken down and was going to be put in a book, they said, "Why him?" It is true, of course, that one of his visions informed him he would become known all over the earth. . . .

Perennial Tragedy

There is something pathetic about the life of Two Leggings. It would be less pathetic, perhaps, if the visionary element were mere fantasy. But there was something spiritually and psychically authentic about the religious culture of the Indians. It helped them to adapt very well indeed to their Stone Age situation. Not only that, we must certainly recognize a universal psychic validity to the concept of encounter with a "vision person" (purely subjective if you like) as a protector and mentor in one's chosen way. After all, Catholics still believe (at least some of them) in Guardian Angels. There is also a universal pathos in the way a spiritual experience, once ritualized, formalized and fitted into a static establishment, tends to be manipulated by the ambitions of the believer. It then becomes self-defeating. Vision, systematized and organized for the sake of personal or institutional aims, becomes blindness. And we all know the story of another kind of vision-person, one who was on good terms with Faust.

It may be true that Two Leggings' medicine continued to work right up to the end. Perhaps he was right in thinking that the sight of a white blanket falling out of the sky led him to the place where he got his last scalp. But then there were so many other things the vision person did not tell him about. Two Leggings did not draw any conclusions from the fact that he followed his enemy along new railway line, or that in the interval between the shooting and the scalping, he and his companions spent the rainy night in a section-house with some white railroad workers.

Up to the end the Crow Indians were so absorbed in their traditional view of things, their hereditary enmity with the Pie-gans and Sioux, that they joined the whites in order to fight the Sioux. For Two Leggings, this was merely incidental: it fitted in with his quantitative program of scalps and bison. His vision person did not tell him anything about white men—probably because he himself was not interested. Elsewhere the Indians were seeing new things in visions. They were being told to drop their fighting among themselves, try to discover a new, pan-Indian identity, and protect themselves, if they could, against complete extinction. Already the bison were beginning to disappear. Already the Indians were being herded into reservations.

Two Leggings' vision person was silent about all this. Two Leggings did not inquire. The last lines of the book are sad and heavy with a meaning which this failed chief

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*Two Leggings: The Making of a Crow Warrior by Peter Nabokov. (Thomas Y. Crowell, \$6.95.)

The Third World and Liberal Mythology

By PEADAR MACTIRE

Life in the African bush leaves few illusions about man's existence. I used to think of the human situation in terms of "liberty, equality, opportunity, justice, and peace." A year and a half in Africa and such concepts seem to me largely irrelevant to man's plight. Who can worry about ideological questions when most of the world worries about getting enough to eat? The biggest question mankind faces is whether it will be able to feed itself, and beside this question all others pale to insignificance.

I'm not saying that liberty and the rest are not inextricably bound up in the struggle for a decent life. Far from it. But I do mean that my order of priorities has been reversed. Life in Africa has made me something of a pragmatist—one who judges the truth of any conception of "liberty, equality, etc." in terms of its usefulness to man's struggle for existence. How can pacifism (or anarchism, socialism, communism—or Christianity for that matter) improve the life of the African peasants among whom I live? That is the question I must ask of every theory or "ism." If some particular outlook has no value for the African, Asian, or Latin-American peasant, I cannot believe that it is valid. If its proponents do not bother to relate their beliefs to the Third World or to take an active part in the struggles of the poor, I think that their movement is worthless.

In such ways has Africa shattered the radicalism of a young American.

A few months ago I came across an article by Lester Markel in an old New York Times Magazine (Jan. 15, 1967) called "The Myths that Divide India and Us." And I thought that here perhaps was an American liberal who had been shaken out of his strait-jacket by a trip to India. I was sadly disappointed. While the author excised some of the grosser misconceptions which obscure the American view of the world, he used a knife blunted by as many equally obtuse fallacies. Surely the popular, nationalist, and mass-media myths about India and the poor must be removed—for the sake of America as well as of the Third World. But there is a danger that the liberal iconoclasts will fall victim to their own myths.

I would like to examine the mythology which cluttered up the Times' article to show what direction the radical critique of liberalism must take. Before looking at these myths in detail, however, I want to point out a basic structural flaw in the vision of the liberal, one which is present in all his myths and which can afflict the radical also. The flaw is wealth. One can study poverty, see it, talk to the educated poor who try to articulate the situation of the masses in Asia, Africa and Latin America; one can try to approach the Third World with an open mind. But without an empty stomach and bare feet, I doubt that one can get very far. I know I have not.

The first myth is that of our generosity. We sincerely believe that we are treating the rest of the world with a largesse unknown before in human history, that America the Bountiful is keeping the rest of the world from the Deluge by its sheer, unbounded generosity. We are sadly mistaken. No one, least of all the recipients of our help, would deny the magnitude of American foreign aid. But that is not the point at issue here. We are not doing as much as we could, should, or must; and one of the biggest inhibitors of our desire to help is the belief that we are doing so much.

Economic Realities

There are two facts of economics which belie this myth of our generosity; both have to do with the flow of capital to the Third World. Capital is the basis of any future development in Asia, Africa, and

Latin America. The only way the poor are going to break their cycle of frustration is by a massive infusion of capital from the rich or forced saving among themselves. With capital they can prime the pump so that their economies can compete in the world of modern technology. In terms of loans, credits, and gifts the flow of capital to the poor nations has been great, but has it been generous? At the beginning of this year, Tom Mboya, Kenya's Minister for Economic Planning and Development, told the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa: "The net official flow of capital (to poor countries in terms of the Gross National Products of the rich) has fallen from 0.60 per cent in 1961 to 0.49 per cent in 1965." We are earning more and sharing it less.

The second fact has to do with the flow of capital the other way, from the poor back to the rich. India, for example, received the sum of \$23 billion in capital and aid in recent years. During the same period \$13.4 billion went back to the rich in the form of interest, profits from investments, and dividends. Another \$10.1 billion was lost to the rich in deteriorated terms of trade. In sum, then, \$500 million flowed out of India to the rich nations—which are supposed to be aiding her!

There is a corollary to the myth of our generosity. It is the suspicion of ingratitude on the part of our beneficiaries. The Times writer examines what he calls our Santa Claus myth, our "belief that the world should love us because of our generosity." Certainly we are not loved, but we are respected, perhaps more than is our due. Along this line, we listen too much to the educated and the politicians in the poor countries. They have their own special reasons for making us think we are not appreciated. But the peasants, the masses, when they do get the aid which has not been siphoned off by the politicians, and when they know it is from America, are grateful. Sometimes we expect a constant paean of gratitude from those we help, and forget that often the poor man's only possession is his pride, his self-respect and dignity. As one of the local priests said to me, "We Africans are grateful, but we keep it to ourselves. Our gratitude is in our long memories."

The Times writer rightly warns that our purpose should not be to win love, respect, or allegiance, but to build a better, more human, and therefore, more stable world. Simple human justice, the demand for a world in which human dignity is possible, the recognition that foreign aid is not a favor but a duty, these do not constitute ingratitude.

Are we now going to take the position of the 19th century capitalists who answered pleas for social reform with the retort that the workers should be thankful for any small favors they were privileged to get? Can we ignore the principle enunciated by St. Ambrose and reiterated by Pope Paul in *Populorum Progressio*?

"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."

Calling the Tune

Our myth of generosity has another corollary: the fiddler myth. The Times writer says: "One wonders whether this is not too soft a view and whether we should not attach conditions to our aid programs. This does not imply an attempt at domination but only a mild conviction that, as the fiddler, we are entitled to call at least part of the tune." He is right to point out that we have the duty to see that our aid is used as justly and as effectively as possible. In his

metaphor of the "fiddler," however, he betrays a rather blatant form of paternalism or Big Brotherism, such as we often hear from some soldiers in Vietnam who proclaim that we're going to build the Great Society there despite the Vietnamese. Or as Mr. Dooley put it in reference to our adventure in the Philippines, "We can't give ye anny votes, because we haven't more thin enough to go around now; But we'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his childher if we have to break ivry bone in ye'er bodies."

Like the great majority of Americans, the Times writer takes it for granted that the money is ours and that we have the right to see that it is used as we think fit. But our wealth is not ours, neither to keep entirely for ourselves nor to use only as we want or solely in our interests. A good historical argument could be built around 17th and 18th century mercantilism and 19th century imperialism to show the debt Europe and the United States owe to the tropical areas of the world. In many ways we owe our wealth and our affluent way of life to the riches which were brought from the East and from the tropics; for these riches enabled the capitalist



SAINT PAUL

entrepreneurs to build up the vast industries of Europe and America. But we don't need an historical argument to answer the fiddler myth. No matter how or where we got the wealth, we "arrogated," to use St. Ambrose's term, what belongs to all men. We now have the duty to see that all men enjoy the fruits of human wealth.

This duty to all men implies that we should see to it that our aid benefits the masses, not just the elites, of the Third World. We do have a tune to call; not as fiddler, but as trustee. Foreign aid should be channeled through international agencies (not necessarily U.N. or inter-governmental groups) so that all men can have a hand in determining how their wealth should be used.

Immediately related to this corollary is the second big myth which infects the American view of the world: the policeman myth. We deceive ourselves when we imagine that the role of world policeman was thrust upon America by the course of events, that "destiny, to be sure, has decreed for us an assignment of world leadership," to quote the Times again. Roosevelt did not fight his long battle against isolationism only because he had a particular affection for England or for naval power. He saw that the American horse had been led to the water by the effects of the First World War, that the disintegration of the empires of the 19th century had put America in a situation where she could either assume the mantle of power or leave it for someone else to take up. We tried to throw off

the mantle after the first war; Roosevelt forced us to take it up in World War II—whether for better or worse we are still debating. The leaders of America made the horse drink, and it is rather disingenuous of them to affect the role of the "American Innocents Abroad."

We are not even as honest as the British Radical Imperialists of the last century who recognized the existence of the British Empire and tried to use it for the good of all men. We want the best of both worlds: power to do good and innocence from the system which that power upholds. And we end up with the worst: illogical, irrelevantly stupid use of power to defend the system, even at its most insignificant outposts like Vietnam, just because it is the system; and complicity in the continued rake-off of the Third World through the economic, technological, and cultural imperialism of a system we cannot correct because we are afraid to own up to its existence.

The third liberal myth is that of the American desire for peace. For example, the Times writer attempts to illustrate our "passionate love of peace" by our support for international organizations and the fact (?) that "we have fought only when we have been attacked." One of the biggest factors in the failure of the League of Nations was the refusal of the United States to join. And we have built up a rather self-righteous myth about our support for the U.N., when from the very formulation of its Charter we have done everything to keep the U.N. from having any meaningful power where our interests are concerned. In the Congo, we rather cynically used the U.N. for our own purposes; that others were also trying to prostitute the U.N. there does not absolve us of guilt. And as for our inoffensiveness: did Canada attack us in 1812? Did Mexico in 1846 and 1914? Did Nicaragua in 1855, 1911, and 1927? Did Santo Domingo in 1870, 1916, and 1965? Did Spain in 1898? Did Colombia in 1903? Did Haiti in 1915? In all these cases, the United States was, if not the aggressor, at least a very provocative and willing belligerent.

Then there is the myth of America the Beautiful, the myth that we are properly developed or developing and that the Third World should not be expected to catch up with us immediately. The phrase "they are not ready for democracy" is the slogan for the believers in this myth. If the poor nations of the world are not ready for democracy, what are they ready for?

This is an insidious myth because it rests on a false liberalism and a hypocritical "understanding" of foreign cultures. And because it never states what is to replace democracy, it can be used to bolster any type of regime. In this line, Barbara Ward's sympathetic treatment of the "value" of military patriotism to nation-building in *The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations* exemplifies perfectly the dangers of this kind of understanding for the problems of the Poor. To glorify the untainted patriotism of the army, as she does, is to miss the whole point of nation-building. The whole nation must cooperate in making itself a viable unit. Jomo Kenyatta has expressed this idea perfectly in his call *Harambee (Pull Together)* as the slogan for building the Kenya nation. But the victims of this myth see only the top of the iceberg: the educated elite who lead the country; they think that by putting the best element of this elite in power (usually the army) the nation will be launched on the right road to proper development.

The tragic effects of this fallacious thinking face Africa today. Once you separate the educated from the nationalist movement as a whole, you allow their interests

to be alienated from those of the masses. Once you encourage one element in that elite to seize power, you start a country on the vicious cycle of coup and counter-coup as the different factions of the elite jockey for power in total disregard for the people and with the sole aim of dividing up the spoils. If American liberals think that the rash of military take-overs in Africa is a sign of progress, that the "corrupt" politicians had to be swept out, they are in for a rude awakening. Africa is in danger of taking the road to South American stagnation.

Barbara Ward's book illustrates another aspect of this myth of America the Beautiful: the belief that what she calls "North Atlantic civilization" is the proper end of development; both the model and the guide for developing countries. C. Wright Mills has analyzed this fallacy as the identification of America's "overdeveloped society" with a "properly developing society." He writes:

In an overdeveloped society, the means of livelihood are so great that life is dominated by the struggle for status, based on the acquisition and maintenance of commodities. Here, the style of life is dominated by the standard of living. In such a society, there is conspicuous production and much waste; the principle of fashion is built into almost everything and planned obsolescence becomes a central feature of the economic and social system. Change is very rapid, intensively promoted—and quite irrational.

In positing North Atlantic society as the goal and in inventing an antithetical goal—Communism—which the poor must be persuaded to avoid at all costs, the liberal does a great disservice to himself and to the Third World. He leaves only one solution to the problem of development—massive foreign aid—and gives himself the well-nigh impossible task of persuading his fellow countrymen to give of their wealth. When he fails in his task, as the shrinking foreign-aid appropriations and vanishing trade credits and loans indicate he has, he has only one means to prevent the poor from turning to Communism: counter-insurgency; just as he can only turn to anti-riot acts when he fails to convince his nation of the necessity of a meaningful revolution for the Negro. The myth of America the Beautiful blinds the liberal to the need for the poor to choose their own style of life and leads him to ignore the real question of development: how can the poor build a free society, given the absence of sufficient foreign capital?

Creeping Capitalism

There is a final myth, related to the myth of America the Beautiful. It is the myth that welfare capitalism is here to stay, that the "mixed economy" is the perfection of economic organization.

In fact, some of the most apparently successful African countries are creating future troubles for themselves by adhering to welfare capitalism. In Africanizing their economies they are simply substituting African capitalists for Caucasian ones, leaving the same gulf between entrepreneur and laborer. Granted, most of these countries have adopted fairly advanced welfare legislation, as advanced as they can afford, but they are creating a class of rich Africans who cannot help but be alienated from their destitute brethren in the first exuberance of new wealth.

Moreover, the "freehold" system of land consolidation practiced by these capitalist governments—it makes no difference that they all call themselves "African Socialists"—will eventually lead to the

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Danilo Dolci's Sicily

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was doing, even if it was obscure to them. Somehow the story caught hold and was flashed around the world. Help began to come.

Dolci stimulated people's interest: "Go and see," he would tell them, and the seeing, combined with Dolci's contagious hope, made the experts get to work. But all congresses, reports and surveys would mean nothing without this expectation, this hope, this infinite patience, this conviction that people can be changed, can be enlightened and inspired.

He wants man to be "master of his own conscience, yet at one with his neighbor, shaping his life in groups, within groups, which will spread in all the most varied forms of community, sometimes overlapping, sometimes separate, from districts to regions, to nations and continents, to every corner of the earth." I thought of Martin Buber's "community of communities" which he speaks of in *Paths in Utopia*. It is the vision of Peter Maurin, the founder of the Catholic Worker, the vision of Father James Tompkins of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and of an Irish priest I have just heard of, Father J. McDyer of Glencolumbkille, County Donegal. The vision also of missionary priests the world over who are appalled by totalitarianism, as well as by destitution, and who begin at the bottom to rebuild.

To me, this is the significance of Dolci—not just the three dams envisioned for Sicily, one completed, one under construction and the new Jato Dam, which will mean twenty-five thousand acres reclaimed, one thousand and six hundred acres reforested, the working days and gross yield trebled. Not just the big wine cooperative at Memfi, where men receive honest reckoning of the weight of their grapes and so double the price they receive, where they also receive a knowledge of what they themselves can do. It is not just the things envisioned and already accomplished, but the fact that Dolci carries to all he meets on his extensive trips, these ideas of love and brotherhood, this "little way" of non-violence.

And then there is Dolci's campaign against the Mafia. Dolci is preaching nonviolent resistance to the evil of local violence: murder, torture and extortion. If you are calling attention to nonviolent action as a way to oppose oppression and injustice, you cannot ignore the violence in your midst. Dolci expects of his companions utter honesty, and the bravery of unarmed men facing the banditry and ambush in their home territory with only the weapons of the spirit. It perhaps could be considered a transformation or a sublimation or a redirection of man's aggressive instincts, his love of a strong conflict. Vinoba Bhave some years ago was carrying on a similar nonviolent contest with outlaws in India. It is also a confrontation with corruption in high places, and Dolci has not been afraid to accuse high government and church officials so openly that he has been condemned as a defamer of his country and his government—he has been tried and convicted, and an appeal is pending.

I will not discuss Dolci's theology. He no longer considers himself a Catholic, and that fact saddened me. But he has priest friends and he sent me the next day to have dinner with one of them, an old priest who fasted and picketed with him, and picketed the court while his trial was going on.

The old priest of Castellamare reminded me of Peter Maurin, his rugged calm, his occasional sallies. We were eating lunch together in a little seashore residence and Franco and the priest's companion, a handsome Sicilian who was the first to sign the accusation made by 250 Sicilians against the Mafia and the government minister who was native to that town,

"They need to be brainwashed," he said, his face lighting up.

We sat outside that day, though it was cool, and the wind made little white caps on the water. Up and down the beach there were men and donkey carts, some of which were beautifully decorated, and maybe they were harvesting clams or driftwood. We had pasta with clam sauce and fish, and the men drank their wine and we had coffee with milk. Strange not ever to see any drunkenness in Italy among the people!

We kept thinking of Peter, both Dorothy and I, because both priest and peasant were alike in many ways. (Dorothy was the first one to come join me those first years of the Catholic Worker and she edited pamphlet No. 1 which was filled with Peter's essays.) All the men I met, aside from the priest, who was in his cassock, wore shirts and ties and even the pictures of the men on the march at the demonstrations by which they forced the government to go on with the building of the dams showed them in collar and tie. Peter Maurin too always wore a white shirt, though it might be frayed and stained in the collar, and black tie and black felt hat.

We thought of Peter as we rode over those rocky roads too. Whenever he came to the farm at Easton, Pennsylvania, our first farm, he chose the job of mending roads, breaking the rock to do it and cutting channels and gutters to drain off the heavy rains which washed out the road. Peter came from land like this, high and barren. In his village in Languedoc there was one shepherd for all the sheep of the commune, and here on this trip I had seen many a flock of sheep, the wool the color of the bare mountainside, and one shepherd herding them. Sometimes there was a flock of goats.

On the way back to Partinico, Franco drove us along the Via della Madonna, and on the side of a mountain we stopped at a large church, which had been restored, Franco said, by members of the Mafia in the United States. A caretaker, a slatternly, ragged woman, lived there, but the place was far from any parish, from any other habitation. It was a shrine, however, and a place of prayer, and we stopped not only to see, but to pray for Danilo Dolci, for Franco, and all their fellow workers.

There was a meeting with the group at Partinico at the study and work center, all of us gathered around a conference table, but as to how much they understood of what I had to say about our own work, I do not know. They felt our solidarity, I know. It is good just to sit with people sometimes, just to know them. I thought even while I was speaking, of a moving scene in one of Ignazio Silone's works of an encounter between Pietro Spina and the deaf-mute peasant, with the former pouring out his heart to the other, not

knowing his affliction, and of the warmth and understanding there was between them. (In the next issue of the Catholic Worker, I will write of my meeting with Silone in Rome.)

Danilo would not be content with our visit unless we saw the slums of Palermo itself, and on our way back to the ship we were taken through noisome alleys where children played in the refuse and the way was so narrow that it was like threading a needle to get through. Such nights made even the worst villages seem a paradise of sun and air in comparison.

And now as I write, I see in the New York Times a picture of Dolci in Rome, demonstrating with a mass of his followers, against the war in Vietnam, at the conclusion of marches from Naples to Rome and Milan to Rome. And as we go to press it is the third day of great protest at Whitehall Street induction center and thousands are continuing to gather. Thank God these voices are being raised against this most cruel war, and God forgive us all our guilt, as Americans.

Liberal Mythology

(Continued from page 5)

creation of a tenant peasantry. If the peasants can sell their land, they will soon fall victims to the loan sharks and rich entrepreneurs who offer immediate sources of money in return for their land.

In Tanzania the peasant is protected by a "leasehold" system. But in Tanzania they have nationalized most of their industry; they are friendly with Russia and China as well as the U.S.; they practice and preach socialism—or as they call it in Swahili, *Ujamaa* (Familyhood). Tanzania is not "successful," because she is undergoing her revolution now, a revolution which takes account of the dearth of foreign aid and of the need of the poor to be self-reliant and not wait for the rich. Many American liberals, victims of the capitalist myth, look down on Julius Nyerere as idealistic. I hope they remember their contempt when they are tied down by counter-insurgency in the stable countries of Africa.

Pope Paul meant what he said when he condemned "liberal capitalism." He meant the 20th-century variety as much as the 19th. They both essentially mean "the imperialism of money." Only the Keynesian capitalist has found it more profitable to glut the masses—they buy more that way. In the context of the Third World liberal capitalism varies this formula—glut the leaders and pacify the masses.

ED. NOTE: "Peadar Mactire" is the pseudonym of an American residing in Kenya.

"Every moment comes to us pregnant with a command from God, only to pass on and plunge into eternity, there to remain forever what we have made of it."

—St. Francis de Sales

Voluntary Poverty

It is true that so far as wealth gives time for ideal ends and exercise to ideal energies, wealth is better than poverty and ought to be chosen. But wealth does this in only a portion of the actual cases. Elsewhere the desire to gain wealth and the fear to lose it are our chief breeders of cowardice and propagators of corruption. There are thousands of conjunctures in which a wealth-bound man must be a slave, whilst a man for whom poverty has no terrors becomes a freeman. Think of the strength which personal indifference to poverty would give us if we were devoted to unpopular causes. We need no longer hold our tongues or fear to vote the revolutionary or reformatory ticket. Our stocks might fall, our hopes of promotion vanish, our salaries stop, our club doors close in our faces; yet, while we lived, we would imperturbably bear witness to the spirit, and our example would help to set free our generation. The cause would need its funds, but we its servants would be potent in proportion as we personally were contented with our poverty.

I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers.

WILLIAM JAMES

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

London and one at Spode House, where I met Father Herbert McCabe, O.P., whose removal from the editorship of *New Blackfriars* caused such a stir in England, along with his brother Bernard and his wife with their seven children. Father Conrad Pepler is warden of Spode House, where weekend seminars are conducted the year around. These Dominican centers, (there are others in London, Cambridge and Oxford), are the centers of Catholic intellectual life, it seems to me. We have learned much from both French and English Dominicans.

When I was in London I also spoke at Fr. Vincent McNabb Hall. It was one of Father Vincent McCabe's pamphlets that Peter Maurin gave me when I first met him in 1932, an essay called "Nazareth or Social Chaos." Father McNabb used to speak in Hyde Park and he continued this activity to within a few weeks of his death some years ago.

Walter Stein, who teaches at Leeds University, was a most stimulating speaker at the Spode House conference, as was Bernard McCabe. I write this now with no notes at hand and cannot do justice to all who participated.

Other dear friends whom I saw on my visit were Barbara Wall, Margaret Maison, and Emily Scarborough Coleman, who has been living at the Hermitage, a guest house connected with Stanbrook Abbey. Here at this famous Benedictine House I spoke to the nuns, seventy of them, all very much alive and alert to what is going on in the world today. An American novice there promised us one of her woodcuts for the CW, and we are looking forward to its arrival. The Abbey is a center of intellectual as well as religious life.

London

In London Eileen Egan and I stayed at the Hotel Gresham, right around the corner from the British Museum. Anthony Allison, one of the members of PAX, works at the Museum and got us reader's tickets, so that we spent some mornings there, in a most favorable atmosphere for work, since one could relieve the strain of reading or writing by wandering around that part of the museum which is given over to works of art and of antiquity.

Charles Thompson and John O'Connor met us at the airport, and found us a place to stay, which turned out to be a most interesting guest house with many student helpers. The manager and owner was an Irishman who said that he came from a family of ten children, only one of whom his parents could afford to educate. So he got his education by reading; among his favorite authors were Dostoevsky and James Joyce. He made us most comfortable and when I was suffering from a cold he brought me a hot-water bottle, cold tablets and hot tea. Most comforting. Part of the time the hotel was filled with exotic foreign guests and one day with a crowd of trade unionists attending a nearby conference. The television room was filled with discussion about everything that was happening in the world, and the worst at that time seemed to be the devaluation of the pound. "The worst thing since Dunkirk," we heard, "though people don't realize it yet."

Simon Community

One morning two young women with their babies arrived to take me to visit one of the houses of the Simon Community. It had been a Catholic Worker House of Hospitality during World War II and the refuge of many exiles. Now it is one of a chain of houses started by Anton Wallich-Clifford, a former Royal Air Force man who had afterwards been a parole officer. His work, he told me at one of the PAX meetings, had been inspired by Father Borelli of Naples, the Franciscans of Wiltshire and the Catholic Worker. The house on Malden Road was very much like a Catholic Worker

house, a narrow three-story affair, with small rooms and a small kitchen and out in back a long garden which showed evidence of having been cared for but was filled in one place with heaps of plaster and rubble.

"Every time the garden is cleaned up another ceiling falls down," one of the men in the house said. He had introduced himself to us as a Digger and left to dress himself up in beads and blanket to further identify himself.

There is a training center at Canterbury and I would have liked to visit that, but my time was limited. It was Ann Power and Susie Moroney who had come for me that morning and they told me of a cooperative venture the two families were about to engage in: a house outside of London for their growing families. Jonathan and Ann Power had spent six months with Martin Luther King in Chicago some time ago, had taught for two years in Tanzania, and were filled with admiration for President Julius Nyerere and his brand of socialism, which sounds to me like the communitarian socialism of Martin Buber's *Paths in Utopia*. Jonathan is an economist and Bob Moroney is a teacher.

The story of Taena Community, a few other visits I made to Catholic Worker readers, and a little pilgrimage I made to Haworth and the home of the Brontës will conclude my account of my visit to England, but there is neither time nor space to write it now. As it is, I never feel that I have done justice to the dear friends and the loving kindness they showed us.

War and Vision

(Continued from page 4)

did not really see. He knew by now that raiding was forbidden, and that the white men might punish him for scalping that last enemy right by their railroad track. In fact he was summoned to Fort Custer, for an interview with the Commanding Officer.

I expected him to put me in prison, but I still went. When I entered his room he stood up to shake my hand and I felt better. He asked what had happened and after I had finished he said that enemies had stolen my horses and I had got them back, killing one of the thieves. He said I had done well. When he asked if I wanted something to eat I said yes and he went to a bureau and took out a coin. Saying he was my friend he told me to get something I liked. Again he shook my hand and I thanked him. When I got outside I looked at the strange gift. But when I went to the store and found all the things I could buy with the five dollar gold piece, I understood.

This was a new kind of medicine, and it was associated with a new kind of war: indeed with a whole new kind of world, and with a different notion or vision of life, and of what made a human being important. In this new world there was no longer any place for an obsolete bison hunter and Stone Age warrior, nor was there any point in fasting for vision. In a very real sense he was deprived of his full identity. Contact with his spirit world was broken, because for him this contact depended entirely on a certain cultural context in which spirit-guidance gave meaning to his personal ambition. Two Leggings concludes his story—covering over thirty years in two and a half lines:

Nothing happened after that. We just lived. There were no more war parties, no capturing of horses from the Piegiens and Sioux, no buffalo to hunt. There is nothing more to tell.

ED NOTE: Thomas Merton's new book, *Edifying Cables*, will be published next year by New Directions.

BEYOND POLITICS

By VINCENT KELLY POLLARD

Politics has been defined as the "art of the possible." If this definition is agreed upon, an intriguing area of potential disagreement reveals itself within the tension between varying divisions of "what really can be done." The arena wherein the individual citizen confronts himself and his government's foreign policy is no exception.

The morality of any complex of strained international relationships is hardly a cut-and-dried affair. No one may ever have all or even most of the answers, but most men crave for at least a few tentatively concrete responses to aggravated relations among the nations.

Perhaps President Kennedy was correct in suggesting that such problems are not to be "solved" but, instead, "managed." Be that as it may, it can safely be said that the followers of Christ ought to claim no monopoly on solutions, at least in the sense of the Christian solution to Problem X.

However, the American Catholic bishops to the contrary notwithstanding, Christians (and even Catholics) need not lack direction or orientation in their "eleventh hour." For example, from the biblical theology now developing and even from the sometimes muddled and self-contradictory texts of the documents of Vatican II, we may fashion some basic guidelines and approaches.

The pressing human and theological issues involved in the questions about war and peace will not allow us the luxury of procrastinating until a "complete" answer is fashioned. If anything, the tenor of the conciliar documents is not only pastoral and, to an extent, action-orientated, but also (and more importantly) open to continuous development. Moreover, in the spirit of John Henry Newman, this development must come from all the people of God.

In studying the Scriptures, one becomes aware, at times, that the biblical writers and editors had no conception of many of the difficulties that would confront their twentieth-century co-religionists. John and Paul did not, for example, know about napalm or hydrogen bombs (although it might be argued that they had done some reading about fire and brimstone).

Present Relevance

On the other hand, John and Paul are not thereby to be brushed off as totally irrelevant to the contemporary reader of the Scriptures. For the Scriptural sayings and exhortations, especially when vague and general, often disclose their fuller meanings when viewed as "tip-offs" or "clues" as to the type of love that the individual Christian may be required to show in real-life situations.

In ascertaining this fuller meaning, we must open ourselves to the workings of the Spirit in the Christian community (and outside this community, often enough). And so, we read in John 14, 26: "But the Counselor, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you." (RSV/CE)

We recognize that "the Spirit blows where it wills" (John 3, 8). Truthfulness will require the individual Christian to admit that the precise manner in which he approaches a specific problem may not necessarily be the best way for some others to proceed.

Scripture does not just leave us "empty-handed," with a vague imperative to love and a hazy intimation of the Spirit's guidance. Rather, the New Testament presents the Incarnation's centrality to our lives as Christians and urges us to realize that Word-made-Flesh in all the dimensions of our lives.

Gradually, it becomes clear that

one needn't feel at a loss if there is no Chapter X, Verse Y, which runs something like, "Thou shalt become involved in foreign policy and international relations." Non-involvement is not what Christ demands of us. Hence, politics, education, civil rights, war-and-peace, and a host of related issues should become vital areas of concern for the post-Vatican II Christian—in the event that he wasn't already involved in them before the Council.

As always, the insoluble problems, like heads from a beheaded hydra, proliferate as soon as a concrete problem is under discussion. In the issue of war or peace, the problem is further complicated by the diametrically opposed positions that have been taken and are being taken by Catholics today.

As one who has concluded that I may not take another man's life in the institutionalized slaughter we call "war," but also as one who has decided to remain within the visible Church (in spite of the actions of many of my fellow-Catholics), I suppose that, for the moment, I must make judgments of no one's motives and, instead, be content to observe that different insights and ideas come to different members of the Christian community (I Cor. 12, 4-5) for the benefit of that community. Perhaps the sometimes heated arguments among proponents of various positions may be the catalysts to spark a healthy growth, i.e., if such confrontations spring from the honest tensions among the members of Christ's body, the Church. A contemporary expression of this notion may be found in John F. Kennedy's remark that "healthy dissent is the sign of a healthy society."

If I refuse to serve in the armed forces, there are several honest questions I must ask. First, more specifically, just what is there about war that seems opposed to my understanding of Christ and His Church? For me, refusal to serve in the armed forces is grounded in the incompatibility between taking a man's life and simultaneously mouthing expressions of love and fraternal concern for this person who, I claim to believe, is created in the image and likeness of God, our Father.

However, it simply isn't enough for the Christian to engage in a recital of the evils of war (or of this or that particular war). He must become a "peace-maker" wherever he goes and to the extent that he is able. Christian peace-making (as pacifism etymologically suggests) calls for deeper involvement in the world's miseries and not for any withdrawal from them. It cannot be based on a neo-isolationism or a latter-day Quietism.

The peace-maker must realize that his actions have a political as well as a personal dimension. It is in this area that a second question arises: how much can one person accomplish by going so directly contrary to the "accepted" way of doing things? How much can one person really do to change a nation's foreign policy?

These questions must be answered realistically. Otherwise, confused polemics will be the only outcome. The answer lies in a person's awareness that, although certain other people de facto have more to say about foreign-policy decisions than he does, he cannot use this awareness as an excuse to abdicate responsibility for his own actions. If he thinks that he is justified in taking any man's life, he certainly needs a better excuse than that he was "merely obeying orders." And if the phraseology of this excuse sounds familiar, it is a pity we haven't learned our lesson by this late date.

Our purpose, as Christians, cannot be to cast blame or impute guilt. Even if there were time available for this luxury, we must come to learn that judgments of this type only widen the very

communications gaps that we should be trying to close.

Instead of trying self-righteously to justify the misery we bring into the lives of our brothers, we might ask ourselves, "And just how am I to express sentiments of loving concern for my Viet Cong brother at the same time that I napalm the hut in which his wife (as well as he) lives or poison the rice paddies from which his children's (as well as his own) food comes?"

Even in pleading that these questions be asked, the peace-maker may be disappointed when his nation's episcopacy doesn't give positive direction. Chagrined as he may be at such ecclesiastical lethargy, he isn't surprised. There is always the comforting irony that rarely if ever have the bishops of any belligerent power openly and as a body opposed a war in which their own government was involved. Always, the "other side" was wrong. And in its glorious exaltation of the Law of the Talion, the "just-war theory" has shown its nakedness and bankruptcy.

The peace-maker's witness may not, in and of itself, banish war



forever. Quite possibly, his testimony will continually result in a series of failures, hopefully the "failures" of the Cross. Yet, in some way or other, all Christians are called to this vocation of reconciliation.

In 1945, shortly after the first organizational meeting of the United Nations in San Francisco, John F. Kennedy wrote to a friend: "We must face the truth that people have not been horrified by war to a sufficient extent to force them to go to any extent rather than have another war." Kennedy went on to prophesy that: "War will exist until the distant day when the conscientious objector enjoys the same reputation and prestige the warrior has today."

In spite of the idealism of such a view, it will be a perverted parody of God's merciful love for men if the Catholicism of the 1960's can be epitomized thus: "See how smoothly these Christians rationalize their fraternal violence!"

ED NOTE: Mr. Pollard is a recent Catholic college graduate who lives in Winnetka, Illinois.

"The artist, the man who makes, is less important to mankind, for good and evil, than the apostle, the man with a message. Without a religion, a philosophy, a code of behavior, call it what you will, men cannot live at all: what they believe may be absurd or revolting, but they have to believe something. On the other hand, however much the arts may mean to us, it is possible to imagine our lives without them."

W. H. Auden

A Man and a Vision

By JACK COOK

The following article is the second in a series of articles written about the farmworkers' strike by the author. The first, published last month, was entitled: "Delano: the City and the Strikers." The present article is not about the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee directly; rather it concerns the life of one workingman and the vision of all workingmen in this century, especially those who struggled and died forty years ago in those southern California valleys where the current struggle continues. Those beaten and busted strikers of the thirties, as John Steinbeck records in *In Dubious Battle*, were successful: their vision, only partially fulfilled now with U.F.W.O.C. contracts with Gallo, Christian Brothers vineyards, and others, is still alive. Even if Chavez fails, (even if he succeeds but that which is created fails) the vision itself remains.

That member of the crew who is a plasterer by trade is not Mexican or Filipino. He is a German. Emil Flackner came to this country from a small village in Germany in the early 20's and learned his trade before sheet rock made it simply a laborer's task.

He was told during his Americanization classes that the United States is not like the old country, where one made things "dure" (to use his expression); that is, repaired, patched, passed down articles of clothing and utensils. Here in America one buys new shoes every year, new clothes, cars, and appliances, because that is how the economy and everyone else prospers. He didn't pay any attention; his character, as he said, had already been formed by the small community in which he grew up. When the depression came, he had saved enough to last the first few years and later took odd jobs to keep his family going. (His young daughter died; later he would lose his wife.) During the depression, too, he read a great deal and looked at life and work in a different way than his fellow tradesmen.

Now he is sixty-six: a small, lean but well built man with great, powerful hands, formed by work; gentle eyes in an expressive, intelligent face; a prominent nose; a broad round-rimmed sombrero covered his grey but abundant hair. He walked slightly bent over. When he talked his hands, like hammers, drove his points home, and his head moved from side to side, up and down, as if he were trying to sight the lines of his ideas to see how his construction shaped up.

He had retired when he was 62 to the home he built seventy miles out of Sacramento in the mountains. He showed me photographs of the house, which was patterned after those in his village in Germany: the broad barn-like roof, (thatched in the old country), sloping almost to the ground, dark beams and rim setting off the whiteness of its walls—were visible in his home, although the lines were more refined and pleasing. He did it all by himself. Then he built a second, smaller house on his eighty acres of woods and mountainside. But he found, after he retired, that there was little to do but keep the house up and cut the many cords of wood needed for the wintertime, when heavy snows would bury the houses to their eaves. His neighbors, though working men and living a good distance away, were unsympathetic to his ideas; thought the Bomb should be dropped, hated Negroes, thought Mexicans inferior.

He had helped the farm workers all along with donations of money and joined them in their march that first year of the strike. In April of 1967, having sold his houses and land, with his truck full of food and clothing for the strikers, he came to Delano. At sixty-six, his possessions reduced

to a suitcase and a trunk, a small truck and a dog, he is working at Forty Acres and receives, of course, no pay. "If they gave me anything, it would defeat the purpose of coming here," he said in his German accent. He's learning Spanish and that, too, comes over with a strange guttural sound.

The unions in the old country, he said, were political organizations; in this country they want higher wages and are out for Number One. He was tired of that scene; he had lived in it for forty years and he now was "correcting all that."

I joined him that last week of my stay and shared the small rooms that he lived in. He took an intelligent interest in the breakfast foods he ate and the water he drank: natural foods and water from the mountains. The water in Delano, as a recent scandal there bears witness, has in it nitrates and other chemicals dangerous to human health but evidently great for the growers' fields and crops.

He liked the work, even the digging of ditches and shoveling of dirt; for it was "useful" and carried on in an easy, non-frantic way, so unlike the work one did for money or against time.

At noon I would quit painting and join him and the others as they left for the Filipino hall, where lunch would be waiting for us. Two kinds of rice, Spanish and plain; some form of meat (chicken legs, breasts; spare ribs, etc.) or fish; soup which was always good even though you recognized yesterday's meat in it; tortillas and other Mexican foods along with Filipino dishes, which were foreign to the taste, but good after one grew accustomed to them—all were waiting in their pots for us in the small rectangular dining room.

The Filipinos, even more than their lunches, were a delight at those times, after the sun and the work and before the next shift began; for they are a charming and happy people. The women who prepared the meals were always laughing and playing and, when the clothes were to be given out, the men, not the kids, would playfully prepare for the race to them, run it, and then let the women search and discover their needs.

Emil, like all of us, enjoyed their company; he got on well with the rank and file and shared their enthusiasm, yet from a different perspective and with a keen insight into the workings of unions. When the 73-year-old Filipino carpenter, "Candy" as he was called, failed to show for work two days in a row, Emil, Maestro the mason and myself, bumped and jogged along the back roads in search of the shack in which he lived. Emil wanted to be assured that Candy was not ill.

At night he would describe his village to me and tell me of how it was before the war; we would discuss politics or religion; the privileged and the oppressed. He would work for the union as long as there was a job. He was, at sixty-six years of age, a free man. I confess, he made all kinds of sense to me.

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Groups of 10 or more thinking of forming chapters write to Jane Harris, 1861 Schieffelin Place, Bronx, N.Y. 10466.

BOOK REVIEWS

ARCHBISHOP ROBERTS, S.J., by David Abner Hurn; Darton, Longman & Todd (London); 25 shillings. Reviewed by RICHARD J. CARBRAY.

I undertake the task of reviewing this book with mixed feelings. On the one hand I respect and have affection for both the biographer and the "biographee" and on the other I do want to deal objectively with the book, a rather short one and, some in America feel, a rather disappointing one. Too, I am well aware that for this sometime book reviewer an Olympian objectivity has not always been possible, and this may be particularly a problem with regard to this book.

First of all, a word or two about the biographer, "David Abner Hurn," and about pseudonyms in general. The biographer is as knowledgeable on the subject of Archbishop Roberts as almost any lay person that comes to mind. However, to me the *nom de plume*, whether it be David Abner Hurn or Xavier Rynne or Michael Serafian, is somewhat Victorian, even oddly melodramatic when judged against the backdrop of Vatican II and the Church of the Sixties. Since both the biographer and the Archbishop are champions of openness, candor, and honesty, and exemplify these qualities to a high degree in their persons, this gambit mildly disappointed me. Granted that reasons of prudence (and here I speak of the real article and not that species sometimes referred to as "chancery prudence") can be validly cited to justify this practice in certain situations, I am not fully persuaded that it was necessary here. But, as the Archbishop himself might have said: "Things do suffer in translation and in delation."

In his *Guardian* review of the book, Terry Eagleton wrote: "Archbishop Roberts is a man who has tried to negotiate some humanity within traditional notions of loyalty and obedience; now, under increased pressure, those notions are themselves being redefined. The tension for the Catholic radicals is therefore less. But whatever humanity can now be created within the Catholic Church will be in continuity with the work of Archbishop Roberts and a few others, who were alone for so long. The fight is still on: the fact that this book is written under a pseudonym, to protect its author from involvement in the prejudice which the Archbishop still attracts, should be a warning to those who see the Vatican Council as the achievement, rather than the frail beginnings of a humane Church."

Because of the book's format, which includes extensive quotations from letters, newspapers and other books, along with the author's comments, verbatim interviews with the Archbishop, and the author's independent views on the subject, there are those who find the book lacking in unity—disjointed, uneven, and episodic. But to me the Archbishop comes through convincingly, since the author has noted most of the more important activities of his career and added some warm and revealing vignettes of a full and purposeful life.

Chapter IV deals in detail with the circumstances surrounding Roberts' initiatives in relinquishing the See of Bombay, and the painstaking negotiations with Pius XII, Salazar, and others, that resulted in the Archdiocese of Bombay's being turned over to an Indian prelate, in accordance with Roberts' wishes. Some of his detractors have chosen to misrepresent this transferral; in the interests of accuracy, as well as Christian charity, I suggest that they read this chapter, along with Barbara Lucas Wall's treatment of the same matter in her booklet on Roberts in the series "Men Who Make the Council," edited by Mi-

chael Novak (University of Notre Dame Press).

The same chapter records the shabby treatment accorded to Archbishop Roberts at the Eucharistic Congress in 1964. Invited to attend the Congress by Cardinal Gracias, the Archbishop, without whose efforts in India for thirteen years there might well have been no *raison d'être* for such an occasion, was studiously ignored during the whole event. As the author says: "Archbishop Roberts was invited to go as his successor's guest. He went—back to the diocese he had freed and he was excluded from the house he had given to Cardinal Gracias; he was not so much as given a meal in it or invited to cross the threshold to meet the Pope."

"He did not in fact meet the Pope there at all. He was not invited to join those bishops who awaited his arrival in the airport enclosure, nor was he invited to officiate at a single Congress ceremony. One of the biggest was a mass ordination where candidates were the sons of men Archbishop Roberts had baptised and confirmed, but foreign bishops, strangers to the diocese, were invited to perform the ceremony."

"Much was made during the Congress—rightly—of the fact that here in charge was India's first native cardinal. Nothing was said of the man who had made that possible."

During Archbishop Roberts' tenure, the subcontinent of India was undergoing many changes on many levels. Soon after his arrival in Bombay the Archbishop and Gandhi began their correspondence, which, sad to say, was lost to history.

That a better biography could have been written on Roberts is an entertainable notion. However, this book is an existential fact and I prefer to acknowledge what a book is and says rather than complain of what it isn't and doesn't say. I do hope that there will be many more books about Roberts and that out of this corpus of biographical insights will emerge an ever truer picture of this unique son of Ignatius.

Personal Post Script

If it were not for Gordon Zahn's malfunctioning camera, we might have had some excellent photos in Rome that could have been used in the process of assembling still another book on T.D.R. photos of some members of the American "peace lobby," including Dorothy Day, James Douglass, Eileen Egan, and Zahn, taken with Archbishop Roberts after we had all heard his Mass one morning at the Basilica of San Carlo. (Zahn insists that his own and the Archbishop's particular brand of sanctity cannot be captured on film.) There were other shots, too, which alas, did not turn out, and would have enhanced the telling of any reminiscences of Roberts. For whether the Archbishop was engaging in spirited dialogue with Giorgio La Pira, then Mayor of Florence, after the latter's return from Hanoi or conversing with seminarians from our own North American College in Rome or helping to wish Dorothy Day *bon viaggio* at a gala supper (and Dorothy was in need of a supper, gala or otherwise, having just come off a ten-day fast for peace) on the eve of her departure from Rome to the United States or administering the sacrament of Confirmation to Dame Edith Sitwell at Farm Street, he comes across as a human being *vraiment et toujours engage*.

If Archbishop Roberts ever activates his titular archdiocese of Sygdea, I suggest a motto for his coat of arms:

Tradition: the living faith of the dead.

Traditionalism: the dead faith of the living.

ED. NOTE: Humanities Press, in New York, has distribution rights in the United States for this book.

WAR, CONSCIENCE AND DISSENT by Gordon C. Zahn (Hawthorn, \$5.95.) Reviewed by JAMES W. DOUGLASS.

Gordon Zahn is a prophet who has been heard. This may not have seemed a likely prospect eight years ago, when Zahn's article on "The German Catholic Press and Hitler's Wars" (first presented as a talk) stirred up such a storm of rejection that it caused two changes of editors of the sociological review committed to publishing it and forced the publisher which had accepted the manuscript of his book, *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars*, to turn it over to another company, delaying its publication two years. But with the appearance in 1967 of this collection of Zahn's essays, spanning his writing activity on "war, conscience, and dissent" from 1943 to the present, it is clear that a new Church has begun to come into being and that it is one which corresponds to the vision Zahn had for it.

In his foreword Gordon Zahn denies having had any significant role in the changes in the Catholic community which, he fears, may have dulled the impact of these essays to the status of historical curiosities, despite their having been dismissed not long ago as the musings of someone on the fringe of Catholicism. (Or treated with charitable condescension in liberal Catholic circles, as evidenced by the remark of an editor of a 1960 book in which a Zahn essay appeared: "Many more Gordon Zahns and Dorothy Days might be welcomed on the American scene, not for the help they will give in solving the [nuclear] dilemma, but for prodding our consciences and forcing the rest of us to come to terms with the problem.") The "rest of us" represented in the volume have since then either begun to see the problem in Gordon Zahn's and Dorothy Day's terms or have lost any significant influence on the American Catholic community.)

The fact is that Zahn's writing not only anticipated Pope John's re-direction of the Church into the center of the movement for peace and ecumenism, but in the continuing growth of that new life of the Holy Spirit, has become one of the principal instruments of change. To see Zahn's role in this revitalization one has only to note the growing endorsement today, both within and beyond the Catholic community, of the scholarly indictment of *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars* and the witness of Franz Jagerstatter presented in *Im Solitary Witness*. These books will live because they reveal the height of heroism and the depth of mediocrity of the Church in our time, and because, thanks to a few voices like Zahn's and the presence of a Pope who heard them, it is the path of Jagerstatter which the Church has begun to take, however hesitantly.

Nor have the essays in *War, Conscience and Dissent*, because of their particular success in charting new directions, taken on any cobwebs. It is true, as Zahn notes, that the just-war theology on which much of the essays' pacifism is based is giving way in the Church to a renewed appreciation of the nonviolence at the heart of the Gospel. But Zahn's use of the just-war doctrine, by reason of the unique seriousness with which he takes the doctrine and in contrast to those theologians who let it serve their rationalizations of modern war, always looks beyond it to the Gospel itself. To take the doctrine seriously is to reject all modern wars and perhaps, as Zahn suggests, all wars of every age. And this is to take on the cross of nonviolence, as Jagerstatter did by his rejection of Hitler's wars. The continual failure of Catholics to apply the just-war doctrine with anything like the cogency of Zahn's arguments may be because they sensed correctly a cross at the heart of it.

The first section of essays deals with the morality of war itself,

LETTERS

Last Words

Box 626
Whitesburg, Ky.

Friends:

I read Dorothy Day's article about Hugh Madden in the September *Catholic Worker* and thought I would tell you about the last time I saw Hugh Madden. I may have been the last person to speak with him and thought you might like to hear the story.

Don't remember the exact date, it must have been around the 10th or 11th of September. I was traveling south in Virginia near the Virginia-North Carolina border on the new Interstate when I first saw his bike moving down the center of the right lane. I pulled over at the rest stop about a mile down the road and waited for him. He was wearing cut-off canvas pants, a checkered shirt, shower tongs, and a battered old hat with religious medals. Rain was falling lightly and as we talked he pulled on an army poncho. He said that his name was "Windy" Madden and that he had biked from California to New York City, spent some time at a farm and was on his way to Mexico City. He was proud of his new bike and said that he could make the trip in about a month. Although I had not met him before, we somehow began to talk about the *Catholic Worker* and you. I mentioned Ammon Hennacy's *The Book of Ammon* and he said that parts of it were inaccurate.

As we talked, a tractor-trailer truck pulled up with a huge stylized portrait of Hitler on the side. Two Nazi Storm Troopers (this was right after Rockwell was killed) got out and checked the truck. Madden was ready to leave then but decided to wait until the truck left. I tried to help him out with a little money but he refused. "God bless you, my son" he said, and soon became a tiny gray speck in the rain.

I do free-lance photography at times and was tempted to take his photograph but restrained myself. I have never seen eyes which were as blue and as intense as his. Almost like looking into Time. Don't know how the accident happened, but he was moving in the center of the right hand lane when I saw him and cars had to pull into the other lane when they passed. He said that he had had no trouble on the trip except at the Hudson Tunnel, when he tried to cross from New York. Cops apparently finally gave him a police escort through the tunnel. I hope this will be of some use to you. I have thought of him often and was shocked to hear of his death.

Mike Clark

the second with the responsibility of each individual Christian to form his conscience on war, and the final section with the broader question of the extent to which the Church should recognize, support, or even promote dissent and civil disobedience on the part of the faithful. The essays' universal characteristic is the author's profound commitment to the peace of Christ, as evident in his meditation on the ringing church bells of a destroyed city as in his groundbreaking essay on Rolf Hochhuth's *Deputy* (first published a year before the play's New York production). These essays are the expression of a witness which has remained steadfast for over twenty years and, because of its strength and the Church it is helping to re-create, promises to become less solitary.

Coupled

Loving begins loving; then, love will start.
Self dies, then rises in another heart.

JOHN FANDEL

After the Deluge

Box 1098
McAllen, Texas

Dear Friends:

Most of the houses in Rio Grande City have dried out, and we've been helping each other to clean up and rebuild. Gil Padilla, leader of the United Farm Workers here in Texas, had five feet of water in his house. He and his wife and seven children, plus two refugee families from Camargo, Mexico, lived in our two-room Union office for eighteen days. I had only six inches of water in my house. Hurricane Beulah has left such devastation in the Rio Grande Valley that there is little chance that the Union will make much progress here this winter.

Community organizing and voter registration will probably be the main activities until next Spring. The injunction forbidding all picketing is still in force. And almost twenty thousand dollars in Union funds are still tied up in bail bonds for Union members arrested on trumped-up charges. There have still not been any trials of any of over a hundred strikers arrested since June 1, 1966.

The hurricane and floods washed out almost all of the Winter crops, the bell peppers, lettuce, celery, and onions. The planting for spring crops has been delayed by almost a month. And the winds knocked over seventy per cent of the oranges and grapefruits off the trees. What can be done to help those thousands of South Texas farm workers dependent on the winter harvest to tide them over until the spring migrations begin again? Welfare in South Texas is pitifully inadequate, rarely more than fifty dollars a month per family, and is usually not available at all. If the Union were stronger, perhaps we could prevent wages from going down this winter on what little work remains. But there is such a huge surplus of workers, and so little work, that wages have declined to fifty cents an hour in many places. There are reports of considerable starvation on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. Once the Red Cross leaves, who will feed the jobless people here? If we are left dependent on the slow-moving and stingy county and state agencies, there will be real starvation here too.

Some of the Texas strikers are now helping their California brothers on the Guimarra grape boycott. Reports from Delano say that Guimarra is three weeks behind in his harvest of Emperor Grapes. His warehouses are full of grapes he cannot sell. He must have lost a great deal of money already. But the Union is also feeling the financial strain. We are supporting over a hundred new families; Guimarra strikers, who joined the strike in August. And one of the Union's most generous supporters, the United Auto Workers, have cut off their contributions. Their own massive strike against Ford was very expensive for the workers and the Union, and even with the settlement, it may be several months before their contributions begin coming in again. It looks as if it will be a very long and difficult winter for all of us.

Yours for peace and justice,
Doug Adair

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.