

CATHOLIC WORKER



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"And Jonas began to enter into the city one day's journey; and he cried, and said: Yet forty days and Nineve shall be destroyed. And the men of Nineve believed in God: and they proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth from the greatest to the least. And the word came to the king of Nineve: and he rose up out of his throne and cast away his robe from him and

was clothed in sackcloth and sat in ashes.

And he caused it to be proclaimed and published in Nineve from the mouth of the king and his princess, saying: Let neither men nor beasts, oxen nor sheep, taste any thing: let them not feed nor drink water. And let men and beasts be covered with sackcloth and cry to the Lord with all their strength: and let them turn every-

one from his evil way and from the iniquity that is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and forgive and will turn away from his fierce anger: and we shall not perish?

And God saw their works, that they were turned from their evil way: and God had mercy with regard to the evil which he had said that he would do them, and he did it not." *The Book of Jonas.*

Coal Miners Strike

An Interview with Berman Gibson, leader of 25,000 striking miners

By TOM CORNELL

Twenty-five thousand miners in Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia have been out on a wildcat strike since September 1962. Seven counties involved are Harlan, Perry, Leslie, Knott, Pike, Letcher and Floyd. This is the same area that saw the worst of the terrible struggles in the 1930's for union organization. It is the same area that has been in a state of chronic depression for the whole post-war period.

In 1959 the coal operators began a drive to break the United Mine Workers Union. They began leasing out mines to underlings—foremen, managers, etc. These men would then hire miners without a union contract, since they were technically new employers. Since the U.M.W. neglected to press the organization of these new operators, wages fell steadily from the union contract scale of \$24.25 per day to as little as \$3 per day at present! In addition, the big un-

ionized coal operators, unknown to the miners, stopped paying the 40c per ton royalty into the U.M.W. Welfare Plan. The Welfare Plan is responsible for the \$100 per month pension of retired miners as well as for the U.M.W. hospitals, four of which are located in this area.

The Welfare Plan has been hurt badly by these tactics. The \$100 pensions have had to be reduced to \$75, and the hospitals are scheduled to be closed within a month. The operators claim that they cannot afford to put 40c per ton royalty into the Welfare Fund. They claim it is simply impossible to make a reasonable profit with forty cents going to the Fund per ton. But County Judge Courtney Wells, of Hazard, Perry County, made Sheriff Coombs admit that, as a lessee he cleared \$60,000 in sixty days! But the big coal operators, who did the leasing, netted

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The City

By GERARD LA MOUNTAIN, O.R.S.A.

Fr. La Mountain is the pastor of Most Holy Crucifix Church on Broome Street, New York. He was largely responsible for the formation of the Joint Committee to Halt the Lower Manhattan Expressway.

In his magnificent work *The City of God*, St. Augustine builds society up into circles. The first circle is the hearth or family, the second is the city or state, the third is the world, the fourth the universe or heaven.

There are several aspects of this figure that are interesting and apposite to the organization of society today, particularly present day urban society. St. Augustine's identification of the city with the state is curious for us, but this was typical of the ancients. For they recognize no nations as we know them today. Rome the city was also the state; as Rome prospered and then declined, so the state prospered and declined un-

til, at the end, all was lost in the welter and chaos of the barbarian invasion.

Nor did the state rise until sometime after the rehabilitation of the city in the late Middle Ages. This came about, at least in part, because the city, even in barbarous times, is the cradle or nursery of ideas, the refiner of culture and the crucible of custom. It is the forum in which men meet to expound and pounder ideas, the topless tower from which they launch their experiments. There will be a lot of matter with the city today, just as there was in St. Augustine's time, but it ought not be called inhuman for this is a contradiction in terms. Also it is an error to say that the city is an enemy of civilization; where did civilization arise if not behind its walls?

St. Augustine's theme, the juxtaposition of the two cities in no (Continued on page 3)

More About Cuba

By DOROTHY DAY

As we go to press this February it seems that the Cuban crisis of last October is still upon us. Congressmen and Senators are pressing for an investigation into Russian strength in Cuba and refusing to believe the President's assurances that the situation there is not endangering the U.S. This morning the radio news is that President Kennedy is authorizing a report from the Central Intelligence Agency as to the continuing buildup of Russian strength there. In view of the published history of CIA activities in various parts of the world as well as in Cuba, we will have little confidence in its truthfulness.

A Cuban visiting our office recently warns us of Communism influencing our President. He evidently regarded Mr. Kennedy's attempts at peaceful co-existence with Cuba as danger signals. We heard one man in the street in a city bus loudly demanding the impeachment of the president. Our Cuban visitor who had been living in the country the last two years

also spoke darkly of Communist infiltration in the guise of charity and action for social justice.

There is no pledge in writing that the U.S. will not invade Cuba and the press and radio in various parts of the country are demanding a "showdown."

The most interesting report to come out of Cuba recently is I. F. Stone's story of his ten day visit in the last three issues of his weekly news letter (5618 Nebraska Avenue, N.W. Washington 15 D.C. Ask for the Cuban issues.)

With the dreadful threat of nuclear war hanging over us we can only, in the pages of the CW, try to present other writings which will deal with these problems in the light of the Faith. Entering on a new era in the history of the world as we are, the nuclear era, it is impossible to liken what is happening to any other period or situation such as that of Russia and little Finland in the late Thirties. Just the same it is good to keep in mind the truth that men (Continued on page 4)

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Christian Pacifism In Today's World

By RORY McCORMICK

(Editor's note: Rory McCormick is the pen-name of a free-lance writer who is a member of the American Pax Association. This article is reprinted by permission of AVE MARIA magazine, South Bend, Indiana. Their yearly subscription fee is \$7. AVE MARIA is a weekly.)

The spectacle of Christians at war has ever been a puzzle to unbelievers. The late C. Wright Mills, author of *The Causes of World War III*, said in 1958 in an article entitled "A Pagan Sermon to the Christian Clergy":

"I am religiously illiterate and unfeeling. But I truly do not see how you can claim to be Christians and yet not speak out totally and dogmatically against the preparations and testing now under way for World War III. As I read it, Christian doctrine in contact with the realities of today cannot lead to any other position."

But there is no denying that a "unilateralist," one who advocates unilateral nuclear disarmament, is regarded in the United States today as either a crackpot or a subversive. In fact there is one thing upon which both the people of the United States and the people of the Soviet Union are agreed: Each regards as absurd the suggestion that its government should junk its massive weapons of annihilation.

Thus last year when the San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walkers sponsored by the Committee for Nonviolent Action made an appeal for unilateral nuclear disarmament to audiences in Russia, their proposal was received with the same incredulity and ridicule that it receives in America. The Russians reminded them of the Nazi invasion in which 20 million of their people had been lost, an event remote in the recollections of Americans but still green in the Russian memory, and they indignantly protested that so long as the West had nuclear bombs and missiles their country must have them too.

In America people frequently say that unilateralism and Christian nonviolence will not work against an enemy who is not Christian, and that we cannot safely dismantle our massive nuclear weapons system. If we are to deter Communist aggression or certainly a nuclear attack by Russia, our military strategists tell us, we must retain the power to destroy the Soviet "social fabric" (gobbledygook meaning cities and population). Since the Russians possess the power of population extermination, the average American is more than ever convinced of the necessity of U.S. retention of the same power. One must fight fire with fire.

But in the case of Christians is this not a double standard? Did not the glory of the early Christians shine forth in their adherence to a law of charity utterly at

odds with the standards of Roman society? The distinguished Catholic psychiatrist Karl Stern put it in a striking way recently when he suggested that if "there had existed during the time of Christ a powerful aggressor such as the Roman imperial army, equipped with gadgets to get at wombs, at fetuses and even at unborn generations," Christ would not have advocated such instruments by His own people even as a deterrent, but in fact would have demanded "the acceptance of torture, mutilation and death rather than even prepare such instruments." The attitude toward war held by the early Christians, living in the centuries before the Edict of Milan in A.D. 313, when the Roman Emperor Constantine and his Eastern counterpart Licinius granted religious freedom to the Church, has been a matter of some confusion. Some have asserted that the unwillingness of Christians to serve in the Roman armies was primarily because of an objection to the idolatrous practices required of the soldiery; but the early Church scholar and polemicist Tertullian says in *De Idololatria* XIX that below the rank of centurion, idolatrous immolations were not required.

The real objection of the early Christians to military service is found in the phrase *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine*—"the Church shrinks from bloodshed." And, as Roger Smith says in the recent excellent book *Nuclear Weapons: A Catholic Response* (Sheed and Ward), as against the sword the first Christians preferred the "weapons of light." Smith further points out that for those who did serve in the army a distinction was made between *militare* (to do military service) and *bellare* (to wage war)—the former probably regarded as the normal duty of preserving order within the state, and the latter as the waging of bloody wars against the barbarians.

The testimony of the great Christian scholar Origen in the third century is pertinent. Celsus, a cultivated pagan concerned about the crumbling Rome, criticized the Christians particularly for their refusal to fight in the army. Origen, replying in his famous *Contra Celsum*, said:

"Christians have been taught not to defend themselves against their enemies; and because they have kept the laws which command gentleness and love to man, on this account they have received from God that which they would not have succeeded in doing if they had been given the right to make war, even though they may have been quite able to do so. He always fought for them, and from time to time stopped the opponents of the Christians and the people who wanted to kill them." Origen, it is important to note, did not regard the Christian as having a duty to blindly follow

the state, for although he recognized the duty of sharing the responsibilities of the community he held that a Christian's first allegiance is, of course, to the new kingdom established by Christ and to His law. Christian pacifism can find no better definition than in the *Contra Celsum*:

"No longer do we take the sword against any nations, nor do we learn war anymore since we have become the sons of peace through Jesus, Who is our author, instead of following the traditional customs by which we were strangers to the covenant."

The Christian doctrine of love, according to this early Church scholar, meant that one should pray for the Emperor, not so that he might win victories, but so that peace might be obtained and so that the evil powers that stir up contentions and hatreds and rivalries among men might be overcome.

It was not until 200 years after Origen that St. Augustine, in the fifth century, laid the foundation of the theory of the "just war," a phrase that is heard on those infrequent occasions these days when theologians discuss the morality of warfare. In Augustine's time Rome had fallen to Alaric, the Goth, and already the barbarians were at the gates of Hippo, the North African city where he was Bishop. Augustine in fact pleaded with a certain Boniface not to enter a monastery but to remain a soldier and defend North Africa. The situation had changed profoundly since the days of the first Christians, for the state no longer persecuted the

evil avoided." Further conditions were added by Cajetan and Vittoria in the 16th century, and Suarez and Bellarmine in the 17th.

Today the renowned German theologian Father Stratmann lists in his book *The Church and War* 10 points: (1) gross injustice on the part of one, and only one, of the contending parties; (2) gross formal (consciously willed) moral guilt on one side—material guilt is not sufficient; (3) undoubted knowledge of this guilt; (4) that war should only be declared when every means to prevent it has failed; (5) **guilt and punishment must be proportionate: punishment exceeding the measure of guilt is unjust and not to be allowed**; (6) moral certainty that the side of justice will win; (7) right intention to further what is good and to shun what is evil; (8) war must be rightly conducted, restrained within the limits of justice and love; (9) avoidance of unnecessary upheaval of countries not immediately concerned and of the Christian community; (10) declaration of war by lawful authority exercised in the name of God.

It requires little reflection to see how incompatible nuclear warfare of any scale is with many of these requirements, but especially points five, eight and nine.

In 1956, for example, Lt. General James Gavin, then chief of the U.S. Army Research and Development branch, was asked by a Senate committee about the effect of an assault in force on Russia with nuclear weapons. The General told the committee: "Current planning estimates run on the order of several hundred million deaths that would be either way depending on which way the wind blew. If the wind blew to the southeast they would be mostly in the USSR, although they would extend into the Japanese and perhaps down into the Philippine area. If the wind blew the other way, they would extend well back up into Western Europe."

No explanation is needed for the least sophisticated to see how grossly such an attack would violate the traditional Catholic moral principle of noncombatant immunity, which derives from the requirement that the war must be "rightly conducted" and from the distinction between killing and murder.

Without question Pius XII had in mind warfare of this indiscriminate and unrestricted sort when he said on an address to the World Medical Association in 1954: "Should the evil consequences of adopting this method of warfare ever become so extensive as to pass utterly beyond the control of man, then indeed its use must be rejected as immoral."

How outrageously the principle of noncombatant immunity, which forbids the killing of those not directly engaged in war, has been flouted in modern wars when only so-called conventional weapons have been used may be judged by perusing such a book as Martin Caidin's *The Night Hamburg Died*, the horrible story of the "Gomorra" raids by the Royal Air Force in July, 1943, on the great German city. An estimated 70,000 people were cooked or asphyxiated in the terrible firestorm that enveloped the doomed metropolis. The types of bombs used in the raids were such that they destroyed buildings, rendered air-raid shelters useless, and inflicted phosphorous burns on the inhabitants. This was one of the many terror raids that both sides in World War II resorted to. The people deserted the air raid shelters and thousands sought refuge in the water of the canals.

The suffering of the children is described by Caidin in unforgettable words: "Their best, the very substance of their heart and their soul—it is all too little. For they must keep raising and lowering the children, plunging them into the water so that the heat radiation will not flay their skins. The children suffer terribly, unable to cry out, gasping for breath, sucking in the terrible heated air when they are thrust upward. Their hair steams. Their tongues are swollen and they cannot cry."

A litany of crime against non-combatants in World War II would include: Dresden, a city of 600,000 swollen with perhaps 300,000 refugees fleeing from the Russian Army, raided in round-the-clock style by the Allied Air Force, and left with an estimated 250,000 dead; Tokyo, subjected to a napalm bombing that boiled the very water in the canals and left 100,000 dead; numerous other Japanese cities given a similar treatment; Coventry reduced to rubble by the German Luftwaffe, and Rotterdam also leveled by them; Antwerp, the great Belgian port, subjected to a new terror, the V-2 rocket, which nearly turned the tide for the Germans.

World War II demonstrates how inevitably military expediency pushes aside moral restraints as the war waxes hot, for at the outset both the British and American Governments had said that they would adhere to the conventional code and not bomb cities. More recently in Algeria and Vietnam, where both sides have made war on noncombatants and resorted to torture, we have seen how quickly in warfare the standard of the lowest becomes the standard of all.

Total war has made hostages of noncombatants. The strategy of the so-called nuclear deterrent upon which the West has depended since 1949 is a hostage strategy. Attack us or our allies, we have said, and we are prepared if necessary to destroy utterly your population centers, so that your families, the very reason for your existence as a country, will be decimated. The *Polaris* submarines are at the moment our invulnerable hostage weapon, for they are designed for "counter-people" warfare.

The hostage strategy is not new. It is recorded of the great 13th-century Mongol leader Genghis Khan that whenever a revolt occurred in his domain he massacred the inhabitants of the offending cities, sparing only artisans and beautiful young women. In this way he no doubt cut short the revolt and saved lives on both sides—our rationale for the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He often drove captive women and children as a screen before his army, thus inhibiting the enemy's attack. The threat of nuclear annihilation of an enemy's "social fabric" is simply a 20th-century version of Genghis Khan's screen of hostages.

In the Middle Ages the rules of the just war were probably more honored in the breach than in the observance: The knights of the Fourth Crusade sacked Constantinople the capital of Byzantine Christianity, and in the 13th century Arnald-Amalric, later Archbishop of Narbonne, reported that when Benziars, a heretic Cather city in southern France, was taken, "nearly 20,000 citizens were put to the sword regardless of age or sex." The Augustinian requirement of love of the enemy has seldom if ever been lived up to, and the effort to keep warfare within certain moral limits has almost always failed.

In our own time, when the just war limitations appear to be more than ever a dead letter, some Catholics are returning to the non-violent tradition of the first Christians. As with CORE in its nonviolent revolt against racial injustice, these Catholics believe violence only sows the seed of further violence and that the principle of loving one's enemy is not a mere sentimental ideal but a practical goal.

Christian pacifism has been advocated and practiced by members of Dorothy Day's Catholic Worker movement since its foundation in 1933. Recently PAX was formed in the United States. In addition to promoting the study of nonviolent alternatives to war, PAX gives moral and practical support to Catholic conscientious objectors. Among the Catholics in England and the United States listed as sponsors of this organization are: Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., author of *Black* (Continued on page 6)



Church but had become its protector, and we find Augustine appealing to the Emperor to defend the Christians against the Donatist heretics.

St. Augustine evidently concluded that a way must be found to reconcile war with Christian love. He reasoned that a Christian citizen, citizen of the heavenly city, is also a citizen of the earthly city and, as such, shares its responsibilities, including participation in just wars. Drawing his rationale of the just war to a considerable extent from pre-Christian, classical concepts of justice—from Cicero in fact—Augustine established the principle that a Christian may engage in warfare in a just cause if his intention is pure and directed to love of the enemy. Augustinian thought provided a basis for justification of the Crusades and the Inquisition, it is pertinent to note, for if Christian may unite with pagan in a just cause, in a completely Christian state the secular arm may be used to put down heresy.

Eight centuries after St. Augustine, three conditions for a just war were prescribed by St. Thomas Aquinas: legitimate authority, just cause, and right intention, "that good may be furthered and

The City

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way negates his point that the city is the stage or background across which men pass and repass in their quest of happiness and wisdom, pleasure and virtue. The exchange of Rome for the new Jerusalem (Christianity) does not impair this concept, it only completes it. As a man passes from the first circle of society to the second, and so on, so he will pass eventually to the fourth.

Dante Alighieri must have studied his "City of God" well, for some 800 years after Augustine we find him using the same figures, circles or spheres in his celebrated *Commedia*, published, by the way, when the city was coming out of the shadows of barbarism to take up again its ancient task, the cradlement and protection of civilization. Today, some 700 years after Dante, when the city is suffering all manner of pummeling and punching to find out what ails it, the figure of circles is still apposite.

These circles, it is true, do not exist alone and apart, but, as St. Augustine maintained, they act and react upon one another throughout the range of daily life. And this they must do for the mutual benefit accruing, for the prosperity of civil life. But action and reaction are not the same as entanglement, besides, today, we have to add another sphere because the city and state are no longer synonymous.

When and if these forces become fundamentally antagonistic, then the city will again decline. For instance, Alaric didn't really destroy Rome; he gave it a simple 'coup de grace,' and it fell apart. The destruction had all come long before and internally. Decline can set in from any number of complaints. One of these is a loss of identity by two or more of the spheres of society. Thus, should the family disappear into the city, the city into the state, the state into the world, and so forth, then the various ranges of society are sick. Were this to happen here, then the collapse of American cities would not have to wait for the arrival of the new barbarian. They would fall of themselves.

The virus of this particular decline appears to be activated, granting good faith on all sides, when one of the spheres of society becomes over-protective of those beneath it. If the lower ones submit to this then they, too, are abandoning the famous principle of subsidiarity. Gilbert Chesterton, commenting on an analogous situation somewhere, has said that this is the way dictatorships come about; the citizens put someone up on the parapet to protect them while they go in to take a nap. And it is true; when the citizen is content to be told what is good and bad for him in nearly all phases of civic life, sleep, sometimes called conformity, has set in and he is that much nearer to that other kind of sleep, sometimes called spiritual death, and sometimes slavery. For the city is not the houses and buildings nor the administrative offices, but the people. They are the city and its government. They will forget this to their peril.

The Expressway

In 1941 the municipal authority of New York City proposed to link the Williamsburg and Manhattan Bridges on one side of Manhattan Island with the Holland Tunnel to New Jersey on the other side by means of an elevated expressway. It was said that this would facilitate traffic. This plan necessitated the removal of thousands of families and hundreds of businesses along the two and a half mile route. Also in its path were a number of public and semi-public buildings and institutions, among them our church. At that time the expressway, a ten-lane roadway, was estimated at a cost of 80 million dollars. But shortly after it was broached the nation went

to war, so the plan never really got beyond the talking stage. Nevertheless, a point had been made. The area was marked for demolition.

With the passage of the Federal Housing Act of 1956, the legal act empowering the federal government to pay 90 percent of the cost of arterial highways through any state, the Broome Street Expressway (as it was known) began to loom large and ominous on the horizon of the Lower Eastside of Manhattan. It was, after all, only one link in an arterial highway running from New Jersey across Manhattan to hook into the Bushwick Expressway projected for the Brooklyn section. The availability of all that money down in Washington started wheels turning

rapidly. The expressway acquired a new name, the Lower Manhattan Expressway, also it acquired a new estimate, 100,000,000 dollars. Of this sum the State of New York would pay, under law, ten percent, the federal government to pay the rest. To be sure, the city would have to pay the cost of entrance and exit ramps (eleven of them), plus the purchase and demolition of the buildings in the path of the roadway. However, actual construction would take no money out of the city's pocket. This factor made it all exceedingly attractive.

The city moved rapidly to negotiate preliminary engineering contracts, three years in fact before holding the first public hearing on December 9, 1959. This precipitateness of the municipal authority was one of the bones that stuck in the throat of area residents. The city people said they were only taking time by the forelock, but

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Plan for a School

By JUDITH GREGORY

Ever since I worked for Highlander Folk School in 1958 I have wanted some day to start a similar school in the Northeast. After five years I have at last reached the point of planning such a school, in the hope that a beginning can be made within the coming year. The school will be based to a large extent on my experience at Highlander and on my understanding of its method of education. On the other hand, I can't and don't want to claim that it will be another Highlander. I have already written a good deal about Highlander in *The Catholic Worker*, but nevertheless I shall briefly describe it here, and then I shall describe in particular what I want to do.

Highlander as I knew it was a residential adult school, located in the country near Monteagle, Tennessee. The sessions were short, from a weekend to a month—most often a week or two—and all were completely non-credit. People from a great variety of backgrounds, illiterate or highly educated, and employed in all manner of ways, would come there to discuss some subject of practical interest to all of them. They would live at the school for the whole of the workshop—an essential aspect of the program, for often the people who came had never before lived in a situation of such complete equality, or had such a chance to go over their needs and interests in a leisurely way with such a variety of people.

The subject matter of the workshops varied greatly, but was always determined by the needs of the people of the region, changing from time to time. Myles Horton, the founder of Highlander, called it in the beginning "a school for problems." The many problems that came with the Great Depression, the problems of a segregated society, and many others have been explored at Highlander. Such a school is extremely flexible, and can take up almost any matter of interest to the people of the area.

The students at Highlander were usually already actively involved, in work on the particular subject of the session they came to. The workshops were not debates on general issues but discussions of ways and means to achieve quite practical ends. The permanent staff of the school was very small, and those of the staff who taught at the sessions had little specialized knowledge. If this was required, consultants were called in, and, depending on the workshop, they might be experts on any one of a multitude of things such as credit unions, labor law, literacy education etc., or they might be parents who had seen their children through a mob into a newly integrated school, and who thus were experts on this very perplexing matter. The contribution of the school, beyond what was brought by the students themselves, and the consultants, was summed up by Myles Horton in the following way in 1954: "We don't have any information that everyone else doesn't have. I think that if we contribute anything in addition, it is the motivation, the feeling that it can be done, because it is being done here."

I must also mention two extremely important points. One is the school's effort to teach people not as if the purpose were for them to learn, but as if it were for them to teach others. This can provide a strong motive for study and thought, and help greatly to insure the spreading of leadership, of personal responsibility and commitment to action. The second point is Highlander's knowledge that it must get people to come to the school, rather than have its staff members go into a community with an idea and try to organize people or get them excited by the idea. A person who got to know the school could carry ideas back to his own community, and since the people there knew him, they would listen to him, and some of them might come to the school too. The school was there to be used by the people. As Bernice Robinson, as staff member of the Highlander Center in Knoxville, said recently:

"We do not have all the answers to your problems, but we can help you to get the information you might need. But the main thing to keep in mind is that this is your program, your project, your community. You make the decisions as to what you want to do, we stand to render whatever service you desire of us."

Now what I want to do is not

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Impressions of the Catholic Worker

By GREGORY LESZCZYNSKI

I have been with the CW for eight months. I thoroughly enjoyed my stay. I would like to share some of my personal reflections with CW readers.

Morning

You walk down Chrystie Street. The street is windswept, but left with a little residue of salt (to melt the ice) that whitens it and makes it sparkle in the morning sun. You step over a few men sleeping on the sidewalk, and perhaps invite one in for breakfast. You enter the leaning, sagging building with the colorful mural and the ascetic looking St. Francis statue in the window. Once inside you are greeted by some and grumbled at by others. Our soup line forms early, and as you drink your morning coffee at one of the two old tables, you can see the men of the Bowery scuffling through to Siloe House where they wait their turn for lunch. You observe their faces, some old, haggard and wasted, others comparatively young looking, still others grizzly, dirty and gaunt. Their clothing ranges from dirty and torn patches to Ivy League. One man is in his stocking feet, another has no overcoat. Charlie O'Keefe is stirring the soup in a huge pot, and you catch the scent. There is enough to feed the one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five men we serve a day.

You gather up your things and start upstairs, but as you climb the stairs you reflect on why you were in such a hurry to leave the first floor and the reasons why you are here at all. The "Ambassadors" are starting to take their bread and soup. You remember that these men are the reasons for the CW's existence. Basically, we are here to serve them; to serve in the real sense of the word by giving them food and assistance. These men enable us to practice the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. They present a contradictory impression to me; that is, sometimes it is easy to perceive the good radiating from them, and at other times it is difficult. Beside the value they possess in themselves, we value them for giving us that chance, that moment, to respond with love and good will.

The Second Floor

You climb to the second floor where you come upon a large room full of men and women of every description. Some are sitting there in filthy clothes awaiting the opening of the clothing room. One or two may be asleep on the floor or on an old pile of rags. Others are watching the television or simply sitting there. Someone may be drunk already, although we don't let men in who are drunk when they come to the door. Some slip though anyway. A drunk grabs your arm and mumbles some incomprehensible babble into your ear. Still others may be working at the rickety old tables

helping to mail out the paper. A few may consider their lives failures with the weight of years of waste on their shoulders, so they take their pain and bitterness out on everybody else. Some of their choicest barbs are especially reserved for the office staff. We are called "intellectuals who don't care about anybody here." One of the names they have for the editors is the "Brain Trust." A very few, maybe out of their fear and ignorance, believe that



we are using them for our own advantage and profit. We learn not to expect gratitude and try never to put ourselves in a superior position.

Yet, the people at St. Joseph's House are warm human persons. So many of them are congenial and have a warmth of heart that really reaches you. There is Smokey Joe who has been with the CW for twenty-five years and is so loyal to Dorothy and the CW. There are those who always offer a cheery good morning or those who pitch in quietly and do a good job on something. There is a woman who takes care of the cats and a woman who brings in newspapers for everyone to read. I have always admired the men who help cook and serve the meals, who sweat all day for a pack of cigarettes. But not for that. The actual work brings us closer together and forms the unity of the House. And there are little acts of generosity and sparks of love that impress you with their spontaneity and beauty. It is these small acts that help you appreciate the work you are trying to accomplish.

Up another flight of stairs to the third floor office. There you see a fairly large room with multi-colored walls and five dilapidated desks twisted into distorted shapes

by the sagging floor. The office is where the clerical and editorial work is done. It also serves as a general meeting place where we greet visitors. There is a great deal of life in the office and there exists there a free and open atmosphere of its own peculiar brand. It's an amazing and unique place.

You never know when someone will interrupt your work and ask for assistance or when a tipsy man will wander in and disrupt the place. You may lose your patience and ask the person to leave. Or you may take the time to relate and respond to the person and help him to realize his own existence and worth. You have to think of your immediate task, but our work also consists of responding to those people who come to us in need. Those few minutes spent conversing is an inherent part of the work.

Many visitors, especially social workers, wonder why we do not have a planned program of rehabilitation for the men. If someone needs help, we give what we can. If a person wants to join A.A., we have A.A. meetings every Thursday. If they need hospital care, or psychiatric care, if they want it, we try to get it. If they need and want jobs we are sometimes able to help there. But otherwise the men are simply served and not asked to do anything. We rely on their initiative as well as our own. We cannot eradicate all the problems of the poor. We try to do our little bit in the best manner possible and hope to make others aware of the problems existing in our affluent society. Many think that this is a failure, but if it is, (to use one of Dorothy Day's favorite phrases) it's the failure of the Cross.

Those who wish come up to the office in the afternoon for Rosary and in the evening for Compline. This is another unifying element in the House. These are the moments of peace. But even then some obstreperous drunk might be moved to join the singing of Compline, off-key, reading the wrong verses, spitting and snorting, and then you feel you know what poverty might mean, when even the peace and order of prayerful union is taken away.

Running the House

I became acutely aware of the real strain and tension involved in running the House of Hospitality when, along with Arthur J. Lacey, I was left in charge, while the rest of the staff was on retreat. I gained an insight into the real workings of the House and came to appreciate the understanding and resilience of men like Charles Butterworth and Ed Forand.

As the person in trust of the House, you find yourself badgered and harassed by a hundred people with a hundred problems. You can barely keep up with the questions, requests, demands, in-

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By CHRIS PEDITTO

On Delancey Street can be found the Jewish delicatessens and the New York beginnings of Sophie Tucker, and on Rivington St., the Puerto Rican settlement with its loud Latin music, and in the Broome St. area, "Little Italy" and all those private little clubs, and then there is the Bowery; a sort of no-man's-land. Thus it is that Chrystie Street is surrounded by potato knishes, Jewish rye, black haired boys in tight black pants, pizza, and stale beer. All these things we rarely write about, for they are all so natural to our environment here. But this is the setting for our community, where amid all these things, January happened to the Catholic Worker.

It was a cold month, bleak at times. Even now as I write, the sky is overcast. But much of the cold and much of the bleakness of the month was stayed simply by the spirit of the community and the events that occurred in and around it.

Norman Thomas at the CW

We were very fortunate to have Norman Thomas with us for our regular Friday night meeting held on January 11th. He spoke of many things, and we were honored to have him. Needless to say, there was a crowd of people present.

The Young That Come

After the meeting, Tom and I met with a group of young people from the Riverside Church. They were touring our area, so we were very happy that they had chosen the Worker as one of their points of interest, for we are always hoping that our ideas will reach the young. We had a similar visit one Saturday morning when Fr. Gilbride from Norwalk, Conn. came down for a visit, bringing four enthusiastic young fellows from the new junior seminar just being started there. They were all about 14 or 15 years old, with wide-open eyes and curiosity so typical of boys that age. They seemed to enjoy their visit as evidenced by the way they cleaned up their soup and pitched in to help. They cleaned out Siloe House with one of the men from the line, and sorted out some clothing for us.

On the Street Corners

We are starting to do something regularly that we haven't done for quite some time—Gregory, Tom, Ann, Joe and I have been going out during the week to sell papers in Greenwich Village. In the future we hope to make it to Wall St. and into the uptown area. It's good to get out in the market place and confront the many people who have never heard of our work. We often find them asking questions, surprised to see Catholics out on street corners selling their papers and discussing their ideas "in public."

Comings, Goings, and Happenings

This was certainly a month of comings and goings, a month of happenings. We were delighted to have a visit from our old friend Bronnie Warsaskas. Bronnie works with antique furniture both as a craftsman and a teacher of his craft, running a shop in Cambridge, Mass., where he is training sixteen young men.

On the twenty-third of the month, there was a knock at the door. For just a second the face did not register. The word had been that Don Martin would soon be out of Federal prison in Ashland, Kentucky, but somehow I didn't really believe it. Don was up at Polaris Action in 1960, where he and Tom knew each other. Many of our readers might remember Karl Meyer's article about Don in the June 1962 issue of the paper. He was sentenced for boarding the Ethan Allen submarine, after a swim in the estuary of the Thames River, in New London, in November, 1960. The sentence could have run six years, under the Youth Correction Act. Don was calm, bright as always, and thinner. He is returning to his parents' home in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, and to his studies at M.I.T. We spoke

for a few hours, and Don spent the night with us before taking the bus home. Don is one of the pioneers, a man of courage and fortitude. He took his prison term well.

Other News

This month, Ed Forand celebrated a quiet birthday; Arthur J. Lacey set out for a week's retreat in Berryville, Virginia; and Elaine Makowski and Michele Gloor came from the Chicago house to work here with us for a while. This was also a month of the children. Little Tommy Turner, the son of Ed Turner, passed his first birthday; and Jim and Jean Forest, past members of our staff, celebrated the Baptism of their first-born, Benedict John.

During the past few weeks, we have been grateful for the many gifts of clothing we received. They are certainly highly appreciated, and we thank all our friends who contributed. Maryknoll, as so many times in the past, came to our aid with clothes just when we needed them most. We always enjoy the visits from the seminarians of Maryknoll, for they have been a great help to us and we feel very close to them.

Gregory Leaves

After eight months on the CW staff, Greg has left us to return home to Detroit to resume his schooling at the Jesuit University of Detroit. He was an invaluable help, both on the editorial side of the work, and in the running of the House. The men of the line liked him because of his practical spontaneous response to them, never judging, and visitors in the office, when they asked him to explain some Catholic Worker point of view, were impressed with his intense insight. Greg is a conscientious objector to war. To me he is a friend and comrade. He taught us all something of Russian literature, with our frequent discussions of Dostoevski, Tolstoy and Chekhov. We know he'll be back.

A Night With Brother Antonius

Brother Antonius, well-known poet and former member of the Oakland House of Hospitality, spent an evening with us at Chrystie Street. Everyone was impressed as he related stories of his life and sought to answer the questions of our friends and us.

Dorothy Day Presented with Award

On January 30th, the fifteenth anniversary of the death of Gandhi, Dorothy was presented the War Resisters League Peace Award for the Catholic Worker Movement. All of us here are greatly honored by this tribute to Dorothy and the Catholic Worker movement.

A Section From My Diary

I've known the Worker for nearly two years now. During that time it was an in and out proposition with me. But now I am a part of the CW, and I am starting to realize more and more our reliance on the many people whom we never see, but who, no doubt, share in our work. For that reason, I would now like to share something with them—a page from my diary. I feel it a proper ending for a month that has been a good beginning in many ways.

"This year away from school, I, the non-Christian, the non-believer, find myself at the Catholic Worker. And I don't feel as though it were a choice as much as I feel I was assumed into the whole thing. You Christians, call it Providence, I can only speak in terms of harmony—it seems so fitting, feels very fitting indeed, even now as I stand in the midst of these Christians. I've been accepted by a community, and I am sure that although it may be very subconscious, it is an acceptance by love on both our parts.

"I stand apart from the Church, yet I feel so much a part of the Worker! And I think it's because of the people and their one huge soul—the Mystical Body doctrine

is so beautiful! Cannot the agnostic share in a spiritual brotherhood, whatever it may be?

"Living in community is what I need now . . . the breaking down of loneliness with love, as Dorothy put it in her postscript to *The Long Loneliness* . . . living in community in New York, the virtual capital of the world, and to realize that this community is so conscious of the city, spiritually and socially. And there is so much to be conscious of . . . the uptown scene as much as the wretchedness of the Bowery. Perhaps that is the reason I am here; perhaps because even as a non-Christian, I still believe in a mystical body . . . all of us, of the same blood, sharing the same reality . . . all of us: the people at the House, the man lying coldly on the winter pavement, the poets never read, the stubborn merchant, the \$20 a day junkie, the many sinners and the few mystics that we never see . . . we are all of one part here in this city of cities, even when a 42nd Street evangelist attempts to separate God's men from the pagans, pointingly calling us thieves, fornicators, blasphemers."



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in their emotions of fear and pride remain the same. Men speak still of humiliations, and national honor and so on.

In the next issue of *The Catholic Worker* we hope to print a long article on Castro and Cuba written by Fr. Herve Chaigne, O.F.M. entitled *The Cuban Revolution: A Mirror of Our Times*, which originally appeared in Issue No. 3, 1962, of *Freres du Monde*, a Franciscan Review edited by Fr. Olivier Maillard in Bordeaux, France.

I promised an article on Robert Williams, American exile Negro in Cuba. I wrote the article but gave it to *Liberation* to print last month. We will reprint it in a later issue so that all our readers also may see it.

There is still much which I wish to write about Cuba and why we too are so mightily interested, though we are both pacifist and utterly opposed to all state control. It is because the zeal and enthusiasm of the young in Cuba increases our hope for man—that he can undergo a great transformation, that he can be converted to a heart warming zeal for the common good. Of course I see the tragedies that inevitably accompany every great change, and more so when those changes are brought about by wars. I hate the arms buildup in Cuba as I hate it in my own country, the waste of intelligence, the waste of resources. Incredible sums are poured into destruction that should be used for schools, hospitals, the development of new and better institutions. I hate to think of prisoners still in Cuban prisons, and of the "shanty towns" which have sprung up in the gardens of the embassies where fugitives full of fear are also imprisoned. As I drove past one embassy and caught a glimpse of this and my companion, a Cuban, slowed down her car, we were angrily waved on by an armed guard. I hate to see women especially proudly bearing arms.

These things, and these things only, I found to criticize and condemn, but I shall continue to try to write of all the good which is happening — to build up understanding and the knowledge which leads to recognition that the Cubans are our next door brothers, and knowing them, will love them.

Impressions of the Catholic Worker

(Continued from page 3)

criminations. There is only so much money and you simply cannot do enough. Do you pay that extra man in at the Bowery hotel? He has no place to stay for the night. How about the woman who walked in and needed medicine for some ailment? These are real needs, though it is also true that some of the petitioners are quite willing to take advantage of us. They confront you with unreasonable requests and demand your immediate attention. The problem of justice with all its ramifications can sometimes make it difficult to arrive at a decision. More often than not, you succumb and give the money (when you have it) or whatever is needed and hope that it will not be spent on alcohol.

While running the House you find yourself in the position of arbitrator for all the arguments that spring up in the place. The best you can do is to try to solve them and still leave the contenders with some amount of good feeling. It is all you can do to attempt to be polite and as generous as possible with your time, understanding and good will. You cannot solve all the problems and never will be able to, but you still hope.

The Bowery

Our House is one block east of the Bowery. We live and work in an environment that most people would prefer to believe does not exist. At almost any time you can walk along the Bowery and see men wiping windshields on cars that have stopped for red lights, hoping to collect a little change. You pass thieves' market, where stolen goods are sold on the street. In the summer the sidewalks are cluttered with the bodies of men sleeping outside.

We get to know and like some of these men. Some are quiet meditative, others brash and outspoken. There is kindness and joy, as well as bitterness and despair. They possess the differences common to all men. We also learn the reasons that drive men to the Bowery: war, a woman, lack of education, the ills of a meaningless society that offers unsatisfying work and hypocritical values.

It is not widely known that some 2,000 people on the Bowery are not alcoholics. They are forced to live in Bowery hotels because they have no money and no skills, or they are old. They work for nickels, dimes and quarters, just trying to survive from day to day.

It is during the winter that life on the Bowery is really dangerous. The frigid winter is a killer of men. Those who can't get a flop for the night continuously search for places to sleep. Maybe they try a subway station or the back of a heated building or a hallway in an apartment building. They warm their hands and bodies over garbage can fires, taking one after another a slug of wine to help forget the cold. They fall in the street to awake covered with snow, or not to awake at all. When we are low on money at the CW, as right now, it hurts to see men freezing that we might be able to help if only we could. The best we can do is pull them into a heated hallway in an apartment house, and hope the landlord and the tenants don't catch us.

I gained a sense of identity with the men who sleep outside, for I slept out for a while myself, in less menacing weather. You feel the fears common to the situation: of being mugged, or chased by the police, some of whom seem to take sadistic pleasure in clubbing people who live outside. You reflect on Divine Providence and God's plan for you when there you are, apprehensive, trying to fall asleep on a roof-top or a park bench. So many times you feel your own weaknesses creeping up on you. You could almost wish for a bottle of wine to relax you and make it easier for you to sleep. It is easy to give in to some panacea. Basic problems, like where to get some-

thing to eat, sap your strength to resist.

CW Ideals and Values

The CW is a place where there is an attempt at basic Christianity. We are idealists and sincerely believe that Christian means can succeed. We do not want to make this earth a perfect place. That would be horrid. It would become a bland place, without any individual conflict. If we were perfect, we would lose God's great gift of Freedom. We would live in a vacuum where it would be impossible to draw that very grace that enables us to act with love. However, we do want to make it a better place to live in—a place where it is easier for man to be good. There are other methods of solving conflict without using force, the true Christian means of love and non-violence.

Non-violence is a virtue akin to poverty, chastity and obedience. Essentially, it is the ability to endure and accept suffering upon ourselves without becoming antagonistic or inimical. It is a personal response to other people and to contemporary situations. It is the living of a responsive life, where responsibility does not so much infer obligation, but an encounter out of which comes a give and take where love lies at its strongest, and you come to a deeper understanding of others. Non-violence can be used every day, and developed in ourselves, to a point where you grow in virtue and influence others to do the same. It is used in the terribly important now, the existential movement, when you relate to others. It should be employed in social, political and personal daily living. It then becomes direct action, taking personal responsibility to respond with love and virtue. It becomes an effective force of inspiration that runs out of our freedom of choice, lifts us, and enables us to know ourselves, and to form a better world. Instead of becoming a garden type of Catholic Action, it develops into a true direct action.

Of course, not everyone is a pacifist, but men can commit themselves to the very Christian means and values that they profess to believe in. When man has this freedom to live in peace and to affect others he fulfills himself and affirms his being. These Christian means of love and non-violence are the direct opposite of the Communist means of a terrible violence. However, many Catholics seem to have a myopic view of this reality. They desire peace, but are so deathly afraid of coming under Communist domination that they are willing to grant their governments the use of any means whatsoever to prevent it, even to the point of world wide slaughter and the catastrophic ruin of atomic warfare. They feel that an end that appears sufficiently good justifies the use of any means, however horrible. This attitude violates, or rather, flatly contradicts the fundamental Catholic ethical principle that the end does not justify the means. This kind of thinking surrenders to Marxist materialism by saying that material force is superior to and more powerful than spiritual—that the material sword can defeat the spiritual sword. If this were true, i.e., that the matter were more powerful than spirit, it would be hard to say that the ultimate reality is spirit, or God. These Christians do not deny God, but they have little faith in His works. They cannot believe that if God could allow a Communist takeover, He can also enable His people to win a victory by spiritual weapons. To them the victory of the Cross, though a central part of their religion, does not seem relevant to the world's situation today. They say it cannot be repeated, or that we are not yet ready. It is difficult to persuade these Christians that the victory of Faith can overcome the evils of Communism.

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+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

"THE PLACE OF THE GREEN STICK"

or War and Peace at Yasnaya Polyana

MARRIED TO TOLSTOY by Cynthia Asquith, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Reviewed by Elizabeth Sheehan.

"When Tolstoy was a little boy at Yasnaya Polyana, his eldest brother, Nicholas, had told him that in a certain place quite close to the forest of Zazov he had buried a green stick on which was written a magic message that one day would dispel all evil from the hearts of men and bring about eternal peace. This legendary stick remained to Tolstoy the symbol of his life-long quest—the ending of war. He had told his children about it and written in his Will: 'Let my body be put into a wooden coffin, and if it is not too much trouble, bury me at the Place of the Green Stick'."

If the biographies of great men are interesting to read, those of their wives are perhaps even more so.

These women seem to fall into three general groups. The first, and certainly most fortunate, are those who are their husbands' disciples. Largely in agreement with these principles, whatever they may be, such women find satisfaction in dedicating their lives to them and manage to accept gracefully, if not gladly, the inevitable personal sacrifices involved. Perhaps the wife of Leon Bloy was one of these.

The second group, like the wife of Gandhi, are those who are in no sense their husbands' ideological followers. Yet because of tradition, duty, naturally compliant natures, or strong personal devotion they are able to yield to the harsh demands of a radical's career without ruining themselves or seriously hindering the radical in question.

Third we must consider, and not too unkindly either, those unfortunate who, having themselves assertive personalities and firm convictions, find they cannot go along with their husbands' ideas at all, nor is blind submission possible to their nature.

To this last group Sonya Tolstoy certainly belonged. When she was quite old, and the death of Leo had ended contention and brought her a little mental peace, she wrote sadly that history would make of her, a Xanthippe. So it has been according to her prophecy!

Cynthia Asquith, in her book *Married to Tolstoy*, attempts to present sympathetically the story of the woman "whose opportunity, glory, and doom was to be married to Tolstoy."

Tolstoy surely would not have been an easy husband for any woman. Never at peace with himself, harried constantly from extreme to extreme by his own passionate nature, angry with his inability to carry out consistently the ideas he conceived so glowingly, he was hardly a restful companion. Add to that the uncomfortable fact that many of his theories in later life appeared as a direct insult to his wife, an attack on the institution of marriage in general, and a disparaging of everything Sonya had loved and clung to throughout their stormy partnership. Then too, he frequently altered his views from opposite to opposite, quite unreasonably expecting Sonya to accept each switch without question.

And Sonya possessed her own demon too! The well-brought-up daughter of a cultured and well-to-do family, Sonya Behrs was beautiful, ambitious and gifted in many ways. In Tolstoy's shadow, all her endowments naturally shrank, but in another setting she would have been a distinguished woman in her own right. Nor should we underestimate her actual accomplishments. During the forty-eight years of her marriage to Tolstoy, she bore him thirteen children,

performed prodigies of copying and editing her husband's works, (it is said she wrote out *War and Peace* seven times, by hand of course, at night when her babies were sleeping), ran the estate at Yasnaya Polyana, entertained a never-ending stream of her husband's followers, and did countless other things, any one of which might have been too much for the ordinary woman.

Not surprisingly, she broke down during the last years, years marking one of the most tragic domestic wars ever recorded. Neither she nor her aged husband could give one another any quarter, not even an hour's respite from heated emotional scenes. This naturally resulted in their children's becoming partisans of one or the other parent. One of the sad things about these troubles is that they have been publicized so much: by Leo and Sonya themselves through their endless diaries, by Tolstoy's devoted advocates who unashamedly read these diaries and kept their own copious blow-by-blow accounts, and of course by the Tolstoy children. As might be expected, most of these records favor Leo heavily over Sonya. As a footnote to history we might say that the inordinate articulateness of all concerned, plus the inexhaustible energies of the combatants, proved handicaps in the long run by perpetuating and renewing the wars.

Sonya admired her husband's literary genius, but not his moral theories. As he took up pacifism, non-violence, handicrafts, freeing the serfs, etc., she was unable to understand him. Not only were these ideas contrary to all she had always believed, but they were a source of severe hardship to her and her children. As Leo's reputation as a moral reformer began to overtake his literary reputation, her home was filled with devotees and hangers-on who made her feel like a stranger in her own home. Then, as now, the followers of the controversial Tolstoy were sharply divided into those who saw in him a great writer and those who saw in him a dogmatic and revolutionary teacher.

Reading again the Tolstoy story, one is struck by the inconsistencies and childish ruses both Leo and Sonya used against one another. That two such exceptional persons should have resorted to such weapons can appal only those of us who, much less burdened with gifts, have never observed ourselves doing exactly the same!

Only in death, at the Place of the Green Stick, did Leo Tolstoy find the peace he had so valiantly and unsuccessfully pursued during his long life, right up to that last desperate flight that landed him in the station-master's house in As-tapovo. Rereading the final act of this terrible play, with all its melodramatic overtones, mad scenes and irrational sequences climaxed besides the railroad tracks, what should we say of it?

Leo Tolstoy saw all too well the human tragedy. He grieved over injustice with a violent grief. He wept over man's poverty until his frightened children crept away, their dinners untouched. Then, raising his head, Tolstoy saw himself—unjust, tragic, helpless against his own failings! The discrepancy between ideals and actions tortured him. Unable, like lesser souls, to compromise his vision, even to accommodate it to his own or his family's limitations, Tolstoy's rage mounted in later years to frenzy.

Of what use is it to continually study this subject, trying to fix

blame for the trouble or perpetually delve deeper into psychological motives of the one or the other? The lives of Leo and Sonya Tolstoy illustrate man's essential sorrow: The ability to conceive of perfection; the inability to achieve it.

Bob Lax

NEW POEMS: By Robert Lax: Journeyman Books; 1962. \$1.50. Reviewed by Robert Kaye.

- all it is is
I. What
A
is
and
does
to
B
& to
C
& to
D
to
E...
to
Z
&
death.
II.
let's say there are
26 letters in the alphabet.
& it's 26
to the top
& it's 26
to the bottom.
III.
where are you?

Giants

GENERATION OF GIANTS: by George H. Dunne, S.J. University of Notre Dame Press 1962, \$5.75. Reviewed by AMMON HENNACY.

It is fitting that this book about brave priests who sought unorthodox methods of procedure in their missionary work in China in the 17th Century should be written by a Giant of the Jesuits of the 20th Century. For Father Dunne, without going the whole way of being a pacifist or an anarchist, has on the subjects of Race, Labor and Peace been decades ahead of his companions and has rebelled against the pious stuffed shirts in his Order and in the Church, and he has suffered for it: in China, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Phoenix, and Santa Clara. He is now assistant to the President of George Washington University in Washington, D.C., having returned from two years in Rome.

He writes with a sense of humor, as when he defends Father Schall for operating a cannon in the defense of Macao in 1622: "The Catholic Church is opposed to priests taking up arms even in a just war but she does not absolutely forbid it. . . . None but a pacifist cannot logically distinguish between priest and layman. His objection goes against both." And when the Manchus wanted the Chinese to shave their heads and wear queues he says: "There is much to be said for the man who will fight more readily in defense of the rights to cut his hair as he chooses than in defense of an empire. It is when tyranny attempts to bully its way into the sphere of personal rights that it encounters that flaming resistance of the free human spirit."

He believes that if Christianity in the first centuries had moved east instead of west, the cultural forms developed would have been quite different. The Portuguese and the Spanish could not conceive of Christianity without it being wrapped in their nationalism. Even the Jesuit Sanchez, and Martin de Loyola, a Franciscan, went forth with "the Bible in one hand, the sword of his king in the other."

Ricci and Valignano, among the first of the Jesuits in China in the 17th Century, were crowded

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Plan for a School

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really to start a school at all—not to found an institution. I want to find a place in the country (probably somewhere in central New England), and having settled there, simply open it as a small-scale school, right where I live. It will provide the simplest sort of service: a place to be used by others in their clarification of thought and in their preparation for action, and it may also help to provide some technical information or contact with organizations or people previously unknown to those who come.

I think of it according to the Catholic Worker idea of personal responsibility. Each of us must act according to conscience, doing what he sees is to be done, in the way he thinks is most effective. This can lead to the opening of a house of hospitality, as it so often has in the history of the Catholic Worker—usually by a very few people and in the simplest manner. It can also lead to the practice of civil disobedience or to some other political action. In the same way, it seems to me, it can lead to the opening of such a school as I have in mind. If one has a large house, or a habitable barn or several cabins, and is willing to devote at least half one's time to the correspondence and other work involved, why not have such a session as I've described, for a weekend or a week or even more, at intervals through the year? A school like this need not be in continuous session, and of course it needs only a very small permanent staff—perhaps only one or two people. Ideally there would be a school of this kind in every community of any size, and in each rural area of perhaps several counties.

The Arts

So often those who are most concerned with change in society are not very interested in art, or at least they fail to connect art with social change. I am sure that art—both good and bad—is one of the primary influences on people's lives. I cannot substantiate this statement, nor do I know just what the connection between art and social change is, but I strongly believe that the connection must be explored.

Those who know little or nothing of the arts are the very people who I hope will be coming to the school—among others, of course, as the groups should always be mixed. I very much want the school to help to increase familiarity with the arts among those who come to it, but I don't yet know just how this can be done. The main question seems to be: how explicit to make the connection between the arts and whatever subject people have come to the school to explore? The impact of this connection must come in large part simply from the way things are at the school—that is, through the interest of the staff, the appearance of the school and the activities there. Can a more explicit connection be made evident between the arts, or any one of them, and the topic currently being discussed? If there is any obvious connection, as for instance between architecture and urban renewal, someone with knowledge of this should come to the session. However, if the topic is credit unions or job discrimination, the connection might seem to be a little strained!

How can actual participation in any of the arts be made possible at the school? Is it possible to accomplish anything in this realm in such a short time—a week more or less? Of course it would be fine to have some artists living near the school, who were interested enough in it to experiment with this kind of teaching. Simple thea-

tre work might be possible, and of course music—enough at least to catch the interest of some. One problem, however, is that there is no music that is common to the Boston Italians, Negroes and Irish, the Vermont farmers, the Maine fishermen, and people like myself who would like to play quartets and sing Palestrina or the Gelineau Psalms. What can be done? I hope someone will turn up who knows, and who can do it. Leading music at such a school will not be easy, without the common spirit and tradition of, for instance, the labor songs that were sung at Highlander during the 30's, or the spirituals that are sung now by the non-violent movement in the South. It is a great educational challenge.

What Are Political Problems?

I want to stress the simplicity of this school—financial, structural and legal simplicity—that makes it almost not a school at all. Maybe it will be objected that it cannot be so simple, that the problems of our society are far too complicated for such a tiny and ill-equipped school to try to solve them. But it will not try to solve them. That is not the point. It will in fact be more of a school for finding problems than for solving them, though the two processes have much in common. I mean that I doubt if political problems are "solved" except through the changes in relationships that come about in analyzing and working on them, and most of the problems are continuing, always beginning again with new people and new situations, though perhaps in different forms. Relationships keep changing, and politics is process. Contradictions cannot be resolved once and for all, but only in the experience of those who are caught in them.

What then are political problems? Do we really know what the problems of our society are? The manner of determining them is a vital part of the political process, and it has a great deal to do with my ideas for the school, so I want to go into it here, though only sketchily. The following seem to me to be some of the principal ways of determining political problems:

1. Study the public discussions in campaigns, legislative bodies, newspapers, courts etc. and the statements of men in public life, and decide what the important issues are.
2. Decide what man's nature is and how he should live and then compare this with his condition in society and the discrepancies will indicate the problems. (This method is very risky indeed!)
3. With your own values confront political life, and the problems will reveal themselves in your effort to act according to conscience in particular circumstances.
4. Analyze the working out of necessity in society and try to discover whether there are any possibilities of free action to change political relationships, and if so, what they are. They will indicate the political problems.
5. Ask people what their problems are. Don't assume that you know, nor assume that they know, but assume that with them you and they can discover what the problems are. This method is the one that I want to elaborate here, as it is the one that is most closely related to the school.

Politics

Politics to me is the sum of the relations among people in their public life, people who bear the multiplicity of their private lives. Thus political problems will vary greatly according to the different situations of different people. So

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Coal Miners Strike

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even more. If five hundred coal miners are paid \$10 per day instead of \$24, the \$14 difference amounts to \$7,000 per day over and above normal profits, for just these five hundred miners. Many are earning much less than \$10 per day.

Rally at Community Church

On Thursday, January 24, there was a rally held at the Community Church in New York City on behalf of the miners. Berman Gibson was the main speaker. Pete Seeger sang. It was the coldest night of the season, seven degrees above zero in New York. The cold seemed universal, as reports over the radio said that ice had formed far down the Mississippi River. Europe was gripped by a frigid air mass. Snow covered Italy. All shipping in the Rhine was stopped by ice. Lexington, Kentucky, so the radio said, was suffering below zero weather. Gibson stood up in the Community Church auditorium and told us what this weather meant to the impoverished miners in his home county, Perry, Kentucky. Mothers and fathers were sitting up all night tending the fires so that their children might not freeze to death. He and Walter Linder, a New York labor leader who had gone down to Kentucky to see for himself, told us of children they had seen sleeping on beds that had no mattresses, just cardboard on top of springs, with bedclothes laid over. Other children slept on table tops. They spoke of homes where you could see through the walls and the floorboards.

A chill or real horror gripped the audience. It was like the Thirties all over again. Pete Seeger sang one of the songs that came out of the mines in the days of the U.M.W. organizational struggles in 1931-'32. "They say in Harlan County, there are no neutrals there. You either are a union man or a thug for J. H. Blair." After the meeting I spoke to Gibson and Linder. Linder, who is Chairman of the Trade Union Solidarity Committee, formed to aid the miners, invited me to his home for supper the next day, where I was able to interview Berman Gibson.

Berman Gibson

A large man, with a booming voice and the accents of his area, Berman Gibson was in his teens when the bloody struggles for a union were at their height in the Thirties. He was in the middle of it then, when Harry Sims, the nineteen year old unionist was murdered by the henchmen of the operators. When his friends in the mines took to walking out in September, he was called to represent them. The strike was not authorized by the U.M.W. The men were almost as resourceless in September as they were in 1931. I asked Berman why the Union had not supported this strike. He told me that he thought the Union wanted to ditch District 30. It was too poor. It was dragging down the Welfare Fund. But he asserted that there was more coal being mined in District 30 than there ever had been in its history. The men are determined that they will not be abandoned to the operators. They will have their hospitals, and they will have union scale wages. They are determined. They are appealing over the heads of the union bosses to the working people of the nation for support and I think they will get it.

Berman Gibson told me that when the miners decided to walk out they knew they could expect scab labor to be imported under protection of local and state police. After all, Sheriff Coombs was a mine operator himself. Many of the men had found out that for years their employers had not registered them with Social Security, had not deducted taxes from their wages so that they could not collect disability and old age pensions. The men suspected collusion of government officials with the mine operators. They organized a strike com-

mittee and put pickets around all the mines in the district which were not paying union scale. Approximately five hundred pickets in each county effectively closed the mines, until State Police escorted scabs into non-union mines.

Publicity and Aid

There has been little coverage of this strike in the mass media. CBS TV, however, did a telecast outlining the strike, not to the satisfaction of the strikers, but they did explain the serious hardships that the miners families are suffering. An appeal for imperishable foodstuffs and clothing moved thousands of people all over the U.S. to send aid to Kentucky. Unfortunately, all the supplies were sent to a Mrs. Nolan, publisher of the Hazard Herald, an anti-labor newspaper, who kept all of it under armed guard until she could distribute it to the strike breakers and their scabs. None of it reached the people it was meant for. Gibson added that Mrs. Nolan is the sister-in-law of the governor.

Violence

In these circumstances it would be foolish to think that violence would be avoided. Three of the strikers have been shot, none seriously injured, and Berman Gibson himself had half a dozen bullets whizzing past his ears. "Gun-thugs," as they call them, dynamited the home of one of the miners while he, his wife and children were sleeping. The damage amounted to very nearly the entire value of their new home, paid for by the savings of the man and wife who had both worked for years to build it. Two cars were dynamited in Floyd County. Sheriff Coombs is under indictment for the death of a young miner, because, it is charged, he neglected to go to the boy's rescue as he drowned in a stream. Nor would he allow anyone else to. Violence on a large scale nearby broke out when at one point, three hundred armed miners faced twenty-one State Policemen armed with tommy-guns, in front of a scab mine, facing each other across a narrow road. The only reason why a battle did not break out was that the miners felt that they would lose more than they could gain. Berman Gibson assured me that the men were not of a mind to be shot at, dynamited and starved, with their sick and aged thrown out of the hospitals, without repayment in kind. It is only the extreme cold and the December snows that have deterred serious outbreaks of large scale violence during these past weeks. Here is a situation crying for a non-violent alternative.

Although the miners feel that they have been deserted by their Union, that the forces of the State Police and the local police are against them, that the news media in their area will smear them, they do retain confidence in their courts. A County Judge refused to grant an injunction against picketing. Judge Courtney Wells publicly told the operators that they should get out of Kentucky. This is one hope that the miners can cling to, and one that will help them keep from violence that comes out of despair. Another hope is the support that Mr. Linder's committee, and the support that should come from unions and friends of labor around the country. If these people know that they are not alone, that disinterested people across the country are responding to their struggle and their need, they will be strengthened against despair and violence.

Checks, bedding, mattresses, shoes, clothing, foodstuffs should be sent either to Berman Gibson, 321 Broadway, Hazard, Kentucky, or to the Trade Union Solidarity Committee, P.O. Box 1050, G.P.O., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

Horror stories of the strike could be piled up one on top of the other. Children taking home part of their school hot-lunches so that their younger brothers and sister might have something to eat, a miner

killed in an accident, in a "dog-hole" (i.e. non-union mine), and found to have potato peels in his lunch pail, babies sick because the government surplus powdered milk is insufficient for special formulas. But there are farther reaching implications to this strike. It involves the problem of automation, large scale production in most efficient manner possible. The big companies are not going to work this area unless they can get the most out of it they can. And it is the big, unionized companies that feed most of the money into the Union Welfare Fund. The small, independent and non-union operators produce less efficiently, but do not pay the 40c royalty into the Fund. Therefore they can stay in competition with the big mines. The Welfare Fund itself is thus seen to be central to the problem. The people must have their hospitals, and they must have old age security, and compensation for injury and loss of ability to work. How these things are to be maintained is the problem, but that they must be is clear.

Berman Gibson said to me, "They're building a turnpike through our county, but you can't eat a turnpike." He went on to talk bitterly of the way a telephone call could raise three million dollars for the ransom of Cuban invasion prisoners, while a situation like the one in Kentucky has been allowed to develop with the knowledge of everyone who cared to know. Mr. Kennedy, during the Presidential campaign, pointed out that American people shouldn't have to live this way. His speeches in West Virginia's depressed mining area rang true to his hearers. In the absence of action, they are an empty echo.

Whatever judgments we might pass on the nature of the Labor Movement's response to the implications of automation, Pete Seeger's voice comes back, singing that song, "They say in Harlan County." The refrain droned in a minor key asks, "Which side are you on? Which side are you on?"

Impressions

(Continued from page 4)

The time is late; we must begin to live the future life.

We need not become discouraged because there have been solid victories won by the use of non-violence. The early Christians won over the mighty Roman Empire by refusing to use the sword. Still fresh in our memories is the modern day victory of Gandhi's non-violent methods. The Freedom Riders and the Civil Rights demonstrators in the South are having mounting success.

Peter Maurin wanted us to build a new society within the shell of the old. One can live the new vision now. This living the future life is one personal aspect of the CW staffers that I have come to learn. They all have strong ideas of the way the world might be better, and are endeavoring to live the good life. This spirit is a truly revolutionary way of doing things.

Basically, we are seeking changes in attitudes. We desire to reform ourselves. With such changes we develop responsiveness. For example, suppose you are walking down the street angered at yourself and the world, and you happen to meet an elderly man or woman who needs help to cross the street. He or she appeals to you for assistance. This is the existential encounter, with one person, though he represents all mankind. You help, even though you may not feel like it. You respond to something which reaches deeper in yourself than your surface moods; you bring forth that comradeship and love for fellow human beings that is common to us all. This spontaneous reaction is closely connected with the idea of the Mystical Body, and everyone's unity in Christ. It is the internal response lying at the core of your being where God meets man. This sensitivity and love for others is to me the very essence and reason for the CW's existence.

Plan for a School

(Continued from page 5)

It is necessary, in order to determine political problems, to examine the situations of people and to determine their needs in each situation. Nothing is more difficult than the determination of people's needs. Theorists sometimes try to do it on the basis of their own needs, or Man's needs, but this is not enough. The practical politician running for office pays attention to people's needs, but his powers of attention are usually quite limited. It is absolutely essential, however, to be simply attentive in order to learn what people need, and thus to learn what their problems are. Attention to people means above all desiring that they be free, that they be themselves—that they learn to know and to become themselves.

A school such as I envision would be, I hope, a place where people could have an opportunity to be free in this sense, and to realize the possibilities of freedom in their communities. They could stop to consider their needs, decide the most important and how to go about fulfilling them, and hopefully learn to trust others to do the same.

So much evil comes of deciding

for other people what they need, something that so often seems to be necessary. The Marxists say, "From each according to his ability and to each according to his need," but never—no more than anyone else—have they said what this means, or how it is to be accomplished. If it is not to be decided for them, people must decide for themselves what they need, but this involves so much self knowledge and is supremely difficult. It involves first of all the awareness that it can be done at all. Many people never have an opportunity to stop to consider this, to get away from the clichés of need, from advertising and from religious and political slogans. Such an opportunity is what I would like the school to provide.

Size Not Important

So it does not matter that the school be small, simple, and ill-equipped, so long as it is a place where attention can be fully focused, and where all people and ideas can be given attention. Many of the ideas that will be discussed will be quite practical—some not so practical. But after all, it is up to each one of us to decide what is practical, and whether we want to try to do it, or not.

Christian Pacifism

(Continued from page 2)

Popes; Dom Bede Griffiths, founder of a new monastery in India; E. I. Watkin, well-known British writer; Gordon Zahn, author of *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars*; Edward Rice and Robert Lax, editor and associate editor of *Jubilee*; and Dorothy Day.

Mahatma Gandhi has been justly regarded as the modern prophet of nonviolence. Of Gandhi's ideal Jacques Maritain has written in *Man and the State*: "In my opinion Gandhi's theory and technique could be related to and clarified by the Thomist notion that the principal act of the virtue of fortitude is not attack but endurance: to bear, to suffer with constancy. One has then to recognize that there are two different orders of means of warfare (taken in the widest sense of the word), as there are two kinds of fortitude and courage, the courage that attacks and the courage that endures, the force of coercion or aggression, the force that inflicts suffering on others, and the force that endures suffering inflicted on oneself. There you have two different keyboards that stretch along the two sides of our human nature, opposing evil through attack and coer-

cion, a way which leads at the last extremity if need be to the shedding of the blood of others, and opposing evil through suffering and enduring, a way which in the last extremity leads to the sacrifice of one's own life. To the second keyboard belong the means of spiritual warfare." (Italics added.)

It is to the method of spiritual warfare, using the "weapons of light," that the Christian pacifist resorts. To those who say "Better dead than Red" and "Better brave than a slave," the Christian who has rejected total violence might well reply that it is better to choose death than to commit mortal sin—the sin of mass murder—and that today a handful of technicians with computers may choose death for the millions who will be given no chance to choose for themselves.

Patrick Henry spoke only for himself when he said "Give me Liberty or give me death!" He was not speaking for an entire population—and least of all for little children who might well ask, as did the little child Carl Sandburg told of: "What if they had a war, and nobody came?"

Food and Clothing Needed

From The Peacemaker

Two Michigan State University students were arrested in Clarksdale, Miss., on Dec. 28 while delivering their second load of food, clothing and medicine to the victimized Negroes in that area. Ivanhoe Donaldson and Benjamin Taylor, both 21, arrived at the Fourth Street Drug Store, operated by Aaron Henry, before it was open. They slept while waiting for Henry.

Police came and searched the truck, charging the two with possession of narcotics. Bail was set at \$15,000 each; and they were held in jail pending action by the Coahoma grand jury. Bail has since been lowered to \$1500. Two doctors in Louisville who had donated the medicine said that the shipment included bandages and vitamins; and that there were no objectionable drugs. Police kept the whole truck-load of things.

This is the Mississippi Delta area where Operation Freedom has begun to act in order to help the harassed, boycotted Negroes who have sought to exercise voting rights. Jack McKart, recently made coordinator for Operation

Freedom, is now in his way to this area for the second time.

Donaldson is a field worker for the Atlanta-based Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. He has been active in anti-segregation demonstrations in Louisville, working with the Louisville affiliate of SNCC in collecting the food and other supplies.

Henry said he hopes that people elsewhere will send relief to this area, where thousands are on the verge of starvation because of the voter-registration drive. He also asked friends everywhere to seek action by the Federal Government to aid the sufferers and to stop harassment of persons trying to help.

"Let tons of material be the answer of the civil-rights movement to this latest harassment by Mississippi," he said. Food and clothing should be sent to the Haven Methodist Church, 400 Yawco Ave., Clarksdale, Miss. This is the collection center for the Emergency Welfare and Relief Committee of the Mississippi Council of Federated Organizations (which include NAACP, SNCC, SCLC, CORE).

MARIA MONTESSORI

World-Peace Through The Child

Being an account of Dr. Maria Montessori's ideas, the hidden and remote causes of War, and the best means of removing them.—Selected and arranged, with comments, by E. Mortimer Standing, author of *Maria Montessori Her Life and Work*, Academy Guild Press, Fresno, Calif.

FINAL INSTALLMENT

Montessori said in 1936 that mankind as a whole is not yet conscious of his cosmic mission. His labours, which he finds so toilsome, would be turned into joy. "Even now," says Montessori, "that change could be wrought in any particular man's life if he only adopted a new motive. For, with the average man, it is not his daily labour which is wrong but the motive for which he does it. It is done with a self-seeking aim. 'Let a man,' continues Montessori, 'become clearly conscious that his work is done, not only for himself and his family, but for the good of humanity as a whole and his labours will be full of a new joy.'

It is interesting to note how Goethe, in his second part of *Faust*, had an intuition of this same truth. Faust finds his long-sought happiness at last in draining swamps i.e., preparing a "super-nature" for humanity to live in. He is true to Montessori's definition of man as essentially a "worker" in the cosmic mission of transforming nature into a super-nature, and finds his deepest joy in so doing.

During the past three or four centuries there has taken place an immense advance in our knowledge of the physical universe and the laws that govern it. As a consequence almost infinite energies of Nature are now at man's disposal. But unfortunately during these same centuries (since Bacon established inductive Science with all its stupendous consequences) there has not been any corresponding advance in the development of man's moral sentiments. Indeed if anything, he has receded in this respect. He is still obsessed by mistrust and hatred; and even disobeys the moral laws of the natural order, to say nothing of the supernatural in the theological sense.

On the other hand we are also living in an age when humanity is being stirred, to its depths, by intuitions and visions of something higher and better. There never was a period in history when the concept of a world-harmony, in which all peoples play their part, was so much "in the air." The inventions of science—the radio, television, inter-communication by air, the interdependence of economic systems all over the world, the immensely improved facilities for international communications of every kind—all these have brought the nations much nearer to one another than ever before.

In fact the real problem which confronts mankind now is not that of supplying his needs—for his material resources are endless—but rather the creation of a new generation with a higher moral orientation to the universal social order. This cannot be brought about by any form of legislation. It must come as the result of a growth which develops *pari passu* with the rising generation. Nor can it be achieved by any mere reform in educational methods. It must be something deeper and wider more totalitarian (in the good sense) than that.

It concerns the establishment of new and happier relations between two great strata of society—between the child and the adult who—without realizing it—oppresses him, and prevents his normal development.

Unless there is brought about this new relationship—and the change must begin with the adults—the individuals in the coming generation will never be able to develop—in such a manner as to realize the true normality of the race.

Montessori believes that if, in our dealings with the developing generation, we continue to follow up the "path of normality," that path which these "new children" have so clearly shown us the first stages—thus valorizing the growing personality, at every epoch of development—if we were able to do this we should indeed produce a new generation with a new attitude towards the material things of the world, an attitude which could well be expressed by the phrase "to use and not to possess."

But so long as that ubiquitous and disastrous struggle goes on between children and adults there can be no hope of children revealing these normal characteristics. They will continue to remain, as they still are now, for the most part, hidden under a mask of "deviations."

Only when this "new relationship" has been established, will it be possible to bring up a new generation who have, at all stages of development, been kept "normalized through work." A new generation which, as a consequence, will have a different outlook on work. They will have found valorization of personality through work. During the period of adolescence (in Montessori's *Erde-Kinder* or "Land Settlements") they will have found, in their work, the key which opens up the very structure of human society; and at the same time makes clear their duty towards it.

They will have been brought up to look upon work, not only as the means of supporting their individual existences, but as the very expression of man's cosmic mission on earth. They will see it as the building up of a super-nature—a common terrestrial environment in which all nations work out their respective destinies together, using that common environment but not possessing it as individual nations.

This "love of environment" which the children in Montessori schools so strikingly manifest must be distinguished from the love of possessing that environment. As Montessori says:

"Ordinary (i.e., un-normalized) children and also men in society when they see a thing want to possess it. The more a man possesses the more he wants to possess. All men want possessions; not only the rich men, and the poor men, but all. But they are not normal men; they are morally sick; because the deviated man seeks both possessions and power without limit.

"So too in the deviated child we can see clearly this desire to possess. He never stops asking for more; and the more he receives the more he must have. Such a child is a non-worker. He receives sensations from the environment—stimuli—but he has not any love for the environment! Love for the environment should be the guiding instinct in action; and if it does not awaken in man he will not have a normal life. Instead of finding himself in and through spontaneous work, he feels weariness; instead of love, he experiences hate. Pain, weariness and hatred are the shadows of possessiveness and obscure the intelligence. Power and possessiveness keep us enslaved; so instead of having a society based on love and justice, there is one in which everyone must wear a mask in order to live."

Whence comes this possessiveness, this lust for power? What is the origin of this selfish, individual isolated point of view, this separation and hatred which finally result in war? Some persons say it is just human nature—always has been so, and always will be so.

Others say: "Yes, it is human nature—but fallen human nature; and it can only be put right by lifting human nature above itself. This in fact is just the office of Christianity, which through the sacramental channels of the Church and the inspiration of Christ's teaching, brings the healing and elevating power of 'supernatural' grace, by which, and by which alone, mankind can be raised above his nature."

Now in a sense Montessori agrees with both these views. Certainly with the latter; because she herself has written books on the best way of teaching children the great truths which have been transmitted from generation to generation by the Christian Church. She is also of the opinion that human nature, as such, does not and cannot change. But what she does also maintain—and her whole life's work is a commentary on it—is that, as things have been and are, humanity has never had the opportunity to develop the highest natural potentialities that are in it. She does not deny—no Catholic could—that supernatural influences (i.e., supernatural in a theological sense) are necessary if men are to be raised to the highest moral level; but she also maintains that this can never happen in the fullest degree until man's natural faculties and virtues are also brought to their fullest development as well. (This is only another way of stating the old scholastic maxim that "grace completes nature".)

The tragedy of it is, however, that, all through human history, an unknown cause has been at work (like a hidden germ) preventing this full and free development of man's natural faculties and virtues. And this cause as we have seen, is nothing less than that famous, or rather infamous, "Struggle between the Child and the Adult"—a struggle which is, and has been, unsurpassed both in continuation and ubiquity. Here on the natural plane we find, remote and hidden, one of the most important causes of war (comparable as we have said to that germ in a flea on a rat which was the remote and hidden cause of the devastating medieval plague).

"If mankind had not grown up deviated—as a result of being wrongly treated in childhood—we should find in him that 'love for the environment and love of work' of which we have spoken. We should then be normal men. Love would develop: for love is a result and not a starting point. That is why the mere preaching of love cannot lead anywhere. We have caught a glimpse (thru' the children) of this normalized humanity; and with it the possibility of the triumph of a better, because more normal, race. This love of the environment is like a "spiritual reflex" that elevates and ennobles men. It is an inspiration—and, in a sense, a divine inspiration—because it is God who has given it. And to the extent to which it is present it draws man towards a mysterious and super-individual end—the creation of the super-nature."

It will be seen from all the foregoing considerations that the true science of education, which aims at a strong, independent, balanced personality is at the same time a science of peace.

There are real grounds for believing that such an end is attainable that the foundations of peace (tho' not the final super-natural superstructure) can be laid in this way, and must be laid in this way. For—and we repeat it for the last time—Montessori's vision and hope for the future peace of mankind is not merely a utopian dream a theory born of wishful thinking, but a conclusion based on a real and undeniable discovery, the discovery of the hitherto not generally known characteristics of these normalized or "new" children. As Montessori herself puts it: "these children are at once both a hope and promise." Given this new and much-to-be-desired orientation of individuals, and therefore of the nations which are com-

posed by them, to the universal order, plus the limitless energies that are locked up in the atom there would be no limit to the material benefits which mankind could obtain. The deserts could be made to blossom as the rose, and polar solitudes warmed by solar heat. There would be a unified world-wide organization of the production and distribution of raw-materials and food; with the whole of humanity linked up by radio and travel in the stratosphere. In short, when this great cosmic task of mankind had been accomplished and the super-nature completed and dedicated to God, this world would resemble an earthly paradise, not for just two individuals, as was the first, but for all mankind.

This picture of the possible future condition of mankind on this earth may strike the reader as but another example of that longing for a return to the "Golden Age" which so easily arises in human hearts. We mentioned, some pages back, that there were aspects of Montessori's idea of man's cosmic mission—and this creation of a super-nature—which were not easy to grasp, and we do not pretend to have fully comprehended ourselves. Nevertheless it is something which she herself seemed to see with great clarity—one might almost say with vehemence—and it is only fair to a great and original personality, that, in giving an account of her ideas on peace, we should include this aspect of it. In dealing with the *Welt-Anschauung* of a person of such prodigious originality and genius as Dr. Montessori it is wiser to treat her ideas as a whole, and not presume to separate the wheat from the chaff—a process much better left to the winnowing action of Time.

In every age, and especially so in epochs of stupendous crisis and transition such as ours is—the ideas, which are to dominate the characteristic of the new age which is dawning are already being born. Or, to change the metaphor one can say that in a sense they exist already; and, as the rising sun first lights up the highest mountain peaks whilst the valleys are still in shadow, so these coming ideas are reflected in the intuitions of men and women of genius, persons of unusual insight, who thus give expression to what Shakespeare calls "the prophetic spirit of the wide world dreaming on things to come." It may well be that Montessori's idea of the "Cosmic Mission of Mankind" is just such an idea; and that she has seen and seen with prophetic clarity, something which, in another generation or two, will be commonplace in the minds of thinking men and women all over the world.

In this connection it was with special interest that the present writer came across a recently published theological tract. It is entitled "Heaven," and is published by the Catholic Truth Society of England. This essay has the imprimatur of the ecclesiastical authorities, a circumstance which makes it all the more interesting. Here are certain passages from it, which from the point of view we are considering, are singularly relevant. The writer has been previously discussing the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body—this human body, composed in our present life of particles of matter taken from our planet; and a body which, after its resurrection in a glorified form, will still be composed of terrestrial materials.

After referring to our love of natural and familiar things in this "warm, kind world," and to our natural reluctance at being deprived of them even by death, the writer goes on as follows:

"Even this world is to be ours again; for the fields of earth are to become the fields of Heaven. Even now Heaven is considered by theologians in general to be a definite place. The high spiritual happiness of the Blessed is 'set off,' as it were, by a country and habitation correspondingly lovely. This place is their particular abode, although—as we have seen—the entire universe is open to them. But after the restoration of the human body, the earth will itself be a part of Heaven considered as a place."

"The living world called into being by God from nothingness; the soil on which Christ lived and died; the globe where man's history is unfolded—this is not to be cast aside as having served its turn, but to stand in new glory for ever."

This interesting and somewhat surprising forecast as to the ultimate destiny of life on this planet, and the planet itself, certainly fits in much better with Montessori's doctrine of the "Cosmic Mission of Man on Earth" than the lugubrious prognostication (certainly not without its measure of justification also) that mankind will eventually blow itself up and the planet with it. It may be that, just as the revelations of her "normalized children" have shown us that there is much more than we thought in Our Lord's statement, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," so in Montessori's doctrine of the Cosmic Mission of Mankind we can find a more literal interpretation with regard to the fulfillment of that prayer which, from the apostolic age to our own, has been on the lips of every Christian.

If we have understood Montessori's ideas aright we can see, in the remote perspective of the centuries to come, two lines of vision converging into one—the scientific view of the cosmic mission of man in creating a super-nature, and the aspirations of Christians in all ages:—"Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

The City

(Continued from page 3)

the residents persisted in calling it something else.

The Committee

It was at this time that Assemblyman Louis DeSalvio (Second District) called a meeting of interested people. The meeting was well attended and resulted in the formation of the **Committee to Save Homes and Businesses in the Second Assembly District**. Fairly soon however, initial fervor waned. This often happens when people start to realize that b-a-t-t-l-e really spells work. But in this case the reasons behind the loss of interest would appear to have been three; the families and individuals concerned, in the main Italians, Jews and Puerto Ricans, with a healthy sprinkle of other Latin Americans, do not have as part of their tradition the fact (as distinguished from the principle) that the public is the real seat of government. Too, most of them, even supposing they recognize the value of organized and sustained protest, are not articulate. Finally, probably because they are not, they tend to leave such matters in the hands of their local political representative.

Thus the **Committee to Save Homes and Businesses** found itself reduced in short order to three or four stalwarts: Mr. DeSalvio, Doctor Gottlieb Helpen, Miss Estelle Rome and Mrs. Mary Zagarino. These were the people who did the work, attended meetings, gave speeches, formulated plans. They worked hard and uncompromisingly. These were the people, too, who introduced the writer to the heady atmosphere of civic endeavor.

The city worked hard and uncompromisingly as well; its attitude was that the expressway would be a step forward for the area, even a step upward. The press took the same point of view. Editorial opinion was all in favor of the roadway. The reasons for this approval can be fairly safely reduced to this generalization; the expressway would get cars and trucks across Manhattan faster.

Such reasoning strikes at the city's vitals for it would give first preference to vehicular traffic going through an area rather than to the pedestrian, with or without a vehicle, who lives there. True, 2000 families and 800 businesses (in all about 20,000 people) are only a very small part in a city of seven or eight million inhabitants. But the number of persons affected by the proposed expressway, in relation to the total population of the city, is not and never was the precise point of the problem, though it was always extremely difficult to make the powers-that-be see this.

The Neighborhood

The point of the problem is that there is a striking difference between a large and populous neighborhood and a pile of brick and stone. Human beings can not be knocked over like so many rows of dolls, nor moved hither and yon without suffering deterioration. And, in a draw, the emotional health and contentment of the people ought always to be preferred to the 'skyline'. To destroy an area of this size is to destroy a way of life, and such destruction is a very serious matter indeed. For it amounts to slicing away the adjustment, reaction, custom, preference, daily habit, economic staff, prejudice, the likes and dislikes of a great number of people. Perhaps some of these things ought to disappear, prejudice, for example. But this is not the way to go about it.

At any rate, the city authorities and, oddly enough, many influential residents of the area itself, maintained that this forced migration would be good for the area, would 'uplift' it. Here we feel the delicate probe of the 'city planner' or sociologist. The sociologist contends that the area is a slum. Webster, now, defines a slum as a foul

street, especially one with a slovenly, often vicious population. True, there are other areas of the city that are cleaner, better kept, prettier. But prettiness is no safe exchange for security. What, for instance, does one gain by leaving a region such as this for life in a city project of 30 floors? It has a lawn, but the resident is forbidden to step on that. It has elevators, but they are not safe from muggers and sex deviates who lie in wait for women and children. Its long halls, all painted the same pale cookie color, have become practice fields for delinquency. Is such a change really a step up?

In point of architecture, are these monumental structures, all built of the same burnt yellow brick with the windows on every floor in the same corner, are they really superior to, let us say, the buildings along Broome Street? Take for example the one directly across from Most Holy Crucifix. It has a great carved bust of an Old Testament Prophet in the center of the facade. Beneath him is a row of the six-pointed stars of David. Or take the one down the street where three stone caryatids appear to support the third and fourth floors. These two buildings have more character than an acre of yellow brick projects. Old they are, run down too, not modern; could they not be rehabilitated?

A New Approach

In the Winter and Spring of 1962 the **Committee to Save Homes and Businesses** worked along and alone toward its goal of stopping or at least changing the course of the Lower Manhattan Expressway, but its effort rarely seemed to command more than polite heedlessness on the part of the city authorities, and this is deadly. So the members cast about for some way in which to sharpen the point of their impact. They decided to broaden their approach. In May of that year the **Joint Committee to Stop the Lower Manhattan Expressway** was organized. It was composed of the following groups and institutions: Catholic Worker, Chinese Grace Faith Mission, Committee to Save Homes and Businesses, Downtown Independent Democrats, John DeSalvio Democratic Association, Lower Manhattan Republican Club, Most Holy Crucifix Church, St. Alphonsus Church, Temple Sholem, West Village Committee, Greenwich Village Chapter of Young Americans for Freedom, Holy Trinity Ukrainian Orthodox Church, San Calogero Cultural Society and San Gennaro Cultural Society. This mixture was yeasty, and like all such mixtures it began to rise right away.

Not all these groups, of course, were particularly active, many of them had only a peripheral interest in the battle. But even the prestige of their titles on our letterhead often facilitated the entrance of the **Joint Committee** into areas of influence that would otherwise have remained closed. Of the active ones, the first above mentioned, the third, the fourth the tenth and eleventh did top knotch work. Of these, the West Village Committee and the Downtown Independent Democrats worked very hard. A former chairman of the W.V.C., Mrs. Jane Jacobs, the writer, accepted the post of chairman of the **Joint Committee**. Mrs. Jacobs was an invaluable acquisition for she and the group she brought with her came fresh from victory in a similar battle in Greenwich Village. Not only did they exude enthusiasm, but they brought along a conviction that we could win and well established habits of hard work.

Theory and Practice

In a fight of this kind it is not possible to overemphasize the need for hard, unrelenting work; it is not so much a problem of theory, that is, of convincing the civic authorities of the rightness of one's position, for they don't operate from conviction alone. It is rather a problem of convincing

many, but very many other people of the rightness of one's position. They in turn will convince others. All these people help create the ground swell to which civic authority is everywhere sensitive; they bring to it the right amount of pressure it needs to 'firm up' its conviction. But in order to convince these many people of the validity of the cause, the members of the group must first believe it themselves, know why it is valid, and then be prepared to lose sleep, gulp meals, rush hither and thither for unscheduled interviews, stand on corners and hand out throw-aways, tour the area in a sound-truck giving (in our case) a prepared pitch in three languages, tack up posters, canvas door to door, stuff envelopes, etc. All of this is unglamorous labor and tedious, but necessary. These people did all this and more for they were most articulate and never hesitated to speak on any provocation. They knew too the value of their organization, and how to work in harness. Most of them were professional people, lawyers, writers, public relations consultants, doctors, artists and politicians who brought with them their store of practical knowledge, their experience, and their contacts with people in other fields.

Immediately after its organization the **Joint Committee** planned a rally preliminary to the public hearing held at City Hall on June 18. The rally was held in pouring rain, but it was held. There were speeches in English, Italian and Spanish. Later, at the time of the



hearing in City Hall, there were 54 speakers opposing the expressway. These people represented the groups making up the **Joint Committee**, plus representatives of other groups that had taken a stand. Mayor Wagner and the Board of Estimate postponed their decision after this eleven hour hearing.

Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Rahele Wall, Paul Douglas and others made good use of the intervening time to secure an even greater supply of information on the blighting effects of elevated expressways, and to extend the **Committee's** radius of influence. Contacts were made in Washington with the Federal Bureau of Roads; calls were made to congressmen from New York, and to those of other states that had suffered the intrusion of this type of roadway; Dr. Helpen and Miss Rome were extremely effective in this area. Mrs. Wall fished in her reservoir of associates and acquaintances connected with the advertising, publishing and communications media, and landed news space, television and radio time! Mrs. Rosemary McGrath, Martin Berger and Robert Martin, as well as Assemblyman DeSalvio, candidates all in the Republican or Democratic primaries, never failed to draw their debates and interviews around to a discussion of the harm that the expressway would do to the entire city.

For its themes the **Joint Committee** took two slogans originated by Mrs. Wall, "Take Broome Street Out of Limbo," a reference to the hopelessness and ruin that settle down over an area that knows it is going to be demolished but doesn't know when. The second was, "You Don't Have to Move to Find a Better Neighborhood." This was directed to the attention of those whose contention it was that an area could be improved only by pulling everything down. An appeal for funds was sent round to the residents and businesses of the area. Slow-

ly the term of postponement slipped by.

On August 23 the Board of Estimate again postponed its decision, this time for 90 days. This period too was spent in preparation; looking back it seems that what we did the most was write letters. Quickly we learned that public attention is fickle and of short duration. This tendency on the part of the people to shrug off a long battle that doesn't seem to be directed at any one person or in any one direction, coupled with the general and often stated conviction that "you can't fight City Hall" was our greatest stumbling block. To counter this we organized other rallies. And though none of them seemed to generate much enthusiasm, they did impress everyone with our enthusiasm. This was a result of incalculable value we learned later.

In all this time the Catholic Worker people did yeoman labor; it was their founder and director, by the way, Miss Dorothy Day, who commented that this cooperation by such disparate groups was a small reflection of the Ecumenical Council, then just beginning, and whatever the decision on the expressway, was a good thing for the area. On December 6 the members of this 'ecumenical council' and their associates went down to City Hall for an eight hour hearing. This time there were 39 speakers in opposition. At the end of the day Mayor Wagner announced first that he and the Board would listen to no more speeches, second that a final decision would be published five days later. And it was. On December 11 the Lower Manhattan Expressway was unanimously disapproved by the City of New York.

Effects of the Victory

The magnitude of this victory can't be assessed this early, nor can the repercussions it has had, and will continue to have, in other areas of the country be calculated. But we can probe a little into the effect it may have on the immediate area. If it accomplishes nothing more, let us hope it will have convinced the people of the Lower Eastside of the strength of their collective voice and its value in government. Some of them are not aware of this yet, perhaps they never will be, but a slit has been cut in that great inertia that faces one whenever he talks of citizen participation. We can be grateful for this.

By and large, the big task here is not "to smarten up the people," for they are smart-enough. Rather it is to make them realize that they must rise above their immediate, and somewhat narrow, point of view. Admittedly this is difficult to do when the people of one neighborhood are of a different national strain from those of another neighborhood. Difficult it is, but not impossible. And once it has been accomplished, they are quick to see that their neighbor's horizon is not so very different from their own. For example, in the beginning of our effort, when the **Joint Committee** was just getting started, the parishioners of Most Holy Crucifix referred to the bearded and at times rumpled-looking people, as well as to those of high fashion, who darted in and out of the rectory as "those Bohemians from the Village." After they got to know one another better, the refrain changed to "those nice people from the Westside."

This education in community attitudes is one of the side effects brought about by any successful 'ad hoc' committee. It is a good effect and one of which, in our case, the **Joint Committee** can be proud. Of course there remains much to be done in this field, and it will take a long time to do it, and prodding will be necessary, but it is doubtful if the **Committee**, as presently constituted, ought to stay together in order to concentrate on these side effects. Perhaps the area would be better served in the long view by the organization of a group that has a wider interest, a group dedicated to the rehabilitation, promotion and cultivation of the cultural as

well as the physical aspects of the region known as Lower Manhattan—note, we are no longer speaking of the Lower Eastside, but of Lower Manhattan. But this rehabilitation on such a grand scale could be brought about only by the pooling of effort of all the parts and neighborhoods of the region, i.e. the churches, synagogues, banks, the landlords, the tenants, the businessmen, welfare, social and cultural agencies. A concerted drive on the part of all these people could renew the face of the region in 20 years.

Their effort should, by no means, be a gigantic wave of uplift. For that way lies ruin; real improvement never comes about in the wake of a tidal wave. But there ought to be, over all, a discernible direction to the movement. Too, such a movement ought to concern itself as much or more with the interior cultural and spiritual base of all these people, as it does with the preservation and refurbishing of their homes and businesses; in point of fact, it must be the people themselves who clamor and prod for this evolution of Lower Manhattan, or nothing lasting will be accomplished.

There is a certain urgency. For if the people don't learn once and for all the value of the principle of subsidiarity, that it is not wise to let public authority do for them that which they can do for themselves, then public authority, sometimes called City Hall, will happily return to its old pavilion to brood over the citizens, thinking up good things to do for them.

And that brings us back to the circles or spheres of society as set forth by St. Augustine. They can become snarled, and when they do it is an exceedingly difficult task to get them sorted out again. Any member of the **Joint Committee to Stop the Lower Manhattan Expressway** knows this, and knows it well.

Giants

(Continued from page 5)

upon by the populace who called them "foreign devils." In contrast, the Franciscans and Dominicans, when they were finally allowed to enter China went around with banners saying that Confucius was in hell and the rest of the Chinese were going there too unless they became Catholics. The Jesuits finally received permission from Rome to wear a headpiece while saying Mass, for as with the Jews, it was considered disrespectful to remove the hat in holy places. The Chinese too were scandalized by the bare feet of Christ on the Cross, and the Dominicans and Franciscans were just as scandalized when Jesuit paintings in China had shoes on the feet of Christ. The Jesuits who went to China were more realistic than those who went to Japan at the same time, for they made brothers and priests of the natives, in contrast to Japan where the natives were kept in subjugation.

One of the handicaps in making converts in China was the fact of polygamy. Father Dunne says on this subject: "Many theologians hold that the primeval dispensation of polygamy was granted not only to the patriarchs and people of Israel, but to all other peoples as well." The missionaries were not pacifists or anarchists and it would be folly to judge them by radical standards. They were men who held the long view and who knew that it was better to make ten converts among responsible people than to have a million "rice Christians" who would, when promises of more rice were offered, be likely to succumb. I know very little of Church history and of the differences in the methods of the Orders. This book has given me a glimpse of the broad-minded methods of the Jesuits. To others who are more interested in the subject and have more knowledge, this book is invaluable not only for a reference but for a spiritual guide.