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## FALL APPEAL

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality  
175 Chrystie St., N.Y.C. 2  
Feast of St. Francis, 1963

Dear fellow workers in Christ,

"Joy is a sign of God's presence in the soul."—I keep coming across this sentence of one of the saints, and the word joy and the word God do something to you. It is pretty easy for me to be joyful this Fall afternoon, sitting at my typewriter after a good day of reading and housecleaning. I woke up to read Bouyer's NEWMAN for an hour. I stopped on page 71 with the phrase, "The analogy between this world and the next, and a sound system of probability leading to religious faith."

Down at the beach house the view is one of quiet beauty. There is an offshore wind and the little waves are only murmuring on the shore. The bay is deep blue and a playful wind makes skirmishes here and there on the water so that the color is always changing and it is as though there were truly paths on the sea.

It is a joy to feel grateful for this beach house which has sheltered so many mothers and children this summer. Eight families have had the joy of the sea, the sand and the sun. Through the fall and winter the beauty is here for others. "The heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

It is so easy to love God in the beauty of nature, the beauty of little children, the beauty of the grandmother and great grandmother who came down to take care of one batch of children, for instance. Easy to find joy here. But St. Francis tells too of another kind of joy, "perfect joy" he calls it, when one is beaten and buffeted and ill-used, denied and scorned even by one's own. "This then is perfect joy," he says in one of the tales told in the "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." It surely is "walking by faith and not by sight," on these occasions. "When a person is old, or drunken or crazy, the family throws them out," one of our CW family said sadly the other day.

On my way to a communion breakfast not long ago, we passed a great mental hospital and the man driving me commented on the guards within the grounds. "Not to keep the patients in," he said, "but to keep people from dumping their senile relatives who don't remember name or address. Quite a few cases last year." The man was a city official so I must take his word for it.

Another man, a member of our community who has been with us the past two years, was found wandering in the woods of Staten Island, dirty, starving and covered with vermin. The police took him to a local hospital and Holy Mother the city cleaned him up and cared for him. Another old man, sick and incontinent was found homeless, in a doorway on the Bowery. He told us he had worked on Long Island potato farms when he left the orphanage where he was reared. Waifs and strays, a lot of our people are. We are most of us pretty much the "offscouring" St. Paul spoke of.

When I read Baldwin's *Another Country* about a kid ready to sell himself for a meal, I thought thank God we have saved a few from that. Just feeding people accomplishes something.

We are begging now, not only for the money we need to pay up our bills to keep us going another six months. But we beg you too not to abandon each other. Hold on to each other. We are each one responsible, one for another. We are all brothers. We are all members or potential members of the body of Christ and so are holy. We must not rend our own flesh, made holy by Christ's incarnation. Let us love one another, without measure, even to folly. "My little children, let us love one another," the beloved apostle St. John kept repeating at the end of his life when they asked him for direction. "Bear ye one another's burdens," St. Paul said. So if you can help us out of your abundance, to supply our want, we will love you all the more, in our gratitude.

St. Teresa said she had so grateful a heart, it could be bought with a sardine. In the name of Francis who knew how to love and rejoice and of Jesus who taught him, we thank you.

Dorothy Day

# Archbishop Roberts: The Council and Peace

(A transcription of a tape-recorded conversation between Archbishop Roberts, S.J., and John Paulson. The conversation took place at the Farm Street Jesuit residence in London, in early September, 1963, shortly before the departure of the Archbishop for the second session of Vatican II.)

John: Your Grace, large use has been made of the statement of Pope John in regard to the council—that he hoped it would restore the simple and pure lines which the face of the Church showed at its birth. It seems to me that that simplicity and clarity are very much connected with clarity of speech and thought, with regard to this great question of conscience and war. I am wondering if you felt that a treatment of the question would necessarily bring into focus the needs of individual responsibility; in each Christian deciding for himself where he stood on the point of military service, for example. Would you feel the affirming the right of conscientious objection would be a realistic point of departure for conciliar action?

His Grace: Yes. However, I think that a pronouncement more specific than those which have come from Pope John in this regard, is not probable even if it were desirable. It is not probable, because the council is such a mixed assembly; and it is not possible for a bishop to abstract entirely from the reaction in his own particular country. That is where Pope John had an advantage, in writing his own encyclical. But even he couldn't get away from the dilemma presented by saying in one part of the encyclical, as he practically does, that there can no longer be a just war, (a thing which indeed had been said explicitly by Cardinal Ottaviani a long time ago). Such a pronouncement coming from the council is also only arguably desirable . . . The real scandal up to the present is perhaps, that the main consideration of the peace issue has been largely done by non-Catholics, and even by non-Christians. And the principal alternative to war has been considered in practice by people like Gandhi—who is not a Christian. On the other hand, the United Nations has published a declaration of human rights; of which for example, article 18 says that everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience, and religion. In practice, in certain countries the Catholic has been very actively discouraged from any real consideration of the matter, and much more, from any expression of frank views about it. I think therefore, that it would be very practical as well as very desirable, for the council to lay down this principle:—any individual who thinks that the use or the threat of nuclear weapons, or indeed of any weapons, bacteriological or otherwise, which are indiscriminate in character, (and here I think we should abstract from principles of double effect and the rest which have become almost entirely academic)—that anyone who does so object, should be free to do so, and should have the Church's backing. Such a declaration would liberate very great forces in every country. In the United States, for example, it would make a very big difference; there is very little evidence that Catholic authority there has lent any weight to conscience in this matter. There has been a huge concentration of writing and teaching there, on matters like contraception; but in this matter of the weapons of our age, the Catholic conscience has been shockingly silent.

John: In regard to your last point, I have read frequently the statement made by writers on the peace issue; that it seems almost impossible to free churchmen from enslavement to their particular cultures, their nationalistic frontiers, and the power groups that operate under national flags.

In contrast to this almost universal trust in weaponry, Pope John insisted in *Pacem in Terris* on the slow growth of trust among the nations, as the sole armature that would protect men who stand at the atomic headlands. The achievement of this trust is the point I would like your comment on. It seems to be so enormously difficult to build cells of trust among men, that even good men grow discouraged and give up. Some of them even call Pope John unrealistic. One practical suggestion I read recently had to do with the 'beginnings of trust.' The author was convinced that neighbor nations, already seated in the U.N. and used at least to that degree of converse, could begin to form nuclei of trust, to build supranational bridges, even between two nations; and that slowly, these nuclei might be expected to grow, as other nations saw this thing working.

His Grace: Mutual trust of course is a thing which is not easy, even for individuals. It is infinitely more difficult where millions of people are involved. One factor in our favor might, ironically enough, be fear. Churchill I think it was



who said, shortly after the discovery of nuclear power, that now it had become so easy for people to kill one another, that no one would want to kill anyone any more. That admittedly is a gain, and it might mean that to some extent, trust might be created, on a very precarious basis, but still deserving the name of trust; since survival is of universal interest. That we could admit. But from the moral and Christian point of view, fear is not only too precarious a basis, but it is a basis which is altogether too far from God's will and Christ's example.

John: Your Grace, you spoke earlier in passing, of the example of Gandhi, an example that has had enormous world impact, and continues to exert the greatest and most radiant example in the United States, especially today on the racial issue. I am wondering whether, really, there is any tactic comparable to that of non-violence; and whether the people who are winning out on the race issue, do not have a great universal lesson for peace workers too. Is there really any other way than that of Gandhi, to both a Christian and a man in the world? I mean a man who surrenders himself peaceably to all the tides of hatred, installed power and brazen determination against change? It seems to me that we are, in Gandhi's case, on the track of something so basic to humanity's will to peace and hope and dignity, that even the gospel can show us in this regard nothing more noble. Would you perhaps agree then, that the peace issue, for priest as well as laymen, involves larger demands than those

made by speaking or writing; that it also demands sit ins and picketing, and the tactics of non-violence that have been of immeasurable help in the race question?

His Grace: Yes. That issue has come to the point in England where people interested in nuclear disarmament have had to explore civil disobedience very realistically, as one means to their end—or even possibly the only means. There are people here who are prepared to go to prison, and to stay there for a long time simply because they are convinced that was the only way the issue could be brought before the people. And it is a fact that the Pope has been able to speak strongly of late—and only of late; it is also a fact that Kennedy and Khrushchev have been able, both of them, to use quite a new language. I have no doubt that these changes in climate were brought about at least remotely, and perhaps even directly, by the action taken on behalf of peace by small minorities in England, and to a lesser extent, in other countries.

John: Your Grace, I would appreciate your comment on this impression I have gained from reading Gandhi recently. When he visited England at the time of the Round Table Conference in 1931, two world leaders refused to see him; one of them was Churchill and the other, the Pope. It was during this period too, that the Pope gave at least implicit approval to certain European military efforts in Ethiopia. It seems to me that Christian 'leadership' of this type could not but have affected a sensitive soul like Gandhi's, very acutely—the fact that there was such official coldness and even hostility in the Christian camp, toward the meaning of his struggles. How could these events not have colored his views of Catholicism, especially when we remember that he had observed often, the contempt with which missionaries in India treated the Hindu religion. I am wondering whether it is generally realized by Catholics that the apologetic of their faith goes an astronomic distance beyond the hoary arguments of the professional debaters, and involves us in something embarrassingly personal. In what? In realizing, I think, the inevitable connection (a kind of life line really) that stands between 1.) our dedication to a crucial world issue, on which the survival of men may be said truly to depend, and 2.) the world impression made by Catholicism. To speak more exactly of our topic for instance, Merton has not hesitated to declare that the nuclear war issue is the greatest moral issue since the Crucifixion. On the other hand, we witness the constant temptation of Catholics to allow the world to slip by under their feet. They are like people trying to keep normal times in outer space. They allow themselves progressively to be cornered by jargon, atrophied slogans, peace at any price, "let's keep the peace." On the other hand, we have the irrefutable evidence of our best periods of history, and of the saints who have eaten the gospels for dinner and emerged heroes. They all speak of the Church as an exposed community that is speaking the truth—and is paying up for it, as Camus says must always happen. I am wondering whether the peace issue has not occurred to you in these 'apologetic' terms. I mean that like a great wedge driven into a living tree, the peace issue could act as the grounding of a new, fierce, determined Catholicism, impassioned to be inserted into the living substance of humanity as it grows upon itself, ring upon ring of life.

His Grace: Yes, it seems to me though that one must always be merciful to good men; when one thinks of the Pope who refused to meet Gandhi, we must recall also that the same man had not yet (Continued on page 7)



# On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

When I was in Milan last May I spoke to the university students and Bill Congdon translated my talk. The meeting was held after a Sunday morning Mass at the Church of St. Anthony, Abbot, when the transepts, and the body of the church were packed with students who began their worship with Prime. It was thrilling to hear the old Latin hymns. The Mass was in the Ambrosian rite and the students sang the Gelineau psalms. A meeting later was held in the Cardinal Shuster School in the paved and roofed-over cloister. It had been made into a large meeting hall, and the imposing rostrum was presided over by a plaque of Ozanam who also started his apostolate as a student and continued it as a teacher and married man. Our own Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh spoke about Ozanam as a model for young men in a talk he gave before the Newman Clubs of the United States.

## Talk to Milan Students

It was easy for me to speak, thanks to that plaque, because it kept me in mind of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, which all Catholic students understand and which are all-embracing in the intellectual or manual labors which are before them. Within the colonnades of this cloister there are great paintings from the lives of the saints, eight or ten feet high and over the plaque of Ozanam a Byzantine crucifix. I was surprised to see how pervasive was the Byzantine influence in the art of Italy, but I should not have been, considering the pre-Christian and post-Christian influence of Greek civilization.

This meeting went on all morning and I was impressed again at the patience of the Italians, as I had been on the trains especially, which are always overcrowded (though they run on time). The students were intent and disciplined during this long meeting. Don Luigi Guisanni is the inspiration of this work among the youth of Milan. They are given the best in intellectual and spiritual leadership and Don Guisanni is not

afraid of taking their time, asking all, demanding search, research, more meetings, preparation for that moment, that opportunity, that choice which will affect their entire lives. All this emphasizes the need to intensify their prayer life. The meetings stimulate their minds, inflame their hearts. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. There cannot be too many words of this kind, words that crowd out frivolities. Read, study. "Wisdom is the most active things."

## Bill Congdon

Meanwhile, as Don Guisanni spoke, Bill was writing out the translation.

Bill Congdon at previous meetings had spoken to them—he is fluent in Italian and they responded to his warmth, to what Jacques Maritain called his "strangely deep douceur, his defenceless candor, a vulnerability to any spiritual arrow, either the arrows of distress in this world and of that beauty which wounds the senses, or the arrows of the supramundane shores."

The fact that I was introduced by him and interpreted by him made my welcome a warm one.

I have before me now as I write, in *My Disc of Gold—Itinerary to Christ*, with "presentations" by Jacques Maritain, Father M. C. D'Arcy and Thomas Merton, published by Reynal and Company, New York.

It is a book of plates of Congdon's paintings produced in color and in black and white, beginning with a black and white of Stanton Street, right off the Bowery where he lived for a time right after the war. During the war he had served with the American Field Service, as a few of our editors had also and for a time afterward he returned to Europe to do relief work. When he lived on Stanton Street he wrote in his own account of his conversions which is printed in this remarkable book: "At that time I could no longer face the comfort, security, the thinking and living by tradition to which I was born and had been accustomed.

## From the Clothes Room

With the cold weather coming upon us, we are in great need of clothing. The Bowery can be the coldest place in the world, especially when you sleep on its sidewalks at night. Men freeze to death on the Bowery streets. Your old clothes are very important to us. We need all types of clothing, coats, trousers, sex, underwear, and most of all, shoes. These will be given to anyone reasonably sober who is in need. It is very difficult to tell people there is nothing left for them.

I went to live in a one room, cold water flat for seventeen dollars a month just off the Bowery."

Stanton Street is just around the corner from the Catholic Worker. "I did not paint as I had studied, reproducing the object through an art of illusion; I painted the image of the object that rose up within me as emotion, that impelled me to paint, in its own time, not mine. This was my first conversion in 1948. The tenebrous facades began to bloom within me, to grow into an image that palpitated with multiple suffering within them; and within me no doubt as well. Blocks of identical tenements, identical miseries repeated street after street as I had seen them repeated in dressing stations in the war, in hospital corridors, and in the numbered huts of concentration camps. The Bowery, Stanton Street, Mulberry Street, Spring Street."

He went back to Italy which he loved, and went to Assisi for the first time in 1951. The Byzantine crucifix which spoke to St. Francis spoke to him too in another way. He began to read *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*. One of my favorite stories in *The Fioretti* is "This then is perfect joy." For the eight years which preceded his conversion he was never separated from this book.

And then "a stranger" drew him from his solitude and introduced him to the Pro-Civitate Christiana "where he was given a greeting of such affection that he could not forget it." Don Giovanni Rossi, founder of the association, and friend of Pope John XXIII, asked

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# CHRYSTIE STREET

By EDGAR FORAND

We've had some wonderful speakers this past month, among them Dom Bede Griffiths of India and our people continue to demonstrate and picket and lecture and this is all to the good. Some of us have to stay close to the House but I'm sure we all realize that if we are never to have any semblance of peace it is because we have learned how to communicate with people—and people we certainly have around here. And for the benefit of those who keep wondering if these self-same people are being changed or reformed, our only answer is that we are here to serve them and if in the process we are changed for the better and reformed then we can consider ourselves very fortunate.

In line with this, it has been very difficult for me the past few months to do any writing on Chrystie St. For anyone who has ever been around the Catholic Worker for any length of time, for him not to see and to be aware of the terrible sufferings and tensions that are forever present to us, would either be closing his eyes to reality or else completely insensitive to others. In addition to this are the frustrations and the feelings of inadequacies we all get in trying to cope with the many difficulties and problems that we are confronted with daily. One of the biggest frustrations we feel is caused by the lack of cooperation and assistance that we should have from those with ample means in asking them to deal with the poor on a personal basis. Money is sent in, yes, but very few are they who will contact the poor and suffering personally and stay with them through their difficulties. We have all kinds of people both young and old, married or separated as well as single, with problems psychological and social as well as physical. To many of these people, to be helped or loved on a truly personal relationship, could mean the difference between just existing or at least having the knowledge that their life has some meaning to someone else and thereby also to themselves. Because of the generosity of our subscribers and friends all over the

country, we are able to feed many and to house and clothe some also—but this is not sufficient assistance for many of our people. It must be quite obvious that we are never going to solve our peace and racial problems until all of our people are ready and willing to break out of their shells and learn what sacrifice and suffering is among those who are sacrificing and suffering on a scale undreamed of in our so-called affluent society. Our society only appears to be prosperous because of our defense budget—without that we don't have to be economists to know that our structure would collapse overnight. I am the least of those who have said and would remind them that in this form of personalism, the well-to-do inevitably would receive more than they would give—and of values that are of more importance.

When it comes to problems that our people have here, one is lost in even trying to decide which is the more important or deserving. The married on relief; the young or middle-aged trying to find jobs (when so many are unemployed); the alcoholic or the drug addict trying to lick his compulsion or addiction; those of our older people who are sick or undernourished; the mentally disturbed who feel totally isolated; all of these people can't possibly be helped completely by us at the Catholic Worker as they should be. If it wasn't so tragic it would be humorous because in this fabulous city of ours we don't have a complete bona-fide half-way house for male alcoholics but in an ad in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune we don't think it at all odd that our women are now told that a fur coat is now a must in every wardrobe—shades of Mrs. Jones.

Some ask how do you know who to give help or money to and who not to? This is a problem, believe me. Those of us who dispense the food, the clothes and money around here are under a responsibility to see that it is done as fairly as possible. This entails a great deal of judging and who among us doesn't feel at the end of

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Every anarchist is his own kind of anarchist. Joffre Stewart calls us Vaticananarchists. So be it. The major principles of Catholic anarchism are obedience and order.

To anarchists and non-anarchists alike, that sounds like an incredible paradox, though Ammon Hennacy says, "An anarchist is someone who doesn't need cops to make him behave."

Anarchist obedience is obedience to reason instead of hierarchy, obedience to love instead of power, obedience freely given instead of coerced, obedience to all men instead of special classes of men.

There are in the world many individuals, many organizations and groups of individuals, many vast institutions and governments. Each claims our time and recognition. We do not arrange them in some hierarchy by numbers or by physical power.

The whispers of a poor beggar deserve to be heard, as clearly as the thunder of the state. All the claims of men and groups are balanced on a scale.

The scale is reason and justice. Power, and the fear of it, are given no weight. No man or institution is supreme. No head of structure is the representative of God or society to us.

Jesus taught us that the poor man, every man in fact, is the representative of God to us. No special man or group is supreme for every purpose.

Rather, every man is supreme, in a special way and for certain purposes. Therefore we give our obedience selectively to the appropriate men:

- in faith to the Bishops,
- in material things to the poor,
- in love to the lonely,
- in care to the sick,
- in labor to the aged,
- in teaching to the young,
- in the order of society to the wise.

Philippians 2:5—"Yours is to be the same mind which Christ Jesus showed. His nature is from the first, divine, and yet he did not see, in the rank of Godhead, a prize to be coveted; he dispossessed himself, and took the na-

## Catholic Anarchism

By KARL MEYER

ture of a slave, fashioned in the likeness of men, presenting himself to us in human form; and then he lowered His own dignity, accepted an obedience which brought Him to death, death on a cross."

That obedience was free speech, in the market place, for the sake of his fellowmen, disregarding the governing structures of his day.

Obedience distributed freely, according to charity and wisdom, according to the needs of others, will often conflict with authority structures. Jesus was an anarchist because he gave himself freely, not regarding the comparative power of those to whom he gave.

The anarchist values peace with his neighbors higher than any position of privilege he holds among them, higher than any property he possesses.

"He did not see, in the rank of Godhead, a prize to be coveted; he dispossessed himself."

The means of love can not be used to defend any position of privilege we hold in the world. The anarchist must stand ready to yield to the poor, and even to predators, everything he has accumulated in this world.

But his freedom and dignity as a person can not be taken; the more he gives, the less will it be possible for them to be taken.

The second principle of anarchism is order—harmonious order instead of forced order; for the friction of coercion is the sign and seed of disorder.

Harmonious order is not regimental order, because that is itself out of harmony with the uniqueness of each human personality.

To function as the principle of social relations in the complexities of modern, worldwide society, the anarchist obedience must be

remarkably sensitive, flexible and wise in its choice of action.

Otherwise, with all the charity in the world, we would still create organizational chaos and carnage. Without obedience and order, anarchism would be anarchy.

"How do we get from where we are to where we want to be?" asked Peter Maurin.

"The future will be different if we make the present different."

By that he meant, "If we make our present different."

The achievement of anarchism can only be partial.

It will be practiced only by those who believe in it, because it would be self contradictory to impose it on others as a universal system.

It is built up man by man, group by group, in the shell of the current system.

The shell is coercive government. Coercive government is merely an extension of personal coercion.

The anarchist will not support it.

The majority of men look into the distance, to an order of society based completely on goodwill and voluntary cooperation. That doesn't make them anarchists; the anarchist lives in that way, today.

Catholics believe that there is a personal judgment at the end of each man's life, and a final judgment at the end of history. If a man's life was worthy, he will enter the Kingdom of Heaven. At the end of history, there will be a Resurrection to a Kingdom of God, "a kingdom of truth and light."

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## James Millord Reports

## From The Arctic

September 24, 1963

Lac La Martre, Indian School  
LAC LA MARTRE, N.W.T.  
via Yellowknife, N.W.T.  
Canada

Dear Dorothy—

We're off a-gypsying again, this time to a gambit of 6,000 miles from sunny, but benighted Florida, back to our old haunt w-a-y up here in the bush with the Dog Rib Indians. Our exodus this time took us through the tension-clad city of Birmingham, with stops in Chicago, Milwaukee, Fort Frances, Ontario (renewing old Indian ties), Winnipeg, Edmonton, Elk Island Park, Jasper and Banff Parks, and over into B.C. via Golden, Revelstoke National Park, down the Fraser Canyon into Vancouver. Another week on the coast with our camp made on gorgeous Salt Spring Island—another old haunt of mine and finally back North through the Cariboo to the MacKenzie Highway out of Grimshaw, Alberta to the shores of Great Slave Lake to Yellowknife. Our last leg was by aircraft, since there are no roads within 100 water miles of here.

The village has spruced up somewhat since we departed for the Provinces four years ago from here. The 'main stem' of the village boasts twelve new cabins—with inside materials and Selkirk stove pipes, windows and doors supplied by the Department of Indian Affairs. There has been more employment of sorts, for various governmental agencies, such as Forestry, fighting fires, Northern Affairs, working around the buildings belonging to them; for Northern Health Services etc. etc. The fur prices rose unexpectedly last winter and things are looking up. One sour note: an entrepreneur of the Adam Smith school, now classified as "free trader" (with a strong profit motive) has set up shop here. Naturally, he's a white man. He is charging exorbitant prices for goods, since the closest store—the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Rae is eighty miles away by dog team, and 100 miles by water. Flour is running 6.40 per TWENTY-FIVE bagful; beans at .60 per can gasoline for kickers at 1.65 per gallon etc. etc. With by more than average disgust with the "free enterprise clique, and their cult of greed," you can imagine how I enjoyed having this get-rich-quick lad around. At any rate, we've made inroads into his burgeoning empire, by having food airlifted from Fort Rae. A combined three-way operation with the Oblate Fathers at the other end of my two-way radio taking down orders. We managed to bring in five plane loads of gas and grub at one-third the prices our miniature Morgan exploited. We're hoping to initiate a Co-op. I'd gladly start it and run it, but as a government slave, I cannot indulge in such extracurricular activity. However, my wife can advise the only Indian lad with enough "Outside" savvy we have around here, to put it in motion. It will take much exertion.

I had a stimulating week in Yellowknife immediately before school opened here, at our triennial teachers convention. From all points North and West they came, from Pelly Bay, Inuvik, Gjoa Haven, Coppermine and the Eskimo villages, from Snowdrift, Fort Resolution, Fort Providence, Yellowknife, Fort Simpson we descended on Yellowknife for letting off steam. I thought I was isolated, but when I met men like Frank Gonda, who with Father Vandeveld O.M.I. are the sole oracles at lunar-like Pelly Bay, or like Denny Gamble, who is buried in Coppermine in the Central Arctic, I felt as if I were living in a suburb of Edmonton (600 miles by plane) and enjoying commodious living.

Your suggestion in your last letter to read Orwell's *The Road To Wigan Pier* was a good one. I saw it in a tiny bookshop on Salt Spring Island and devoured it. As

timely as ever. I'm waiting to purchase *Down and Out in Paris*. He really can be incisive. I'm also pleased with my copies of *LIBERATION*. Had I known it was that good, I should have started reading it long, long ago (*Liberation*, 5 Beekman Street, NYC. \$4. per year subscription. Ed.). I also have a copy of *PEACE*, with an excellent article by Father G. Dunne (Ammon's idol). It is a brutally honest piece of work, and will of course, get nowhere.

Some of the things Canon Adondeyne, Dean of the Theology Faculty at the University of Louvain says in *Faith and the World* should gladden your heart, or anyone at the C.W. or who has pursued sympathetic ideals and goals with you. Such gems as:

"Karl Marx is one of the greatest men of our time."

"A strongly organized Catholic community can easily become a state within a state."

or, better still

"The representation of Christianity as the antagonist of the Communist social system is very dangerous."

But the best of all were these jabs:

"The Church has no monopoly of truth . . ." "Child-like obedience to the Church is not the whole answer to conflicts between faith and the world."

Naturally, this book will fall on the left side of that other poorly received book of Father Ignace Lepp's *The Failure of Christianity*.

Our family has reduced somewhat. My three oldest are out at Fort Smith in the secondary, two of them in Senior High and one in the Junior section. It hardly seems possible, but here it is a reality. The emancipation process is well in motion, and soon they will be gone. Life is but a shadow.

The long winter will be setting in here shortly. We've had nights of heavy frost already, and the leaves are falling with extraordinary sadness for me this year. The transition from death to life in the spring is a long, weary one, but not without its spectacular

moments of glory. As I push closer to middle age (38 in January), I find the winters harder and harder to take. And yet, I cannot say that I don't like them. If only they could come and go in, say, three months, but up here they're six months long, and often more.

The article by Lanza Del Vasto ON THE BOMB was a superb piece of writing/preaching, call it what you will. It moved me as few pieces ever have about the implications of violence. Give us more of him.

I'm reviewing books for Social Justice Review and a couple of other R.C. papers, winding up a serial for a Protestant juvenile (I sold a five part serial last spring to a Methodist juvenile in Nashville), and re-vamping several plays. Please pray for me so that I may be able to make my writing more fruitful. It has been a very slow process. And may I make a request from you again? Your Cuba tape went over so well with my listeners, that I should very much like to have you make one of your life for me. This is a very, very presumptuous, and possible bold thing to ask, but even though we've never met, I have known you all my life. We probably never shall meet in this earthly pilgrimage, Dorothy, especially if I keep up my restless peregrinations. The Irish in me cannot rest, until it rests in motion. Therefore, it would be one of the cherished things of my life, if you could—tired and pressed as you are—make a small tape for me? Try to embody in it, your own reaction to the poor, to your quest for finding Christ in them, about the C.W., your biggest strides forward in "cult-culture-cultivation" and the pacifist front. Be as personal as you care to. I promise to spread it far and wide as I did Ammon's and your Cuba tape. Can you get any farther than Australia? Florida? Northern Ontario bush? Ridiculous as it may sound, should you come through Alberta on your way West, would it be possible to visit us? You can come to Yellowknife, out of Edmonton Alberta, by bus, believe it or not. It is a long trip — thirty hours (but I think there is an overnight stop). You can fly in here by tiny aircraft

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Letter to *LIBERATION*

THE CATHOLIC WORKER  
175 Chrystie Street  
N. Y. C. 2  
25 September, 1963

To the Editors:

The pamphlet *Toward a Quaker View of Sex* published in England by a group of Friends, not for the Society, and recent articles by Dave Dellinger have rekindled the discussion of sex, happily dormant for a few years in radical pacifist journalism. The broad scope of *LIBERATION's* material and interests is refreshing and stimulating, but sometimes there is a danger in overstepping limits of competence. We speak from a traditional Christian viewpoint, as Catholics.

Marriage is the appropriate context for sexual release. The family is the basic unit of society. It is the natural community. All the rest of society must be geared to protect and foster the family since the rest of the social fabric is utterly dependent upon its health. Promiscuity and more humanly understandable extra-marital relationships cannot be viewed as morally acceptable because they are a danger to the integrity of the family. Patterns of extra-marital activity are easily carried over into married life. There is no question of judging people who do not live up to the standard, because there is no judging people. But we can judge actions.

Many Quakers here and in England were unhappy with the publication of *Toward a Quaker View of Sex* because of the word *Quaker*. Some might think it speaks for the Society. The document is a warm intelligent and human treatment from a rationalist-humanist point of view. However many Quakers share with other Christians the idea that religion connotes a super-

natural element, not merely a rationalistic view of reality. This element is altogether lacking in the pamphlet. It seems to me that one essential shared by all real religions is an intuition that things are not what they seem, but more likely, the opposite. An intuition of the absurd, we might say, after Camus. "Unless the seed fall into the ground and die it will not bring forth fruit." "Blessed are the poor . . . those who mourn . . . the pure in heart." In terms of rationalism, this is nonsense. But the world the rationalists are building for us is so horrifying that we have to band together to try to put some sense into it.

Nobody's for neurotic guilt. There is such a thing as healthy guilt, the recognition that we don't always do the right thing, and that we ought to. It has to do with conscience.

To live the life that the Church demands of the unmarried calls for heroism. Very few inside or outside the Church actually do it consistently. But there is a difference between an occasional and essentially accidental lapse viewed as a lapse, and the deliberate pattern of activity outside the law viewed as good and moral. Why can't people admit that they sin, that they are guilty, and not get neurotic about it? Instead they make themselves the measure of morality, "I like it so it's good."

A loving attitude toward those who differ, respectful comradeship for those of you who do not share our views, but self-discipline and adherence to objective standards of morality in the midst of chaos seem to me the appropriate responses to the problem of sex and modern society.

TOM CORNELL, Associate Editor

## CULT :: CULTIVATION

## BOOK REVIEWS

CHILDREN AND OLDER STRANGERS by Ernest Sandeen. University of Notre Dame Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. \$2.95  
Reviewed by HAROLD ISBELL

The voices of today's poetry are many and varied. The fatness of my cliché is matched only by an abundance of weak song. But occasionally one finds a singer who is no stranger to some of our finest journals. Yet one cannot help but feel distress to see him ranked low on the list of "accepted" poets. It is easy enough to go through this most recent volume and find poems which "I do not like." But this can be done with any poet.

*Children and Older Strangers* reverberates with a soft-spoken reverence for the way things really are. It is this soft speaking voice which I find so disarming and ingenuous. The opening lines of the first poem, "Faith on Friday," demonstrate this ingenuous air quite effectively:

Never in my innocent unbelieving  
Days could I guessed that faith  
was this

Betrayal, this tangled murderous  
unrelieving

Love that ran to light me with  
a kiss.

The ease of diction approaches the discursive. He captures a contemporary pace but avoids the prosaic by a carefully executed sense of line. A light touch of enjambment between lines one and two as well as between lines three and four is just the spark which projects them beyond their words into a genuine poetic intuition.

One of my favorite pieces is reprinted from Sandeen's earlier book, *Antennas of Silence*. "Parked Car" is a masterpiece of fire and control. It demonstrates effectively the dictum that a poem is "emotion recollected in tranquillity." The poem—a love poem—relies for its effect on a complex development of one image. The first use—the lighting of two cigarettes—suggests a conception and consequent birth; the latter suggests a diminution of strength, a momentary retreat. The two uses together state the twin reality of exhilaration and exhaustion produced by loving.

"Sweet Killer" is a man's poem, and it is a virile voice that speaks. Perhaps the tongue is too much in his cheek, perhaps the double entendres lack duplicity; yet the poem is honest because it presents baptisms of conquest and destruction in the only context—sexual—they can endure. The use of fairy tale—the endless myths of childhood—gives the poem a curious vision: things inexplicable become assured and certain. And with assurance and certainty there comes that prophetic perspective out of which the last four lines are pronounced.

Another poem which functions with similar prophecy is "Children of Men." So far as plot is concerned, it is about a three year old girl and a father on trial for beating her to death. The poem examines the dependence each of us experiences when confronted with an account of crime. The eviction of the scapegoat is not merely a social event. The implacable lottery which insists that a certain man die for the people is not a factor of existence which can be dismissed by easy analysis. Ritual suffering and ritual death are terms barely extant. Yet the problem they encompass—the consciousness of guilt—is a mystery present as ever. The poem poses and explores but never solves this question of universal guilt except

in the sense that the voice first carries the reader into a no-man's land of involvement and then leads him out by tongues of fire. The poem accomplishes a communication of awareness and consequently accomplishes the salvation attendant upon a sacrificial gift of knowledge.

To speak generally, the poems communicate emotion—feeling—with stolid reserve. An apparent looseness of style often protects the precious act of loving which is at the heart of each poem. If Ernest Sandeen can be said to have a weakness it exists in union with one of his powerful assets—a devotion to the tradition of English poetry. But in the very few instances when traditional shapes of rhyme and rhythm become the poem, because such a poem has only shape and not substance, it is stillborn. Fortunately, this is true of only few poems. For the most part Sandeen attempts and succeeds in being both contemporary and careful for the tradition from which he writes. And this is no small accomplishment.

CHILDREN IN COMMUNITY.  
Society of Brothers Rifton, New York. Price \$3.00. Reviewed by STANLEY VISHNEWSKI.

This is a slender pictorial volume of about 100 pages replete with pictures, text, paintings and music of the life of the children in a Community. One wishes that it could have been twice the length, and perhaps a sequel could be forthcoming showing the life of the adult in a Community.

The book is beautifully printed and the art work and text show that the book was done by people who love children. It is a "must" book for all people who are interested in Community living.

The book was written to answer the question: "How do children fit into the Community life?" The Community is the Society of Brothers, a non-Catholic Community composed of families and single people living within a communal framework and attempting to live by the literal teachings of the New Testament.

The Community was founded in Germany in 1920. They survived many trials under the Nazis and in 1937 were forced to leave Germany. They then settled in England until the rising war fever made it imperative that the German members (who were Pacifist) seek emigration or face internment. The Community then set up a branch in Paraguay until they came to the United States in 1954.

The society has now established three communal centers in the United States: Rifton, New York; Farmington, Pa. and Norfolk, Conn. The Community is self-supporting and provides for itself by the sale of children's toys (both to individuals and schools). They are marketed under the brand name of *Community Playthings*.

The book is a happy one (if one can call a book happy) and it is full of the interesting doings of children who are fortunate to live in a Community. The book takes one through from the early days at the "baby house" up to grade school and to graduation. The children then go to the local high school and on to college.

A walk in the woods results in the composing of a song, the writing of a story and the painting

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# CULTURE VATION ::

## LETTERS

Chicago, December, 1962.

Dear Miss Day:

It is true that music is one of the "arts of peace" about which man should be more concerned and without which he is not as rich as he might be. But just as the American man is a kind of cultural orphan compared to his European counterpart, the American symphonic musician, or aspirant thereto, finds himself victimized by a society which not only impedes and degrades him, but manages often to turn his talents even upon himself and short-circuit both his hopes and health. The American musician is in that respect a good indication of the man-on-the-street. I can't see a democratic society taking care of its artists without taking care of its poor and sick. After a while there isn't much of a difference.

The problem is not a provincial one. What is sad is that the sufferings rob us, take away our hope, vision, ability . . . make us self-incapacitated. We are exploring an old mine, a mine that was never explored correctly (for which we can thank a great majority of woe-begone degree-granting racketeers), and which was blasted in so many ways that the whole exploration is an issue of doubt.

Of the two dozen so-called major

symphony orchestras in this country, less than half pay enough to really live on. I have been told that there are more musicians listed in the Chicago union local than there are jobs in the whole country. Very often the microscopic percentage of musicians who do make the top levels, instead of being generators of more talent, more music, more joy, find that they are forced to defend themselves and perhaps abort anything that looks like a serious threat to their positions. One wonders how far Titov or Glenn would have gotten if they ever had to go begging for their apparatus and opportunities the way American musicians do. Music is meant to fill one of the highest spiritual needs in man's nature, but in America we have reduced through disdain a potential garden to a gladiator's field.

We pride ourselves in the U.S. on the huge number of "symphony orchestras"—forgetting that most of them are squawky, hard-hearted amateur groups, and only a few pay salaries. Only the Big Five (Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Chicago) make it monetarily worthwhile (but not lucrative) and the competition is so fierce that unless you are an innate virtuoso, it seems hopeless. Sal-

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## Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

William, who was here for a year, is back now for a couple of weeks resting up before he goes on a landscaping job. He is the handiest and best man we ever had around here. Yesterday, along with two Jack-Mormons who happened to be sober for that day, he built shelves in the front alcove opposite from my office, to contain the bundles, suitcases, bed rolls, etc. that the transients bring in. This makes it so they can find their belongings without turning everything upside down, and it leaves room for two more to sleep along side the Little Flower. (The men call her "Mary"). We had a little blue paint left over and a very small brush, so I spent three hours painting them blue, which matches well with the bright yellow walls and ceiling.

I now have Mary's painting of The Three Hebrew Children in the Flery Furnace hanging next to her St. Joan picture, which brightens the place up. A drunk came in here one night and looked up to Mary's mural of Joe Hill before the firing squad, and shouted, "What kind of a place is this?" By the time he would see the Flery Furnace and Daniel in the Lion's Den which Mary is doing for us, he would sure be in a quandry. I also have a small recent painting of Mary's of the flight into Egypt. I spoke about St. Joan the other night and in preparation for it read another book and found that whenever she thought that letters or dispatches which she sent might be captured by the enemy she put an "x" on the letter which meant that the whole thing was to be disregarded. Likewise when the Bishop had her sign her abjuration she did not sign her name, which she could have done, but simply put an "x" there.

I never saw a real live President before until the other night

when I walked two blocks and saw President Kennedy at Second South and Main as he waved to the crowd on the way to the Hotel Utah. He spoke to a maximum crowd in the Tabernacle that night, the invocation being given by a Mormon Apostle, and the benediction by a distant relative of the President, Msgr. Patrick Kennedy from Ogden. The Mormons are noted for being courteous to visitors.

Word comes from California that Apostle Benson, whose son Reed, is the leader of the John Birch Society in Utah, spoke in Mormon meetings in California, and in a few weeks Apostle Hugh Brown, a liberal, followed his exact route giving the opposite testimony. October 6th the Mormon Conference meets here and it is thought that their position on the Negro may be changed.

Darrell Poulsen's case came before the U. S. Supreme Court the 26th of September. He has been twice sentenced to death. I will report later on what happens. I have a leaflet already written on the subject if and when the Board of Pardons refuses his appeal.

I marched with the NAACP one Sunday afternoon from the library to Memory Park, in a beautiful canyon to the right of the State Capitol. This was in memory of the four Negro girls murdered in Birmingham. A Greyhound chartered bus coming back from Washington full of young folks from the March on Washington stopped for an hour to see our place. They were from Portland and Seattle and I knew many of them.

A fellow came in from San Diego the other night who had been here last year. He said that men on skid row there all joked about "sleeping it off in Hennacy's cooler" in Salt Lake City. I had twenty-one Navajos here one night. That is about enough.

Another family of Gypsies

moved in next door. They cannot read or write, but as the saying goes they can count money, and are a happy lot. It is curious that among themselves they call outsiders "gay," which is the same term that the Amish use to those "out in the world." The gypsy children call me "Tennis." That is as near as they can come to any name they have heard of; and like my friend Hovey in Albuquerque who called me "Hensley" because he knew a fellow once by that name, and was too lazy to learn another name, so the Gypsy kids make do with "Tennis," which they cry when they see me, and ask for candy or bread. Mary has not seen them yet but says she is going to paint a Gypsy Madonna.

One rather vacant colored kid was caught roaming the streets at night and was locked up. The judge told him to come back here and stay and keep off the streets, so I guess the law recognizes the value of Joe Hill House. I am still looking for someone who would like to come here and help me run this place and give me a chance to get out and do some speaking.

Darell D. Poulsen, now age 24, was committed to a mental institution early in life for sex offenses. Likely due to the crowded conditions he was paroled to his mother. Later he was married but the unnatural sex drive continued. In 1961 he told a policeman in Provo that he felt the urge of getting into trouble and he should be locked up. The cop said he hadn't done anything yet, and with this irresponsible act went on his way. The next day he killed a baby-sitter, Karen Ann Mechling, age 11, of American Fork. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. Appeals finally ended in the Utah Supreme Court affirming his guilt. He was then sentenced to die August 9, 1963. A newly appointed lawyer, William G. Fowler of Salt Lake City, obtained on July 30th a stay of execution from U.S. Supreme Court Justice Black. Later Utah Chief Justice F. Henri Henroid confirmed this appeal by setting aside the execution until September 26.

It will likely take months for the U.S. Supreme Court to pass on the case. If they refuse to consider it then the Judge in Provo can set a new date of execution.

Poulsen never should have been released from a mental institution. After the murder he felt repentant and was baptized into the Episcopal Church by Father Roger Wood of Provo. Father Wood led a movement in his city against the execution of Garcia and Rivenburgh last year, and I spoke at one of his meetings.

There is no doubt that Poulsen is guilty, and there is also no doubt that the home with either too much or too little discipline; the school with a mixed sense of values and crowded conditions; the church with its sectarian and commercial outlook and its emphasis upon capital punishment; and the state with its too crowded institutions and its eye for an eye policy—all these are also guilty. It may be that Poulsen should be in a mental institution for the remainder of his life; but that is no reason why he should be executed, or confined in a crowded prison where he cannot grow into anything but a worse condition.

Utah has three choices for execution: hanging, shooting, and beheading. No one has ever chosen the latter. Most convicts choose shooting.

"Ye foolish teen-age-minded tribes and sects, have you not yet grasped the truth that all of you are inseparable fractions of the human race, and that, if you send mankind down the drain, you are bound to go down with it? We have to be human beings before we can be either Russians or Americans, either Communists or capitalists. If man commits genocide on mankind, not even a memory will survive of our precious nationalisms and ideologies."

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

## Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

It is October. No month for mourning. Skies sunbright blue. Breezes crisp and cool. Trees and shrubs hung with painted leaves. A hunter's moon making silver the landscape of night. Why should I remember Birmingham? That happened in September.

Sunday morning, September 22, after Mass at St. Joseph's in Rossville, Dorothy Day, Peggy Conklin, Geoffrey and Carol Shapiro, Bill Hart, and I attended a special memorial service for the slaughtered innocents of Birmingham which was held in the little Negro church just up the road from us. It was a very moving experience. Our neighbors were glad that we had come; and we were glad to share with them in this memorial service. For the loss was ours as much as theirs. All week I had waited for the President of the United States to proclaim a national day of mourning, and for the hierarchy of the Church to request some special memorial observance at Mass. But nothing happened. It was Peggy Conklin who thought of our neighbors and learned about the memorial service. So we made our gesture.

Now it is October. No month for mourning. The week of the great Saints—the Guardian Angels, St. Therese, St. Francis of Assisi. Where were they when the bomb went off in that Birmingham Sunday School? But more is needed than mourning. All manner of non-violent action—protest demonstrations, sit-ins, sit-downs, boycotts. Above all, that revolution that begins in the heart of each, as Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin have taught. Now may St. Therese, St. Francis of Assisi, and our Guardian Angels help us to remember that the peace we seek without always begins within.

Work, of course, must always go on. Here at the farm where there is such a large family, there is always work to be done, though now everything moves at a slower autumnal pace. Most of the garden is harvested, though there are still some tomatoes and peppers, and many jars of vegetables put up by Joe Cotter. John Filliger still has the animals to care for—the goats, the geese, the chickens, ducks; he knows too that the task of caring for the land is a year round project. Hans Tunnesen has been putting up storm windows and doors

again, but since his back has been troubling him is glad to have the assistance of Jimmie Gosslin, Joe Cotter, Larry Doyle, Jim Canavan, Slim, Albert and Shorty keep the routine work going. Joe Dumenski, who did much hard work in the garden this summer, has now taken over the baking and part of the cooking. Norman Foret, who is with us again after some years absence, has relieved Charles Butterworth of much of the shopping and errand running. Charles, who is in charge, always has a deskful of bills, financial statements, etc. to contemplate. Agnes Sydney can always find some sewing or cleaning to do. German George continues to look after the tables. Bill Hart has been trying to put our library in order. Bob Steed spends most of his time job hunting, but also helps out with the chauffeuring and errand running.

We continue to have many guests, both old friends and new. Some recent visitors include: Ronnie Thistle, Maria Rampello, Virginia Whelan, Ronnie Rosen, Mike Cohen, Geoffrey and Clare Shapiro, Anne Marie Stokes, Frank Crocitto who left us to take a job teaching English in a Christian Brothers' High School in Brooklyn, and Mary Roberts who once lived here but is now librarian at the Catholic Library of Bellevue Hospital. Several college and high school students have visited us this fall. I do hope that some of them will carry away enough of the Catholic Worker program to want to establish some project of their own, as Karl Meyer did when he came to us as a student at the University of Chicago. Our expanding family—we are bulging at the seams—makes it clearly apparent that what is needed is not the over-extension of one particular house of hospitality, but rather more such houses so that true communal and family life can be attained with enough time and space for discussion and other agronomic university activities as well.

With so many living so closely together tensions and conflicts are increased, especially between those of utterly different temperaments and background. Some of us grow depressed and grumble; some of us flee as often as possible to family and friends. Yet there is

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## A Black Man's Prayer

By HELEN C. RILEY

Our Father:

You who call all men sons—help us to see and recognize our son-ship and our brotherhood.

Apartheid-nigger-jim crow-white man's burden—all those expressions which we use to express feelings of superiority—of separateness and hate—let them have no place upon our lips nor in our hearts. Help us, instead, to know and understand that there are no strangers here—just sons and brothers.

Have regard, O Lord and see how we, your black children, have been denied and disinherited by our fairer brothers—as if we were bastard children, to be explained, to be apologized for, to be kept hidden and out of sight, to be exploited-blamed-despised.

Help us to see in our own sufferings, a pale reflection of your sufferings, and so, unite our own to Yours. Give us the will and strength and courage to fight mightily for justice—yet meanwhile to endure injustice patiently and with charity toward those who make us suffer most—let us not fight hatred with hatred, but hatred with love.

Let us understand that in us you are crucified again across our nation and the world—and let others see and understand this too.

Our little children, Lord who are barred from schools because they are black—or who worse still are mocked and ridiculed and spat upon because they are not barred from schools—help us to see Who really suffers in them: "Whatever you have done to these—you have done to Me."

Lest I should come to despise and hate myself for being black—or come to resent and hate all others for not being black, remind me of these things often, that I may worthily and becomingly call you: Father.

Amen.



# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

him in all simplicity if he was thinking of becoming a Catholic. He ran away at this point. "I travelled rapidly and constantly, seeking in the redemptive symbols of others substitutes for my own salvation." He went to India, to Greece, to Egypt. To the island of Santorini in the Aegean sea and to the desert of the Sahara. Eight years later he returned to Assisi, to Don Giovanni, and in August 1959 he became a Catholic.

He took a small house in Assisi, 600 years old in an olive and fig orchard, and I visited him there. Sally Douglass and I were his guests at the *Pro Civitate Christiana*, and it was from there that we went to the students at Milan.

There is much more to William Congdon's story than these short paragraphs. His book tells much more, besides giving reproductions of his paintings. His paintings are found in the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Museum of Modern Art, the Duncan Phillips Gallery and the Betty Parsons Gallery.

In the Sept. 6 issue of *Time* Magazine I read of Monsignor Loris Capovilla's speaking of Pope John at the *Pro Civitate Christiana* in Assisi last month telling of the Pope's meeting with Aleksel Adzhubei.

It was a good audience to whom to tell this incident. "You are a journalist," the late beloved Pope told Krushchev's son in law, "So you know the Bible and the progression of the work of creation. You know that the Lord took six days for the work of creation before coming to man. As you know the days of the Bible are not days but epochs, and the epochs of the Bible are very long. We are now at the first day. We are looking each other in the eyes and we see that there is light there. This is the first day, the day of fiat lux, let there be light. The light is in your eyes and mine. The Lord, if he wishes, will make known the road to follow. But it needs time, it needs time. For now we can only hope and pray."

It was a good story to tell to this eager and passionate band of young people, who have offered into the hands of their bishop their entire lives to make Jesus Christ known and loved in the contemporary world. Their purpose, in the words of the papal brief of John XXIII is to lead society back to the principles of the Gospel, and the Association was raised in perpetuity to the dignity of primary Congregation. All its members have degrees at a State University and have completed a regular course of theological studies, and have consecrated themselves totally to their apostolate, renouncing all family and professional ties. They strive to Christianize the soul of our times with the Word, through missions, courses and conferences; with the Press, publishing reviews and books; with Study, organizing a school of theology for lay people; with Art, offering competitions for musical composition, theatre, cinema, painting, sculpture.

While I was there I visited their library of 30,000 volumes, a gallery of art with over 600 works of the most prominent living artists, an iconographical documentary with 40,000 photographs, a record library of 3,500 records and cinema library of films of Christian inspiration gathered from all people, all centuries.

## The Little Sisters

One of the things that made me happiest in visiting Assisi, was that after I had walked in the footsteps of St. Francis and St. Clare, I met the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld and walked a mile down a sunny narrow lane to visit their little house, with a sitting room, guest room, dining room on the first floor of the small stone house in a sunny valley, and upstairs a delightful small chapel, bare and simple. No one visiting the Little Brothers and Sisters can fail to be impressed by the poverty of their

lives. Here they are truly walking in the steps of St. Francis, living today, in this day of luxury, the life of the poor, the life of contemplatives in the world, and earning their living, often at manual labor. They are cramped for space, (and, that is one of the things I noticed about the Franciscan quarters an hour's walk above the city, up the mountain to the Hermitage. We drove in order to be on time for Mass in the tiny oratory where the friars first said Mass when they lived in grottoes around. It is a narrow valley where they retired for solitude. The Little Sisters are on a sunny plain and walk up to San Damiano's to Mass each day.

I also had the joy of visiting a seminary in Florence where my talk was translated by George Lorimer who lives with his wife and large family (and many visitors) in a large villa outside the city. George had visited us at Chrystie Street before his marriage and was familiar enough with the work to make the job of interpreter easy for him. The students asked so many questions and he translated my answers so swiftly and so gayly that I did not notice the barriers of language at all. There is such youthful zeal among the seminarians that they are always easy to talk to, and these seemed much like our own. They live in a huge old former Trappist monastery and the rector told me that he had to have heat put in, which made me happy to hear.

## Padre Pio.

An ideal way to spend a vacation in Italy is to go as near as one can get to the Capuchin monastery of San Giovanni Rotondo near the shores of the Aegean in southern Italy. I had gone up and down the central valley from Naples to Rome, and from Rome to Assisi, Florence, Milan, and back to Siena, over the Appenines and into Rome again. One evening in Rome when I was meeting Patrick O'Reilly Persichetti and his beautiful mother, Frances, to go to see *Black Nativity*, the combination ballet and songfest by American Negroes, I ran into Mae Bellucci, our old friend since Mott street days. She also was going to see the ballet.

I had read and heard a lot about Padre Pio and when she told me she wished to go see him, I asked to go too, so a week later we took a train from the immense station in Rome, and crammed in as one always does in Roman second class trains, we set out for Foggia, via Naples. I don't remember whether we were standing in the aisles on this trip, or sitting on luggage in the vestibule where men, women and children were always stepping over people to get to the one and only toilet. The place was clean however, and the people were unfailingly patient and courteous. The train goes towards Naples but bypasses it and proceeds on to Foggia where we arrived too late to get the bus for San Giovanni Rotondo which is the little town where the monastery is situated. The word *rotondo* does not refer to the girth of San Giovanni, I was glad to learn, but to a circular temple on a pagan spot where the ancients used to worship.

Perhaps not quite so far distant was this worship however, according to Gunnar Kumlein, Swedish journalist in Rome, with whom I had dinner one night not long before. He is correspondent also for the *Commonweal*, and had visited us a number of times at Chrystie street, some years before. He told me he had spent vacations nearby and recorded on tape old legends which were a mixture of mythology and stories of the apostles. One was a story of one of the apostles who because he tilled his field on Sunday was condemned to be burned by Christ (!) and his heart remaining intact and preserved by a pious innkeeper with a young and beautiful daughter, was inadvertently consumed by the latter, when it fell

from its place of veneration, and the result was the pregnancy of the daughter. The child turned out to be a reincarnation of the condemned apostle himself!

The place is still pretty pagan, Gunnar Kumlein said, and so I was able to understand better the kind of furor which is going on right now about Padre Pio, due to the veneration he arouses. I had seen headlines and feature stories in the Italian papers a few days before we went to San Giovanni, giving interviews with people, one of them a prominent lawyer who claimed that the Vatican had taken over the money which pours into the monastery, to administer it themselves instead of allowing the authorities of the immense hospital which has been built and which is in the process of expansion to do it. In order to control this money, much of which is handed to or sent to Padre Pio, these excited people claimed that Padre Pio was being held prisoner by the Capuchins themselves. A few weeks before a demonstration had been staged in front of the monastery which started off the scandal.

I saw no evidence of all this disturbance while I was visiting there, nor did I hear any of it from the young Americans who go to San Giovanni on their vacations in order to help pilgrims and tourists on their excursions to get the full value of their trip. One such young man was Joe Peterson, a former mailman of the Bronx who



gave me much help and information while I was there. He has been coming to San Giovanni ever since his service days in the second World War. The story got around them among all the soliders that Padre Pio was a confessor who could read men's souls and could understand any language spoken to him.

Pilgrimages began then, from all parts of Italy and Europe to such an extent that people began to talk of him as another Cure of Ars. Certainly the emphasis in the case of Padre Pio is not on the works of charity which are being practiced, what with the generous donations of gratitude which have been showered upon him, but on the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist. One can say that literally these pilgrimages are of penance.

Padre Pio's Mass is at five in the morning and there are crowds around the doors of the church long before. All confessionals are busy, not only Padre Pio's, and every day, all morning there are pilgrims in the church. At eleven in the morning Padre Pio comes into the church again for the rosary and the Angelus and gives his blessing to the waiting people, and in the early evening there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. For healing, there is the hospital, a great one and the only one on that bare east coast of Italy. But there have been a few miracles of healing spoken of. For spiritual healing, there is the confessional and the Mass. Joe Peterson and his little group reminded me very much of St. Catherine of Siena's Little Company in their devotion to Padre Pio and their helping people to get a chance to talk to him. Mary Pyle one might say is the center of this little company, and I enjoyed visiting her down the mountain-side in the big old house which was like a house of

(Continued on page 8)

# Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 8)

a day that he has perhaps judged, at least a few times, wrongly? What do you do with a young woman when she asks you for money or food for herself and child when you know she and her husband receive a check from the city which is foolishly spent on knick-naks and not on groceries? In this case the husband is mentally retarded and of course the wife is not responsible for his actions—and certainly the child is not. We have no other alternative but to help them when we can but always the problem is, "who is the more deserving?" This is something no one can answer—we just have to keep asking ourselves and I'm afraid never really getting an answer.

What to do with young people who appear to be able and willing to work but who are finding it so difficult to find jobs? We are approaching the time when this is going to be a terrible if not devastating problem.

Another difficult thing for us to see is to be aware of those who have to scrounge around day by day for a little pocket money. There comes a time always when they are broke and need a little emergency cash. Those who have to ask us for everything are often put in a humiliating position, it is true, but I sometimes think it is just as humiliating for us to have to have our people begging from us. Truly, there are times when I feel worse dispensing money to those who are deeply in need than when we are down at the market ourselves begging vegetables and fruits for the House.

We continue to have visitors by the dozen—we just give up trying to remember names. I sometimes say hi to someone thinking I had soup with him the day before only to find out he had gone to Tennessee or Osgosh a few days before and has just returned looking for his suitcase or umbrella or something which more than likely has been stolen.

One of the brightest things happening to us these days is the arrival of Monica Ribar from Ohio. She has pitched in wonderfully to help us in the office, the clothing room and in the kitchen. She also pickets and sells the paper and I'm sure will be great for demonstrations—and most of all she is great with all our people around the House. Her sister Carlotta was with us this summer—and all we can say is that if the family has

any more girls like these, we wish they would send them to us. Kathleen Swords has been very responsible in working with the people here and taking care of the women's clothing.

As for homes, hospitals, jails, etc. we have had a comparatively quiet month. Josephine is still in Columbus with a cirrhosis of the liver and on the critical list. A few of our people are still in state hospitals and subject to time, time and more time. And, of course, we can never express sufficient gratitude to those who keep the House running day after day, seven days a week, month after month. Italian Mike, with the bread; Smokey Joe with new subscriptions; Arthur J. Lacey as our constant runner; Polish Walt, who does such a terrific job with the appeal and the paper; the waiters, the dishwashers, the cooks, door-watchers, Cleaneruppers, line-watchers, fight-stoppers and what have you! We have many problems and difficulties but every day many are fed, some clothed and housed—and who knows of all the good that goes on among and between many of our people on a purely personal basis—communicating and helping each other in many ways. Among the terrible tensions that are often prevalent here, it is heartening to see and to know of all the good that is also present to us too.

## Property

"The good Bishop of Assisi expressed a sort of horror at the hard life which the Little Brothers lived at the Portiuncula, without comforts, without possessions, eating anything they could get and sleeping anyhow on the ground. St. Francis answered him with that curious and almost stunning shrewdness which the unworried can sometimes wield like a club of stone. He said, 'If we had any possessions, we should need weapons and have to defend them.' That sentence is the clue to the whole policy he pursued. It rested upon a real piece of logic; and about that he was never anything but logical. He was ready to own himself wrong about everything else; but he was quite certain he was right about this particular rule. He was only once seen angry; and that was when there was talk of an exception to the rule."

—G. K. Chesterton,  
St. Francis of Assisi  
(Image Books)

# God Is Not Mocked

What is the use of postmarking our mail with exhortations to "pray for peace" and then spending billions of dollars on atomic submarines, thermo-nuclear weapons, and ballistic missiles?

This, I would think, would certainly be what the New Testament calls "mocking God"—and mocking Him far more effectively than the atheists do.

The culminating horror of the joke is that we are piling up these weapons to protect ourselves against atheists who, quite frankly, believe there is no God and are convinced that one has to rely on bombs and missiles since nothing else offers any real security. Is it then because we have so much trust in the power of God that we are intent upon utterly destroying these people before they can destroy us? Even at the risk of destroying ourselves at the same time?

I do not mean to imply that prayer excludes the simultaneous use of ordinary human means to accomplish a naturally good and justifiable end. One can very well pray for a restoration of physical health and at the same time take medicine prescribed by a doctor. In fact a believer should normally do both. And there would seem to be a reasonable and right proportion between the use of these two means to the same end.

But consider the utterly fabulous amount of money, planning, energy, anxiety and care which go into the production of weapons which almost immediately become obsolete and have to be scrapped. Contrast all this with the pitiful little gesture: "pray for peace" pliously cancelling our four-cent stamps!

Think, too, of the disproportion between our piety and the enormous act of murderous destruction which we at the same time countenance without compunction and without shame! It does not even seem to enter our minds that there might be some incongruity in praying to the God of peace, the God Who told us to love one another as He had loved us, who warned us that they who took the sword would perish by it, and at the same time planning to annihilate not thousands but millions of civilians and soldiers, men, women and children without discrimination, even with the almost infallible certainty of inviting the same annihilation for ourselves!

It may make sense for a sick man to pray for his health and then take medicine, but I fail to see any sense at all in his praying for health and then drinking poison.—Thomas Merton in "New Seeds of Contemplation" (New Directions, 1962.)



## Reflection on Birmingham

By PETER DARGIS

A worse condition than accommodated murder in the South exists when the death of children can be reported with commercials. The use of the news as an opportunity to sell presents a greater accusation against the nation and the networks than the case against Governor Wallace. It is economic depravity to present the news as entertainment. It is an impotent or indifferent audience that can listen to the news like fiction.

The night of September 16th, NBC's new Magazine News Show, the copy for all networks, featured the headlines of murder. It gained its audience's concern and then switched to a commercial. They told you children were murdered then sold a product. It was entirely indecent to sell at the death of these children. A machine could do it, a cabaret girl would not. Didn't anybody at NBC know this? It is indecent to sell anyone's grief, personal or national tragedy. Did no one on the entire network feel something was wrong? Had no one the courage to stop it?

NBC told you children were murdered and presented a commercial. Live recordings of the grief in Birmingham outside the Sixth Avenue Baptist Church followed this commercial, the hysterical wails, the stricken voices, the pictures of a scene of terror. They played the voices of leaders concerned. Commentators quoted the nation and the President of the nation in an expression of grief. NBC commentators spoke serious words, held serious faces but this was obscene. NBC followed this report, this expression of grief, with another commercial. NBC said to the negroes, to the parents, to leaders, judges, the President, to the murderers themselves, NBC said to all its national audience: four children were murdered; enjoy life and buy our product.

The program was so void of human feelings as to appear unreal; the content of the commercials so impersonal as to make them ludicrous to mention. Was there nothing human there at all? Was it completely out of human control? The news machine was technically rolling. It brought you to the scene, with live recordings. It brought you life but not to confront you; brought you facts but not to inform you. No newspaper in the world would dare insert an ad between the lines of a story, between the letters of the headlines, between the paragraphs of the editorials or obituaries. NBC brought you the news to sell. Far from the natural good a scavenger does with the pickings of the dead, this NBC news program used the pickings of the dead and the living alike and sold them to a sponsor as entertainment. This is economic depravity. It is Eichmann depravity; and the audience that can watch it is an impotent or indifferent audience. Until our own homes are bombed, our own children murdered, until our own

blood is upon the screen of our television we are safe. The news is fiction. The sponsor will protect us.

## M. L. King

"There will be no permanent solution to the race problem until oppressed men develop the capacity to love their enemies. The darkness of racial injustice will be dispelled only by the light of forgiving love. For more than three centuries American Negroes have been battered by the iron rod of oppression, frustrated by day and bewildered by night by unbearable injustice, and burdened with the ugly weight of discrimination. Forced to live with these shameful conditions, we are tempted to become bitter and to retaliate with hate. But if this happens, the new order we seek will be little more than a duplicate of the old order. We must in strength and humility meet hate with love.

"Of course, this is not practical. Life is a matter of getting even, of hitting back, of dog eat dog. Am I saying that Jesus commands us to love those who hurt and oppress us? Maybe in some distant Utopia, you say, that idea will work, but not in the hard, cold world in which we live.

"We have followed the so-called practical way for too long; it has led inexorably to deeper confusion and chaos, to hatred and violence. For the salvation of our nation and the salvation of mankind, we must follow another way. This does not mean that we should abandon our righteous efforts. With every ounce of our energy we must continue to rid this nation of the incubus of segregation. But we shall not in the process relinquish our privilege and our obligation to love. While abhorring segregation, we shall love the segregationist. This is the only way to create the beloved community.

"To our bitterest opponents we say: 'We shall match your capacity to inflict suffering by our capacity to endure suffering. We shall meet your physical force with soul force. Do to us what you will, we shall continue to love you. We cannot in all good conscience obey your unjust laws, because non-cooperation with evil is as much a moral obligation as is co-operation with good. Throw us in jail, we shall still love you. Bomb our homes and threaten our children, we shall still love you. Send your hooded perpetrators of violence into our community at the midnight hour and beat us and leave us half dead, and we shall still love you. But be assured that we will wear you down by our capacity to suffer. One day we shall win freedom, but not only for ourselves. We shall so appeal to your heart and conscience that we shall win you in the process and our victory will be a double victory.'

Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.,  
STRENGTH TO LOVE (Harper & Row)



## The Mass in English

By TERRY BECKER

The Mass in English is being celebrated every Sunday at 12 o'clock at Saint Mary's Church of the Byzantine Slavonic Rite on 15th Street and 2nd Avenue in New York City. It is the custom of the Eastern Church to have the Liturgy in the language of the people. In the United States they are celebrating certain services in English and leaving others in the language of the particular nationality they serve.

We attended the first English celebration on September 8, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was a high Mass in the Divine Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom. The congregation responded to the priest and sang the hymns of the Mass according to the very early tradition of the Church.

My first thought was how very natural it was to hear the priest speaking in English, in spite of the fact that for twenty years I have attended the Mass of a foreign language.

My second feeling, closely following the first, was that of the great unity with the priest and congregation in the Sacrifice. We are an organic whole in the Supreme Prayer, not silent spectators left to individual prayer but active, meaningful participants.

The Mass progressed to the Consecration, which remained in Ruthenian and to the distribution of the Body and Blood under both species to the people. When one can taste the wine and chew the bread how much more real and living is the presence of Christ!

How much it means to the individual when he actually experiences the Mass! How beautiful and meaningful it could be to the people if they could join with the priest in their own language. With great hopes and prayers for Vatican II we know that the individual will again take his part of the organic Christian community in prayer.

## Archbishop Roberts: The Council and Peace

(Continued from page 2)

had to deal with the atom; he was also a man of his time. He had bearing down on him some thousands of years of the doctrine of the right of self defense in all circumstances. It took an entirely new generation, and new weapons and discoveries, to come to realize that in our time, the scientists have in effect altered the defensive weapons, abolished in fact the very distinction in practice between offensive and defensive weapons and converted weapons meant for defense, into weapons of universal destruction. This is something which actually, few people have realized, even today. Khrushchev and Kennedy both realize it now; that is perfectly clear from what they have both said recently. Kennedy not long ago quoted Khrushchev as saying that the only people left after serious nuclear attack would be people who wished they had not been left. Now when you have one side quoting the other, in such a way that their mutual agreement is clear, it is clearly time to start thinking beyond the principle of double effect.

John: Your Grace, you have worked in India for many years; and through contacts there and at Accra, have had access to many of the currents of Asian and African hope; you have known first hand the longing for peace which runs through these cultures which are emerging for the first time, many of them, into the full potential of dignity and world responsibility. I would like to return, for a moment, to the idea that the peace issue, which has been the growing issue of your own hope and labor, is a tremendous apologetic for the whole Church. Serious attention to this issue could be so liberating a thing, with regard to the way the Church is largely regarded in the emerging nations;—as an idolator of the past, as the sacred arm of the colonial thief. No world leader worth his salt would turn in the direction of the Church with anything but contempt, while the church does nothing to alter this image of herself. Would you perhaps state any impressions of these things that abide with you? My question is based on a strong personal conviction that the world itself, this astonishing organism of hopes and frenzies and violence and nobility, is itself the apologetic of today for the Church must consider herself not only as being teacher of the world (mater et magistra) but as being teachable by the world. It seems to me that if we Catholics were willing merely to listen—'really to listen'—to the universal longing for unity and peace which runs like a living current through mankind today we would become shortly more fully catholic ourselves.

His Grace: Yes, I think if we could take the courage to follow the leads given us by Pope John, we would gain enormously from the apologetic point of view. But as

in any democracy, politics is the art of the possible; no world leader can go too far ahead of public opinion in his own country, and hope to survive. To move the discussion of peace onto the grounds of pure morality, is something which asks for very much. The discussion from an elevated and enlightened moral view is further impeded by a casuistry which tries to justify a deterrent which is no deterrent at all, except on the supposition that we are willing to massacre millions of people and to bring monsters into the world. But that is what fear does; and that kind of fear, however much we may deplore it, is a fact which we have to allow for. Consequently, I think that objectors for conscience who are already in prison, and who are suffering much all over the world, must be prepared to go on suffering. There will never be a time when the Christian will not have to follow our Lord, in living very dangerously.

## Mumford

"... as Robinson Jeffers said in one of his poems, corruption never was compulsory. Just the other day I received a letter from a micro-biologist at one of Europe's famous laboratories, saying that she had just forewarned her position and her career as a scientist; and that she had been moved to this grave step by her awareness that current researches in her field, addressed to physical means for altering the genes in lower organisms, were leading in a direction that she considered potentially inimical to the human race. For this scientist, life itself was more sacred than science.

"Henry Adams would not have been surprised to find that this simple but radical insight came from a woman; for in his address to the Virgin he declared:

... I feel the energy of faith,  
Not in the future science but  
in you.

"This sensitivity on the part of a working biologist, this perception of the remoter consequences of her investigations, this heroic act of renunciation in mid-career, reminds one of the kind of transformation that took place at the end of Roman civilization, when a great patrician like Paulinus of Nola gave up his career as a governor and Consul to enter a monastic retreat. Such a reaction may well be working under the surface of many lives today, still as invisible to most of us as the consequences of radioactivity were to Adams' contemporaries. And if this prove true, these renunciations and this change in the direction of interest might alter the whole pattern of our life even more swiftly than Christianity changed the sordid routines and daily defilements of the Roman Empire."

Lewis Mumford

a kingdom of peace and justice,"  
a kingdom anarchist in nature,  
because it will have no element of coercion.  
Those prepared by their lives  
will enter that kingdom;  
the end of society is anarchism.  
But death brings each man  
to personal anarchism;  
he is stripped of everything  
except the quality of his soul.  
No cops or courts can protect him then.  
If he walked the anarchist road,  
if he gave freely in life,  
he will have the soul of a man  
when the structures of his world  
dissolve around him.  
But if he fought and grasped  
to hold life and property together,  
he will be unprepared for life  
when he comes to the anarchist end  
of his personal history.  
So, also, the grasping society  
can not grow to freedom.  
The way to the ideal  
is through the ideal.  
How much more

## Catholic Anarchism

(Continued from page 3)

the non-Christian should see that way,  
for he must reach ideal ends  
within the limits  
of personal and human history.

Peter Maurin again:

"The world would be better off  
if people tried to become better.  
And people would become better  
if they stopped trying to become better off.  
Everybody would be rich  
if nobody tried to become richer.  
And nobody would be poor  
if everybody tried to be the poorest.  
And everybody would be what he ought to be  
if everybody tried to be  
when he wants the other fellow to be."

Finally, to feel the road under my feet again, I will  
list some distinctive choices I have made as a Christian  
anarchist.

1) voluntary communism, sharing my earnings with the poor through the house of hospitality and living among the people of "The Other America," the underprivileged America;

2) repudiation of my original registration under Selective Service, refusal to submit to induction or to cooperate on any level with the system of conscription;

3) in the past several years, refusal to file federal income tax returns or to pay any federal tax claimed, on the ground that the money goes primarily for military purposes;

4) brotherly relations with prisoners of the government during six jail terms for civil disobedience in anti-military demonstrations;

5) determination not to ask police or courts for protection of my body or property under any circumstances, or to cooperate with them in the apprehension or trial of so-called criminals, which has led me several times to send police away empty handed when they came to the house of hospitality in search of wanted persons.

6) minimizing my reliance on services provided by coercive governments or other bureaucratic mass institutions which do not show respect for the dignity and individuality of each person;

7) not voting and not giving assent to the pretensions of coercive governments.



# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 5)

hospitality to all the guests who came. She told me that there had been many exaggerated stories about Padre Pio, but she still recommended the book, *The True Face of Padre Pio*, which I must get hold of and read, since it was written right on the spot, and which will bring back to me that atmosphere. (I continue to enjoy all my travelling in retrospect, with maps and travel books, going over all the places I have visited.)

Mary Pyle was reading the office after Mass when I met her, and later in the afternoon I walked with her to her home and visited with her. She had been a companion of Maria Montessori for ten years and had travelled with her all over Europe, but when the two of them came to San Giovanni Rotondo, Mary Pyle felt she had found her particular vocation.

She was born and educated in Philadelphia and was taught in the Sacred Heart School college. A vocation, a call, is a strange thing; I thought of Mira, the English admiral's daughter who read Romain Rolland's book about Gandhi and proceeded to train herself for a life in India and after a year joined him and worked while he lived for India, helping build villages, introducing healthy strains in their cattle, developing the milk output of the cows by importing other breeds from England, and in general giving all her strength and talents to assisting Gandhi. And here in San Giovanni I found another example of what a vocation is. Mary Pyle heard the "call," and settled in what was then a tiny mountainside village on the eastern coast of Italy. Visit her too, those of you who go to visit Padre Pio!

## Odds and Ends

When I had dinner with Gunnar Kumlein in Rome, he told me of the great effect Abbe Pierre of France, had had on the hearts and imaginations of his countrymen. "He has turned many of them from their comfortable bourgeois attitudes," he told me. He has built a movement there of young companions of Emmaus interested in helping those in poverty-stricken countries. One never thinks of poverty in relation to the Scandinavian countries.

## Florence Again

It was a joy to spend the night with the Lorimer family and have an evening of good talk with them and their friends, one of whom was one of Anne Fremantle's sons who works with George. It was interesting to hear the latter telling of his travels in Africa where one of his jobs takes him.

We stayed in Florence for a night in a pension which had been the first Servite monastery, and went to Mass in the Servite church across the plaza.

## Giorgia La Pira

We visited Mayor Giorgio La Pira, a saint in politics perhaps though that sounds paradoxical. Jean Goss, a French member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, who formerly assisted the worker priests in France, is a dear friend of La Pira and he took us to the little hospital where the mayor has a small room packed with books, a bed and a desk. There was just room for the four of us visitors, the interpreter, a young Italian pacifist by the name of Franco, Jean, Sally Douglass and I. The mayor entertained us from his bed where he was recovering from flu. His two greatest problems were unemployment and housing, he said. It is indeed true, as I had heard, that he took the unused homes of the rich to make homes for the poor, and later I heard criticism of his direct action. "He should have asked the rich to give to the poor, and I am sure they would have been willing to," one critic said. I doubted it. One does not willingly give up the unused house, the surplus possession.

La Pira preaches too, in poor churches. He is a third order Frau-

ciscan and tries to live voluntary poverty. By the side of his bed was his missal and a few other religious books. Other books piled in heaps on desk and even on the floor, were on international relations, economics, and so on. The mayor is a handsome Sicilian and looked very young lying there in bed, and he was young enough and well enough to enjoy his visitors, especially the red headed Sally, mother of two little ones, who was having a little vacation with me before the arrival of her third.

The mayor told us of his two pilgrimages to Russia. Many of the communists in Florence vote for him, devout Catholic though he is. His second pilgrimage was truly a religious one, as he wished to spend some of Lent in one of the famous monasteries of Russia.

## Siena Another Month.

It is impossible to cover such a trip as I had on my own pilgrimage last spring, so I will leave until later my visit to Siena and our stay in the palace, now a pension, of two of our Catholic Worker readers. One cannot write of Siena without writing of Catherine who made it famous, so that will have to do for another time.

By the time this issue of the CW is with you, I shall be in England and certainly there will be much to write of from there.

# Arctic

(Continued from page 4)

quite reasonably — John Falk of Koenans Aircraft is a fine Swiss Catholic, who will bring you in here as cheaply as anyone. It's an hour's flight. You will hardly have an opportunity to see anything like this on the North American continent. In fact within a few years, there may be nothing like this anywhere in Canada. As a sociologist, you could find much grist for your mill here, and would write so eloquently of it. We have a comfortable log house, with plenty of food in for the winter (stocked by government rations) and the lake is abundant in fish. We're putting in our winter supply right now. Perhaps I could pay for the flight in (it would run about \$50.00).

If you have any contacts in the book reviewing business, especially for the Catholic press, I would truly appreciate them. Time lies heavily sometimes on our hands here, despite my twenty four charges in my log cabin school! The long dark nights of twenty hours will be upon us, and I could review at least two books a week.

Oh yes — the Fathers at Fort Rae, with whom I worked hand-in-glove before, and who are priests par excellence, have been reading the C.W. since I introduced it to them back in '58. Fr. Amerous A.M.I. thought your articles on Cuba superb. They hail from France, Switzerland and French Canada. There are about twenty white Catholics at Rae, and others like R.C. M.P. H.B.C. and gov't people who would be interested in a talk from you, and I could set up a speaking agenda for you at Hay River, N.W.T. and Yellowknife, the District Centre. Yellowknife has a very fine priest, Fr. Duchossois, who served this area for sixteen years. He is a saint and would welcome talks from you to his people. The parish is mostly white there, with some half-breeds. Yellowknife is most convenient, modern, and you would not experience too much in the way of hardships, except for the long bus rides.

Any word from you would be appreciated.

Love,  
Jim Milord and Family

"The efficacy of the Divine Blood is such that a single true act of charity, however imperceptible it may be, can in the scales of Divine Justice balance thousands of crimes."

LEON BLOY



# Diem and Personalism

From ESPRIT, September, 1963

... It has been said of Ngo Dinh Diem that his regime was inspired by Mounier's personalism. This kind of imposture should be vigorously denied. For if Diem ever applies personalism it is to the exclusive benefit of his own family, settling his brothers and sisters-in-law at all the key posts of the regime, as ministers, governors, etc. ... For years he has tried to exact, vainly, the nomination of his brother Ngo Dinh Tuc as Archbishop of Saigon. The master-mind of the latter and the grey eminence of the regime is a Belgian missionary, member of the S.A.M. (Auxiliary Missionaries Society), Father de Jaegher, who pretends to be a disciple of Father Lebbe but whose behavior contradicts this pretension. He has perfected, it is said, methods of persuasion that are infallible to obtain each year a considerable number of conversions. All the high functionaries and dignitaries who surround Diem are recruited from the same fanatical minority of Vietnamese Catholics who are willing to see an absolute theocracy with an acute sense of cupidity.

The great majority of Vietnamese Catholics disapprove of all this ... The Archbishop of Saigon invited recently by Diem to intervene personally in his differences with the Buddhists is said to have declined the invitation, sending back the letter to the President with this sole mention written in his hand on the back of the mis-sive: "Who sows the wind reaps the storm."

Even Bishop Le Hu Thuc, the effervescent anti-communist crusader whose warrior cavalcades heading his Catholic militias are still in our memory in the war against Vietnam, declares now he is opposed to Diem's regime, from the convent to which he has retired, deeply disappointed by the situation.

# Book Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

of pictures. There are beautiful illustrations of the art work done by the children.

A social consciousness and an awareness of the needs of the less fortunate are engendered in the children as the following dialogue reveals. The children preparing for a trip to New York come across a picture of a man sleeping under a newspaper.

"Why does he sleep there?"

"He has no home."

"Then we must find him, and bring him home to us."

# LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

aries start as low as \$60 a week, for twenty weeks. The rest of the year is up to you. You are not going to be able to continue your playing standards or improve them if you devote thirty-two weeks of the year to non-playing work. Glorious as the bootstraps-pull is in theory, it doesn't work in practice. They'll murder you at the plate.

Things are not this bad all over. In Europe the jocular-grabbing is cut down by the fact that the government supports orchestras, salaries are commensurate with those of civil service and maybe a cut above, job-security is year-long, pensions are substantial, and once "in" no conductor can discharge you in a random tantrum which is called "discipline" in the press. A friend of mine fled Nazis and other maniacs and acquired positions with two leading orchestras in the U.S.A. After several exasperating years he decided he'd rather take the risks to his body than those to his spirit and returned to the land of his greatest peril to accept a post in one of Europe's leading orchestras which tops anything we have here. He felt better.

The American attitude toward art, religion, poverty, sickness, individualism etc., is a kind of reflection on a national pathology. You might as well throw in sex, and education, and medicine, and mass media too. Sort of what one might find in the staring eyeball of a stubborn toad.

Richard Wyszynski.

122 No. Ave. 50  
Los Angeles 42, Calif.  
September, 1963

My Dear Friends,

I am working at a place called Serving Hands, an inter-denominational rehabilitation home for men recently released from prisons, mental hospitals, etc., as well as a refuge from L. A. skid-row. We have about twenty-five who live with us and try to find a few extra jobs for men who need our free employment services; we also have a thrift store, and in these days of inflation we manage to find many things to sell for only a nickel or a dime. For the men whom we serve we try to get a minimum of a dollar and a half an hour, and more for painting, plastering, carpentry, etc., but the manager of our home only takes fifty dollars a month over room and board, and I am receiving only fifteen a week over my R. and B., sort of like the gratuity set up of the Salvation Army. Hence, no income taxes with which to buy murder weapons for children.

From reading the C.W. and hearing Ammon speak and meeting him a couple of times I have made a vow not to ever pay any more taxes, and the only way this can be avoided is to live in voluntary poverty, or near poverty.

To the best of my knowledge there is no formal C.W. meeting place in Los Angeles, but if you could send me the names and addresses of a few subscribers in this area, we can use a small chapel connected with this Serving Hands home where I work for Friday night meetings with the loving cooperation of the managers. Hope something may come of this, as it might be a first step towards establishing a C.W. home which is desperately needed in this area.

At any rate, this is my fifth year as a devoted follower of your work, and from a practical, worldly stand point you've been a very bad influence on me because I used to make a lot more money and sometimes even managed to be a little bit respectable, and now I'm so busy that I don't have time for cash or status, but on the other hand, there's a beautiful sense of freedom in not having to worry about these things

any more. God bless you all. The only time I really miss having more loot is when I want to give more than I have.

Yours in Christ,  
Paul L. Darling

# Peter Maurin Farm

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shared work, shared suffering, shared prayer. Many persons are helped; some good is done, for all the muddle. We are imperfect instruments. God writes straight with crooked lines.

With winter approaching, some of us have been thinking in terms of special projects to stave off monotony. Charles Butterworth, who usually has some weaving under way on his small table loom, is thinking of setting up the large loom for Joe Dumenski and others to work on. Stanley Vishnewski, who is back from his visit with the Gauchats and the Brudderhof, is planning another tour for mid-winter. If Norman Foret continues to write poetry at his present rate, he will have a real collection by spring. As for myself, I have in mind a book, which with the material I have on hand, should not be too difficult. That is, it would not be difficult, if I had a dependable tape recorder. The ancient Wollensak that I am now using was left here originally because it would not work. It has since been repaired several times by both amateur and professional repairmen; in fact it is more often not working. The advantage of a tape recorder to a blind person is that it permits the blind writer to record what he wants to write, play it back, then revise it, before putting it on the typewriter. No matter how well a blind person may type, he can never read what he has written on the typewriter. I am aware that extra tape recorders will not be found very often. But if there should be someone who does have an extra tape recorder in his closet, someone who should like to share this extra tape recorder, I would be overjoyed to receive it. Especially if it is sturdy and dependable and works. I know that I could put it to very good use this winter.

No matter how dreary the world in general may seem, there is always something heartening about the birth of a child. A new baby is man's most positive affirmation of life. We are therefore happy to hear that three new babies have recently been born to CW friends. To Roland and Elinor Gosselin, a son, Pierre. To Phil and Sharon Havey, a son, Dimitri. To Dennis and June Fitzgerald, a daughter.

Now it is October. No month for mourning. But we shall not forget the slain children of Birmingham.

Drop down leaves, O painted leaves of October, drop down and let the bare branches stand, black in mourning, waiting for the grieving skies of November until the gentle rain of mercy falls upon our hardened hearts that love may grow therein and teach us to find Christ. In all the injured and insulted, the outcast and rejected, the oppressed and exploited, even the oppressors and exploiters, teach us to find Christ.

"The whole world of man can be measured against a Hopi town. It is not only that it is small enough for the community to be more or less face to face but that the group is a democratic unit not unlike the ancient Greek city state, independent and sufficient unto itself. Public opinion is powerful and inescapable, leaders and people are closely associated, decisions are usually made by unanimous consent, and every individual is responsible for the welfare of the whole."

From *Man's Emerging Mind*, by N. J. Berrill, Dodd-Mead, 1956.