



## No Peace On Earth

When our readers wonder why we devote so much space to a theology of war, it is because War is a fact which confronts each one of us today. In the thirties it was the depression and unemployment. We are still faced with the unemployment due to the machine, but War unfortunately provides employment for all. Now again a local war has broken out, England and France and Israel, fighting Egypt for possession of the Suez Canal and for the oil, the cargo for which the Suez is most necessary. Our allies against us, and our enemies for us,—another shift in our party line. The work of the U.N. has been futile, and there is talk of Police Action, but as we go to press, the morning news is that the "great powers" are not to contribute men to this police action (in which men die as they do in war) but money and supplies. How contemptible can we get, as we clothe our actions with the noble words of freedom and justice? Who are the smaller nations who are to contribute the men? The nobility of Work lies in the fact that man is co-creator with his Maker. The Work of war is the work of destruction, the contrary to every work of mercy, and is clearly the work of the Evil one. Wars will cease when men will refuse to fight, in these insane competitions for the goods of this earth.

Armed revolt in Poland has led to another local Communist regime, and in Hungary men, women and children are being wiped out in mass bombardments by the Soviets after another attempt to revolt. When will we put on the weapons of the spirit?

## Catholic Theologians Sanction Conscientious Objection

"At the present time, when war has become a system of impersonal destruction and widespread slaughter, with no finality in distributive justice, and with the atrocious means employed in complete contradiction to the end that is professedly sought, there is no longer any fundamental moral distinction between aggression and defense; moreover, from the first moment a war is prosecuted it is criminally identified with aggression.

"In other words, a "just war" is impossible today. And even if it were possible it would be inadmissible on account of war's apocalyptic character, which is unworthy of humanity.

"Consequently, the refusal of military service becomes an objective duty for every Catholic wishing to remain faithful to the teaching of Jesus and aware of the criminal absurdity of war."

From a declaration signed in 1928 by six widely renowned theologians. Father Rostworowski, S. J. (Poland), Dom Luigi Sturzo (Italy), Abbe Henri Demulier (France), Father Franz Keller (Germany), Father Franziskus Stratmann, O. P. (Germany) and Dr. Johannes Ude (Austria).

"If we take 'If you want peace, prepare for war' as a model, we shall be able to construct all kinds of aphorisms; 'If you want conjugal fidelity, prepare for divorce'; 'If you want to be honest, buy yourself a set of burglar's tools'; 'If you want to enjoy good health, put some disease germs under your pillow,' etc.

"In order to have the power to exterminate, you must have the power to enslave. Whence comes compulsory and methodical deformation of conscience . . . Barracks life is the worst of slaveries . . . Debauchery is inseparable from savagery.

"A Catholic can always refuse obedience to conscription in time of peace and mobilization in time of war. It is even preferable that he refuse it."

Abbe Henri Demulier, former Secretary to Pope Benedict XV.

"Most of the men in the armies of both sides that are exterminating each other with steel and fire, believe that they are fighting for God, for Justice, and for world progress. Nevertheless, what their hands are engaged in is clearly the continuation of Cain's crime."

Father Gratry (France)

"In modern states there can no longer be any question of a just war, and their citizens have not only the right, but the duty as well, to refuse all military service in advance.

"Conscientious objectors of all nations, in the name of Jesus Christ, I am with you. Like you, I am a profoundly convinced conscientious objector. Fully conscious of my responsibilities as a priest, I send forth to the multitudes, who have been misled by bad shepherds, an appeal for conscientious objection in all its forms. Conscientious objection is a sacred international duty."

Father Johannes Ude, Professor of Moral Theology, University of Graz (Austria).

"There cannot be a third war, because something new has happened. It is that the conscience of the entire world is being aroused to reject war."

Father Robert, O. P. (France).

Love is a preference and a choice, and every man throughout his life is offered choices, not only between good and evil, between God's will and his own, but between the Good which is God and all the created goods of the universe. St. Paul said vigorously that he counted all as "dung" in comparison to Christ. Man's first dis-

## The Fall

obedience, his first turning from God in his pride of intellect, was so great a tragedy that it involved all nature in the Fall, "which travaileth and groaneth even until now," St. Paul said. And Newman wrote that only so gigantic a

cataclysm could explain the evil in the world today. Man has been redeemed by Christ and we may sing out "O happy fault, that brought with it so great a good," but man still is paying the penalty in wars and famines, in pestilence, in sickness and death. And in his search for utopias, in his conviction that

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# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## FALL APPEAL

Dear Fellow Workers:

In the beginnings of Christianity, when his troubled listeners asked St. John the Baptist what they were to do, he told them simply, "Let him who has two coats give to him who has none." The answer is always the same: love is an exchange of gifts. To show our love for God, we must show our love for our brother. We feel grateful to all of you who are helping us, you yourselves showing your love for your brother by sending us what you can to help keep the work going. I've been reading a very stimulating book recently, *God The Unknown* by Father Victor White, and, while you are lifted to great heights of awe and worship contemplating God the unknown, all that He is not, you are suddenly overwhelmed with thankfulness that He is Love; that, "invisible in His own nature, He becomes visible in ours; incomprehensible, He chose to be comprehended; existing before time began, He begins to exist in time"; that, in very truth, Jesus is the "image of God" and He speaks to us. And His words are, "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, visit the sick and the prisoner, bury the dead. Doing these things is a way of serving God, of showing our love for Him. If we do these things, all else follows. There will be peace, there will be a better social order, there will not be the misery of the needy and the groaning of the poor that one hears throughout the world. It takes naked faith to believe this, because one doesn't see results. God will bring these about.

This month I have been travelling through the South, through Memphis where Helen and Jesse Riley live down an alley in a slum with the poor all around them, and where Helen has for five years run a little nursery for the colored of her neighborhood. She is married and having a baby herself now, but she will always be taking in others. There is always a Christ room in their house. I have visited the Blessed Martin de Porres Center in Greenwood, Mississippi, which is a center for the works of mercy, and there too I visited the homes of Negroes living in dire poverty, who, though they've raised and picked the cotton, have neither sheets nor towels nor the clothes they need, in the largest cotton producing state in the country.

The legal battle against segregation is won, but the community battle goes on. "It's as much as a man's life is worth to speak out," one Negro said. I saw the crater-like scar in the windshield of one man's car where he had been shot at for writing a ballad about the death of Emmet Till. I talked to a Negro priest and people, to leaders and students, and they are standing firm through the poverty and persecution they endure to serve their people. The work the missions are doing is magnificent. But still fifty thousand people a year are leaving Mississippi, to come to the North, to the slums and unemployment of our cities, to swell the ranks of our breadlines.

And what shall we do? If we have two cloaks we can give to him who has none. This is easy to see. We can change our own minds and hearts and put on the mind and heart of Christ. And Oh! the task for the Negro is a bitter hard one. He must forgive. It is only Jesus Christ Himself who could ask such a thing of a people so oppressed. He is asking them to be saints. Already they are closer to Him because they are poor. "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

This is our semi-annual appeal, reminding you of the poverty, reminding you of your brother and our brother, of Christ in our brother who is with us always. Will you help us multiply our loaves and fishes?

Gratefully in Christ,  
Dorothy Day.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

DAYS OF RECOLLECTION at Peter Maurin farm will be resumed on the first Sunday of December and continue through the Winter. The subject will be "Scripture" by Fr. James McCoy, S.J.

Fr. McCoy will conduct a day of recollection on the second Sunday of December for catechists at the Catholic Information Center, 28 W. 16th St., beginning with 9 a.m. Mass. All are welcome.

## CHRYSTIE STREET

By ROBERT STEED

A few weeks ago I was walking down Broadway and while I stopped in front of the Metropolitan Opera House to look at the list of productions for the season which started a couple of nights ago I saw our former night watchman, Pat, who left us some months ago to look for a job. Pat is about fifty-years-old but he still has the brogue he brought with him when he came over here some thirty years ago from Ireland. He offered to treat me to a milk shake so we walked back up to Times Square where you can get a big one for only 15c. He told me he got a job in a hospital working as an attendant. It doesn't pay very well but I suppose he thought anything was better than the treatment the night watchman at St. Joseph's House gets on occasion and all the unexpected irritations that come his way. It's just about the hardest job around here. Mike Kovalak has the job now and Hank relieves him on weekends. Just the other night some men had built a dangerously big fire in the corner which is formed by the fence in front of the parking lot next door and the fire escape of the National Theatre. It was about 2 a.m. and Mike and I were sitting in the office talking when we saw the glare from the fire. We opened the window, saw sparks flying in all directions



blown by a very strong wind. Mike got a big pan of water from the kitchen and we ran out to douse it. There was half of an old sofa and a lot of cardboard boxes blazing away. The men asked us not to extinguish it completely as it was pretty cold. Mike put half of it out and issued a stern warning to the men not to build it up so high again as the sparks endangered our newly tarred North wall. They meekly agreed to keep it small.

There are two sure signs that winter is here: oatmeal for breakfast and silence on the bread line with all the men huddled up, too busy trying to keep warm to make conversation. The oatmeal has appeared but the line is still quite in a conversational mood. So the lovely autumn weather will, we hope, be with us a little while yet.

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Slowly but surely the interior decorators around here are getting the place painted, especially the newly plastered areas left over from the tearing out of the walls to fit the new fire proof doors. The colors are slightly harsh in the kitchen and the stairways leading up from there to the first floor but things look clean. The painters have to work at night and on into the wee hours of the morning so that they can have peace while they work and so that no one gets into the wet paint.

Kerran is in the process of writing a musical for the Christmas holidays and is choosing a "cast"

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## IN THE MARKET PLACE

By Ammon Hennacy

I gave the pacifist anarchist view for fifteen minutes to about 200 radicals at a young Communist forum in the Bronx recently. We pulled straws and the Socialist Labor Party man, Sam Karp, was first, I was second, and Sid Stein, was third. The SLP is the first Socialist Party in this country, being founded 86 years ago. Debs, Berger and other old timers belonged to it but left because of the sectarianism of Daniel De Leon around 1900 and formed the Socialist Party. The SLP interprets Marx in a humorless, dogmatic manner. Their idea is, that immediate reforms only intend to patch up capitalism. They want the whole thing or nothing. They seek to elect a President and Congress and then will resign and turn over everything to industrial unions which they will have ready. Meanwhile if there is a war, a depression, or any trouble, they remain dislocated from life and continue with their propaganda. One SLP was a conscientious objector but when he had done his time in prison he was thrown out of the party, whether for breaking capitalist law or getting out of the SLP line and doing something besides talking, I do not know. Come the revolution the SLP are not pacifists. They twit the Communists for changing their line so often and the reply they get is that they are unrealistic and never do wake up and change their line.

I stated that I believed in the basic Marxian principles of (1) The Economic Interpretation of History, which meant that a Navajo who clips wool from his sheep and a banker on Wall Street who clips coupons think differently. I believe in (2) The Theory of Surplus Value, as given in a poem that I wrote on the wall of my cell in Atlanta in 1918:

The Merchant calls in Profit and  
winks the other eye;  
The Banker calls it Interest and  
heaves a cheerful sigh;  
The Landlord calls it Rent as he  
tucks it in his bag;  
But the honest old Burglar simply  
calls it Swag.

I believe also in (3) The Class Struggle which means, as Scott Nearing says, that there is a struggle between those who work for a living and those who own for a living. I then gave the essence of the CW philosophy that we will have a better world when we have better people and not by shooting and voting, but by the one-man-revolution within the heart of each of us. I spoke of Thoreau, William Lloyd Garrison, Tolstoy and Gandhi and of their appreciation of the Sermon on the Mount which would solve our problems and which was above politics. I kidded the Communists for being so right wing now and called for the fearless radicalism of Debs. I said that I believed in God the Father Almighty, in Jesus Christ, in the Holy Catholic Church, in the Communion of Saints, and that I was little interested either in Christian or Marxian theological hair splitting.

Sid Stein, who had been in jail under the Smith Act, said that times had changed and that radicals had to change their tactics with them. We had to face reality

and not theory. He called for an anti-monopoly government based on American problems and not blindly following Russia as had been heretofore. He felt in answer to me that we already had good people and they would make a good world.

Most of the meeting that followed was name calling by SLP members in the audience against the Communists. Stein answered their barbs in good humor. I would welcome a discussion of pacifism and anarchism versus Communist opportunism in all good humor with such Communists as Sid Stein, but I would not care to waste my time in any discussion with such unrealistic and humorless radicals as those of the SLP.

In the Thirties I read Ralph Borsodi's *This Ugly Civilization* and have always recommended it as the one best book to awaken those who still believe in our materialistic way of life. I had written to the author for years but had never met him until the other day. His is a fine personality worthy of his leadership in the Decentralist movement. He is Chancellor of the New University of Melbourne in Melbourne, Florida, where our CW friend Willis Nutting of Notre Dame is Acting Chancellor while Borsodi is travelling.

Walk the Proud Land tells of John P. Cium, Indian Agent in Grant's administration of the San Carlos Apache Reservation in Arizona, and of his honest and pacifistic treatment of the Indians, even Geronimo, and of the double-cross which the officials in Washington and the Army did to him and the Apaches. I read the book and the movie is worth seeing.

At 43rd and Lexington a woman bought a CW from me and looking closely at it started to return it to me saying that she heard that it was a Communist paper, and what did the Church think of it. I replied "Ask a priest, oh here is one just coming around the corner," and looking closer I saw our CW friend, the good Jesuit Father James McCoy, who told her that it was a fine Catholic paper. She took it gladly, then. A magician could not have produced a rabbit out of his hat quicker than the appearance of Father McCoy.

Yesterday I visited our prisoner friend at Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia. He was in good cheer and we talked for an hour and a half about the books he had been reading, the general run of justice in the courts and ideas about life. His case is on appeal in the courts for months yet. I did not feel depressed as I did the first time I visited there.

Then that evening I spoke to students at nearby Swarthmore College on why I didn't vote (Steven-son was in Philadelphia that night pleading for votes), telling them that I had only voted once in my life and that was for Allan Benson, the Socialist candidate for President in 1916, and before I was released from prison as a conscientious objector he had changed his mind and was for the war. I might as well have voted for Wilson "to keep us out of war" or not voted at all. The students were wide awake and greeted my message warmly but with caution as they were in the midst of many conflicting ideas.





# Taena Community

The following notes about Taena community are based partly on conferences with its leader, George Ineson, and partly on one week's experience of the life there by the writer.

Two points about the community should be stressed to begin with. The first is that it followed no external plan of development at the beginning, and does not now. The leader believes that this fact was an essential condition for its survival. There were many communities which began in England at about the same time that this community began, in the 1940's. One reason why others failed, he believes, is that they had detailed plans. Then, when the plans did not work, the groups experienced disappointment and despair. The Taena group, when it began, had only one fixed idea—to try to live from the deepest sort of center that its members knew.

The community not only has no external plan of development, but it does not even know toward what goal it is developing. When the group first began, its members were mainly pacifist-anarchist, and none were Catholic. By following the principle of trying to live from the deepest center they knew, the group somehow developed through a series of crisis-induced changes into a Catholic community. The purpose of the group now may be said to be simply that it seeks to correspond to grace at each changing situation.

The second point to be stressed is that, as a community, the group can be described neither as pacifist, nor as socialist, nor as vegetarian, nor as distributist, nor as having any other secular ideological position. Its position can be described only by two adjectives: it is Catholic, and it is Benedictine. Its Catholicism is more than a position—it is the source of its life. And its Benedictinism regulates it and ensures that its growth will be not only organic, but also inclusive: that is to say, not along the lines of any one specialty.

It so happens, actually, that some of the members of the community are pacifist, while others are not, and that some are vegetarian, while others are not, and that many other differences of ideological position exist among them. But all full members are Catholic.

At the present time the community consists of 20 adults and 19 children altogether. There are five families. There are seven full members (only adults may be full members). The backgrounds of the people comprising the community are very varied. The members are oblates of Prinknash Abbey, which adjoins the community.

The community manages a farm of 140 acres, and also engages in arts and crafts of various sorts, the principal ones being pottery, painting, and woodcarving. The main source of income is from farm products, and of this, the principal portion is from dairying. The community has 50 head of cattle and 60 head of sheep. There is also a market garden, and sometimes wheat and oats are grown. It is an interesting fact that only one person in the community had done very much farming before joining, and most had never done farm work at all.

The group hopes ultimately to have a separate house for each family. There is at present one large dwelling on the property, which houses all the families and some of the single people. Each family has a small apartment, each single person a room. There is also a hut containing well-furnished individual rooms for some of the single men. A large brick building houses a chapel, a library, and the community store.

All of the land has been donated to Prinknash Abbey. The community has stewardship of the land, and must consult the Abbot before changes are made. Should the community dissolve, the land would revert to the Abbey.

The daily life of the community is regulated by a provisional modification of the Benedictine rule. The ideal sought after is that all action should spring from prayer, which should grow and become more and more living. The divine office is said in English translation. All of the office is said except Matins.

On a weekday the community is awakened at 5:45 A.M. At 6:00 the office of Lauds is begun, and is followed by the Angelus and the office of Prime. After a cup of tea, the community works for about one and one-half hours, until breakfast at 8:30. After breakfast until 9:30 there is time for spiritual reading. At 9:30 Terce is said. This is followed by a work meeting at which the status of the work is reviewed and chores assigned. Work continues until Sext at 12:30 P.M. which is followed by the Angelus. Dinner is at 12:40, None at 1:50. Afternoon work is then begun, is interrupted by tea at 4:00, and is then resumed until 6:00, when Vespers is said, which is followed by the Angelus and a period of silent prayer. Supper is at 6:30 followed by a free period until Compline at 9:30. Each family has breakfast and supper in its own apartment. All members share the midday meal, which is accompanied by spiritual reading.

The community has not yet been granted reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. On Thursday and Sunday morning a priest from the Abbey says Mass at the community chapel. The Mass on Sunday morning is a high Mass, sung by the community.

When only the bare outline of the daily life is given like this, it seems surprisingly strict, and even perhaps impossible, for a lay community. Actually, it goes very smoothly. The work is broken up into two-hour periods, and the mind and spirit are prepared for it by prayer. The use of such a rule of life shows what the community is all about. It seeks to provide for its members a place where they can live a fully integrated Christian life while remaining in the world and having families, something which in the writer's opinion has become almost if not quite impossible in modern society as commonly organized.

Can Taena be considered as a model Catholic commu-

nity, a prototype for other groups which desire to do whatever is necessary to lead a fully integrated Christian life?

The answer to this question is not easy. The leader of Taena Community feels that it would be difficult for Catholics inexperienced in community life of this sort to start a community and succeed. Modern society has a tendency to hide a man's flaws of character from him. This is true for Catholics as well as non-Catholics. People and situations which show up our capital weaknesses can be avoided or their effect counteracted by distractions. The result is twofold: the personality tends to be disintegrated, and basic character flaws are never faced up to. But life in a tightly bound community has a tendency to reveal a man to himself in all his weakness. Faced with this picture, a man is forced to integrate his personality and to undergo a revolution of character, or community life is impossible for him. If the community is composed of experienced members, the man can be helped through this crisis. But if the entire community is going through the same crisis, a moral atmosphere is liable to result which a sincere Catholic would find intolerable. The Taena group had the rather odd advantage that none of its members were Catholic when it began. They had in fact no intellectual commitment to conventional morality. They were thus able to endure the unstable moral atmosphere of the period of crisis without the feeling that they were compromising their deepest ideals.

It would be a simple matter, once a community of this sort had developed, to start a new one with a cadre of experienced members, just as an order of monks founds a new monastery. But Taena Community would never advise inexperienced people to start such a community. They would only do it if they have to. Even if all the details of the life of an existing successful community were imitated, the difficulty would still remain, because inner change is the thing that is important. The external pattern of life is not the essential thing.

What are the essential requirements of any fully cooperative community founded in the world today? Perhaps the key requirement, in the opinion of the community leader, is that the members remain committed to the community, no matter what happens. If they do, it seems that the community will undergo a development which will eventually make it into something very closely in line with the Church. But in order that this personal commitment be ensured, it is necessary that the members commit their property to the group. Of the communities founded in England in the 1940's, the ones which did not require commitment of property failed first.

The problem today is to live an integrated community life consciously, whereas in the earlier Christian ages it was unconscious. Perhaps after a tradition of community living were established, the commitment of property would not be necessary. But in the early stages of the formation of such a tradition, the community has to be closely bound. The reason why is that the adjustment to community living requires an inner revolution, like an operation, and steps must be taken to ensure that the patient does not jump off the operating table before the operation is over.

## Answers to Miscellaneous Questions

**Do members bind themselves by vow to the community for life?**

No. They must, however, at the time they are admitted have the intention of remaining a member for life. If it is a case of a family, husband and wife must both have this intention. But if they should want to leave at any time after they become members, they agree to wait six months after announcing their decision before actually leaving. During that time the case is discussed and the community prays for guidance. If the decision is unchanged after the six-months period, they are free to go, and the community gives them what material aid is necessary and it can afford. The amount given is not affected by the amount the member brought in.

**Are permanent single members permitted to marry?**

Yes. It would be better in the eyes of the community, of course, if the member's spouse also joined the community, thus permitting the member to remain, but single members do not have to make any promise binding them to marry only those who want to join. Just recently one of the full members did desire to marry, and the intended spouse did not want to join the community. In this case the community waived the six-months' notice rule.

**How much autonomy does each family have?**

Each family has two meals a day and the evenings by itself. It also makes its own decisions as to what school the children shall be sent to (within the limits of the community's budget) and each family is responsible for the disciplining of its own children. The children, in fact, are not members of the community in the material sense.

**In what sense, if any, can individuals and families within the community own property?**

In principle, of course, all goods belong to the community. But individual members and families are set as stewards over certain property. The area of stewardship is much greater than in a monastery. What it amounts to is that members have the right of use of this property, but not the right to sell.

As far as money is concerned, each family receives a certain allowance for meals, and each individual receives a small amount of pocket money. Each family has a maximum sum per month that they can spend. The sum for each family depends on the size of the family.

**How are decisions arrived at?**

All full members have a vote. There is a general meeting once a week. A majority vote is required for a simple decision, at least a two-thirds majority for an important decision. If the vote on an important decision were close

to two-thirds the community would postpone the decision for three months.

**What offices are held in the community?**

The Senior Oblate is the general manager of the community. He is elected once a year, together with a Vice Senior Oblate. Also elected are two other persons who together with the Senior Oblate and the Vice Senior Oblate form the Council. The Council is responsible for the general planning of the life of the community. All conclusions of the Council are submitted to the general meeting for approval. Other offices are those of Secretary, Librarian, Steward, Bursar, Guest Master, Guest Mother, and Master of Ceremonies. The last named is responsible for all matters concerning religious observances. There are also managers for the various departments of community work.

**Schooling of the children.**

As stated above, each family decides what school it will send its children to. All the children now attend Catholic schools. Transportation is by the free local buses. The community would like to run its own school for the children of ages 5 to 8. It has an idea of perhaps starting a Catholic school and accepting children from outside.

**Does the community life do any harm to the children?**

On the whole, it is felt that the community is the most wholesome attainable environment for the children. As far as any difficulty with the children at school is concerned, so far there hasn't been much. The oldest child is 15 years of age.

**What happens when the children leave school?**

The community would try to push them out for a year or two, and perhaps hope that some would come back. What the children will tend to do in general remains to be seen, since the community is still in its infancy.

**What effect does living together so closely in a small group have on human relations?**

It increases irritability, which the community sees as a good thing, in fact an essential thing, since it is by this means that people are brought face to face with their own shortcomings and forced to remake themselves. Another essential thing in this process is that these people with whom one is living are not those whom he has chosen.

As far as the normality of this way of living is concerned, in complete cooperation and with a limited number of people, the community feels that this is really the normal way to live, as measured by the universal human norm, and that it is people who have no such commitment to community who have strayed from the norm, even though they are in the vast majority today.

**Is the community exclusive?**

People are accepted as novices, without regard to race or religion. Only Catholics can be full members.

**Is there any limit to the size of a community?**

In each place, and for each community, the right size would be different. A rule of thumb would be that when you feel the community is getting too big, you start another one.

**Does the community object to the use of machinery and other products of modern industry?**

No. The community accepts the products of modern industry for several reasons. One reason is so as not to give up on the modern dilemma—that is, how to use machines, which are presumably not evil in themselves, and still lead a fully human life. Another reason is that the community has elected an "open-door" policy with the outside world. Although it is going a different way from most of the rest of the world, it is not indifferent about the rest of the world. To have no products of the machine age would sometimes make it rather uncomfortable for visitors, and the adjustment to the community life would become much more difficult than it now is. Another reason is that the use of farm machinery gives the community time for a greater variety of activities. The principle governing the use of machinery in the community is that it may be used if it is available, but one is prepared to do without it if it is not. However, it is felt by the community that the use of too many machines might have a tendency to stand between them and the land. The amount of machinery used at the present time is very moderate. There are two tractors, a milking machine, a washing machine, a van and a car. The community employs the local electrification and has modern-style plumbing, though in minimum quantity.

Still another reason for the use of modern things is that today integrated community life has to be lived on the conscious level. If you have a community living on the unconscious level, such as the unmodernized peasant communities which still exist in many places, it goes down when it comes up against the general culture. If a community wants to survive, it should have its eyes open to all the modern problems.

**Can an ideal community be carried out only on land, or also in industrial areas?**

To begin with, there are Catholic communities already existing which live in industrial areas. In Italy, for example, there is *Il Focolare*, and there is a community in London. Members of these communities are emotionally and spiritually interdependent (and in the case of *Il Focolare* commit their property and earnings to the group) but do not work together in a common enterprise for the livelihood of the group. We are thinking here rather of a group which owns a business or factory in common as well as living and praying together. It is felt that such a group is conceivable, although it would have the disadvantage of the many disintegrating influences of city life, as well as of over-specialization. It is felt that a better situation would be for a community managing a farm to start an industry on the side. The problem of the morality of advertising could be circumvented by making it a very

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# The Transformation

Address of Lewis Mumford delivered at the Cooper Union Convocation, 9 p.m., Monday, October 8, 1956, in the Great Hall of The Cooper Union.

**The Transformation of Man:** When President Burdell suggested this topic to me, he doubtless felt a general need at this moment for the broadest kind of perspective on the human condition. And I would hardly dare to address you, if many of you did not in some degree share that feeling. For no matter how extravagantly we may boast about our triumphs in science and technique, our best minds feel, covertly if not openly, more than a little anxiety about them. Though we have succeeded brilliantly in the transmutation of matter, far beyond the wildest dreams of the alchemists, who would pretend that we have had any equivalent success in the transformation of man? Or rather, we are succeeding fabulously, provided only that we accept the machine as the final goal and sole beneficiary of the transformation. During the last few centuries Western man has become more standardized, more regimented, more dependent upon the machine's care of him; while machines have become more intelligent, more independent, more self-governing, in a word, more life-like and more ominously human. But if they are merely exchanging roles, who will be the gainer? Certainly not man.

Perhaps the continuance of this mechanical transformation is what many of you here are still old-fashioned enough to subscribe to. If that is so, you do not need my aid: the whole world of science fiction lies at your disposal; and should you wish a more closely reasoned description of that process, when carried to its logical if not its historical conclusion, I commend to you Mr. Roderick Seidenberg's grim analysis, in the book called *Posthistoric Man*. My purpose is just the opposite of this: I would like immediately to enlist your understanding and ultimately your aid, to make sure that the present mechanical transformation of man shall not be his last. Frankly, I believe that unless man restores his own confidence in the forces of life, unless he loves himself more than he loves the machine, the papers for his abdication, perhaps for his annihilation, have been signed. The hidden resources that may save him are not to be found in either science or technology, considered apart from man's more central needs: they lie in the nature of man himself, in all his organic complexity, his cultural variety, his historic creativeness, his still unfathomed potentialities for further development and self-transformation.

Now our machine conditioned culture, with its machine centered personalities, has had only a short life-span. It was conceived in the seventeenth century by Bacon and Campanella, intellectually brought to birth by Galileo, Newton and Descartes, warmed and nourished by generations of able inventors and engineers, rigorously molded and disciplined by a succession of strenuous industrialists, eulogized, indeed adored and worshipped, for the last century, alike by utopian idealists and hard-headed business men. Today this culture is still generally acclaimed, as the ultimate hope of man, both by the totalitarians who call themselves communists and the totalitarians who call themselves free enterprisers. But this wholesale triumph of the machine does not stand up under critical examination. The glossy perfection of this new world is matched only by the inner disintegration, indeed, the outright demoralization, that has attended its highest performances—and now threatens completely to nullify them. Our very advances in technique are imperiled, because, as our scientific means become more perfect our human ends too often

become more trivial, more barbarous, more irrational, more massively life-frustrating and life-defeating.

The most startling example of this breach between our exquisitely rational scientific means, and our irrational and dehumanized ends lies in our present colossal plans for the total extermination of whole enemy populations in a nuclear war that would be as fatal to the victor as to the victim. In busy experimental preparation for such a war, the leaders of Soviet Russia and the United States are now cumulatively polluting the atmosphere, poisoning the world's food supply, and recklessly threatening both our genetic inheritance and our ecological balance. But if you have difficulty in grasping the irrationality of these plans, to say nothing of the infantile moral depravity they exhibit, let me choose a less controversial illustration. Consider the bright idea engineers are already seriously playing with: the notion of taking the control of

the subsidiary purposes of travel by private vehicle; nothing would change, neither the man nor the occupation nor the scenery. Obviously, the mechanical results can be achieved more efficiently in a railroad train, while the same boredom could be arrived at more cheaply by the simple non-technical device of staying at home.

One could easily multiply these illustrations of the growing irrelevance, if not the irrationality, of our expanding techniques, as it loses contact with the general purposes and goals of life. But what is important is that we should not take these tendencies for granted, as if they were immune to any human direction or control. Nothing could be more false than the notion that this automatism is itself automatic. We must realize that Western man, for the last four centuries, has been living in a sort of exploding universe of scientific knowledge and technical invention; and that he himself, originally and now, is responsible for that explosion.



the private motor car out of the hands of the driver, so that he will become a mere passenger in a remote controlled vehicle. If you take technical process as an end in itself, and believe that the "going is the goal," this seems a natural, and indeed inevitable next step in automation. But look at the human consequences. The driving of a car has been one of the last refuges of personal responsibility, of the do-it-yourself principle, in our machine-oriented economy. At the wheel of his car the most downtrodden conformist has a sense of release: he may capriciously choose his destination, alter his speed, explore a side road, or loiter in a woody glen for a picnic lunch. One by one, in the interest of safety or speed, these freedoms are being taken away. The final triumph of automation would do away with all

Seemingly, however, the process itself has gotten out of hand. The separate members of this galaxy, the individual departments of science and technology, are increasing rapidly in size and moving further and further apart, both from each other and still more from the central nucleus that once held them together: the human self. As a result, we have more knowledge than we can put together in a coherent pattern or intelligently assimilate, we have more energy than we can yet use safely, and more goods—at least in the United States—than we have learned to distribute equitably or consume wisely.

Instead of building up a firm center in the human self, capable of evaluation, selection, and purposeful organization, we have systematically belittled and ignored this central function of man;

and we have thereby lost the human criteria, to say nothing of the self-confidence, needed for guiding our technical development or directing it into the channels of human purpose.

The fact is that those who have brought about this explosion have, in their own minds, given to the mechanical transformation of man an absoluteness, an authority and finality, that none of man's earlier transformations show: neither that from the roaming paleolithic hunter into the neolithic farmer in his settled village, nor that from civilized man, with his law and order, his property, his subdivided labor, and his subdivided vocational self into the moralized man of the prophetic religions, attempting to widen the role of fellowship, of love, of conscious moral control. And we deceive ourselves if we believe that this technological civilization, this so-called atomic age, is purely the product of external circumstances and forces, independent of the human will. Centuries before flight or instantaneous communication or atomic energy became possible, the fantasies of angelic messengers, speeding through space, and all powerful gods, commanding lightning and moving mountains, swarmed in man's unconscious mind: our mechanical world, in other words, had subjective reality in man's dreams and art, long before it had even a glimmer of objective realization elsewhere. That world is in fact a wish-fulfillment, attached partly to a normal desire for order, for power, for knowledge, and partly to a neurotic desire for security, symbolized by repetitive acts, along with paranoid delusions of grandeur and desires for domination. In any event, the self out of which our machine-conditioned culture sprang was not the whole self: like all the other transformations of man it brought forth and expressed only a part of man's almost infinite potentialities.

Let me emphasize that the central fact in all man's self-transformations is not the desire for change or the desire for controlling nature, but a need, as self-propelling as life itself, to explore all the possibilities of existence opened up to man by the complexities of his biological inheritance, the multifold suggestions of his environment, the institutionally structured layers of historic experience and memory, and the fresh creative possibilities, the new purposes, projects, and proposals, that well forth spontaneously out of the deepest levels of man's being. Man really understands as Giambattista Vico observed, only what he is able to create; and the chief key to his understanding of both the universe and his own nature has been through his own process of self-fabrication and self-transformation. Biologically speaking, man is an unfinished animal: he is not born human, but becomes human by an effort, creating a new self, less stable than his biological self, but more readily refashioned. In the course of ten thousand years man has created a greater variety of cultural selves than evolution could probably have produced, in the form of organic species, in ten million years.

But if man is an unfinished animal, he is also a perpetually dissatisfied one: for he finds that each new self, however final it may seem at the moment, suppresses some significant part of his nature or keeps some latent potentiality from becoming active. Only by accepting his unfinished nature as a challenge to his creativity can man go on with his own development: increasing not merely his intelligence but his sensitiveness and feeling, widening the domain of love, in order both to release his ego and achieve completeness, aligning his own personal life with creative processes he finds at work throughout the universe. With respect to the originally blind forces of nature, man is at once the interpreter, the exemplar, and the

fulfillment, as he reaches beyond each provisional equilibrium for materials to aid his own further growth and development, his self-transformation and self-transcendence. If this view of man's historic nature and condition is sound, is it not a little naive to believe that this process will come to an end with our machine-centered culture? That would be probable only if Samuel Butler's wry prediction became true, and we accepted a topsy turvy world in which machines uses man simply as a means of begetting other machines.

Yet that belief in the machine as man's ultimate destiny has become a common one today. More than twenty-five years ago, it was summed up in classic form in an official guidebook to the Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago. I have preserved those three precious sentences over the years because they seem nothing less than the ultimate credo of the age of the machine, its alpha and omega. Here they are: "Science finds. Industry applies. Man conforms." On those terms, man's historic self-transformations are over: his autonomy, his creativity, his freedom, are at an end: only those parts of it that can be turned to the account of science or industry may remain. This sense of compulsive conformity to external processes and pressures is widely written over our chief activities today; only a veil of residual traditions left over from earlier transformations of man keeps us from realizing how deeply this conception of man's purely passive role, the role of conformity and adjustment, has eaten into our whole life. Perhaps that explains the popularity of a current song whose chorus goes: "Whatever will be will be, the future's not ours to see." And if it is not ours to see, still less is it ours to make. I wish, indeed, I could be sure that even to such an intelligent audience as this tonight, the notion that man must conform to whatever science discovers or industry fabricates does not seem so obvious as to be unchallengeable.

As things are going now, man has substituted the perfection of machines for his own continued self-development and self-transcendence, even though the perfection of machines can have little meaning in a world destitute of other human values and purposes. But there is an ultimate limit to this acceptance and conformity, a limit suggested by the Brothers de Goncourt, in their famous journal, dated 1869. These writers had heard of Berthelot's prediction that, a hundred years hence, thanks to physics and chemical science, man would know of what the atom was constituted and would be able at will to moderate, extinguish, or light up the sun, as if it were a gas lamp. "Claude Bernard," they went on to say, "had apparently declared that in a hundred years of physiological science man would be so completely the master of organic law that he would create life in competition with God. To all this," the de Goncourts concluded, "we raised no objection. But we have the feeling that when this time comes in science, God with his white beard will come down to earth, swinging a bunch of keys, and will say to humanity, the way they say at five o'clock at the Salon: 'Closing time, gentlemen!'"

Closing time indeed! There are many points at which the doors might be locked and the lights turned out. An outbreak of nuclear and bacterial genocide, on a worldwide scale, would only be the most obvious of them. But that is not the sole path that might lead, within a fairly short period, to the end of historic man. We might also produce a kind of totalitarian society, already partly visible, run by fragmentary men, wholly dedicated to the expansion of the empire of the machine: men conditioned to live in a constricted world, heavily populated but increasingly denuded of organic



# n of Man

variety, themselves unloving and unlovable, hostile to every impulse that could be controlled and profitably regimented. Their sphere of activity would be as restricted as a canvas by Mondrian, confined to a single plane, and like Mondrian personally, according to his friends, beset by fear for every spontaneous expression of life, preferring lamp-posts to trees and pavement to grass, sterility to generation.

The design of these under-dimensioned beings, I regret to say, has long passed the drawing-board stage: they are already coming off the production line, in large numbers, packaged in cellophane and dully labelled, price tag and all, with degrees of science, engineering, architecture, warfare, medicine, and administration. Many of them are equipped, let us admit it, with exquisitely trained intelligences and an almost unlimited amount of technical expertness: but they have only a dim, vestigial sense of any human purposes and goals except those that derive from the instruments they use. Their "know-how" does not embrace "what for." If called upon to make a response outside the narrow domain they have mastered, they feel pitifully insecure; and they are equally unsure of themselves, even within that domain, if called upon to react to a challenge as a whole human being. If these creatures have any interest in the nature of man, it is only for the procrustean purpose of rebuilding or reconditioning human beings so that they may conform more closely to the machine's requirements, as we are now trying to fit human physiology to supersonic speeds. Under the guidance of such leaders modern man might, in a not too distant future, embody in permanent form a rigid set of limitations, comparable to those built into insect societies, like the ants, sixty million years ago—and still unchanged. That would close the door to further human developments; and in time of course even the machine would suffer.

Now I do not propose to leave you with such an air-conditioned nightmare. Man has still to live with himself; and our contemporaries show many signs that they do not wholly admire this finished mechanical image or relish this new prospect. Some of these reactions are deeply disturbing in their negativity and their nihilism; some are happily full of promise, at least as symptoms of man's unquenchable vitality. Possibly the appalling manifestations of hatred, senseless violence, and random destructiveness we increasingly witness in the very centers of civilization are blind instinctual compensations for the feeling of human impotence and personal nullity that our machine conditioned culture has fostered. Did not Dostoevsky, in his Letters from the Underworld, warn us long ago that man might turn his back on the mechanical progress of the nineteenth century and recover his freedom, if no other way opened, by resorting to crime? But more constructive responses have been gathering force, though they are not yet so conspicuous, perhaps, as the neurotic and criminal reactions. The do-it-yourself movement in America is doubtless such a response, even though, in comic contradiction to its promise, one of its chief incentives seems to be the sale of a new line of machines. In that characteristic overemphasis on equipment, it resembles still another bid for autonomy: our growing addiction to sport. Still, this emphasis on play is significant, for play in all its forms constitutes one of the great realms of human freedom and creativity, as engineers themselves should well know, since many audacious technical devices, the motion picture, the helicopter, the telephone, had their origins in children's toys. Perhaps an even more important reassertion of human dignity and initiative—don't think I am jesting—is the spontaneous rise in the

birth-rate; for making love and having children are two activities that have no mechanical counterpart: they are still definitely and defiantly human.

But there is even more tangible evidence of the human insufficiency of our overdeveloped systems of mechanical organization. In the factory, consider the shift in emphasis from material to personnel; and where complete automation proves too rigid or too uneconomic, a new branch of engineering, psychotechnics as the French call it, is emerging to handle the human problems of technology. Another example, in a lengthening series, is an experiment now being made by a group of great corporations, representing an industry that has made many striking scientific and technical contributions. In recent years these companies have embarked on a costly program of sending their junior executives back to college, not to learn more about business or technology, but to have their well-trained—apparently all too well-trained minds—jolted out of their ruts, to have their imaginations stirred and their complacencies ruffled, by courses in the humanities. The leaders who have created these marvelous organizations—if I may, under correction, interpret their policy—have discovered that their successors no longer have enough spontaneity, flexibility, free creativity, even to keep the works running at a high level. Regrettably, the universities that have been given the task of rehumanizing these future leaders are subject to precisely the same kind of mental blight as the big corporations themselves, since they are part of the same machine-conditioned culture. Yet there perhaps remains, in the university, a sufficient historic residue of ideas derived from earlier transformations of man to justify, as a stab in the right direction, this brave experiment.

In the long run, however, we must all realize that we cannot offset the costive effects of our depersonalized ideology by merely attempting at intervals to supply, in capsule form, as if they were vitamins, a sufficient dosage of art, philosophy, literature, religion, ethics and history to overcome radical deficiencies in our daily diet. That sort of empiric medication may do for the weekly pages of Life, but it does not meet the demands of life itself. In every situation the whole man must be in command, the whole man with all his organic and personal capacities, with his memories, his anxieties, his rational anticipations, with his awareness of a wider world in space and time than that which meets the eye, with his discriminations of value, with his inner need for integration and balance, expressed outwardly as plan and design. Unless we maintain and widen the active province of the human personality, we cannot trust those who exercise their specialized competence, or effect some momentary concentrations, detached from the whole. A society in which fractional scientists talk only to other fractional scientists about their fractional interpretations of a fragmented world; in which engineers understand only the problems of other engineers, in which, in short, each specialist sits, like a nervous woodchuck, within a few feet of his inviolable burrow and ducks down into it as soon as he hears a strange footstep or sights a strange shape—such a society, I say, has one fatal defect: it is out of touch with reality. Real life must be lived simultaneously on many interacting and interpenetrating levels; and only those who, as autonomous persons, are capable of moving freely from one level to another, who are acquainted with the ways of love as well as the ways of power, can measure up to the greatest demand of life: that of man's continued self-transformation.

This brings me at length to the portals of my chosen topic; and with the time that is left I can only open the gates and invite you to enter. Even if I had all the time in the world at my disposal, I would prudently refrain, for I am not a magician. Unlike those who so confidently predict in bewildering detail the future of our increasingly mechanized culture, I cannot describe the next transformation of man except in the most general terms; since, if this change is truly an emergent from the present order, the most characteristic features cannot be plotted by a simple extrapolation of the known facts. But the terms for this next transformation, are already set. As with every previous transformation of man the next one will widen the field of human intercourse and association, encourage new areas of creativity, utilize functions and aptitudes that earlier stages had disregarded; and, above all, it will overcome the enclosures and frustrations experienced by our machine-conditioned culture and our machine-conditioned selves. If the present transformation stressed the acquisition of power and knowledge, so that man might prevail over Nature, the new transformation will concentrate on the Art of Love—to use the title of Erich Fromm's admirable recent book—in order to overcome the unloving omniscience of current science and the unloving omnipotence of current technology. No sporadic revolts and challenges, like those that I have pointed to, will be sufficient to effect this change: they might unfortunately only have the effect of stabilizing the machine-conditioned self that must be replaced. What is needed is a common purpose, as large and overriding as that which, since the seventeenth century, drew forth the energies of the scientist, the inventor, the capitalist, the engineer, and the bureaucrat; and for a while enlisted the hopeful assent of all men.

The dominating, all-prevailing purpose can be nothing other than the next Transformation of Man. This calls for the creation of a unified, though highly diversified world culture, which will enable man to be at home, as a full-fledged citizen, in every part of the planet, in every area of human experience; and equally at home with every part of himself, not least with those inner parts that have been rejected as too primitive or too subjective, too dark or inaccessible, by our present technological civilization, bent only on profit and power. At this point, man himself will come back to the center of the stage, no longer content with his present job in the wings as mere property man, stage-hand, and electrician: he will take on, rather, the role of actor dramatist, commanding every part of the performance, scenery, costume, characterization, dialogue, action, supporting cast, to make possible the new drama of One World Man. The French anthropologist, Tielhard de Chardin, called this coming age, the period of planetization; but I would prefer to call it the period of polarization, in which all the fractional parts of man, divided by culture, by race and nationality, by vocation, by the compartmentalization of knowledge, by all manner of segregation and isolation, will be brought back greatly expanded and enriched, to the central nucleus where they originated. Modern technics itself, by taking part in creation of One

**"War is not likely to be abolished by governments. Only the people who have freed themselves from their governments can do it."**

*Jayaprakash Narayan, former head of the Socialist Party of India, and now the chief follower of Vinoba Bhave in his free-gift of land for the poor of India.*

## The Living and the Dead

This should be part of On Pilgrimage but I have already written that, about my travels in Mississippi and besides Bob Steed will be writing an On Christie St. column. But he has been here all month, and will not have felt that terrific impact of the East Side that I did after one day home at St. Joseph's house.

The first news I heard was of a death, and Arthur Lacey told me the story. Frederick Cogley had been in the house for a few weeks, and before he came to us he had been sleeping out as so many men do in the summer rather than go to the Municipal Lodging House where it is crowded and hot with the hundreds of the destitute to come for a night's lodging. Roger being busy with helping the Puerto Rican strikers, Arthur was taking care of the clothes room, and so he got well acquainted with the men in the house and those who came in. This man came to him with great urgency one day and told him he was very ill that he was dying and needed to get to the hospital. Arthur took him at once to the emergency ward at Bellevue and from there they sent him to the xray room.

The man was so weak he could scarcely stand, so Arthur got a wheel chair. The technician, hard-pressed kept urging him to stand up, and Arthur kept trying to hold him in the standing position for xrays, and the man kept toppling over. Finally they laid him on a table to make the xrays.

His weakness increasing, when he returned to the emergency section, Arthur and a friendly nurse got him a stretcher to lie on so that he would not have to continue sitting up on a hard bench. Surrounded by the usual rush all about, Arthur was able to talk to him about praying. "Do you know the confiteor," he asked him, "do you know the act of contrition," and he helped the man say them. "Do you want a priest?" and the man eagerly asserted, and thank God the priest was near at hand and came at once. He was anointed, given absolution, and it was not more than an hour after that that he died.

When we consider the power of the Sacrament, the infinite value of the Precious Blood shed for this man in the Redemption, and remember too the story of the good thief and the promise of Christ,

World Culture and Unified Man, will at last cast off the burden of its purposeless expansion. All its truly great achievements—Instantaneous communication, swift transportation, atomic energy in limitless quantities, automatic machinery to perform servile or burdensome work—will at last be attached to more general human goals, worthy of the intelligence that brought them forth.

And here, having opened the gates of this portal, I must leave you. You are at liberty to turn back hastily, perhaps with an embarrassed smile, very possibly with a contemptuous sneer, to resume what you have been doing in the confidence that nothing else is possible, or valuable. Or you may explore further for yourself what lies beyond, so that eventually you may bring into your present calculations, the breath of a more humane culture and a more lovable self than what we have so far achieved in our machine-oriented society. The future's not ours to see, certainly; but if we are men it is ours to foresee and rationally anticipate; more than that, it remains ours to make, provided we resume man's age-old task, his self-exploration, which has enlarged every dimension of nature and the cosmos, and his self-transformation, which has revealed the unfathomable richness of life itself. Leadership and creativity, even in engineering, belong to those who understand those potentialities and that promise.

we can rejoice that this man is in Heaven.

Sometimes we can only realize the grandeur of our human destiny, our divinization through baptism, when we hear the strains of some great music like Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, or the Eroica, or Strauss' Death and Transfiguration, the very title of which inspires. It is hard to realize the worth of human life surrounded as we are by the Bowery and the lower East side, and that section of it which is more than ever crowded due to the tearing down of so many homes to eliminate slums.

Thank God for His mercy, His love for each human soul.

"May the angels lead thee into paradise: may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and lead thee into the holy city of Jerusalem. May the choir of angels receive thee, and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who once was poor."

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I had just heard this story when Annabelle told me still another one at lunch-time. One of the young women who came in to get clothes had been deserted by her husband, and had been left with a fifteen months old baby, a nine months old one, and there was another coming. There was no food in the house and the husband had been gone for weeks. She had gone to the domestic relations court to try to set the machinery in motion to find him, and as yet she had had no relief. Her case was still pending.

Annabelle went with her to her bare little home, for which she paid fifteen dollars a month down near the river, and told me how bare the cupboard was—literally nothing to eat in the house. She went with her to the relief office which is across the street from our own office and there she was able to prevail upon the workers to give the girl an emergency voucher until her first check came. Her relief investigator was ill, they told her, and so there was a longer delay than usual, in a process always marked by delays anyway.

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The third story concerns a little and ancient colored man who came in weeping. He had been picked up in North Carolina, in Fayetteville, with a truck load of workers and brought up to Long Island to work in the potato crop. A Negro contractor had probably been paid so much a head, for the "hands" he was providing. When the poor little old man proved utterly incapable of working (he was nearly seventy) he was given a ticket into New York, and no money, and sent on his way. He was staying at the Municipal Lodging House on Third Street and there received two meals a day and bed. Some one told him to come to The Catholic Worker for help, and he had come for clothes and had cried, "if he could only go home! He only wanted to go home!"

The ticket cost only fourteen dollars on the bus, so it was a simple enough matter to pack him a lunch, put him on the bus at three thirty that very afternoon. He will be home telling the story of his adventures in twenty four hours.

D. D.

### URGENT APPEAL

In the last issue we mentioned the fact that Mrs. Lillian Furnari of West Babylon, Long Island, has need of money to pay for the gas heater she had to install to take the place of her old oil heater that caught on fire several times last winter. Her old age pension will pay only half of the \$120 bill. The gas bill will also be an added expense each month. As most of you have read she has a mentally retarded nephew who has been taken care of by her for 40 years. She is 80 years old and has no means of support except her inadequate pension. Please send what you can.

THE EDITORS.



# ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament proclaims the work of His hands . . . The earth is the Lord's and all its fullness, the world and all that dwell therein. How you feel these things when you are travelling, as I have been through the bright October weather, down in the state of Mississippi, now at the time of cotton picking. All day long from dawn till dark, the people are in the fields, men, women and children, bending over the cotton, pulling their long sacks behind them, plucking the four tufts of cotton that are in each pod,—how many tufts to make an ounce? How many pounds of cotton, to pay a day's wage. When there is only four months work, counting hoeing and chopping in the spring, and picking in the fall, all the family must work to make cash to pay rent and groceries and back debts. There are tenants, and sharecroppers, and day laborers, but mighty few owners. The majority of the workers throughout the South are Negroes who "make the crop." And though they work hard, they can barely be said to exist. How good God is, and how cruel man is, in what perverse ways he has exercised his free will, and how he has come to deny God in his brother, the Negro. These are the things you think of during such pilgrimages.

When I stopped first in Memphis before coming down into the deep south, I stayed with Helen Caldwell Day Riley (the name is too cumbersome and from now on we'll call her Helen Riley.) She and Jesse, her husband who works in a Quaker Oats plant in Memphis, and her son by a former marriage, Butch, live in the six room house, 218 Rear Turley, in the slums of Memphis. It was the neighborhood where she started her day nursery, and she is paying a monthly rental to the diocese to pay for the house where she and her husband continue to live and work. She will be having a baby next month, and after that she can take in two or three more children again,—those children who are now left alone, or with brothers and sisters little older than themselves, locked in their precarious homes, or roaming the streets. Scarcely a day passes but what one sees a story in the paper about little children being burned alive in some mishap with an oil stove—even in summer.

Fr. Cosmos, Franciscan, has a parish which makes up one half of Memphis. There are over 600 students there. There are 57 in Butch's room and students come from miles around. Meanwhile, white Catholic schools, in parishes which have become colored, are almost empty or have closed down. The buildings are there, but there is no room for the Negro. There is no room at the inn.

To get to the Blessed Martin house (it is still called that though not now functioning as a house of hospitality in the formal sense) you go down Main street to Beale, famous for its blues, past Handy park till you get to Turley. Beale street is the street of the poor, movies, taverns, stores of every kind. It is not very long and not at all glamorous, not too wide a street and not too even sidewalks. Turley has trees, rickety porches, dirt and not just pavement. You can cut through a vacant lot to get to Helen's and coming from Mass that first morning, we passed the neighbors where Mrs. Brown called out greetings and sent her love to Bob Steed, who used to work with Helen before he came to New York to be on the staff of the Catholic Worker. In that vacant lot Helen had painfully got buckets of good dirt, and clumps of grass to start a lawn around her own little house for the children. Up to May there were still thirteen children in that little six-room house, and very little support coming in except what Jesse brought in. Originally the house was a double one, two apart-

ments of three rooms each, with rent of \$25 for each. Helen put in the bath and toilet and built on another room, and friends in Memphis supported the house until her marriage. How little the married apostolate is accepted in the world even in this day of the lay apostolate. There was not much support after her marriage.

The Riley's were tormented by regulations just as we are; first in regard to the nursery. Pretty soon one will have to have a degree to have a child. Helen was a student nurse and so was more able to cope with the work than most. The other Helen who worked with her went through practical nursing school, leaving her children with Helen and helped as much as she could besides. Now there is no more nursery as such but there is the family, and as a Christian family, Jesse and Helen will be continuing the work.

Butch is eight years old, but with the other children in the neighborhood, he goes out to the Arkansas cotton fields just across the bridge, every Saturday, and picks cotton for the day. The last Saturday he had earned eighty cents, which meant about forty pounds of cotton picked. The package of cotton you buy in the store weighs only two ounces.

This Saturday he was driving with Jesse and Helen and me down into Mississippi, down into that black delta country, down to Mound Bayou and Cleveland and near that infamous settlement, Money, where Emmett Till was kidnapped and murdered a year ago. The very name Money, is significant, because it is not only in the name of tradition, but in the name of Money, that so many crimes are being perpetrated today, for oil, for cotton, for the wealth that comes out of the soil, from deep down in the earth, in which we all have our roots, but the Negro people most of all. They are still close to the soil, they are forced to be, and where roots go deep, the tree rises high. Already their music has reached out all over the world, not only the blues, but the spirituals.

Bayard Rustin had had lunch with us the day before, and had told us about some of his friends in the section whom we were going to visit, and the Rileys had a friend in the Negro community of sisters, Handmaids of Divine Providence, whose mother house is in Baltimore. Sister Marsha had been one of the beginners in the Memphis apostolate with Helen and now she had finished her training as a sister, and was teaching school in Mound Bayou, the all Negro town of 1,330 population.

We talked with the sisters and the priest, Fr. Williams, S.V.D. from Bay St. Louis seminary, and that night Jesse and Helen had the long drive back to Memphis. I stayed with a Negro family in the parish that night.

The next morning a mocking bird woke me and it was still dark. Cocks began to crow far off and near at hand a chorus of them. Then it began to get light and I looked out the window over the vast flatness, the great distances. How impressed one is by the beauty of the land and its people. The white man likes to think of the Negro as lazy, slow and relaxed, and indeed you often sense a stillness when you are in their presence, a silence, a reserve, and the white man of the south likes to emphasize that the northerner does not understand the Negro; but how can it be said that he does either?

At Mound Bayou and at other centers, I met Negroes who by gruelling work had gone through college, had graduated from Fiske, and Hampton and Harvard and who had returned to work with their people. Thank God they had returned and not left their own at the mercy of exploiters. Although Mound Bayou was nothing to boast about, being after all a seg-

regated town itself, at least there they had their own mayor, post-office, school and many owned their own homes. Benjamin Green, now ill in a Memphis hospital is the town's mayor, and he is a son of the founder, a former slave and valet to Jefferson Davis. At the close of the Civil war he had been given property to distribute among the Negroes and the town has existed as an all-Negro town ever since. Richard Jones, town clerk, worked in the cotton gin, and he was also a graduate of Fiske. His wife was secretary to the Mayor and it was at her house I stayed. Her sister ran the hotel of the town, and her daughter living next door taught school in Cleveland, Mississippi some miles away. Her husband was trying to finish his schooling and there were three children to care for. Working, teaching, studying—what hours these people put in! What a driving ambition to better their own condition and that of their people.

Sunday I talked to the congregation in one of the school rooms of the very fine parish school which was set in the midst of cotton plantations, and I told them about *The Catholic Worker*, and how God and St. Joseph had come to our rescue not only six years ago to buy a house, but this last spring to preserve it, and that when people worked for justice and truth, and for love of brother, God would not allow them to be defeated by the "economic squeeze" that is being



put upon them now in this most recent war in the south. It was probable that from the Negro leadership in the future would come, just as leadership for the world had come from Gandhi and Bhava in India.

Later that day Fr. Williams and I drove with Wm. O'Neal, associate county agent to visit with Amzie Moore, local president of the N.A.A.C.P. who said there were 700 underground members of the association in the county.

In the 1950 census, there were 1,188,429 whites in Mississippi and 984,707 Negroes. The third congressional district consists of 11 counties, has the largest plantations in the United States. In Cleveland, Mississippi, the R. M. Dokins plantation of 20,000 acres 240 Negro families will have to move in 1957, and they have no place to go but to Chicago or Detroit. Scores of other plantations in Tallahatchie, Sunflower, Bolivar and other counties are getting thousands of Negroes off their plantations. According to a report by the Associated Press, some 50,000 Negroes leave Mississippi yearly in search of better pay, more "rights." But how many more are being forced out. The account compared this exodus to the migration of the Okies from the dust bowl areas and the mass migrations into cities during the war. It is not only oppression that is doing this but also the machine. Automation is a problem now just as unemployment was during the depression. It seems that this most prosperous country in the world is beset continually by problems. As they sang during the depression, "the rich get richer and the poor get children." And although the Popes cry out against this exodus from the land, and call for the

deproletarianizing of the masses, fewer and fewer own anything but debts or luxuries. Instead of bread they are offered cake in the way of cars and television sets, and these are cited as indications of prosperity.

During those days that I was visiting around in Mississippi there were also twenty editors from New England who had been invited by the State Sovereignty Commission and were being taken on a conducted tour. This commission is set up to fight any move toward racial integration in schools or elsewhere. He who pays the piper, plays the tune, and we wonder what impression these editors were able to take away after their week of wining and dining, boat rides on the Mississippi, fishing in the Gulf, tours of plantations. It would be ungentlemanly to repay one's hosts with criticism. One cannot be outdone by southern white gentlemen!

But there were a few who were speaking out and complaining that they were not seeing all. When they broke away to visit a slum which the southern papers referred to as Catfish Alley, some Southern commentators scornfully called the New Englanders, not slummers, but social climbers!

But they did take their guests to Mound Bayou where Negroes spoke out, one of them saying "life is dear, but so are other things," intimating that they were risking not only their security but life itself by speaking out. The Negro feels that there is truly a reign of terror being instigated throughout the south. Not only since the Emmett Till case, not only since the Supreme Court decision. White leaders say that the south is going through a second reconstruction and that integration will never come. White Citizens Councils are being formed in every area and threats are in the air.

The simple fact is that the Negro outnumbers the white in these rich areas by five to one. Here are some figures. Bolivar county, whites 19,000, colored 42,000 round figures; Sunflower (Till's country) whites 17,000 colored 38,000; Tunica, whites 3,000, colored 17,000. No wonder the White Citizens Councils, the successor to the Klan, plans to drive out 500,000 Negroes in the next ten years, and drive out the Negro leaders first of all. No wonder they are afraid, as the exploiter has always been afraid, as the guilty has always been afraid of those whom he has starved and ill treated. I heard it when I was in the south during the war, "our white men have all gone to war, and we are outnumbered by the Negro five to one." The Negro of course also went to war, but still he outnumbered the white.

And now they are more afraid because the Negro has come back, integrated in the armed forces, with his G.I. bill of rights, going to school, travelled, experienced. And in the armories in these small white, rich communities, the Negro and white are not segregated. They aim to have an armory in every town for a reserve. The Negro who was taking us around that day was a veteran of Korea and he had been in Europe as well as the far east.

There are other organizations which the Negro can depend on, such as the Urban League, the Delta Youth Councils, the Farmers and Businessmen's Association. But attempts are made to drive the leaders out. Those who remain are being tried as by fire. And one of the reasons for this article is to try to gain moral and financial support through some of our northern organizations so that they can continue their work, so that they cannot be driven out by the economic squeeze. Although there have been other murders since the Till case, and men are afraid, still the white Mississippian knows that the eyes of the world are on Mississippi, that state of 986,000 Negroes by the 1950 census, where there are only 8000 registered

voters, and where they too are disqualified at every election, in one way or another.

Even though the editors of *THE CATHOLIC WORKER* do not believe in the vote, in elections as conducted today, we do agree that man wants a part to play, a voice to speak in his community, and this is usually exemplified by the vote. The law (though they are fighting it) is mighty in the south. The court house is the center of every town and the most imposing edifice in the county. Pick up any paper and read the legal notices, the rolling periods, the dignified phraseology, the respect for the forms of law. If they did not have this feeling about it, there would be no such outcry against the Supreme Court decision.

One afternoon we visited Mrs. Betty Matthews whose grandson has just graduated from Xavier University, New Orleans, the great colored college in the south where Bertha Mugrauer teaches and where she formed her Caritas group, another branch of the lay apostolate in the south.

Here was a little relief from the prevailing view of poverty in the south. Here was this beautiful old Negro woman, mother of fifteen children, grandmother of 74, great grandmother of 25, still living on her 100 acre plot where there was a balanced agriculture, cotton, soy beans, corn, livestock, hay, a good garden plot. They had two cows, 3 calves, five hogs, chickens, turkeys, and there was a deep freeze to conserve all this goodness. All around the old unpainted house there were pecan trees, fig trees, juniper, china berry, pear, peach, apple and plum. A rich soil, a fat soil on which God surely meant people to live in peace and generosity with each other.

We handled the cotton there, that Sunday afternoon, walking down the little lane between the rows, and we gathered some green bolls, some blossoms, and some fully ripe cotton to make up a box to send north. "People eat the bolls when they are green," one of the men said. "They taste sweet." In all the county however, there were only 36 colored farm families, who owned their land. Land is worth \$300 an acre, and if the Farmers and Business Men's Association had the means they could get some of this land and settle some of those evicted families on it, and with a cooperative store and center, they could begin to build "within the shell of the old" the new society which Peter Maurin loved to talk about. There is no unemployment on the land, he always said. There is room for the family on the land. There is room for ownership of the real goods of this world and room for a life where it would be easier to be good.

Perhaps the Negro will lead the way, in establishing the new order, in showing by little beginnings how a new order can come peaceably about. No man can do it alone. No one family can do it alone. The South itself cannot do it alone. It would take the cooperation of North and South, to set up such islands, such leaven, such communities of families, holding all in common, working cooperatively, the true farming commune that Peter Maurin envisioned.

We talked about these things to Orsie Malone, to Amzie Moore, a business man and leader of that district. With men of experience, and the good business sense, who know how to plan, who can be architects of this new edifice, there is also needed those who can give the money, the land or the equipment. These are the kind of investments that are needed today, and they are the kind of investments the Holy Father called for in one of his pastoral letters. But it is the story of David and Goliath over again. The great insurance companies are getting the land,—and where is the ownership and responsibility? Unless there are

(Continued on page 8).....



## Children's Liturgy

THE YEAR AND OUR CHILDREN  
by Mary Reed Newland, P. J.  
Kennedy & Sons, \$3.95

At last the book has been written that many of us have been hoping for, a book with simple, clear, and completely practical directions for living the Church year in family life from day to day. The present-day revival of interest in the Liturgy, encouraged by the Holy Father in his teachings and reforms, has awakened in us a desire to be more at one with the Church as she moves from season to season: to see with her eyes, hear with her ears, think with her, breathe with her, love with her, until her true Spirit has permeated our entire being, quickening it to new life in the living organism that is the Mystical Body of Christ.

But how to go about it? Mary Reed Newland in "The Year and Our Children" supplies the details for which we have been waiting. First of all, a philosophy is given, sound Thomistic philosophy, very simple, very clear. Since St. Thomas teaches that all ordinary knowledge comes through the senses, Mrs. Newland starts at that level, and seeks to fill the senses of her children with things pertaining to God, "to prepare the hearts and minds of our families so that they will respond to Him. If they love the approaches to the knowledge of His love and grace, they will be more easily led to the fountains of love and grace." Mrs. Newland believes that once their hearts are filled with love for God, they will choose Him above all things, and thus lead lives centered in Him, truly integrated, truly Christian. She makes it clear at the very beginning of her book that the "making of wreaths, baking of cakes, crowning of kings, dressing of dolls, cutting, pasting, sewing, planting" are not in themselves "prayer of any depth, and certainly not the liturgy of the Church," they are only a means to an end, and never once does Mrs. Newland fail to keep in mind that the end is in the realm of the spirit, not the senses.

Beginning with the season of Advent, the author gives a detailed account of how her family lives the Church year. There are appropriate stories to develop interest and love, and those readers who are not naturally adept at story-telling will be happy to know that the stories are included in their entirety. Suggested activities are numerous and varied, including cooking, sewing, painting, puppet shows, charades, processions, and even a field trip to a stable at Christmas time, this last to give the children a real experience through their senses of what it meant for Jesus to be born in a "dirty old, smelly old barn!" The importance of creative work for children is stressed, of making gifts and Valentines rather than

buying them, of acting out a play rather than being just an audience. Many of the activities will appeal to others besides parents of small children. There is a delightful chapter, for example, on household shrines for the Blessed Virgin, with directions and illustrations. There are ideas for stitching samplers with symbols from the Liturgy or the patron feasts, meaningful practices such as buying a rose for Laetare Sunday or a branch of thorn for Lent, the making of one's own creche, or Christianizing of one's parties. Many an adult, who has exhausted all party-book material, will welcome ideas that will bring not only pleasure to social gatherings, but also joy to souls.

The chapter on St. Patrick merits special mention, as it includes several pages from the writings of the dear saint himself. As a matter of fact, the saints march all through the book; and by the time the last page is reached, the reader feels that he has found many new and dear friends in Heaven.

On the spiritual level the book is sheer gold. Hours and hours of study and prayer are behind the really fine passages on doctrine, on the Old Testament background for Liturgical practices, on prayerful consideration of the lives of saints and their connection with our own lives (the meditation on St. Joseph and vocation being particularly fine), on the development of the spiritual life in its everyday problems of both children and adults, on many other things too numerous to mention in a review.

"The Year and Our Children" could well be used as a basis of study for a whole year, and any group so using it could find it full of delight and charm as well as sound and solid food for the soul. Those who love children, and who feel that their time is never more fruitfully spent than when trying to form little souls to Christ, will find real inspiration in seeing how doctrine can be applied to help form habits of Christ-like living in even small children. Mrs. Newland's words are not just cold formulas, but are warm with a real and deep love for Jesus and Mary and all the saints. Her own sincerity is manifest in the loving way she treats of holy things, and she in turn stirs in the reader's heart something of that same yearning for heavenly things which she herself felt in the very beginning of her life as wife and mother.

If those stirrings could be fanned into flame, and if that flame be one of love for God, a great conflagration could be started, which could well be some of that fire that Jesus said He came to cast upon the earth. Our Holy Father's recent Encyclical on the Sacred Heart cries out the need of more love for Jesus. Mrs. Newland offers a way to light flames of love in the hearts of children, and who knows? It may be a little book like "The Year and Our Children," written from a mother's heart as it is, which could well be the means of starting many small flames in the hearts of its adult readers, who, I hope sincerely, will be numbered in the thousands and tens of thousands.

A. K. C.

## November 11

This is the Feast Day of St. Martin of Tours, pacifist Saint, who died A.D. 297. When a young man he refused to take a bonus from Caesar, saying: "I have been your soldier up to now. Let me now be God's. Let someone who is going to fight have your bonus. I am Christ's soldier. I am not allowed to fight." The Emperor called Martin a coward, saying that he was hiding behind the name of religion. Martin gave him this brave answer, "I will stand unarmed in front of the battle-line tomorrow and I will go unscathed through the enemy's columns in the name of the Lord Jesus, protected by the sign of the Cross instead of by shield and helmet." Early the next morning the enemy surrendered without a battle and Martin awed everyone because of his courage and spiritual understanding. He was upheld in this action by the early teachings of the Church such as that of the Canonical Decrees of St. Hippolytus (died 235): "The Christian is not to voluntarily become a soldier. Soldiers are not to kill even if this is commanded to them . . . If he shed blood he is to abstain from participation in the mysteries."

November 11 is also commemorated by Anarchists over the world because of the death on Nov. 11, 1887, of their comrades, the Haymarket Martyrs: Albert Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, and George Engel, who were hanged in Chicago on a frameup because they asked for an 8 hour day in the economic struggle with the International Harvester Company. Spies said on the scaffold: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today." Whenever in Chicago I place a rose at their grave in Waldheim Cemetery. In November, 1937 I was chairman of the 50th Anniversary of their execution where Lucy Parsons, wife of Albert Parsons, spoke, and where radicals and liberals took part, the others being the young Catholic Workers of Milwaukee. Emma Goldman sent her love to them saying that she wished she had known of such Catholics in her early days.

So the Armistice Day that once was so widely celebrated as a holiday comes rather late; and it is in fact celebrated by those who know nothing of the Catholic pacifist, and Anarchist meaning of that day, as a Memorial Day for soldiers, for now there is no Armistice—only a continual preparation for atomic war.

Ammon Hennacy.

## Taena Community

(Continued from page 3)

small-scale industry, and advertising only on a personal basis.

An important reason, which has not yet been mentioned, why it is felt that farming is the ideal basic employment for a Catholic community is that the cycle of events in the farmer's life is perhaps an indispensable key to the full appreciation of the liturgy and a full integration of the liturgy with daily life.

What entertainment does community life offer?

There is no confinement to the community area. Members have the opportunity of going out in the evenings and on Sundays. The local bus service is good. The city of Gloucester is nearby, and there are several towns in the vicinity. Also, the country roundabout is ideal for walks.

An attempt has been made to start country dancing and community singing. The community possesses two harmoniums, a piano, a violin, and some recorders. While not much has been done yet to tap the potentialities, it seems to the writer that the community possesses something of the kind of atmosphere that must have produced the music and folk dancing of the ages of reverence.

by Joseph Roberts

## Folk Dancing On Chrystie Street

By KERRAN DUGAN

When Mary Gargan was down from Nova Scotia last summer, we would do an occasional varsouvienne or skip schottische around the office. Then one night in late August or early September a group of us—Annabelle and Millie, who run the clothing room, Ann, who also lives here, Mike Kovalak, our sometime watchman, Jaunita Boyd from Harlem, Harry Dodge from Saint Paul, Charlie Betza our painter, John Ryan and myself—took the phonograph out to the courtyard and, while neighbors and house people looked out of windows, tried some squares and rounds and circles and longways. For the past couple of months we—and anyone who has wanted to join us—have been doing these American folk dances regularly. On Friday nights after supper here on Chrystie Street we move the furniture out of the library and start in on the Virginia Reel or Buffalo Gals or the Family Waltz and continue until shortly before the meeting. On Sundays some of us go out to the farm on Staten Island and dance there in the evening with Beth and Magdalene and the neighbors and whoever is visiting. Even Ammon is frequently lured by the music on these latter occasions and takes time out from his mission to join us. We are forced to depend on canned music, but are getting more and more away from canned calls. I have been learning a new call or so every week and Charley Betza has begun to learn some, so that eventually all the calling at least will be "live." Once in a while even the music is live, now that we have discovered that Shorty who works in the kitchen can play the harmonica. Anna Vokar sometimes joins Shorty on the spoons, and we are looking for a couple of drum sticks for Harry, our waiter, who used to be a drummer, so that he can join in too.

We feel that Peter Maurin would like these dances if he were here. Dorothy tells me that he used to say over and over again that people did too much looking and listening and not enough making of their own entertainment. Certainly in a

city like New York, where the entertainment industry is second only to the garment industry in size and importance, the penchant for passive and non-creative leisure fostered by our society cannot go unnoticed. It is as Eric Gill said: our work conditions us for our leisure, and if our work is uncreative, so too will our leisure be uncreative—unless we struggle mightily against the bent. If we spend eight hours a day as a special cog in a mass production system made up of specialists, the natural bent is to pay another specialist to entertain us afterward. If we give our work over to a machine or a system, we also usually give our play over to "star" performers. The perfection of the full-time performer becomes the par for the activity and the rest of us are afraid to tap a foot for fear that we will not do it with the finesse of Fred Astaire.

In folk dancing stars are incongruous, and there is nothing more ludicrous than an "exhibition" of square dancing, which should be free and easy and communal, with the group carrying the individual. Some indication of the state of our leisure can be seen in the practice of Arthur Murray dance studios and their like to exploit people's desire to throw their limbs about by teaching them very excruciating ballroom steps for a high price while limiting square dancing to exhibitions by polished semi-pros.

It is true, as some critics say, that country dancing is artificial in a city (although I do not understand why they do not also say that the South American tango is artificial in a North American ballroom). It is artificial in the sense that in an effete, pseudo-sophisticated atmosphere, such as the one in which we live, people are taught to be afraid of the smell of their own armpits, to be afraid to join hands at random with their neighbor and form a circle without a star in the middle of it, and it is only with difficulty that we can learn to dare to be as children again and do anything as free and joyful and easy and communal as square dancing.

## Montgomery-Tallahassee

For one year now, come December fifth, 40,000 Negroes of Montgomery, Alabama, have spurned the public bus system and walked, as the country and field Negroes have long walked. Sometimes they have walked 14 miles a day. Or they have cooperated in a car pool, a use of station wagons in a service sponsored by their churches.

The movement, the fire of revolt, was started by a seamstress, Mrs. Rosa Parks, who when she refused to move to the rear of the city bus said, "It is a matter of dignity; I could not have faced myself and my people if I had moved." In her way she was offering her life for her people. She was risking loss of job, and home, or worst still, of freedom, in a public arrest for defying the "master race."

A spontaneous mass movement followed, and twenty-four ministers and sixty other leaders were arrested, according to Rev. Martin Luther King, who was one of them, and were ready to be arrested again.

Martin Luther King, president of the Montgomery Improvement Association, was not there when I visited their well-kept headquarters at 530 S. Union St. in Montgomery last month. I talked however, with Rev. B. J. Sims, the chairman of the association, and with Mrs. Ann Smith the compiler of the records.

While I talked with Rev. Sims, drivers of cars kept coming in, some of them professional men, such as Rev. A. Sanders, to tell of progress, or of some mishap such as being arrested for a minor infraction of the law, notice of which was the only kind of publicity they were getting in the local papers.

Everywhere in Mississippi when I talked alone with the Negro, I was asked about Montgomery. "Are you going to Montgomery?" What is happening there has filled the hearts of the people with hope and faith too.

There are 60,000 members of the Montgomery Improvement Association, and it is a local group with local leadership. Many white men have supported the work since its beginning, especially Rev. Robert Gratz, a Lutheran pastor. There are three dispatchers with nineteen church owned, station wagons, and 36 full time cars, carrying 15,000 to 20,000 a day. There are only nine full time people carrying on the work. The whole management has been a model of efficiency. And all this has continued on in spite of the 86 major arrests, many minor ones, three bombings, and such smaller cases of intimidation as the slashing of tires and the putting of sugar in the gas tanks of cars. So far no person has been injured. It is truly a non-violent revolt on the part of the colored.

Meanwhile Tallahassee, Florida, has had to abandon the car pool it sponsored to provide transportation for the Negroes who refuse to ride in the segregated busses. Rev. C.K. Steele, president of the Inter-civic Council and head of the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People said that the Negro was still walking.

The city court of Tallahassee had convicted the Council and 21 of its members and officers on charges of operating an illegal transportation system and ordered them to pay a fine of \$500 and

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### FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

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## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

some of these Davids raised up in the land of cotton to fight the Goliath. The time of war and pestilence will come. Revolution is inevitable, and no White Citizens Councils or State Sovereignty Committees are going to stop it. The movement is world wide, China, India, Africa,—all are seething. How much could be done here peacefully!

What comes first, a better social order, or the education of the people? It is like the dilemma of the chicken and the egg. Leaders like Anzie Moore would say justice in food, clothing and shelter come first. A certain amount of goods is necessary to lead a good life, St. Thomas Aquinas said. People have to have a minimum of clothing, food and shelter before they can begin to learn.

"There are sixty or seventy landowners who are willing to mortgage their land," he said, "to get a project started, a piece of land bought, a cooperative store going. But more is needed."

Maybe if we had a Vinoba Bhawe walking the roads of Mississippi asking for land, there would be a beginning made. But perhaps he would find only the offices of insurance companies and their paid managers and employees, and no owners to appeal to.

I met Mrs. Bessie who worked for Mr. Will, ten miles south of Cleveland, who was working on one of the plantations, taking eleven acres to work on halves. Mr. Will provided the seed and fertilizer and I suppose the hoe. The family, Mrs. Bessie and her seven children, or those of them who could work, made the crop. The oldest child was twelve and the baby was seven months. The husband worked as a day laborer, driving tractor for the big plantation, hoping by his days' wages there would be enough money to buy the food and pay the bills. He was supposed to get seven dollars a day. But he got only \$3.40 or \$3.80. The owner said he was taking out ahead of time what was owed him for rent and furniture, and seed and fertilizer.

There was no money for food. The boss would give him ten or fifteen dollars a week, taking the rest of his money as his share. They had no money to live on and they were going hungry. No man, no child can work that way. So they just moved away. Now they were living in the town, renting a three room house for \$25 a month, half of a double house, where the only walls were boards. There were no screens, no furniture, but now her husband was going out by the day, being paid by the hundred pounds of cotton he picked. So they could eat again.

I met Elizabeth from thirty-five miles over in the Delta. She had worked on a big plantation of over a thousand acres, she and eight other families. Frank B., the owner furnished their houses for them, some new stuff and some old, and never told them what he paid for it, just took it out of their wages. They kept paying for over a year. There was never enough to eat on when they got through work. Finally the husband just ran away, leaving her with two children.

Their stories reminded me of a joke I heard a few weeks later, from a lawyer friend. One old Negro used to boast that he always broke even. At the end of the year when it came time to settle, the owner used to say—"I don't owe you nothin' and you don't owe me nothin'—we just break even." If there was a drought, they broke even, if there was a bumper crop, they broke even. So a friend of the old Negro said to him, "Jim, you just drop by a couple of bales of cotton at my house as you come from the gin, before you go settle up accounts, and see how it works." So the cotton was delivered, the accounting worked over—it always took a long time) and there was a great show of figuring, and long and many items to add and subtract, and while the page was

filling up with figures the boss said, "Well, boy, I guess we just about broke even, you don't owe me nothin' and I don't owe you nothin'."

"Well, what about them two bales I left off at lawyer Clayton's?"

The boss never batted an eye. He just said reproachfully, "Now what a shame, boy, I'll just have to do all that figuring over again."

Jim Perry will say I'm stealing one of his stories, but it illustrates the point, and he added sadly, "there's more truth than fiction in it."

It isn't just that the Negro can't read or write. He often can't figure. And seeing the school houses that have been allotted the Negro, one doesn't wonder. It is good to feel the strength of such men as Anzie Moore, who pledges himself to stick it out, to keep on working for the Negro until he attains some beginnings of justice. And I hope he is able to hold the younger leaders there, who are tempted to go north by the intimidations of those around them.

I mention in my appeal how in one of the cars in which I drove around there was a crater-like hole made perhaps by a bullet, shot from some ambush to frighten or to kill the man that sat behind the wheel. His crime was being an educated Negro, and a spirited one, with a French background, from the coastal region, and he had written a ballad about Emmett Till. He sang me a chorus of it as we drove along the back roads, and his great voice boomed out startlingly in the stillness of the countryside.

There are many groups of singers, and they go around to all the little churches and sing of the woes of their race. I don't know how many white men ever hear these songs. But they comfort the heart and strengthen the spirit to endure, to plan, to persevere in their vision of a better life for their own.

Next month I'll write of Fr. Williams, a Negro Father of the Society of the Divine Word, and of the work of the lay apostolate at Greenwood, Mississippi, and of the Franciscan sisters from Lacrosse at Canton, and of Fr. Justin, Fr. Kieran, Fr. Francis and other priests of the Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity, who are working in fields that have never been tilled before, back in the hinterlands, in the woods, or in small towns, and building a truly tremendous and impressive record, both in the buildings they have erected, (much of the labor with their own hands) and reaching the poorest and most neglected of God's children.

It will take quite a few articles to tell the story of these missions and their work, and there will be another story too of the communities at Kolonia in Americus and Macedonia, Georgia. The first, a thousand miles south of New York, and down in the rolling country of South Georgia, and the other north, near the North Carolina state line, in the mountains, where fields have to be scratched out on the hillsides and where brooks ripple under plank bridges, living water and as refreshing as the people themselves are in their lives, holding out hope of another way of life, community for lay people, for the family.

# BOYCOTT KOHLER

See 'Chrystie Street' article on this page

## STRIKE

Suppose you are a man with a family and your pay is forty dollars a week. And then some corrupt union leaders who have already been indicted for extortion come along and demand that you pay them four dollars a month dues or get fired, what would you do? Unless you are willing to go along with corruption and lies, you have a clear duty, of course. You walk out, you go on strike, and you let your fellow workers know about it by starting a picket line. You use what legal machinery there is, and you win in the courts, yet the employer knows that he has the most potent weapon of all. Hunger is his ally, and hunger will eventually win he thinks.

That is what has been happening this last month among some Puerto Rican leather goods workers down here on the East side, on Green and Grand Street. One of the members of our group, Roger O'Neill, has been working with them in addition to holding down a job at St. Vincent's Hospital, and since he has charge of the men's clothing at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, he is able to do some-

## CHRIST the Workman



thing along the lines of the works of mercy.

These leather goods workers have formed an association called the Workers' Organizing Committee, which is headed by Juan Fernandez, president. The union they are fighting is Local 1648 of the Retail Clerks Union. Local 1648 is headed by David Lustigman who was indicted for labor extortion in June. His co-worker, Moshe Malinsky, was convicted of murder in 1942. He gets \$400 a week salary, according to Mr. Fernandez, and he quotes the New York Times of June 13, 1956 to substantiate his charges. The two shops involved are the Morton Leather Goods and Ruddee's Leather Goods, Inc.

We appeal to those union members among our readers to help these men, financially now, and with their moral support.

## The Fall

(Continued from page 1)

life here on earth does not have to be so grim, he is harking back to the beauties of the Garden of Eden, when God walked with man and conversed with him.

St. Thomas wrote:

"The multitude of men who receive their human nature from Adam is to be considered as a single community or rather as a single body . . . If the man, whose privation of original justice is due to Adam, is considered as a private person, this privation is not his 'fault,' for a fault is essentially voluntary. If, however, we consider him as a member of the family of Adam, as if all men were only one man, then his privation partakes of the nature of sin on account of its voluntary origin, which is the actual sin of Adam."

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

from among the talented members of our household and from our friends. He has cleaned out a dusty corner of the sub-basement where he can work on the project in peace. There seem to be more coming for square dancing every week and on Sundays at the farm there is dancing too and people come from as far away as Brooklyn. Last week a newly ordained priest who has a very poor, slum parish brought a group of Young Christian Workers.

\* \* \*

We are going to picket Kohler today (All Saints' Day) if it doesn't rain which it did all of yesterday and last night. It has stopped now but looks as if it may begin again. It rained last month but we walked in the rain for fifteen minutes or so just to let the Kohler people know we hadn't backed down. Ammon and Kerran and Anne Marie Stokes and Deane Mowrer and I made up the group. All of us except Kerran who is busy with the mail from the appeal are going today. The UAW offices here in New York called and said that they wanted to take photographs of the picketing and will be down if it doesn't look too dark and dreary to get good pictures. The Kohler Strike Bulletin reprinted our article from the October issue and we got some propaganda from the Kohler Company.

We had a scare when some Puerto Rican workers who are on strike trying to get rid of a company union here in the city sent a young man down to get some signs that they keep here in our offices when they are not picketing. It seems that he cannot read either English or Spanish and so he took our signs by mistake. Quite a bit of confusion followed, we hear, when the signs attacking Kohler appeared in front of the other company's store.

\* \* \*

We picketed from 11:30 a.m. 'til 2 p.m. and the rain held off until exactly 2 p.m. Ed Gray of the local UAW offices came down and took pictures and promised to send us copies and copies of whatever publications they are used in. Later a slightly drunk fellow came along with a union picket sign and joined our procession. He spent most of his time taking his sign off and putting it back in its protective covering and then taking it out again and putting it on. The rest of the time he spent in conversation with the traffic cop and another guy who promised to report that he had seen him on the job. For a while we had a sneaking suspicion that he was not a union member at all but had been hired by the Kohler Company to come and wreck our procession with his drunken antics.

The manager of the Kohler Showman came out and talked to us and wanted to know where we got our information for the article in the CW. He said he was a Catholic. He handed out a booklet containing a speech by Herbert V. Kohler, president of the Kohler Co. on the "Menace of the UAW-CIO Coercion," containing "right to

work" double talk. Ammon talked to him about the history of the Kohler Co. in the "Thirties" and gave him a leaflet about his autobiography which he expressed a desire to buy.

A number of people took copies of the CW and some stopped to ask what The Catholic Worker had to do with the strike. About every half hour a large group of office workers comes out of one of the buildings. They are a very well dressed and supposedly well paid group of people and certainly don't have much interest in unions. One old man walked hurriedly by screaming "Liar, all of you." The younger set seemed interested and most of the old business men thought it was all very amusing. Bob Lax of Jubilee stopped to say "Hello."

\* \* \*

Marty and Rita Corbin, who live at the Libertarian Press community in Glen Gardner, N.J. where Ammon's autobiography was printed and where the magazine Liberation is also printed, had a seven pound baby girl this week. Marty used to live here at the Worker and has written for the paper and still gives us translations of articles dealing with conscientious objection from French publications. Rita does illustrations for The Commonweal and Liberation. Our friend Father McCoy from the Jesuit parish on Sixteenth Street will perform the baptism.

## Montgomery, Tallahassee

(Continued from page 7)

serve sixty days in jail. The sentence was suspended but the fines remained and the 21 were placed on probation for a year.

Monsignor Higgins, head of social action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington in one of his syndicated articles last month, protested against any attempt to suppress the N.A.A.C.P., pointing out that it was the work of Thurgood Marshall of the N.A.A.C.P. which won the present, great victory on the legal level, for the Negro of this country. He added, that if it were not for his color he was sure this great lawyer would have been appointed to the Supreme Court.

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