

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## Community Or Chaos?

By Martin Luther King, Jr.

The ultimate solution to the race problem lies in the willingness of men to obey the unenforceable. Court orders and federal enforcement agencies are of inestimable value in achieving desegregation, but desegregation is only a partial, though necessary, step toward the final goal which we seek to realize, genuine intergroup and interpersonal living. Desegregation will break down the legal barriers and bring men together physically, but something must touch the hearts and souls of men so that they will come together spiritually because it is natural and right. A vigorous enforcement of civil rights will bring an end to segregated public facilities, but it cannot bring an end to fears, prejudice, pride and irrationality, which are the barriers to a truly integrated society. These dark and demonic responses will be removed only as men are possessed by the invisible inner law which etches on their hearts the conviction that all men are brothers and that love is mankind's most potent weapon for personal and social transformation. True integration will be achieved by men who are willingly obedient to unenforceable obligations.

In the final analysis the white man cannot ignore the Negro's problem, because he is part of the Negro and the Negro is a part of him. The Negro's agony diminishes the white man, and the Negro's salvation enlarges the white man.

What is needed today on the part of white America is a committed altruism which recognizes this truth. True altruism is more than the capacity to pity; it is the capacity to empathize. Pity is feeling sorry for someone; empathy is feeling sorry with someone. Empathy is fellow feeling for the person in need—his pain, agony and burdens. I doubt if the problems of our teeming ghettos will have a great chance to be solved until the white majority, through genuine empathy, comes to feel the ache and anguish of the Negroes' daily life.

Where Do We Go From Here: Chaos or Community? (Harper & Row)

Let our first act every morning be the following resolve: "I shall not fear anyone on earth. I shall fear only God. I shall not bear ill-will towards anyone. I shall not submit to injustice from anyone. I shall conquer untruth by truth and in resisting untruth I shall put up with all suffering."

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI

"WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF-EVIDENT,



THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL

Robert Hodgell.

## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Just three weeks ago (we are going to press on April 25) Martin Luther King was shot as he stood on the balcony of a motel in Memphis, Tennessee. It was seven o'clock in the evening when the news was imparted on every television screen, and proclaimed on every radio. It was six midwest time and seven o'clock in New York. I was sitting in the kitchen of one of the women's apartments on Kenmare Street looking at a news cast when the flash came. Martin Luther King shot in Memphis. I sat there stunned, wondering if he was suffering a superficial wound as Meredith did on his Mississippi walk to overcome fear, that famous march at which Dr. King joined him, at which the cry "Black Power" was first shouted, about which Martin Luther King wrote in his last book *Where Do We Go From Here?* A book which all of us should read because it makes us understand what the words Black Power really mean. Dr. King was a man of the deepest and most profound spiritual insights.

These were the thoughts which flashed through my mind as I waited, scarcely knowing that I was waiting, for further news. The dreaded words were spoken almost at once. "Martin Luther King is dead." He was shot through the throat, the bullet pierced his spinal cord and he died at once. His blood poured out, shed for whites and blacks alike. The next day was Good Friday, the day

commemorated by the entire Christian world as the day when Jesus Christ, true God and true man, shed His blood.

"Unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it remains alone. But if it die it produces much fruit." Martin Luther King died daily, as St. Paul said. He faced death daily, and said a number of times that he knew he would be killed for the faith that was in him. The faith that men could live together as brothers. The faith in the Gospel teaching of non-violence. The faith that man is capable of change, of growth, of growing in love. Dr. King died daily and already in his life there were men, his immense following capable of continuing his work in the same spirit, such as Ralph Abernathy.

Cynics may say that many used non-violence as a tactic. Many may scoff at the outcry raised at his death, saying that this is an election year and all candidates had to show honor to a fallen black hero. But love and grief were surely in the air those days of mourning and all that was best in the country—in the labor movement, and the civil rights movement and in the peace movement cast aside all their worldly cares and occupations to go to Memphis to march with the sanitation union men, on whose behalf, during whose strike, Martin Luther King had given himself; and to Atlanta where half a million people gathered from coast to coast to

walk in the funeral procession, following the farm cart and the two mules which drew the coffin of the dead leader.

Always, I think, I will weep when I hear the song, "We Shall Overcome," and when I read the words, "Free at last, great God, free at last."

But the healing of grief is in those words that I had been hearing sung every Sunday at the Church of the St. Thomas the Apostle, in the Mass composed by Mary Lou Williams, herself a black composer and jazz musician, herself internationally famous. "I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me shall never die but have life everlasting."

We should have had accounts this month of Bob Steed's trip to Memphis to cover the march of the sanitation workers. Bob is from Memphis and used to help the House of Hospitality which we had there for some years, just off Beale street. It was run by Helen Caldwell (Riley) for the children of the women who went out during the harvesting of cotton, who were picked up early in the morning by truck to go across the river into Arkansas, or some miles south into the Delta Region of Mississippi. I visited there, and slept in the store which was filled with little cribs and watched the mothers coming in before daylight to deposit their babies and small children with perhaps a can of evaporated milk and some bread.

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## "Let Us Love One Another"

By Martin Luther King, Jr.

These are revolutionary times. All over the globe men are revolting against old systems of exploitation and oppression, and out of the womb of a frail world new systems of justice and equality are being born. The shirtless and barefoot people of the earth are rising up as never before. "The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light." We in the West must support these revolutions. It is a sad fact that, because of comfort, complacency, a morbid fear of Communism and our proneness to adjust to injustice, the Western nations that initiated so much of the revolutionary spirit of the modern world have now become the arch antirevolutionaries. This has driven many to feel that only Marxism has the revolutionary spirit. Communism is a judgment on our failure to make democracy real and to follow through on the revolutions that we initiated. Our only hope today lies in our ability to recapture the revolutionary spirit and go out into a sometimes hostile world declaring eternal opposition on poverty, racism and militarism. With this powerful commitment we shall boldly challenge the status quo and unjust mores and thereby speed the day when "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain."

A genuine revolution of values means in the final analysis that our loyalties must become ecumenical rather than sectional. Every nation must now develop an overriding loyalty to mankind as a whole in order to preserve the best in their individual societies...

This call for a world-wide fellowship that lifts neighborly concern beyond one's tribe, race, class and nation is in reality a call for an all-embracing and unconditional love for all men. This often misunderstood and misinterpreted concept has now become an absolute necessity for the survival of man. When I speak of love, I am speaking of that force which all the great religions have seen as the supreme unifying principle of life. Love is the key that unlocks the door which leads to ultimate reality. This Hindu-Moslem-Christian-Jewish-Buddhist belief about ultimate reality is beautifully summed up in the First Epistle of Saint John:

Let us love one another: for love is of God: and every one that loveth is

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## The Dynamism of Nonviolence

By Father EMILE LEGAULT, C.S.C.

The Sermon on the Mount contains an explosive charge that has no common measure with a bloodless and quietistic spirituality . . . or with the kind of meekness that is tantamount to resignation. Martin Luther King bore witness to this truth, as a few others did before him. He was a man of strength, whose spirit was permeated with love of men, and he was heroic enough to follow in the footsteps of Christ: "Greater love than this has no man: that he lay down his life for his friends."

This was the natural consequence of his enormous capacity for forgiveness. He had experienced, day by day, the tragic condition of the Negro, despised, oppressed, persecuted by white people who were straitjacketed by their own prejudices. "The central quality of the Negro's life," he wrote, "is pain—pain so old and deep that it shows in almost every moment of his existence . . . The Negro while laughing sheds invisible tears that no hand can wipe away."

When the Montgomery bus boycott was launched, the cup of bitterness threatened to overflow; rage tends to make men blind. In an extremely tense climate, the young pastor was assigned the task of organizing protests in behalf of the black community. Paradoxically, as always happens when the Gospel is taken seriously, he chose the method that, humanly speaking, must lead straight to failure: he decided to combat furious hatred with the ludicrous weapons of forgiveness and nonviolence. "We must develop and maintain the capacity to forgive. He who is devoid of the power to forgive is devoid of the power to love. It is impossible even to begin the act of loving one's enemies without the prior acceptance of the necessity, over and over again, of forgiving those who inflict evil and injury upon us . . . Forgiveness is a catalyst creating the atmosphere necessary for a fresh start and a new beginning."

A new page in American, if not of world history opened with the assumption of black leadership by this man who, at a prophetic juncture in his life, committed himself to a profound identification with Christ. Like Paul of Tarsus, whose career presents moving parallels with his own (repeated imprisonment, death threats, etc.), he was saying, at least implicitly, in all the positions he took: "For me, to live is Christ."

He died a violent death, like his Master, but his death, which has shaken the conscience of the American people and forced the authorities to take immediate action on legislation for social justice, will hasten the ascent of the Negro people from the mires of ignominy. He himself had an almost prophetic intuition of this, a few hours before his death. But he had resigned himself to not seeing the first frontiers of the "Promised Land." He was peacefully prepared to die in order that his brothers might live and breathe the exhilarating air of freedom.

"Blessed are the meek," Christ said, "for they shall inherit the earth." This is what happened with John XXIII; it was what happened with Gandhi, who revered Christ, although he was not overly impressed with the approximations to Christianity he saw around him; it will happen with Martin Luther King. All three occupied the hearts of men; it is in that sense that they possessed the earth. But they did not profit by it; they were born to share for the benefit of others. The "prophets" die too soon, but they live on because of their astonishing impact on the consciences of men.

It is the eternal Law, both human and mystical, of the grain of wheat that is cast to the ground and must die, for the harvest of tomorrow.

There is no doubt that we live in evil times, but there is no cause to despair. Not as long as we have men of the stature of Martin Luther King, who can live up to the absolute claims of the Gospel. One thinks of Charles de Foucauld, who left for the distant region of Tamaranset, devoid of any illusions: "I will go to the desert and I will rot there, but on my tomb a splendid harvest will rise." Such fools of the Cross are singu-

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# Under the Sign of the Crown Bearer

By JAMES MILORD

Greed is more than a virtue in the capitalist civilization; it is a cult. Men are taught it from early childhood in its various pleasing forms . . . Greed is not a nice word, and it is disguised under various fancy names, such as aggressiveness, shrewdness, holding your own, self-interest, and so on.  
 W. E. WOODWARD

This would be a good article to skip for those who believe that Business is a superior institution, and that Men of Business are superlative human beings, possessed of charity, truth, candor and honesty. My brief, but all too prolonged excursion under their arches, proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that business grubbers are their own worst enemies.

I was fortunate in discovering early the subtlety the Sell Men lacked as they pursued their daily dollars, when I became a lowly produce clerk in one of the larger grocery chains in Chicago (which I'll call Crown Stores). After a few months on the fruit and vegetable bins, I had no illusions.

The hiring office itself should have dissuaded me by its sterile, chrome-cold atmosphere, but my last few dollars would not hold body and soul together much longer. The main reason I accepted the job was not because of the "future" that is promised to all

nounced presence of this fear-inducing divinity eventually had the staff in a dither of silly, "busy" work, that even school kids in the lower grades are quick to detect and resent. We didn't work at our own speed, as the Lord intended, but at the manager's neurasthenic pace. We had no control over the matter, because we had no more ownership of the store than he had. The day was a whirlwind of faking that we were busier than we were. How this was supposed to generate good employee relations, remained a puzzle to me. When the District Manager finally showed up, I was amazed that such a neutral, ordinary fellow could intimidate other people so easily.

Crown Stores, Inc. was a microcosm of the massive corporation deities (some nine hundred by Fortune's count) that keep the competitive squirrel cage spinning by educing fear and pressure, the two standard goods of trade. I saw no difference between living one's life under Crown and living under a dictatorship. My ninety days of orbiting in this shallow atmosphere gave me a lifetime taste of what corporation life demanded. The manager's dread of loss of a few dollars in peaches or a ¼c a tin on tomato soup and his disgusting certainty that my neighbors were merely customers delineated the unbridgeable chasm between the Christian and the capitalist ideas of life.

Fanfani tells us that in ages past, when Catholic conceptions of life had a real hold over men's minds, "capitalistic action could only have manifested itself as something erroneous, reprehensible, spasmodic and sinful, to be condemned." But society broke down, and the clergy began to bless the system; liberalism eventually sanctified money addiction and daily, steady, greedy gain. Once the social order adopted the unsound doctrines of the Sell religion, people accepted the judgments of the masters with inalienable devotion, gave them complete gospel validity.

The Sell masters' idea of goodness (saleability of anything) became the standard of life. If a thing sold, it was good; if it did not sell, it was evil. Therefore, if you are an employer who sells, steadily, always in an upward spiral, regardless of how this is accomplished, then you are good. Is not the highest truth shown by what one sells? Is this not the highest of all services?

"Let's move Kiddie Krumbles—they're slipping," says chief commissar from his svelte dome in the Loop. "Call in motivational researchers and feel our product's pulse."

On the Board at Krumbles sit half a dozen brain pickers whose efforts to move Krumbles to date included the old standbys: endorsements by ball players, circus aerialists, M.D.'s (all for a fee). Still the bright-colored bags of chock-filled vitaminized fluff do not move. It only waits for the arm of science with a capital P—Psychology—to discover ways to induce fallen humanity to indulge a bit more.

The research think men devise a low-low, Kiddie shelf, with a whirling merry-go-round display prominently near the check-out counter. Two solemn grown men with inflated titles, assemble it, complete with motor and organ grinder music, the right colors all chewed over, and designed to catch the kid's eye at just the right level. Motion. Color. Vitality. Within a fortnight, Krumbles begins to move again, thanks to psychology's saving grace. And round and round, like that merry-go-round, dizzing in its burst of consumptive "service" to humanity, the supermarket revel goes.

How can men get fervent about such a way of life? How can they take themselves seriously? It would take a panel of psycholog-

ists to analyze the motives of the public, to explain that one.

There is one great flaw in the religion of Sell. It doesn't work. The first commandment of the great god Sell—Thou shalt love thy product with thy whole heart and mind and soul and thy employer as thyself for the love of the product—cannot be kept long by the average, sincere believer. He breaks down in his spurt of corporate asceticism, as did our manager one furiously busy day. He fell over the checker's counter hemorrhaging from his poor inwards. For his spiritual exercises on behalf of his Lord, he had to retire to the desert of Hot Springs, to take baths, and rebuild his destroyed stomach. I am sure he realized that his apostasy was the first act of common sense he had performed under Crown for years. He was a desperate sufferer, just as I had been desperate to accept the job. But, "it is a characteristic of wisdom," said Thoreau, "not to do desperate things . . . It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before."

Can a man feel proud of being a Krumbles display salesman? How will he siphon off the frustrations of his own worthlessness? What does he tell his children he does for a "living"? How does he devise his rationalizations to force him to keep the great commandment of "Love thy product," and the second, which is like unto the first, "Thou shalt consume?"

St. Thomas wrote that the desire of wealth is unlawful if there is too much "earnestness in endeavouring to obtain temporal things." Crown Stores Inc. abounded in earnestness. Its gaze was on the economic constellations and it seldom came down to earth. Crown wrote its own laws, set its own sanctions, and these seldom coincided with anything remotely supernatural.

"There is nothing," wrote Eric Gill, "which so certainly obscures the face of God as the desire of money—the root of all evil. The root of all evil. Did I make up that phrase? No, it is the word of God to man. The root of all evil, the root. The root of all evil. And yet we in our world of commerce and mass production, regard it as the very flower of virtue. We place those who have successfully amassed money in the highest seats of government and give honor to the rich as the saints of God."

Crown Stores Inc. could have been a wonderful place to work, to serve in, bringing the vital necessity of food to thousands. But naked money got in the way, and obscured the face of God; it obtruded even between the faces of my fellow men; it acted as a goad to separate my neighbor from his money in as many devious ways as I or my fellow Sell co-religionists could devise. Through "mass display" and low wages, Crown Stores waxed fat, and snuffed out the lives of the small grocer man effortlessly.

No doubt Crown's Board Chairmen and Managers and Top Fleecees among the shareholders were admired for their cleverness, held seats in their churches, were first to kiss the Bishop's ring, to give the rally speech, to sponsor a community effort, while we heaped our cabbages, and the checkers pounded their migrained registers, rolling the money into "dividends."

Aldous Huxley wisely felt that there was no reason why the incomes of the highest executives should be more than two or three times as great as the lowest. If that were the case at Crown, the boys in the plush chairs who set our wages should have received only \$1.80 per hour, or \$72.00 per week—about the equivalent of an apprentice bricklayer. If Crown's rate of expansion—dozens of stores added since—was any indication of the return at our expense, it is highly unlikely that

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# Tivoli A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWBRER

On Low Sunday morning song sparrows sang the alleluias of Eastertide as Father Charles English said Mass in our Chapel. As I walked in the sun after Mass, I thought that the meaning of Easter was all about me—in the greening grass, the hyacinths, tulips, daffodils blooming about the house, the lilac budded, almost ready to bloom, the birds twittering happily again about their annual ritual of mating and nesting. In the quiet beauty of Low Sunday morning with the song sparrows still singing their alleluias, it was hard to believe in the reality of ugliness and disorder.

Yet, that afternoon, when our monthly discussion group gathered, we spoke almost exclusively of ugliness and disorder. The subject for discussion was the much-discussed report of the President's Commission on riots and civil disorders. There was a kind of heaviness in our discussion, a sense of futility and frustration, stemming, of course, from our realization that the time was long past for reports and discussions, that unless positive action on a really large scale is undertaken soon in order to eradicate the terrible injustices, which are the real causes of our present riots and disorders, it will be too late for anything but utter chaos. Meanwhile the billions of dollars that, constructively applied, might help alleviate the situation, continue to be poured into the terrible war in Vietnam, into that insane effort to save a people by destroying them.

During this discussion I thought of the immediacy of the need, of the slowness of governmental action, and I wondered why the Church—the Archdiocese of New York is one of the richest and most powerful in the world—could not invest some of its wealth in low-cost housing for the poor of the ghetto areas. Why indeed could not the Church set up really good schools in the ghetto areas, free schools which would be designed to meet the special needs of the disadvantaged, so that they might be prepared to take their place in the mainstream of society and help make that society one in which justice, peace and love will prevail over discrimination, prejudice, established injustice? It will, I suppose, take a revolution to bring this kind of thing about, but something of the frightful violence of a revolution might be avoided if the Church dared act in such a positive, constructive manner.

We could not, of course, speak that Sunday afternoon of the riots and disorder without remembering the tragic death of Martin Luther King, without the bitter realization that had we followed the nonviolent, peaceful leadership of this great man, and had tried—as a nation—to put his program into practice, we might now be approaching a more just social order instead of our present situation of spreading violence and terror. Now that he is dead—this great man, who is to us as Gandhi is to India—I think we should associate his death—as the Holy Father said we should—with the Passion of our Lord. May his martyrdom help redeem us all from the terrible sins of racism, discrimination, and all manner of cruel injustice which we too often inflict upon our more defenseless brothers. May we learn from his death the true meaning of non-violence, which was the way, which is the way of Our Lord.

Among those attending our Sunday afternoon discussion, were several friends and neighbors—good suburbanites—who had spent the preceding day in a cleanup project in one of New York City's worst slums. If suburbanites all over the country would engage in such projects as this, doing so with love and understanding of the terrible futility and frustrations of poverty, they might create a climate of

hope in which rich and poor together might work for justice and love.

As for us here at the Catholic Worker Farm, we too want to do what we can for our deprived brothers. This summer the day-care center for the children of migrant workers—who are in this area almost all Negro and Puerto Rican—will again be operated here. In addition Joe and Audrey Monroe and other friends of ours are planning to bring children from Harlem to spend vacations with us. These are small things, but they represent, I think, the kind of personal responsibility taught by Peter Maurin, that kind of personalism without which the expenditure of billions might effect little. It is by such means as these that we and our friends, the good suburbanites, and others engaged in similar projects, can pay tribute to the memory of that great and noble man of peace and nonviolence Martin Luther King.

Here at the farm, there is, I think, reassurance in the ancient rhythm of the seasons, in the sense of green and growing things, in the feel and smell of freshly turned earth. John Filligar has ploughed and disked not only his own large garden area, but has also helped prepare part of the old ball field so that Reginald Highhill could set out the grape vines and fruit trees which he earned by helping a neighbor. Reggie, who is delighted that one of his hives brought its bee population successfully through the winter, has prepared the smaller garden plots near the house, including the one I planted last year. Both John and Reggie have done some planting, although the major part of will have to be done later when the ground is warmer and there is no danger of heavy frost.

### No April Showers

Peggy Conklin, who has grown so many beautiful flowers during her long and interesting life, has, with the help of Arthur Sullivan, already begun work on our summer flower beds. None of us, however, will have very good gardens unless we have rain soon. This has been one of the driest Aprils I remember. We have had almost none of the famous showers which the old rhyme tells us, "bring May flowers." But we go on hoping, planting, praying for rain.

In a community of such diversified activity as ours, there are many kinds of work, participated in by a number of persons. For their help in the work of kitchen, dining room, housekeeping, maintenance, office, correspondence, chauffeuring, errand-running, sacristan, mailman, etc. we have to thank: Hans Tunnesen, John Filligar, Mike Sullivan, Arthur Sullivan, Fred Lindsey, Arthur Lacey, Henry Nielsen, Placid Decker, Stanley Vishniewski, Alice Lawrence, Kay Lynch, Marty and Rita Corbin, Bob Stewart. Arthur Sullivan's homemade bread must be good since it disappears so rapidly; while Joan's cookies have us all asking for more.

The Easter holidays brought us many visitors, including quite an assemblage of children. Kay's sister and brother-in-law brought three of their children to visit Kay and her mother. Tamar Hennessy drove down from Vermont with six. Joe Gil brought three of his sons. Ed Turner brought his son, Tommy, for a week in the country. To complete the Easter-time joy of the children, Dorothy Corbin acquired two rabbits of the Belgian hare variety, named Benedict and Gertrude, who are regarded with another kind of joy by Wesley, our part-busky dog.

Other visitors during recent weeks include: Bill and Dorothy Gauchat, who drove up with Dorothy Day on Good Friday; Joe

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## Goodbye, Joe Hill

By AMMON HENNACY

When I was forced to move in 1964, after having been two and a half years in one place, my good friend Bruce Phillips wrote a song entitled "Goodbye, Joe Hill." Now after moving three more times, I am forced to say goodbye for good.

The landlord is bulldozing around the House and the standard joke among us is: "When will he push the House over?" It isn't really quite that urgent, but during the last winter I have had very few men from the freights coming for shelter; just a few town drunks. Today, taking the dog for a walk down the tracks to Mill Creek, I encountered a black traveler with an enormous amount of baggage. I told him about our place. On a tree there someone has engraved the words "Hennacy's Tramps." St. Mary's House downtown has taken most of the men who used to come to us. I do not want to take a chance on trying to find another place in the midst of winter. There is just no place left where I could locate without the same old story of the neighbors asking me to move.

I have never tabulated my work as the Salvation Army and most missions do, giving the exact number of meals and beds afforded during a year. That is not the CW way. We have all been accused of "coddling the gulls" and asked to prove how many men we have "rehabilitated." Just when I begin boasting about a man who has sobered up, he goes on a massive drunk and breaks the windows. As Peter Maurin said, "We have to put up with each other the way God puts up with us."

I'll be seventy-five on July 24th, and I suppose that the wear and tear of the House has more or less tired me out. I do not regret the time spent. What I have done others can do. Now that the winter is over shelter is not so important, so on May 1st we will be leaving on what I expect will be my final trip south and east, arriving in New York City on May 17th. We will be back in Salt Lake City on July 15th for my twenty-three days of picketing the tax office, ending August 8th. CW readers who are interested in what I am doing can continue to read my columns. I wish to thank all those whose contributions have helped me run the House.

### Official Visitor

An F.B.I. man stopped by to inquire about a Japanese student who used to attend my Friday night meetings. I told him that I saw no reason why a Japanese, especially one who had been born in a relocation camp, should be patriotic in regard to this country. Although I did not know this student very well, I said that, as far as I knew, he was sincere. "Why not ask him?" I said. The F.B.I. man laughed and said he could not ask him because he was in Canada. I told him that my advice to all students is to refuse to register for the draft, because the draft boards are composed of party hacks who have no conception of the rights of conscience.

We all know that governments survive by telling lies, so it was to be expected that when sixty-four hundred sheep died near the Dugway Proving Grounds, where poisons are tested for Vietnam, the officials in charge would deny any responsibility. Finally they have acknowledged that their experi-

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# CHRYSTIE STREET

By JACK COOK

I learned of the death of Martin Luther King as I was preparing for a speech on the assigned subject "The Morality of Violence" to be delivered at Gannon College, Erie, Pennsylvania, on the following Sunday. Mr. Floyd McKissick would have been the other speaker, but understandably he had to cancel out. I knew, of course, prior to the assassination, how poorly nonviolence was regarded by both the white and black communities; but, at the same time, I was fully prepared to batter my head against that wall. I received the news of King's death with more than shock, for the day before, lamenting the ill-repute of our movement, I had asserted that the only thing which could save nonviolence as a movement (i.e. not as a way of life for individuals, which will ever be valid) would be the sacrifice of one of its leaders.

Now that had happened. Contrary to my feelings the day before, I did not understand it. Such a sacrifice, I argued the day before, was necessary to bring to fulfillment nonviolent action in America; only in such a state of completion and wholeness could the movement recapture the minds of the people. In short, as Martin Luther King understood so well, the pinnacle of fulfillment for the movement was a Crucifixion; but, as I did not understand then, nor do now, whence comes the Resurrection? Lacking such understanding, as I told that audience, "I would rather be silent and go back to work. To draw out of that death and this despair the courage to affirm man."

### The Bottle Mentality

Having received the news, I hastened to impart it to others, as if to relieve myself of the burden. On the first floor of Chrystie Street the Alcoholics Anonymous meeting was just breaking up and the response of one of the ladies present was, I believe, typical of the American response as such, that is, from those not in the movement, those whom the movement seeks to reach. That response, so honest and frightened in her case, mirrors the not-so-honest but nonetheless frightened responses of white and black racists, the imperceptibly apathetic, and, of course, our leaders, political, religious, and professional.

She said, as she hastened to leave, "All you can do is grab your bottle and beat it."

And across the country, people were grabbing their respective bottles and taking refuge in a proven illusion.

"Another nigger is dead," said a man in an Erie, Pennsylvania bar, and he brought the bar a drink. So I was told by a student when I went to speak there that Sunday. How comfortable it must be for the racist to be able to apply his prejudice so universally! How reassuring! How emotionally satisfying for him! What certitude is there! It is the veritable measure of his impenetrability to reason, to conscience, to whatever remains human in his attitude toward men. That this response was the public one of more than one Senator does not surprise us either. "The trouble-maker is gone." But such impenetrability, like the whiskey bottle that sustains it, will be shattered before long.

And before long, also, that other cry, "Non-violence is dead! Long live Black Power!" will be shattered too, for no matter how much or how frequently our city, state, and national leaders proclaim order and exhort men to nonviolence on the one hand, they arm themselves with bigger and better guns and clubs, dictatorial powers over city and state on the other hand, while our Army prepares to wage war on citizens.

How that handful of disciples of Che, Fanon, and Debray can stand

with their bottles—Molotov cocktails—raised on high in the face of the impending and possibly unprecedented retaliation on all black people (not themselves alone), the unwarranted misery inflicted upon the already miserable lives of ghetto dwellers, striving simply to survive—how they can advocate that illusory solution in the face of our history of violent unsolutions, of organized and institutionalized violence, is beyond comprehension.

### The Assumption

There is another form of bottle mentality which was apparent during that long weekend following Dr. King's death: those who would seek to put Martin Luther King away in some glass-encased shrine. Our national, state, and city officials, all acting out their institutional parts, assumed Dr. King into the American Hall of Fame. The "responsible" leaders of our country literally fell over each other making room at the top for Dr. King. One would think, reading and listening to their speeches, that they really believed in Martin Luther King; that they, too, propose non-violence as a solution to our psychotic social structure; that they, too, in word and deed, worked for the good of all men rich and poor alike.

It would appear from their rhetoric that Martin Luther King did not stand in overt opposition to them; did not bring his truth to meet their hypocrisy; did not bring his dedication to meet their self-service; did not bring his love to meet their hate; his non-violence to their police, army, and the courts; his opposition to the war in Vietnam to their execution of it; that he was not intent on bringing to the source of power the abject poverty of millions in this land.

But it has ever been that way with our leadership in America. They have said one thing; gone ahead and done another. They set the floodgates of rhetoric open in the Declaration of Independence, and we've been drowning in the watery waste of our own words ever since. Our noble forefathers, true to the ideal if not the reality of European humanism, proclaimed to the Mother Country, England, "Liberty or Death." "All men are created equal and have inalienable rights to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." At the same time, true to the reality, not the ideal of European humanism, they denied Liberty to slaves, delivered Indians to their deaths, and made the Pursuit of Happiness a plunge through Hell for generation after generation even to our own time.

In their magnanimity they compared Dr. King to John F. Kennedy, who lived by myth and missiles, when they should have compared him to those humble Buddhist monks who inflamed themselves for the sake of the Vietnamese, whom we were and are destroying. And the Presidential candidates suspended for a weekend the art of image-making and wholesale deception to be recorded as being present at the burial of a real man: one who believed that "unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in reality."

### The Moment

If ever in the history of the United States there was a moment when "self-awareness" on the part of all Americans might be achieved; when our leaders' eyes might be opened to the dazzling perception of the real nature of our history and their part in it; when the values we live by in this country are suddenly focused and unredeemably clear to the naked eye; when there existed, trembling on the lip of Time, the absurd hope for change—that moment, a moment of grace, came when rich and poor, powerful and helpless,

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# The Gospel and Revolution

## BY SIXTEEN BISHOPS OF THE THIRD WORLD

1. As bishops of some of the peoples who are striving to develop, we endorse the anxious appeal of Pope Paul VI in his letter *Populorum Progressio*, so as to define their duties for our priests and faithful, and to send words of encouragement to all our brothers in the Third World.

2. As they are in this Third World, our Churches are caught up in a confrontation no longer simply of East and West, but of three great groups: the western powers which grew rich in the last century, the two Communist countries that have also become great powers, and finally the countries of the Third World, still seeking an escape from the domination of the great powers, and the freedom to develop in their own way. Within even the developed countries there are still classes, races and peoples that have not yet received their rights to a full human life. An irresistible urge is working these poorer elements towards their betterment by liberating them from all oppressive forces. Although most countries may have gained their political freedom, economic freedom is still a rarity. Few also are countries where social equality prevails, an essential condition of true brotherhood, for peace cannot exist without justice. The peoples of the Third World are the proletariat of existing humanity, exploited by the great, their very survival threatened by ones who, because they are stronger, arrogate to themselves the sole right to judge and police peoples less rich in material terms. In fact our peoples are no less wise or just than the great powers.

### Genuine Independence

3. Revolutions are and have been part of the evolution of the world. Nor is this surprising. All the constitutions in force today originated at a time more or less distant from a revolution, that is to say from a break with some system that no longer ensured the common good, and the establishment of a new order more likely to bring it about. All revolutions are not necessarily good. Some are only palace coups d'état, and result only in a change of oppressor. Some do more harm than good "engendering new injustices" . . . *Populorum Progressio*. Atheism and collectivism, to which some social movements have thought it necessary to commit themselves, are serious dangers to humanity. Yet history shows that some revolutions have been necessary, that they have abandoned their original opposition to religion, and have produced good fruits. There is no longer any dispute about the French Revolution of 1789, which made possible the declaration of human rights (cf. *Pacem in Terris*, 11-27). Several of our countries have had to bring about these radical reforms, and are still having to. What should the attitude of Christians and Churches be to this? Paul VI has already shown us the way in his encyclical on the progress of peoples (*Populorum Progressio*, 30-32).

4. From the doctrinal point of view the Church knows that the Gospel demands that first fundamental revolution which is called "conversion," a complete return from sin to grace, from selfishness to love, from pride to a humble willingness to serve. This conversion is not merely internal and spiritual, it affects the whole man, his physical and social as well as his spiritual and personal being. It has a communal aspect laden with implications for all society, not only for life on earth, but more for the eternal life in Christ who, Himself raised from the earth, draws all humanity to Him. Such in the eyes of a Christian is the integral flowering of man. Besides, for twenty centuries, visibly

or invisibly, within or outside the Church, the Gospel has always been the most potent ferment of deep social change.

5. Nevertheless, throughout her historical pilgrimage on earth, the Church is in practice always tied to the political, social and economic system that in a given period ensures the common good, or at least an ordered society. So much so that sometimes the Churches may seem to be fused with such a system, unified as if in wedlock. But the Church has only one bridegroom, and that is Christ. She is in no way wedded to any system, least of all to the "international imperialism of money" (*Populorum Progressio*), any more that she once was to the monarchy and feudalism of the ancient regime, any more than she will be in the future to some form of socialism. A glance at history is enough to show that the Church has survived the ruin of systems which thought they had to protect her interests, or that they could make use of her. Today the social doctrine of the Church, reaffirmed at Vatican II, is already dissociating her from this imperialism of money, one of the forces to which she was for a time tied.

6. Since the Council voices have been raised, forcefully demanding an end to this temporary collusion between the Church and money which is condemned from so many sides. Some bishops have already set the example. We ourselves have a serious duty to examine our position on this question, and to free our Churches of all trace of dependence on great international finance. "You cannot serve both God and Mammon."

7. In face of the recent development of this imperialism of money, we must remind ourselves and the faithful of the warning given by the seer of Patmos to the Christians in Rome, when its fall was imminent, a great prostituted city, living in a luxury earned by the oppression of peoples and slave traffic. "Go out from her, my people; that you be not partakers of her sins, and that you receive not of her plagues." (Apoc. 18, 4).

8. In what is permanent and essential, namely her faithfulness to and communion with Christ in the Gospel, the Church is never in the pay of political, economic or social systems. As soon as a system ceases to ensure the common good to the profit of some party involved, the Church must not merely condemn such injustice, but dissociate herself from the system of privilege, ready to collaborate with another that is better adapted to the needs of the time, and more just.

### Faithfulness to the People

9. All of this applies to Christians as well as their leaders in the hierarchy and the Churches. We have not here abiding cities—Christ our leader willed to suffer outside the town (Heb. 13, 12, 4). Let none of us cling to our privileges and our riches, but let each stand prepared to "share what he has, for such sacrifices are pleasing to God." (Heb. 13, 16). Even if we have not succeeded in acting with good will and love, let us at least be able to recognize the hand of God correcting us as a father might a son in situations where this sacrifice is forced upon us (Heb. 12, 5).

10. We do not judge or condemn any of those who believe conscientiously that they must go into exile to preserve the faith in themselves and their children. The only ones who should be strongly condemned are those who evict populations by material or spiritual oppression, or by the appropriation of their lands.

Christians and their pastors are dedicated to remaining among the people in their own country. History shows that it is seldom a good thing in the long run for a people

to take refuge in exile far from their native land. It must either defend itself effectively against the alien aggressor, or else accept such reforms as are necessary. It is a mistake for Christians to cut themselves off from their country and people in the hour of trial, particularly if they are rich, and would only flee to preserve their affluence and their privileges. It is true that a family or an individual may have to emigrate to find work, in accordance with the right of emigration (cf. *Pacem in Terris*). Yet a large-scale exodus of Christians could lead to crisis. It is on their own soil and among their own people that Christians are normally called to live, in solidarity with their brothers, of whatever religion, that they may be living witnesses among them to the love Christ has for all.

11. As for us priests and bishops, our duty to remain where we are is even more pressing; for we are the representatives of the Good Shepherd, who, far from



fleeing like a mercenary in the hour of danger, remains in the midst of his flock, ready to give up His life for His own (John 10, 11-18). Jesus does tell the apostles to go from town to town (Matt. 10, 23), but this is strictly in a case of personal persecution for the faith; during a war or revolution involving the people with whom the pastor feels solidarity the case is quite different. If the people itself decided to go into exile, the pastor might follow his flock. But he cannot consider only his own safety, nor seek it in the company of a few profiteers or cowards.

12. Furthermore, Christians and their pastors should know how to recognize the hand of the Almighty in those events that from time to time put down the mighty from their thrones and raise up the humble, send away the rich empty-handed, and fill the hungry with good things. Today "the world persistently and urgently demands recognition of human dignity in all its fullness, and social equality for all classes." Christians and all men of good will cannot do otherwise than ally themselves with this movement, even if it means renouncing privilege and fortune for the good of the human community, in a greater conception of society. The Church is by no means the protectress of great properties. She insists, with John XXIII, on the sharing of property, since property has primarily a social purpose. Recently Paul VI recalled St. John's words: "But if anyone has the world's goods and sees his brother in need, yet closes his heart against him, how does God's love abide in him?" (1 John 3, 17), and those of St. Ambrose: "the earth is given to everyone, and not

## SIGNATORIES

The original signatories numbered fifteen, but one more bishop has since signified his wish to be associated with the document. They are therefore as follows: Helder Camara, Archbishop of Recife, Brazil; John-Baptist Da Mota e Albuquerque, Archbishop of Victoria, Brazil; Luis Gonzaga Fernandes, Auxiliary of Victoria, Brazil; Georges Mercier, Bishop of Laghouat, Sahara, Algeria; Michel Darmancier, Bishop of Wallis and Futuna, Oceania; Amand Hubert, Vicar Apostolic, Heliopolis, Egypt; Angelo Cuniberti, Vicar Apostolic of Florencia, Columbia; Severino Mariano de Aguiar, Bishop of Pesqueira, Brazil; Frank Francic, Bishop of Split, Yugoslavia; Francisco Austregesillo de Mesquita, Bishop of Afogados de Ingazeira, Brazil; Gregory Haddad, Melchite Auxiliary of Beirut, Lebanon; Manuel Pereira Da Costa, Bishop of Campina Grande, Brazil; Charles Van Melckbeke, Bishop of Ning Hsia (China), Apostolic Visitor to Singapore; Antonio Batista Fragoso, Bishop of Crateus, Brazil; Stephen Loosdrecht, Bishop of Vientiane, Laos; Waldyr Calheiros de Novais, Bishop of Volta Redonda, Brazil.

only to the rich" (*Populorum Progressio*, No. 23).

13. All the Fathers, of the East as well as of the West, repeat the words of the Gospel: "Share out your harvest with your brothers. Share ye your crops, which tomorrow will have rotted away. What shocking avarice for a man to leave all to mildew sooner than leave part of it to the needy! 'Whom am I wronging,' says the miser, 'in keeping what belongs to me?' Alright, but tell me, what are these goods that belong to you? Where have you got them from? You are like a person who, taking his place at the theatre, would like to stop others coming in, meaning to enjoy by himself the spectacle to which all have an equal right. This is what rich people are like: proclaiming themselves sole masters of common goods that they have monopolized, merely because they were the first to possess them. If each kept only what is required for his current needs, and left the surplus for the needy, wealth and poverty would be abolished . . . The bread you keep belongs to another who is starving, the coat that lies stolen in your chest to the naked, the shoes that rot in your house to the man who goes unshod, the money you have laid aside to the poverty-stricken. In this way you are the oppressor of as many people as you could help . . . No, it is not your rapaciousness that is here condemned, but your refusal to share" (St. Basil, 6th Homily against wealth).

14. Taking into account certain necessities for certain material progress, the Church has for a century tolerated capitalism with its legalization of lending at interest and other practices that so little conform to the moral teaching of the prophets and the Gospels. She cannot but rejoice to see another social system appearing that is less far from that teaching. It will be the task of tomorrow's Christians to follow the initiative of Paul VI, and channel back to their true sources, which are Christian, these currents of moral strength, solidarity and brotherhood (cf. *Ecclesiam Suam*). Christians have the duty to demonstrate "that true socialism is a full Christian life that involves a just sharing of goods, and fundamental equality." Far from sulking about it, let us be sure to embrace it gladly, as a form of social life better adapted to our times, more in keeping with the spirit of the Gospel. In this way we shall stop people confusing God and religion with the oppressors of the poor and of the workers, which is what the feudal, capitalist, and imperialist systems are. These inhuman systems have engendered others which, intended to liberate the peoples, in fact oppress the individual if they fall into totalitarian collectivism and religious persecution. But God and the true religion have nothing in common with the various forms of the Mammon of Iniquity. On the contrary, they are always on the side of any who wish to promote

a more equitable and fraternal society involving all God's sons in this human family.

15. The Church greets with joy and pride a new mankind that respects not money concentrated in a few hands, but the workers, the laborers, and the peasants. The Church is nothing without Him who never ceases to endow her with the power to thrive and so act, Jesus of Nazareth, who for so many years chose to work with his hands in order to reveal the outstanding dignity of workmen. "The worker is infinitely superior to any amount of money," as a bishop of the Council reminded us. Another bishop from a socialist country declared: "If the workers do not achieve some measure of control of their industries, all constitutional reform will be useless. Even if the workers sometimes receive better wages under some economic system, these increases alone will not satisfy them. In fact they want to own rather than sell their labor. Today the workers are increasingly aware that work is a part of being human. But a human being cannot be bought and sold. Any trading of labor is a form of slavery . . . This is the direction in which human society is progressing, even in a system reputedly less concerned with individual dignity than we are, namely Marxism" (F. Francic, Split, Yugoslavia, October 4th, 1965).

16. This is to say that the Church rejoices to see developing in humanity forms of social life where work finds its proper place of predominance. As Arch-priest Borovoi noted at the Ecumenical Council of Churches, we have made the mistake of adapting ourselves to the pagan juridical principles inherited from ancient Rome, but alas, in this sphere the West has sinned no less than the East. "Of all the Christian cultures, the Byzantine has done most to sanction social ills. It adopted uncritically all the social heritage of the pagan world and consecrated it. The civil law of the pagan Roman Empire was preserved under a cloak of ecclesiastical tradition for many more than a thousand years at Constantinople and in Medieval Europe, and in Russia in the centuries since the period (sixteenth century) when our country began to think of herself as the heir of Byzantium. Yet it is utterly opposed to the social traditions of primitive Christianity and of the Greek Fathers, to the missionary preaching of our Saviour, and all the teaching of the Old Testament prophets who never grow old." (Ecumenical Council of Churches, July 12, 1966. Church and Society, Geneva.)

### Faithfulness to God's Word

17. There is no political aim of any kind behind our words. Our only source is the Word of Him who spoke through His prophets and apostles. The Bible, particularly the Gospels, denounces any attack on man created in God's image as a sin against Him. Atheists today unite with believers in fulfilling this requirement of respect for the human being, work-

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# FEAR IN OUR TIME

By DOROTHY DAY

People probably do not realize with what fear and trembling I speak or write about the Catholic Worker, our ideas and our point of view. It is an extreme point of view, and yet it is tested and proved over and over again; it is almost as if God says to us "Do you really mean what you say?" and then gives us a chance to prove it. We have to live with the positions we take, and at the same time we are bound to be beset with all kinds of human doubts: who are we, who have so seldom been tried and have not suffered as others have in war, to take such a position? I remember having a nightmare during World War II in which, thinking of our pacifist position, I heard a voice saying "Be kind, Cain," as if such words could ward off the blow that was about to fall. I know what human fear is and how often it keeps us from following our conscience. We find so many ways of rationalizing our positions. There are all kinds of fear: fear of losing our bodily goods, fear of poverty, fear of losing our job, our reputation, and not least of all there is the strange business of bodily fear. Gandhi's son once described the humiliation he felt at seeing his father beaten up in a railway station in South Africa. Nothing is worse than that sense of utter humiliation we feel when pain is inflicted on us. We are reduced to an animal status; we are lesser men for having taken a blow or endured pain.

One of the situations when I was most afraid was in my visit some years ago to Koinonia, an interracial community in Americus, Georgia. A very wonderful Baptist minister named Clarence Jordan and a few of his companions from a theological seminary in the South had decided to tackle the problems of poverty, interracial conflict and agriculture by taking over two thousand acres of land and starting a community based on diversified farming. They had cattle and cultivated fruit, nuts, cotton, and all kinds of vegetables. This truly interracial community thrived and prospered until they came to public attention when they endorsed some young Negro men who were trying to get into a white college. This precipitated a real reign of terror.

The elaborate roadside stand with a refrigeration system that the community used to market its smoked ham, bacon and other meats, was dynamited and completely destroyed in the middle of the night. Community members were shot at, some of the houses were burnt down, marauders cut the wire that fenced in the cattle and threw torches into the hay barn, setting fire to the hay. They were boycotted, couldn't buy oil for their tractors or cars, couldn't buy seed or fertilizer, couldn't get insurance on their cars or houses.

When Clarence Jordan came up to New York City and spoke in Community Church, many people volunteered to go down there and help out. Four of us from the Catholic Worker went down and stayed for two weeks each, during the spring, when they were planting. One day I went out with some of the community members in a truck to try to buy seeds. When we entered a store we were called "nigger-lovers," and I was called a "northern Communist whore." And similar expressions of hate and contempt and venom were flung at us in every store we went into. We drove from town to town trying to buy seed, and were of course unsuccessful. But we did learn something of what mob hatred is like. And I must say that it makes your blood run cold. Not many of us ever experienced this kind of venomous hatred. Even though we know what has happened, what unbelievable atrocities have been committed in the South over the

years: Negroes dragged behind cars and killed and cut into pieces for souvenirs, unbelievable hatred and murder and torture going on over the years. It has been lessening, of course, year by year. When a year passes without a single lynching, everybody congratulates themselves.

The men were so busy with the spring planting that the women volunteered to watch at night. We signed up for two or three hours of watching at a public road that ran between two pieces of Koinonia property. We were supposed to sit in the station wagon and if we saw a car coming down the road, get out with lanterns and walk up and down to let them know people were there. If any injury was offered, we were to try and get the license number of the car.

About two o'clock in the morning, while I was engaged in conversation about voluntary communities with the woman who was sharing the watch with me, a car with no lights on came down the road and suddenly the car we were in was peppered with shots. The car was there and gone before we could realize what had happened. It is strange how the fear always comes afterward, your bones turn to water and your whole body seems to melt away with fear.

## Cotton Country

Another occasion on which I experienced fear was on a visit to a Catholic Worker house of hospitality in Memphis, which had been started by a young Negro woman named Helen Caldwell Riley. She had started the house because several children had been burnt to death after being locked in a garage by their parents who had gone out to the cotton fields to earn enough to pay the rent for that old garage which was their home. So Helen rented a big store on Beale Street, where young women would come in before daylight and deposit their babies and a can of evaporated milk and would not return until after dark.

Helen later married and one day she and her husband drove me down into Mississippi. We visited a town called Mound Bayou, in the Delta region, which is completely inhabited by Negroes. The biggest property in the area is a twenty-five-thousand-acre plantation owned by a British company. I stayed overnight in Mound Bayou and next day a Negro priest drove me around the Delta section. This priest, a Society of the Divine Word father, had gone to a large seminary for Negroes in the south and had chosen to remain in the South after his ordination. There was a bullet hole in the windshield of his car; he too had been shot at.

Among the towns we visited was a little town called Money, where Emmet Till, a fourteen-year-old boy from Chicago, had been kidnapped in the middle of the night by some white men because he was supposed to have whistled at a white woman. After flogging him, they weighted him down and threw him in the river. The white men were tried in a local court and acquitted. (But I must add that we were told by local people that these white men later became nomads, because they were cold-shouldered and boycotted in every town they moved to).

All that day we were followed by a carload of white men. The feeling is indescribable. You can well understand why Southern whites are afraid to show any sympathy for the Negro, knowing that they may be bombed or dynamited. No matter how many white people down there are trying to do something, to provide funds for people who were arrested and their families, no matter how many are helping, the sense of fear persists.

The reason I called my last book *Loaves and Fishes* is that it takes just a few loaves and fishes to be multiplied to feed five

thousand. The whole movement represented by Martin Luther King began that way. Many Southern Negroes had been coming to the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee to attend weekend workshops and study ways by which they could better the conditions of the Negroes, teach them to read and write so that they could pay their poll tax and vote. One of the women who attended one of these workshops for the first time was so inspired by this group activity and the sense that there was a movement of this kind, that she returned to Montgomery, Alabama, ready for action.

She was a woman who earned her living by sewing. One night when she was going home in a crowded bus she was ordered to give up her seat to a white person or else move to the rear, and she, thinking of her people and not just herself (although undoubtedly she was tired) refused to move and was arrested. That was the incident that sparked the whole Montgomery bus strike. When the Negroes began to boycott the



buses, every weapon was used against them. They were repeatedly arrested for traffic violations and all kinds of terrorism was practised against them. But it went on and a whole movement was built in the South, centering around Martin Luther King and other ministers.

## The Nun's Story

A few years ago I went down to Danville, Virginia, at the invitation of a white nun. There again I had an opportunity to experience this sense of fear, to realize how strong and persistent it is. The nun, Mother Teresa, had taken part in a protest on the steps of City Hall, along with a group of Negroes. Three ministers who had helped organize the demonstration had been herded into an alley, where fire hoses had been turned on them. They were then beaten unmercifully and thrown into prison.

After Mother Teresa spoke on the local radio station about the protest, the priest of her district told her that she would be put under interdict if she continued these activities and that he was going to ask the bishop to see to it that her work was stopped. She was an elderly woman and her work, which she had been building up for the past twenty years, was very dear to her. It is a small Order, the Order of Christ the King, and serves both Negroes and whites. So she telephoned me and asked if I would come down and take her place at a Negro meeting where she had promised to speak. The meeting was held in a large church which was filled with people. They sang hymns, prayed together and listened to speakers who had just been released from prison. I spoke about nonviolence. It is very hard to speak on such occasions and I haven't the slightest idea now what I said.

When you're with a group, when there's a whole night of singing, in the churches, on the streets, in

the prisons, the very act of singing produces a tremendous courage and all fear evaporates. You can walk on the picket line and though you are conscious of the terrible hostility around you and there is a wrecked building across the way and a whole vacant lot is filled with bricks, handy for a battle, you have this sense of courage. Why? Because you have prayed for it; and because you are with others. The women on the picket line with me had never been on a picket line or taken part in any kind of demonstration, although one of them was carrying a sign which said: "I forgive the chief of police the beating he gave me." She had been kicked and trampled on and had her face smashed. The same brutality that was inflicted upon the men had been inflicted on the women and children. It is something that can scarcely be understood or described. I think that we should acknowledge this fear and recognize that it is something valid, but also something that we have to fight against.

It seems to me that we must begin to equal a little bit the courage of the Communists. One of the ways my Communist friends taunt me is by saying, in effect: "People who are religious believe in everlasting life, and yet look how cowardly they are. And we who believe only in this life, see how hard we work and how much we sacrifice. We are not trying to enjoy all this and heaven too. We are willing to give up our life in order to save it."

There is really no answer to this kind of taunt. When I was in Cuba in September 1962, I witnessed what a Franciscan priest, Herve Chaigne, has called an "exemplary" revolution. I felt that it was an example to us in zeal, in idealism and in self-sacrifice and that unless we began to approach in our profession of Christianity some of this zeal of the Communists, we weren't going to get anywhere. But we have to go ahead and think in terms of a third way, not just those two alternatives, capitalism or communism, or my country or the fellowship of all men. We have to begin to see what Christianity really is, that "our God is a living fire; though He slay me yet will I trust him." We have to think in terms of the Beatitudes and the Sermon on the Mount and have this readiness to suffer. "We have not yet resisted unto blood." We have not yet loved our neighbor with the kind of love that is a precept to the extent of laying down our life for him. And our life very often means our money, money that we have sweated for; it means our bread, our daily living, our rent, our clothes. We haven't shown ourselves ready to lay down our life. This is a new precept, it is a new way, it is the new man we are supposed to become. I always comfort myself by saying that Christianity is only two days old (a thousand years are as one day in the sight of God) and so it is only a couple of days that are past and now it is about time we began to take these things literally, to begin tomorrow morning and say, "now I have begun."

We do have examples of this willingness to suffer. After World War II, a young man in Chicago named John Doebele, who had been in charge of a CW house in Baltimore before the war and had trained to be an anaesthetist at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, read a news item about a Negro woman whose house on the edge of a white neighborhood, had been burnt down by neighboring whites. John took a few hundred dollars, which was all the money he had, collected more in the county hospital where he was working as an anaesthetist and took it to the woman so that she could make a down payment on another house. On the way home he was set upon

by a group of Negro youths who beat him up and kicked his ribs in so that he ended up a patient in the hospital. When his friends visited him, he said, "We scarcely have begun to be accounted worthy to suffer."

What is there to expect except suffering in work of this kind? St. Paul said; "Rejoice in tribulation." I suppose that one of the reasons conscientious objectors and pacifists go to jail is to show that they can take it. It is a hard thing to be a pacifist when men are showing such great courage and have endured so much in the armies. We can't talk about these things in colleges without having some of the kids ask "Do you think my father is guilty of mortal sin because he was in the army?" Well, a man must follow his conscience, being in the army often demands great courage, and who is to judge?

Everyone used to laugh at Ammon Hennacy who boasted about how many times he had been in prison and would always ask people, "Have you been in jail?" If you hadn't been in jail you were scarcely of the fraternity. Well, you go to jail, and you think that here maybe you will have a chance to be really poor. We talk about poverty and being poor in spirit. But meanwhile we have to admit that we have comfortable backgrounds, we have had an education, we have all kinds of enjoyments, like reading and listening to music. We have our luxuries even while we talk about voluntary poverty. And we realize that all the time.

When you go to jail you finally feel that you are being stripped of whatever you have. You look on as the police empty your handbag. You start right out being humiliated by having so much in your handbag. I remember when we first demonstrated against taking shelter in an air-raid drill, in 1955. There were twenty-eight of us and we had to be photographed, fingerprinted, stripped, showered and examined. It went on until 4:00 in the morning. We were put in tiny cells that were anything but clean; the mattresses were stained and dirty. You look at the equipment of a city prison in the great city of New York in the richest country of the world and you think how unbelievable it is that they cannot afford anything better than this for their prisoners.

There's a little element of fear there too because one of the things that has been done when people are in prison for conscience is to instigate, to build up resentment, especially in wartime, among the other prisoners, by saying that pacifists are spies, Communists, etc.; people have been maltreated and abused in prison because of this. There is also the hostility between Negroes and whites that is quite apt to break out, so that there is an element of fear in your imagination that conjures up these things.

But in general, there is a feeling of relief when you are in prison. Here you are now, stripped of everything, no responsibility of any kind, no telephones, no mail; you are there, and Holy Mother the State is taking care of you. The food in the city prison was good, just as good as Catholic Worker food, and there was a great abundance of it. As a matter of fact, we saw so much being thrown out after every meal, as it is in the army, and thought, what a horrible waste.

The cells were small, we were confined and got little air; there were tiny little windows and we almost stifled in summer time. So we had our discomforts. But there was a commissary and I was able to buy some instant coffee and take my missal and lie down on my cot free of all responsibility. So there was luxury even there.

I have often thought of the youths in the fiery furnace who

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# The Gospel and Revolution

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ing together in a common service of mankind in its search for justice and peace. Thus we can confidently address these words of encouragement to all men, for we all need courage and strength if we are to perform successfully the huge and urgent task of saving the Third World from poverty and hunger, and of freeing mankind from the catastrophe of a nuclear war: "Never again war, away with weapons."

18. The poverty stricken populations, in the midst of which the All-merciful has placed us as pastors of a small flock, know by experience that they can rely on themselves and their own efforts more than on help from the rich. Some rich nations do indeed offer a fair measure of help to our peoples, but we should be living in a delusion if we were to wait passively for a spontaneous conversion of all about whom our father Abraham warns us: "Neither will they be convinced if someone should rise from the dead" (Luke 16, 31).

It is for the poor peoples and the poor among them to strive for their own advancement first of all. Let them regain confidence, let them educate themselves out of illiteracy, let them persevere in building their own destiny, let them develop, using all the methods that modern society puts at their disposal, schools, transistors, newspapers; let them hear the people who can waken and form the awareness of the masses, above all the words of their pastors, and let the latter give them in entirety the Word of Truth and the Gospel of Justice. Let the apostolic movements of militant laymen put into practice the exhortation of Pope Paul VI: "... It is for layfolk, by their free initiative, without waiting for orders and directives, to instill the Christian spirit into the mind, the customs, the laws, and the constitutions of the community they live in. Changes are necessary, deep reforms are indispensable: they must work with determination to breathe into the mind the evangelic spirit..." (Populorum Progressio, No. 81). Finally let the poor and those who are working for them unite, for union is the only strength of the poor, to insist on and promote justice in Truth.

19. It is indeed truth and justice for which the people are above all hungry, and all who are responsible for instructing and educating them must busy themselves about it zealously. Some false conceptions must at once be removed: it is not true that God wishes there to be rich men enjoying the good things of this world by exploiting the poor; it is not true that God wishes there to be poor people always wretched. Religion is not the opium of the people. Religion is a force that exalts the humble and casts down the mighty from their seats, that gives bread to the hungry and reduces to hunger the overeaters. Jesus certainly forewarned us that the poor would always be with us, but this is because there will always be the rich to amass the goods of this world, and also there will always be some inequalities due to varying capabilities and other unavoidable factors. But Jesus teaches us that the second commandment is equal to the first, for a man cannot love God without loving men, his brothers. He warns us that all of us will be judged according to a single text: "I was hungry, and you gave me to eat... it was I who was hungry" (Matt. 25, 31, 46). All the great religions, all mankind's systems of wisdom echo this text. The Koran declares the final test to which men are subject at the moment of God's Judgment: "What is this test? It is to buy back captives, to feed orphans at a time of famine... or the poor man sleeping on the hard ground... and to make for oneself a law of pity" (Sour. 90, 11-18).

20. It is our duty to share our bread and all our goods. If some claim the right to amass for themselves what is needed for others, then it becomes a duty for public authorities to enforce sharing which has not been done voluntarily. Pope Paul VI reminds us of it in his latest encyclical: "The common good, then, sometimes calls for the expropriation of certain properties that on account of their size, their small development or complete lack of it, the poverty inflicted on the population, or the considerable damage done to their country's interests, constitute an obstacle to collective prosperity. Stating it clearly, the Council reminded us no less forcibly that the available funds are not to be left to the careless whims of the individual, and that egotistical speculation must be banned. Consequently, citizens blessed with copious incomes arising from the national resources and effort cannot be allowed to transfer a large part of it abroad solely for their personal profit, careless of the manifest wrong they are inflicting on their country" (Populorum Progressio). Nor can rich foreigners be allowed to come for the purpose of exploiting our poverty-stricken people under the pretext of business or industry any more than a few rich people can be suffered to exploit their own peoples. This is what causes bitter nationalism, which is always to be deplored and which is the opposite of real collaboration between peoples.

21. What is true of individuals is also true of nations. Unfortunately, there is today no effectual world government able to enforce justice between peoples and to distribute goods justly. The economic system now in force permits rich nations to grow even richer, even when they are giving a little help to poor nations, which are growing proportionately poorer. The poor nations must, therefore, insist, using every legitimate means within their power, on establishing a world government in which all peoples without exception are represented and which can ask for, even enforce, a just sharing of goods, a state of affairs essential for peace. (Cf. Pacem in Terris, No. 137; Populorum Progressio, 78.)

22. Even within every nation, the workers have the right and duty of forming real trade unions to insist upon and to defend their rights: fair wages, paid holidays, social security, family allowances, co-ownership... it is not enough for rights to be acknowledged on paper through laws. The laws must be implemented and governments must exercise their powers in this respect in the service of the workers and the poor. Governments must labor to bring to an end the class war which, contrary to what is usually maintained, has been unleashed, only too often, by the rich, who continue to wage it against the workers by exploiting them with inadequate wages and inhuman working conditions. Money has for a long time cynically waged a subversive war throughout the world, destroying entire peoples. It is high time that the poor peoples, upheld and guided by their lawful governments, should effectively defend their right to life. God did after all reveal himself to Moses, saying: "I have seen the affliction of my people who are in Egypt, and have heard their cry because of their task masters... and I have come to deliver them" (Exodus 3, 7-8). Jesus in fact took upon Himself all mankind to lead it to eternal life, for which the earthly preparation is social justice, first form of brotherly love. When Christ frees mankind from death by his resurrection, He leads all human freedoms to their eternal fulfillment.

23. Thus we address to all men the Gospel words which some of us addressed last year to their peoples who were subject to the

## Friday Night Meetings

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

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

same anxieties and spurred by the same hope as all the peoples of the Third World: "We urge you to remain constant and dauntless, as evangelical leaven in the workers' world, relying on the words of Christ: 'Look up and raise your heads, because your redemption is drawing near'" (Luke 21, 28).

Cf. Populorum Progressio gives the example of the late Bishop of Talca (Chile), Manuel Larrain.  
Patriarch Maximus at the Council, October 27, 1964.  
Mater et Magistra, No. 369-391.  
Patriarch Maximus IV at the Council, September 28, 1965.  
Mgr. G. Hakim, Archbishop of Galilee, at the Council, November 10, 1964.  
Paul VI at the U.N.  
Manifesto of bishops of the Northeastern region of Brazil, Recife, July 11, 1965.

## Mike Vogler Sentenced

By PAT RUSK

"Only he who has measured the dominion of force, and knows how not to respect it, is capable of love and justice."

SIMONE WEIL

We used this quotation from "The Iliad, a Poem of Force" on one of our posters during a three-hour vigil in front of the Little Rock Federal Building in support of Mike Vogler, twenty-two-year-old pacifist and former Benedictine seminarian, who had been arrested on March 5th and carried to the county jail to await trial on April 1st. Mike had been classified by Selective Service as a conscientious objector, but refused an order from his draft board to report for two years of alternative service at the Arkansas Tuberculosis Sanatorium, since he had come to conclude that such service under the conscription system is a form of slavery. (See my letter in February CW).

As soon as we learned of Mike's arrest, Chuck Matthei and I hitchhiked from Norman, Oklahoma to Little Rock. Rides were plentiful and it took us less than twelve hours to make the trip. Although the Little Rock Peace Information Center is still operating and the Peace House is available for meetings and friendly discussions, there is a decided difference in atmosphere since Mike, whose vitality and enthusiasm for life contributed so much to the place, has been confined to the county jail.

On Saturday several of us visited Mike at the jail, a grim structure sandwiched in between the freeway, a railroad siding and the Arkansas River. The visiting area consists of a vestibule about the size of a bathroom with a barred wall at one end covered with wire mesh. Without peering closely it is impossible to tell whether anyone is standing on the other side. Other visitors can talk with the prisoners through a small space punctured with holes. In the center there is a window large enough to reveal a man's face. Another family who visited included a little girl who stood and looked at the face of the man in the window but would not talk through the holes in the wall.

There remains a whole population of men who are caged away for most of their lives because they cannot adjust to a society that highly esteems and honors other men whose lives are devoted to the business of mass murder and destruction. That first hour of visiting was very difficult—the desolate atmosphere, the indifferent men who earn their living by caging in other men, the emotions that spilled over into tears at seeing Mike and sensing his spirit

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# The Dynamism of Nonviolence

(Continued from page 2)

larly prescient: they know that since Christ, every death implies a resurrection. Every sincere Christian must submit, at however modest a level, to the mysterious alchemy of destruction that passes through Good Friday to emerge into the joy of Easter. Mrs. Martin Luther King, tranquil and meditative before the freshly dug grave of her husband, was beautiful, with that beauty of the spirit that signifies hope.

Ed. Note: This obituary of Dr. King appeared in the French-language Catholic daily, La Presse, published in Montreal. Translated by Martin J. Corbin.

## A Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

and Audrey Monroe; Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner; Emma Greiner; Dwight and Gloria Macdonald; Father Jude Mill; Gene Bailey; Tommy and Mary Hughes; and numerous others, including many seminarians, nuns, and priests.

We have as usual had some goings as well as comings. Father Leandre Plante, who spent so many weeks with us, and was such a comforting presence in our midst, has returned to Canada. We hope he will remember us when he has another vacation, though we trust he won't have to wait seven years for the opportunity to return. Arthur Lacey, our sacristan, altar boy, mailman, bell ringer, has gone to the Trappist monastery in Berryville, Virginia, to make his annual retreat. After his retreat, Arthur plans to spend a few weeks helping out at Christie Street before returning to the farm. Kay Lynch is in the city now, getting a change of occupation, helping out at the new house. Helene Iswolsky spent Easter in New York City and Princeton. We are glad, however, that Helene is back with us, for she plays an invaluable role in helping look after our many visitors. She is, as always, busy with her writing; and is at present proof-reading the galley sheets of a book she translated from the Russian last year, a book which is being published by Massachusetts Institute of Technology Press.

As for me, I look back with real pleasure on my own five-weeks' sojourn in Princeton, with Caroline Gordon Tate and Cary Peebles. It was a time of quiet beauty, of aromatic fires in the open fireplace; of walks in the garden among the golden-wanded willows; of lunching in the garden on a mild Spring day with a mocking bird singing the soft sweet symphony of Spring; of walking along the beach at Asbury Park, listening again to the ancient rhythm of the waves, inhaling the exciting smell of the sea; of renewing acquaintance with some whom I had met before in Princeton, especially Branislava and Catherine Givens; of making new acquaintances. It was a privilege to be able to take part in a prayer vigil for peace; and it was a joy to encounter at a peace-group meeting two who had lived and worked with us at Peter Maurin Farm, two who are still very much a part of our family. Jean Walsh and Charlie Butterworth. Jean is now living with her mother in New Jersey and working full time at a nearby hospital; Charlie lives and works in Philadelphia. It was interesting to listen to the adventures and misadventures of Caroline and Cary in Greece and Italy since they had so recently returned from a several months' sojourn there. It was also a great delight to hear Cynthia Gooding sing folk songs one night after a wonderful dinner at Cary's. When I returned to the farm Cynthia drove Caroline, Cary, and me. Best of all she brought her guitar and played for us in the afternoon, sitting out on the lawn, looking at our famous mountain view beyond the majestic beauty of the Hudson. We live in an age of folk singers, but Cynthia sings the kind I like, in the manner I like.

Now, on an April day, song sparrows sing alleluias. We move

towards May, the month of Our Lady. May the spirit of Peter Maurin and of Martin Luther King guide us in the way of peace and nonviolence. Mary, Our Lady of Peace, pray for us.

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

Helen and I slept on cots in the big store front. Later there was a house down an alley. Bayard Rustin came to see us there, from the, of course, segregated Y.M.C.A.

We should also have had a story of a 24-hour pilgrimage to Atlanta made by Paul Muller of California, who has been helping us these last months at Chrystie Street. He flew down to the funeral of Martin Luther King one night and back the next.

But it is a wonder the young people around the Catholic Worker got anything done this last month. Good weather has meant many visitors to the city, and many demonstrations in Central Park, and other places. Holy Week has always a holiday (holy day) atmosphere, and all through the month, the March issue of the Catholic Worker was being mailed out slowly but surely. Our chief mailer, Tom Hoey, has been ill, and besides that there is a constant turnover of volunteers, what with this being war time. There is much preparing of defense before draft boards and courts, and much waiting. Our CW family is large, and everybody does what he or she can, but there is the soup line and many lame, halt and blind to be cared for, and the first work to neglect is the paper work, of course.

It made us happy this month to receive two letters, one from South America and the other from New Zealand, telling us that ship mail always meant a late arrival of the paper, but that the articles are timeless.

So we beg our readers' indulgence for being so late.

## "Let Us Love One Another"

(Continued from page 1)

born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love... If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

Where Do We Go From Here? Chaos or Community (Harper and Row)

JOE HILL

(Continued from page 3)

ments may have had something to do with the death of the sheep. But they want further investigations, to be conducted by themselves, of course. In the past seven years I have picketed Dugway three times, along with Carol Gorgen, Mark Morris, and others.

# Fear In Our Time

(Continued from page 5)

sang the Psalms and the fire was just like a gentle wind and they were conscious of another person with them. In Shackleton's account of his explorations in the Arctic he tells how he and two companions were going over a horrible glacier, a journey that involved much danger and suffering. And all of them said afterwards that they had been conscious of another person along with them. The youths of Uganda, Protestant and Catholic, who were buried alive in the 1880's also went to their doom singing hymns. Since then we have the example of Buddhist monks and American war protesters submitting themselves to the flames. It is hard to believe and we cringe in fear at the very thought. And we don't believe that we'll ever have the strength to take the way of nonviolence which may result in physical martyrdom. We don't believe in God's mercy, and we can only say: "Help thou mine unbelief" . . . Take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh . . . In thee have I hoped, let me never be confounded." These are the acts of faith, hope and charity.

Before World War II one of our friends used to drive a truck around to factories in Baltimore, selling coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts, and began to drop off the leftovers at our House of Hospitality in that city. Pretty soon he came to feel that this was not doing enough for the poor, so he joined the group and donated his truck. He stayed with us for a long time. He was the kind of person who went to great extremes. He slept on a bundle of clothes in the clothing room and was abused by the poor who came. When he didn't have anything for them, they would accuse him of being a drunken bum who had sold the clothes for a bottle. He put up with this kind of contempt and abuse and lived a life of complete sacrifice. Later he joined the Trappists and was put to work baking bread. One day the spiritual reading at table described a soldier who used to utter ejaculatory prayers while machine-gunning the enemy. Poor Smitty suddenly began to weep and cry in the most uncontrollable fashion. He rushed up to the Father Abbot and fell on his knees by him, weeping and sobbing and asking how the Mystical Body of Christ could thus read itself.

I have seen two mental hospitals where people rend themselves; it is a horrible sight. Our conscientious objectors worked in one, a place without hope where one man had to be permanently tied down to his bed because he tore at his own flesh. He had already put out his own eyes. The Mystical Body of Christ rending itself in this way. It seems to me that these are the kind of things we must meditate on.

It is not worthwhile writing or speaking unless you say what is in your heart and say it as you see things. This is the way. This is what converts expect when they come into the Church and they find it in the lives of the saints who accept the idea of death in whatever form it takes. We say all these things in our prayers and don't mean them. And God takes us at our word, fortunately, and so we are saved in spite of ourselves; we are just dragged in by the hair of the head. But this is the message that we try to give at the Catholic Worker. It is painful to speak of and that is one of the reasons we rejoice in tribulation, we rejoice in suffering and so we can speak in those terms.

We have been called necrophiliacs, we have been accused of taking a morbid delight in the gutter and worshipping ashcans. The fact of the matter is that God transforms it all, so that out of this junkheap comes beauty. We have poetry and painting and sculpture and music and all of these things for the delight of the senses that

are given to us right in the midst of filth and degradation and mire so that I often feel we know whereof we speak. God certainly comes to the rescue over and over again and enables us to do what seems utterly impossible. Many a person comes into the Church under utterly impossible circumstances; it is as though they were taking their own life, as though they were dying, in order to do this. I have seen people unhinged by it. We have quite a few with us who are disturbed, who have suffered extremely, have cut themselves off from their families and backgrounds. It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God. It is not anything that we can take except with the utmost seriousness and yet it is of course the greatest joy in the world.

## Christie Street

(Continued from page 3)

followed the worn wagon drawn by Georgia mules.

The Slave who turned upon the Masters and said "No" is followed by the Masters, who now march, hand in hand, with those still enslaved. The Slave who refused to obey orders and rebelled against the condition of slavery is mourned by those who enforce those conditions, those whom he sought to change. A slave who rebelled against the Master, but did not seek to kill the Master. The Slave who fought with the one weapon this country is not willing to spend millions on developing—the weapon of Love for your Brother. He loved the Masters in spite of themselves. But that beautiful moment, the high point of the American experience, passed. And those who would not follow Dr. King's lead during his life, but followed him in death only, returned to their respective institutions and out of them squeezed an almost unenforceable civil-rights bill, funds, and a plethora of rhetoric; while, at the same time, oblivious to what had happened, the significance of that moment of which they were so much a part, they resumed their roles, prepared to support those preparing for the summer "insurrections" and those bent on waging 'peace' in Viet Nam.

For them, Martin Luther King's last words: "Free At Last, Great God, I Am Free At Last."

But all of us are left with the fact of Martin Luther King's life and death; a fact that confronts each American as the fact of Christ's life and death confronts every man. That fact clearly perceived should shatter every illusion, no matter what label it wears. That fact—the ultimate act of love—the giving of one's life for others, clearly sets forth the pattern, the path to the one way of life and death in our time which is not absurd.

## Crown Bearer

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Mr. Huxley's sound dictum would be respected in our executive quarters.

When I departed from Crown's portals for the open air of a laborer's job, having discovered they were paid a living wage that doubled my carrot-clipping pittance, I received a polite form from Crown Head Office, asking why I had resigned. I did not tell them that my manager had required me to come in a half hour earlier on Saturdays, to make up for my unheard-of request to leave work 20 minutes early on one day each week, in order to catch a train for a downtown play rehearsal. This was the start of the pay-off. Instead, I politely totalled my hours and asked the Personnel Manager point blank: Would you care to work a 50-hour week for \$30.00? I never got an answer.

**FREEDOM AND UNITY (UHURU NA UMOJA)** by Julius K. Nyerere. Oxford University Press, 1966. \$8.00. Reviewed by KENNETH DALY.

The sub-title of this volume, "A Selection from Writings and Speeches, 1952-1965," suggests its nature—a summation of sorts of the political and intellectual career of Mwalimu (Teacher) Nyerere, President of the United Republic of Tanzania. It is a collection of documents—the broadsheets, pamphlets, and speeches produced in the cause of independence (Uhuru) and to spur the progress of nation-building (Umoja).

The book is a timely reminder of the genesis of African Socialism in the mind of one of its chief architects. Throughout Africa today one hears again and again the complaint voiced by the Ugandan writer, Okot p'Bitek, that "African socialism may be defined as the government of the people by the educated, for the educated." Mwalimu's speeches to university students, contained in this volume, show that the essence of the Tanzanian experiment is his attempt to keep the educated elite identified with the poor masses, to prevent the creation of a privileged oligarchy, as is happening in many other African states. The African socialist seeks to forestall the elite, whose education makes them essential to running a country, from using their political indispensability for economic empire-building and vice versa.

The sacrifices which President Nyerere demands of the educated can be traced to his philosophy for developing a new African society. Mwalimu invented the Swahili word for socialism: Ujamaa. Jamaa is the word for the "extended family," which is found in many African cultures, a sort of tribal welfare state in which all members of the jamaa were expected to share and share alike.

Both the "rich" and the "poor" individual were completely secure in African society. Natural catastrophe brought famine, but it brought famine to everybody—"poor" or "rich." Nobody starved, either of food or of human dignity, because he lacked personal wealth; he could depend on the wealth possessed by the community of which he was a member. That was socialism. That is socialism. There can be no such thing as acquisitive socialism, for that would be another contradiction in terms. Socialism is essentially distributive. Its concern is to see that those who sow reap a fair share of what they sow.

But along with this distributism went the expectation that every member of the jamaa would work. Mwalimu quotes a Swahili proverb to illustrate this point: "Treat your guest as a guest for two days; on the third day give him a hoe." He continues:

There is no such thing as socialism without work. A society which fails to give its individuals the means to work, or having given them the means to work, prevents them from getting a fair share of the products of their own sweat and toil, needs putting right.

Which is all summed up in the slogan: Uhuru na Kazi! (Freedom and Work!)

The first practical application of this philosophy is that all must work to develop their country. Everyone must be a worker or a farmer; there is no room for slackers or profiteers. Intellectuals, especially, need to be reminded that there is no room for a leisured class in a society seeking to wrest a living from one of the poorest tracts of land in the world. The second practical application is that no African socialist government can allow a parasitic landlord or investor class to arise to live off

the sweat of others. Ujamaa seeks to end suffering, but it will not give anyone a free ride either.

Many anthropologists and political scientists have criticized Mwalimu's description of traditional African society as oversimplified and unrealistic. For instance, Barbara Ward, in her book *The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations*, charges that the traditional backwardness of African society stems in many ways from the extended family. She maintains that a society which demands of its members that they distribute their wealth, rather than accumulate it, will never amass the capital to generate more wealth. Human initiative will always be stifled.

We are not concerned here with the historical accuracy of this charge, but with the implication that Africa must shed this mentality in order to advance. Ujamaa posits traditional distributism as the guide and the goal for development, both economic and political. Does this philosophy fly in the face of acquisitive human nature? I think not. Ujamaa does not stifle individual initiative. Wealth is not an evil in an African socialist society. Mwalimu Nyerere says, "There is nothing wrong in our wanting to be wealthy; nor is it a bad thing for us to want to acquire the power which wealth brings with it. But it most certainly is wrong if we want the wealth and the power so that we can dominate somebody else." Wealth for developing oneself and one's community is a necessary good; wealth for exploiting other men is an unconscionable evil. Therefore, in Tanzania the educated are allowed to work for the government and to get a just wage for their labors or to work in industry or trade or agriculture and to earn just reward for their endeavors; but not both—to have both kinds of power and wealth would give them the ability and the opportunity to exploit their countrymen. Throughout Africa today privileged elites are accumulating such exploitative wealth. As one of my students wrote in an essay, "Our government ministers call themselves African socialists, but they are the biggest bunch of capitalists in the world."

Such critics also misconstrue the nature of President Nyerere's philosophy. Like Locke's contractual theory, his description of the traditional jamaa is meant more to rationalize a new revolutionary society than to record past history. Ujamaa is a strategy for revolution, not a bit of academic research.

It is a peculiarly African strategy. For there must be a proportion between the natural resources of a country, both human and physical, and the development of that country. (E. F. Schumacher made this point very concretely in his article, "Economic Development and Poverty," in the March-April, 1967 issue of the *Catholic Worker*.) Margery Perham found this proportion in past African cultures: "Nowhere did savagery spell anarchy. The element of 'degree' lauded by Shakespeare's Ulysses, without which 'each thing meets in mere oppugnancy,' was almost everywhere visible in" traditional African society. There, the economic and political structures of society were suited to facilitate survival in a land almost totally devoid of opportunities, advantages, and resources. The land Africa has not changed; though the people want to. It follows that any social system that is to be viable must make use of the structures (however modernized) by means of which human life survived before. Thus the African Socialist thinks that his history of tribal distributism and his mentality, with its absence of classes and class warfare, give him a head-start in building a society where the exploitative methods of capitalism and the "primitive socialist accumulation" of Communism will

always be exotic foreign "luxuries."

This idea of "degree" is not just a reason for rejecting foreign ideologies; it is an essential ingredient in Ujamaa's formula for development. Development begins at home, and no amount of foreign aid will change that fact. While not totally rejecting foreign aid and co-operation, Nyerere recognizes that:

As long as this law (of the jungle) prevails it is only prudent for the weak to keep a good distance between themselves and the strong. The choice is clear: Either we really become one world, with the problem of poverty in certain areas being attacked scientifically on a world scale; or, alternatively, we recognize that there are two worlds, the rich world and the poor world, and the latter gets down to the problem of protecting itself against the dominance of the other. A continuation of the present chaos in which the rich get richer and the poor stay poor is unacceptable to those of us who are conscious of our poverty. The only alternative to a world plan is therefore, an acceptance of our economic inequality, and deliberate isolationism while we build ourselves up.

So Tanzania has launched herself on what I would call the Poor Revolution—a revolution of the poor, by the poor, and which is itself poor. Ujamaa is a radical attempt to create an indigenous, yet viable, economy in one of the poorest countries in the world. Such a Poor Revolution must be frugal; hence, the emphasis on frugality in this book. Frugality is the essence of self-reliance, the poor man's way of accumulating capital. Tanzania wants to avoid selling herself for Western capital and to forego totalitarian methods of saving. Her tactics for economic "take-off" consist of a national ethic of distributist frugality and the involvement of the masses in all levels of government (see Mwalimu's elaboration of the rationale behind his one-party government to understand this involvement).

Thus, Ujamaa consistently insists on the self-reliant citizen as the basis of the self-reliant community. The poor man works and saves to build up the wealth of the poor community, the jamaa, which wealth he knows is as much "his" as the good harvest of his brother is "his." The Poor Revolution is poor in wealth and power, but what there is of both is shared by all. And through this sharing, this pooling of resources, the Poor Revolution seeks to generate an economy capable of sustaining the human dignity of all and to create structures of power in society which will enable each individual to realize his potential.

There are many more themes in this book which deserve fuller treatment: Pan-Africanism, education, national ethics, democracy and human rights. I have tried to point out the elements which make Mwalimu Nyerere and Tanzania the unique phenomena that they are.

In closing, let me point out something of importance to the readers of the *Catholic Worker*. Ujamaa is a challenge to anarchists to re-examine their concepts of the State, for it is a seemingly consistent attempt to realize radical libertarian ideals by means of the State. In fact, all anarchists—communist, syndicalist, and individualist—must ask themselves what contribution their ideas can make towards solving the problems of the Third World.

If a man wishes to be sure of the road he treads on, he must close his eyes and walk in the dark.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

+ + + **LETTERS** + + +

**St. Francis House**

St. Theodore de Chertsey  
Montcalm County, P. Q.  
Canada.

Dear Dorothy:

Peace and joy. Received your card today and am grateful for the prod to write—sorry it's been so long.

Eric has recently returned as a staff volunteer after having spent the winter in a log cabin in the bush. I hope he will remain this time. Patty, the nine-year-old, is very much with us. She came on August 7th and was well enough to go to school (second grade) in September, where she is holding her own. She is now a normal child. We stopped the tranquilizers last September and there have been no serious behavior problems since August. Eric is learning to be a good father image.

We attended the installation of our new bishop about a month ago and had the good fortune to meet the Apostolic delegate, Bishop Clarizio. He invited me to spend the evening chatting with him at the bishop's house in Joliette after the installation ceremonies. He is deeply concerned over the vocation crisis and the role of laymen in the Church. He seems to be quite open to our suggestions. It was two hours well spent. Our relationship with the recently retired bishop was quite good and there's reason to hope that it will be so with the new one.

Our handicrafts projects are under way and selling. Eric is hanging out a sign as a tool sharpener and these things help out with the finances, which are always just enough.

We now have a schedule and are attempting to write our charter. We are working within a framework of a few basic rules and regulations which I find make order and harmony possible. Interpersonal relations are of the utmost importance here. If we do not reflect the love of Christ in our lives and in our community then we have nothing effective to say to the world community. The Right Spirit is our first responsibility: the common good, and then the fulfillment of our personal whims.

Our only set community prayer is the peace prayer of St. Francis, preceded by five minutes of reading from the New Testament or Louis Evely's *That Man Is You*. I am working on a Sunday Vespers office for us to say in our beautiful outdoors chapel: a few pertinent Psalms, excerpts from St. Paul, etc., and probably the prayer of Charles de Foucauld. Peg and I have been members of the secular fraternity and may get a fraternity going in Rawdon.

We are seeking to form a sort of fraternal union with Labre House. We recently attended their board of directors meeting and the idea has been very well received. We would each retain our autonomy but simply help each other in terms of referrals, workers, some materials, and they would have a place to use in the country for some of their families and as a retreat spot for days of recollection, etc. In a way it would be like the relationship of the Tivoli Farm to Chrystie Street. We feel the need for an inner-city contact and they have prayed for years for a place in the country.

We hope to get a few seminar-ians for the summer as working guests. I owe much to you and the Baroness de Hueck in terms of ideas and experience in working out the practical aspects of St. Francis House. I guess we fit somewhere in between—not nearly as organized as Madonna House

and yet more organized than Tivoli — if organized is the right word.

We cut and sold Christmas trees this winter and are now selling pussy willows. The land provides much. We are still cutting wood for next winter and of course the trees for our log extension. We are having our name and address printed on pencils to sell for our building fund. We need about five thousand dollars to put up a two-story log and stone building with a thirty-bed dormitory and a dining room large enough for at least sixty people. The logs and stone won't cost anything but work. The roofing, flooring, plumbing, cement, etc., will need to be paid for. However, we have been offered a twenty-per-cent discount on building materials, which helps.

Our love to all at the CW. Any and all at Tivoli are welcome to visit at any time, especially your own dear self.

In His Love,  
Doris "Skippy" Worley

**On the Land**

Mission Home  
Virginia  
22956

Dear Tamar:

A year ago we finally found a place of our own to live. Until then we had been living in the little cabin I told you about and we are very glad to finally have land to roam again. There was no land around the cabin and it was right on the Retarded Home property, near the Home and the staff house, so you can imagine how it was for us hermits. But although we were glad to have a free place for all that time and did not complain, it was rather hard on all, to put it mildly.

We bought an old abandoned farm, 65 acres. It does not boast of anything in buildings, a little two-and-a-half-room house and no barns or any other buildings. The land is nice, with rolling hills, some in fields and a good amount in woods. There is a nice brook on the place and a pasture for our horse (the colt that we bought from Vermont). He is getting quite big and Mario should be able to work him soon. This is the type of farm we definitely did not have in mind, we went through this in Vermont and weren't about to start from this angle again, building up farm, land, buildings, and family all at the same time. But we feel that this is the place God wants us to have, and we are very happy here, which is against all common sense and right reason!

The farm is located about two miles from the Amish community here. All the Amish feel that this is the place that God had for us, as they and we have prayed for a home for us for a long time. They are very happy about it and like it a lot. It is very peaceful here and away from the road. There are three old apple trees, one peach and one pear tree, and about ten plum trees. Also some of the native persimmons. The first thing Mario did, even before we moved, was to plant all the apple trees he brought from our Vermont farm, about a hundred wild and some that he had grafted. Also we bought about fifty fruit trees of all the types that would grow. It was a real treat for us, as you can imagine. We planted some nut trees and ten grape and a hundred strawberry plants. We have been starved for fruit so long that we just went wild planting all the different kinds.

The children are all fine and have adjusted well to the change. Maria attended the Amish school here and loved it, of course. The Amish here are wonderful people: We really love them and they for the most part have accepted us,

although they feel very badly about our not becoming one of them. We cannot give up the Catholic beliefs, although sometimes we would like to give up the Catholic Church. Maybe you know what I mean. These people are so simple and their love for God is so real that it is a shame that we cannot be of them. If only Catholics had the simple ways of these people. I often think of the writings of Peter Maurin, who said that the "Catholic scholars have taken the dynamite of the Church, have wrapped it up in nice phraseology, placed it in an hermetic container and sat on the lid."

What to do with the draft business? That is the big question with



the families here. Some are thinking of moving to Costa Rica. There is no draft or government interference at all there. The climate is said to be beautiful for all types of farming too. Some are moving to other countries in Central and South America.

By the way, did I tell you before that our house in Vermont burned down? We lost a thousand gallons of vinegar in the fire and the people who bought it lost everything and a house trailer that they had been living in also. We still sell vinegar from here. I've painted a little and sold some.

Love and prayers to you all,  
Peg Scarpa.

1319 E. 14th St.  
Des Moines, Iowa 50316

Dear Editors:

In your January issue Karl Meyer writes from Chicago that the Catholic Worker group there is trying to get out of the rut in which they have been for ten years. They are seeking an enlarging of the heart, he says.

The heart of man's life is made large by the coming of God into it, and it grows in size as man lives in obedience to the laws of God. The Catholic Workers have been serving in Chicago in that love which is the fruit of the enlarged heart. Certainly their light has not altogether been hidden under a basket. Still the feeling of dissatisfaction may be justified.

In order for there to be the experience of "the enlarging heart," I suggest that three conditions must be met. The first is that of individual, personal obedience to the will of God. The second is that of living in close and continuing fellowship with a community of like men and women. The third is that of living in harmony with God's laws in nature, by producing for needs directly from the land, returning the wastes to the land and making its bounties freely available. This means going forward to communities of love on the land.

It is not accidental that all the great civilizations of the past have gone down, and that ours is in the process of being destroyed. It is divinely appointed that the energies of man shall flow in certain ways. Many of these ways are not possible in cities.

Peace will come from seeking and doing the will of God fully. It is not a condition man establishes so much as it is a by-product of righteous living. The predatory society is war; it does not just produce war.

The root of war is in self-seek-

ing arrangements in society. If I demand something in return for that which I supply to my neighbor, I have already put him in a potentially hostile camp. "Freely you have received; freely give," Jesus told his disciples. It has been assumed that this applied only to them in the original fellowship and service. No doubt it is here that civilizations have built upon the sand.

This is another law of God which it is probably not possible to fulfill in cities, but it can be done by men whose wants are being largely met out of cooperating with bountiful nature about us.

For the full enlarging of the heart, for the secure blessings of God's peace, we must live in full communities of love—possible only in cooperation with nature, on the land.

Ross W. Anderson

**Direct Service**

Centro San Jose Obrero  
Callejon de la Iglesia  
Puerto de la Torre  
Malaga  
Spain

Dear Editors:

Our Center is the home of a community open to families or single people, religious or the laity, permanent or temporary members, who feel the necessity to serve God and their fellow human beings in a more direct manner, living and growing together, in community, than is possible working alone or in the normal "free-time" religious-social groups of the parish or suburb. Inspired and nourished by the Catholic faith, practices and tradition, the community earnestly desires to work with and for all who respect this position and can collaborate with us.

Our aims and activities could be summarized in two mottoes we use: **To serve love, we must know ourselves and know what we must be, and Cult, culture and cultivation.** Our program includes:

- Daily practice of prayer, meditation and spiritual reading.
- Study and discussion of sacred and profane questions of importance to contemporary man.
- Regular study and practice of the arts.
- A common sharing, as much as possible, of intellectual and material possessions.
- Direct and personal help to the poor (domestic service, house repairing, care of sick, etc.).
- Educational activities with retarded or deprived children.
- Collection and distribution of surplus food, clothing and household utensils to the needy.
- The practice of hospitality according to the means and capabilities of the community.
- Development of self-support projects in agriculture and trades of the community and neighboring region.

To continue these activities, the community needs much spiritual and material assistance, as well as the personal and practical collaboration of those who feel the need for a more direct participation in the service of their fellow human beings.

If you wish further information or to collaborate in any way, please visit us or write to me at the above address.

Kevin Ryan

**New Bearings**

3913 Terrace St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
19128

Dear Miss Day:

You may or may not be aware that I am an intermediary with Bearings for Reestablishment (229 E. 79th St., New York; Mr. Bill Restivo, President), who are doing an exceptionally wonderful and independent job of assisting clergy of all denominations to stay within

the established church, or to ease their transition by job placement, employment, places to stay, professional counseling and professional vocational guidance.

In the past year, Bearings, which is a chartered non-profit tax-deductible organization, has served six hundred clergy and nuns of all denominations (it was begun by an ex-Catholic priest: Bill Restivo) and during the month of January handled a hundred clergy. (Father Schillebeeckx estimates that within three years ten thousand Roman Catholic clergy in the United States will leave the active ministry.) As a result, Bearings has been forced to take on an increased paid staff, which, needless to say, really fouls up their budget and presents an immediate need of \$5,000 to take on this additional work.

Cordially,  
John L. F. Slee

**Mike Vogler Sentenced**

(Continued from page 6)

soar out and beyond the confines of a prison wall—but the real difficulty lay in having to talk facing a wall.

April 1st

The trial is over. Mike was sentenced to three years in a federal penitentiary.

While waiting for the proceedings to begin I sat in the courtroom and talked with Father Joe Neilson, a Carmelite priest who is stationed at Marylake, outside Little Rock. He had read of Mike's case in the local newspapers and visited him in the jail. Mike's parents were present, along with five of his eleven brothers and sisters. All of the eight benches in the courtroom were packed with his friends, many from out of town.

Mike explained at the outset of the proceedings that he wanted to dissociate himself from them as much as possible; he did not call any witnesses and refused the services of an attorney. In his opening statement, the U.S. Attorney said that "this case represents a small tragedy in my own mind, but I think it is a necessity that it go forward." Later he said that Mike's view on non-coercive relationships "might work on a desert island with not many other people on it . . . but unfortunately the world isn't that simple any more." Mike made a brief statement to the jury, emphasizing that he was not defending himself, but trying to explain his views. "I am quite willing to respect any man as a man," he said, "but my respect is not because that man has stripes on his arms or happens to have a big car or happens to wear a robe, but because he is a human being." He added that he hoped the members of the jury would follow their consciences and that he felt no anger against anyone for what was happening.

The jury deliberated for nine minutes and found Mike guilty. Before sentencing the Judge remarked that he had respect for any man who has the strength to take an unpopular stand, but that everyone must obey the law whether he approves of it or not. He estimated that Mike would be eligible for parole in nine or ten months.

The short-lived Peace House under Mike's inspiration aroused a few people, mostly the very young. I spoke with a high-school senior on the vigil who told me that he believes in a measured degree of violence until that bright day when pacifism becomes so widespread that violence is no longer necessary. It so happens that violence brings its own kind of success. Whether to be in jail constitutes success I do not know. But I am convinced that if a man is truly a man some part of his life will be spent there.