31st Anniversary Issue

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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Easy Essays by Peter Maurin

BLOWING THE DYNAMITE

Writing about the Catholic Church,
a radical writer says:
"Rome will have to do more
than to play a waiting game;
she will have to use
some of the dynamite
inherent in her message."
To blow the dynamite
of a message
is the only way
to make the message dynamic.
If the Catholic Church
is not today
the dominant social dynamic force,
it is because Catholic scholars
have failed to blow the dynamite
of the Church.
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.
It is about time to blow the lid off
so the Catholic Church
may again become
the dominant social dynamic force.

IRISH CULTURE

After the fall
of the Roman Empire
the scholars,
scattered all over
the Roman Empire,
looked for a refuge
and found a refuge
in Ireland,
where the Roman Empire
did not reach,
and where the Teutonic barbarians
did not go.
In Ireland
the scholars formulated
an intellectual synthesis
and a technique of action.
Having formulated
that intellectual synthesis
and that technique of action,
the scholars decided to lay
The foundations of medieval Europe
In order to lay the foundations
of medieval Europe,
the Irish scholars
established Salons de Culture
in all the cities of Europe,
as far as Constantinople,
where people could look for thought
so they could have light.
And it was
in the so-called Dark Ages,
which were not so dark,
when the Irish
were the light.
But now we are living
in a real Dark Age,
and one of the reasons why
the modern age
is so dark
is because
too few Irish
have the light.
The Irish scholars established
free guest houses
all over Europe
to exemplify
Christian charity.
This made
pagan Teutonic rulers
tell pagan Teutonic people:
"The Irish are good people
busy doing good."
And when the Irish
were good people
busy doing good,
they did not bother
about empires.
That is why we never heard
about an Irish Empire.
We heard about
all kinds of empires,
including the British Empire,
but never about
an Irish Empire,
because the Irish
did not bother about empires
when they were busy
doing good.
The Irish scholars established
agricultural centers
all over Europe
where they combined
Cult—
that is to say, liturgy,
with Culture—
that is to say, literature,
with Cultivation—
that is to say, agriculture.
And the word America
was for the first time
printed on a map
in a town in east France
called Saint-Die
where an Irish scholar
by the name Deodad
founded an agricultural center.
What was done
by Irish missionaries
after the fall
of the Roman Empire
can be done today
during and after the fall
of modern empires.

THOUSAND YEARS AGO

When the Irish were Irish,
a thousand years ago,
the Irish were scholars,
and when the Irish were scholars
the Irish were Greek scholars,
and when the Irish were Greek scholars
the Irish spoke Greek,
as well as Irish.
And when the Irish spoke Greek
as well as Irish,
Greek was Irish,
to the Irish.
Greek was Irish
to the Irish,
and now Irish is Greek
to the Irish.
Now the Irish
shout with the Rotarians:
"Service for profits,
Time is money,
Cash and carry,
Keep smiling,
Business is business,
Watch your step,
How's the rush?
How are you making out?
How is the world treating you?
The law of supply and demand,
Competition is the life of trade,
Your dollar is your best friend"
So's your old man!

THE DUTY OF HOSPITALITY

People who are in need
and are not afraid to beg
give to people not in need
the occasion to do good
for goodness' sake.
Modern society calls the beggar
bum and panhandler
and gives him the bum's rush.
But the Greeks used to say
that people in need
are the ambassadors of the gods.
Although you may be called
bums and panhandlers
you are in fact the ambassadors
of God.
As God's ambassadors
you should be given food,
clothing and shelter
by those who are able to give it.
Mahometan teachers tell us
that God commands hospitality,
and hospitality is still practiced
in Mahometan countries.
But the duty of hospitality
is neither taught nor practiced
in Christian countries.

PETER MAURIN 1877-1949

Peter was a short, stocky, sturdy Frenchman out of Languedoc, troubador country. He was one himself, a prophetic one, chanting his Easy Essays on Union Square soapboxes, in parish halls and college auditoriums. These essays called for a new order, one in which men could find it easier to be good, for all would have the proper sense of property.

His revolution was to be personalist and communitarian, the first because in it men would find a place for their unique gift to society. They would find their "mission" in life. Communitarian because their individual needs would be met more easily through cooperative community activity.

He had grown up in communal life. His village was a commune called St. Julien. The communal shepherd

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HOUSES OF "CATHOLIC ACTION"

Catholic Houses of Hospitality
should be more than free guest houses
for the Catholic unemployed.
They could be vocational training schools,
including the training for the priesthood,
as Father Corbett proposes.
They could be Catholic reading rooms,
as Father McSorley proposes.
They could be Catholic Instruction Schools,
as Father Cornelius Hayes proposes.
They could be Round-Table Discussion Groups,
as Peter Maurin proposes.
In a word, they could be
Catholic Action Houses,
where Catholic Thought
is combined with Catholic Action.

RECONSTRUCTING THE SOCIAL ORDER

The Holy Father and the Bishops ask us
to reconstruct the social order.
The social order was once constructed
through dynamic Catholic Action.
When the barbarians invaded
the decaying Roman Empire
Irish missionaries went all over Europe
and laid the foundations of medieval Europe.
Through the establishment of
cultural centers,
that is to say, Round-Table Discussions,
they brought thought to the people.
Through free guest houses,
that is to say, Houses of Hospitality,
they popularized the divine
virtue of charity.
Through farming colonies,
that is to say, Agronomic Universities,
they emphasized voluntary poverty.
It was on the basis of personal charity
and voluntary poverty
that Irish missionaries
of the social order,
laid the foundations

BUILDING CHURCHES

Henry Adams tells us in his autobiography
that he could not get an education
in America,
because education implies
unity of thought
and there is no unity of
thought in America.
So he went to England
and found that England
was too much like America.
So he went to France
and found that France
was too much like England and America.
But in France he found the
Cathedral of Chartres
and from the Cathedral of
Chartres he learned
that there was unity of thought
in thirteenth-century France.

People who built the Cathedral
of Chartres

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

May, 1964.

I am writing this column, at the beginning of the thirty second year of the Catholic Worker, at Tivoli, New York, where we are making new beginnings of a farming commune, agronomic university, house of hospitality, all combined in one, because that is the way it has worked out over the years. We are running in this issue some of Peter Maurin's essays, which are really just phrased writings many times repeated, so that he could "make his point," as he used to say.

Peter Maurin

Peter Maurin, to inform those who have come lately to a knowledge of **The Catholic Worker** and its program of action, is the founder, the instigator, the teacher of us all. Peter died in 1949, on May 15th, the anniversary of the feast day of St. John Baptist de la Salle, who was born in 1651, and founded a new congregation which he called the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. Peter and many of his brothers became Christian Brothers in France and he had his training with them, though later he found that his vocation was a unique one of direct action, emphasizing both the freedom and the responsibility of the ordinary layman. He was a forerunner and he is still a forerunner. We are spending our lives trying to work out his ideas, and we are learning the hard way, by trial and error. There is very little we say or write that we do not have to give an accounting for, here in this life. "Do you know what you are talking about, do you really mean what you say?" our Lord seems to ask us, as we live with "the people," as distinguished from the Masses so often swayed hither and yon in our day by the demagogue. Living as we do with bread lines, with the people who come to us, off the streets, of all races, colors, creeds, of all intelligences one might say, we see how we ourselves have to learn, continue to study, to work and pray for the help of the holy Spirit. We sure have to grow in patience. While on the one side we receive acclamations, on the otherside, it is denunciations.

People are always thinking we have accomplished what we are holding up as an ideal, and the simple ones who come to us keep wondering why we have not already built that kind of society where it is easier for man to be good, as Peter Maurin expressed it. It is a wonder, with all their expectation and disappointment, they do not go away, but bad as we are, it is worse outside, someone said; or "though I am unhappy here, I am more unhappy elsewhere," some one else said. And so we are really not a true communal farm, a true agronomic university, but a community of need, a community of "wounded ones" as one girl who came to us from a state hospital, expressed it. I myself have often thought of our communities as concentration camps of displaced people, all of whom want community, but at the same time want privacy, a little log cabin of their own, to grow their own food, cultivate their own gardens and seek for sanctity in their own way. This kind of sanctity of course has for most of us as little validity as the sense of wellbeing of the drug addict. "Man is not made to live alone," as we are told in the book of Genesis.

But as it is, work is our salvation. There is scarcely one among us who does not want to contribute by his work to the community, and since there is little choice in the work to be done, ordinary hum drum work for the most part, governed by the circumstances which arise each day, we are, willy nilly, being sanctified, but not in the way we wish, not by our own efforts. Jim washes dishes, and nobody likes the way he washes them. Tom cooks, and no one likes the way he cooks. Another is general pot washer, and carries trays to the sick and he is criticized for his mournful disposition. If you say it is a fine day, he tells you there will probably be a freeze-up tomorrow. I remember another in our midst, many years ago who used to say, "It is no use ploughing that field because we probably won't have the money to put into seed, and if we did we would probably have a drought." (But each one with his many superficial faults, has also profound virtues). If you laugh at such a whimsy, you are liable to offend as though you were making fun of someone. Oh, community is a wonderful thing, as all the religious orders in the world know so well. There is not much room for complacency or a sense of accomplishment, looking around after thirty-one full years of work.

Day of Recollection

Father Janer, S.J., who has charge of Nativity Mission across the "park" from us on Forsythe Street, who deals with Puerto Rican gangs in our slum area, gave us a day of recollection during the month, and made it clear to us just what we were accomplishing. "When you have done everything," he said, "you are still unprofitable servants. You can give all you have to the poor, you can give your body to be burned, but all this is nothing—without charity, the reason for it all. God is love, love is the reason for all we do, the highest reason, on the highest plane. We may talk about freedom and justice, but the reason for them too is love, love of brother, by which we show our love of God. It is when we have done all we can on the natural plane seemingly without result, that we can say, 'Now I have begun.' Because God takes over, and since we believe in the doctrine of the mystical body, all our sufferings lighten the load which is being carried in Africa, in Asia—all over the world. We are lightening the sufferings of the East Side, of Harlem, of Appalachia."

All this is paraphrase, of course. But I can speak from my own

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TO OVERCOME THE CONTRADICTION

This year, for the first time, Catholic spokesmen, including two priests, participated in the discussions at the third "Week of Marxist Thought," held recently in Paris. Father A. M. Dubarle, O.P. participated in the session devoted to "Materialism, Matter and its History," Dr. Paul Chauchard in the meeting on "The Materialistic Conception of Life," and Father J. Yves Jolif, O.P., professor on the Catholic faculty of Lyon, in a lively debate on the question: "Is a Materialistic Morality Possible?"

It was only in the course of this last debate that a true dialogue began to take shape between a Marxist professor (M. Jacques Milhau) and a Catholic. That evening, Father Jolif was obliged to conclude: "It seems to me that, whatever our disagreements (and I accord them great importance), one thing is more important, even essential: this evening we were grappling together with the same problems by discarding our belief either in Satan in human guise on the one hand or in some kind of archaeological monstrosity on the other, and coming together as men determined to take responsibility for the future of mankind and to practice a kind of spiritual competition."

Following the conference, Father Jolif, whose participation in the debate had been authorized

by Maurice Cardinal Feltin, agreed to answer some questions posed by a correspondent for **Informations Catholiques Internationales** concerning the possibilities for dialogue between Christians and Marxists.

Q. You have just participated, Father, in a debate as part of the "Week of Marxist Thought." What impressions do you retain of this experiment in dialogue between Christians and Marxists?

A. The Communist Party provided me with the most splendid audience I have ever had: several thousand extremely attentive and ardent young people. I am even more appreciative of the fact that it expected me to speak with complete freedom. My main impression is this: in France, it is possible for Marxists and Christians to engage in a friendly dialogue without ever forgetting what separates them: disputation between them, severe as it may be, does more to reopen the discussion than to close it. Perhaps the new element is that the Marxist now expects something of the Christian, at least in so far as the Christian agrees to talk with him. It is something of this kind that I felt in speaking at the **Mutualite.**

Q. Under what form could this dialogue be pursued, in your opinion?

A. A public gathering like the "Week of Marxist Thought" can reflect, and even to some extent create, a climate: in this sense, its usefulness for a dialogue is indisputable. But progress will be extremely limited if we confine ourselves to such debates. If we really take the idea of dialogue seriously, we are confronted with an arduous and time-consuming task. I believe that this task can only be carried out successfully by working groups, of as representative a character as possible.

In the first place, an effort at mutual comprehension seems to me obligatory. Each must know what the other is talking about. Now, such comprehension is not instantaneous: there is a Marxist "sensibility" as well as a Christian "sensibility": we do not approach problems from the same angle or with the same preoccupations. Only personal contact, in a spirit of confidence and friendship, will enable us to overcome these preliminary handicaps and proceed to the discussion of the objective disagreements that keep us apart. I see no obstacle nowadays to the formation and operation of such working groups.

Q. You stated in the course of this debate that Marxist and Christian morality must come together in the service of mankind. But don't you think that the fact that we do not share the same idea of man very quickly leads to ambiguities?

A. Even if the Marxist and the Christian are able to meet together in a common concern for humanism, and these meetings provide the basis for a dialogue, this will not suffice to resolve the problems and certainly does not warrant our succumbing to a bland euphoria. On the contrary, it is when dialogue begins that disagreement becomes inevitable. For we shall soon arrive at the questions: What is the nature of this man that you and I want to serve? How can he and how ought he exist today and tomorrow? What must we do now? The discussion will become harsher as we begin to touch on historical actions rather than abstract entities: in this realm, errors are paid for far more dearly than in the abstract world of concepts.

If we are not to content ourselves with an abstract and therefore equivocal agreement, resting on humanist good intentions, if we want to pose genuine, concrete problems, we shall be brought up short by apparently insurmountable oppositions: a Marxist cannot accept my idea of man, any more than I can accept his. I see only one way of gradually overcoming this contradiction: we must continually modify our theoretical constructions by comparing them with man as he actually is. We must be fully serious and sincere about our initial decision: to serve man, and not to defend notions of him that are probably inadequate to the real man. This realistic attitude seems to me equally acceptable to the Marxist and the Christian. We stand to lose nothing by adopting it: on the contrary, it will enable us to discover gradually that man is incomparably richer than we thought at the outset. But to attain this goal, we must renounce all dogmatism, and this is no easy matter. Yet that is the decisive point.

Q. You spoke of "spiritual competition," and M. Milhau, on the same evening and M. Roger Garaudy on a subsequent evening, took up this same expression? What do you understand by the term?

A. To me, this expression in the first place has a negative significance. When I use it, I mean to say first of all that Marxists and Christians ought to try to do away with all sterile oppositions. Each must abandon the practice of clapping a mask on the other in order to distort and conceal his features. When someone does not think as I do, I would naturally rather not meet him and listen to him, lest I might eventually have to re-examine my own certitudes. The easiest way to avoid meeting this adversary is to cover him with a mask that will effectively prevent him from appearing as a possible interlocutor. This frightened reflex is the symptom of a fundamental lack of realism. We cannot wish Marxism away, any more than Marxists can hold for naught the existence of hundreds of millions of Christians, especially in an epoch that is witnessing the renewal of the Christian communities. We must exercise fear and face up to the facts: present-day history includes both Marxists and Christians: both are operating within a world that is the same for everybody. What I call "spiritual competition" can begin when Marxists and Christians stop their habit of mentally eliminating (God forbid that they should ever do so physically!) a good part of humanity.

On the positive side, "spiritual competition" assumes, in my mind, a double significance. It implies first of all that our dialogue provides the occasion for both of us to recall that we are responsible for humanity, and that our existence only takes on its true meaning in this perspective. Victory between us cannot be the outcome of a violent struggle: it will be conferred on the side that has the keener sense of this responsibility.

On the other hand, "spiritual competition" consists in the fact that we both have a lot to learn from each other. Even if we believe in the absolute truth of our conception of man, we know that we cannot perceive all its implications, and that it will remain in part abstract. In the dialogue, our aim is mutual enrichment rather than destruction. If we are not in agreement, it is because we do not know how to see or describe what really exists. Unity is before us, in a more total understanding, in an action more in accordance with reality. We must avoid false pity and spur ourselves on, refusing to let ourselves rest at the point where we have arrived.

Q. Do you think Marxists understand the term "spiritual competition" in the same way?

A. Truth compels me to specify that this expression was first used by a Marxist, in a private conversation. I am sure that he understood it in the sense I have just outlined, which pretty exactly defines the atmosphere of our discussions. This does not necessarily mean that all Marxists will agree to regard their contacts with Christians in this way, any more than it means that all Catholics will be prepared to enter upon a dialogue with the Marxists. These differences of opinion are also facts, which must be taken into account.

Q. Specifically, don't you think that some people may fear an excessively ironical spirit and accuse you of forgetting the attitudes that Marxists adopt towards Christians when the Party is in power?

A. Indeed, we cannot forget that Marxism is not only a theory, it is also a historical force. The opposition between Christians and Marxists, which amounts only to a verbal dispute where the Communists have not taken power, assumes a violent form in other countries. On the other hand, this is not, unfortunately, an unusual situation: up to the present, none of the forces that have been historically effective have been free

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Reflections

ON COMMUNITY

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

It takes a martyr to live with a saint and conversely the opposite is also true: only a saint could endure the reproaches and the wailings of a martyr.

An ideal lay community (if such a group is possible) would consist of an equal proportion of saints and martyrs.

When the saints predominate in a community (singing Psalms and Canticles of Joy) then there is a tendency to neglect the social amenities that make life endurable for "Brother Ass."

Eating then becomes a painful ritual and is far removed from the joyous occasion that it should be where the community knows itself in the "breaking of bread." The food on the table becomes restricted and one longs for the Lenten Fast, with its emphasis on a minimum requirement of daily food.

But if the martyrs should gain the ascendancy (with their Wailings and Lamentations) then community life can indeed become a grim affair. The martyrs are the people who upon arising in the morning, grit their teeth in a fierce determination to do good to people —no matter what the cost in suffering may be to those people.

But what makes life tolerable is the fact that this is not a static condition, but that often the saints become martyrs and the martyrs turn into saints.

But of course there is the unfortunate tendency of both the martyrs and the saints to become "spiritual policeman." As such (when the urge is upon them) they feel it their bounden duty to check up on the spiritual welfare of their community brothers and sisters. They look upon each sin and fault not as a turning away from God but as a direct personal affront. They then consider it their duty to issue denunciations of the "poor sinner."—"It is for their own good," they claim.

But it is a sobering thought to reflect on the possibility that if our friends would pick up their cross, many of us would find ourselves treading the air.

In writing about the Catholic Worker Community it is difficult to be objective. By selecting materials and supressing incidents one could give a picture of continual strife and bickering that would make one wonder how anyone could live such a life.

But the opposite is also true: one can write about the many joyous occasions (which far outnumber the disagreeable ones) and of the nobility and the self-sacrificing of people so that it would be easy to give one the impression that community living is the nearest approach to Heaven that man can reach on this earth. (The Psalmist tells us that it is good for brethren to dwell in unity).

But in reality community living is a daily struggle to keep the ideas alive. There are those who join a community with stars in their eyes, but who upon meeting with a little adversity, soon cast aside the stars for some old fashioned motes and beams.

Community living presents many problems, but not that of loneliness. It has been stated: far better to be quarrelling than lonely. No, community life is not for the romantic or the escapist.

How did it all start?—this Catholic Worker Community. Originally it was a paper with the unique idea of not writing about news but "creating it." The original staff was soon overrun with people who came anxious to share our way of life and to enjoy what they thought was "Holy Security." Voluntary Poverty (accepted for the Love of Christ) is in reality one of the highest forms of security. (Having nothing — one can lose nothing).

And since many of those who came were sick (either in mind or in body), we soon had a House of Hospitality. The next step in our program was the establishment of a Farming Commune (or an Agronomic University).

It was our dream that on these farms where we hoped to "create a new social order within the framework of the old" that "scholars would learn to become workers and workers would learn to become scholars."

We set ourselves a difficult task but made it almost impossible when our community was turned into a rural House of Hospitality. What else could we do? The needs of people came first. But we let ourselves in for a terrific amount of grief and suffering. One wit remarked that the only way to tell a Staff member apart from a "Guest" was that the Staff member was the one who looked worried and anxious.

Over the years I have collected hundreds of anecdotes illustrating the vagaries of our "Guests." The passage of time has lent a tinge of humor to many of the incidents, though at the time they were painful.

At one of our farms, one of our "Guests," a mental patient, would assume in her lucid moments the task of guest-mistress. She would serve tea and toast and then inform the visitors of how difficult the rest of us made her authority. She would indicate the person who was in charge of the running of the farm and would in a confidential voice tell the visitors of the strange sickness the person had. With a knowing look she would tell the visitors: "We have to humor her as she is very sick and thinks that she is in charge."

And at another farm the duty of the door-keeper was assumed

by a cranky embittered man who would snarl at visitors and warn them off from the farm. "They are all drunkards and loafers!" he would shout. And if the visitor bravely insisted upon seeing the farm he would yell at them: "What crime have you committed?"

He would inform visitors from time to time how he was mistreated and was never given food or clothing—with the result that

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A Chance To

END THE DRAFT

By TOM CORNELL

President Johnson has announced that it may be possible to end the military draft during the next decade. This statement, reported in the popular press on Sunday, April 26, has evoked nationwide concern: hope to some and consternation to others. The fact is that the President gave us only a hint of what is in store. The Selective Service System is facing a grave crisis which is sure to cause fundamental changes in the system of conscription if not destroy it altogether.

The Baby-Boom

The manpower requirements that the military have set for themselves are far more than met by the manpower pool available to the draft. So many males have reached the age of eighteen in recent years that the Selective Service System has been groaning under their weight. In order to cut down the number of men to be inducted into the army, physical and mental requirements have been made stricter. Cassius Clay, world heavyweight boxing champion, is judged not fit for the draft. Still there were so many men available that President Kennedy, by executive order, exempted all married men. The late President must have been hard pressed for a method of cutting down on the available supply to have issued such a socially irresponsible order. Many young men will marry for the sole reason of avoiding the draft. Next year there will be an increase of eighteen year old males numbering 400,000 over this year's figures. This represents only the beginning of the post World War II baby-boom. It will accelerate through 1967. Selective Service must be radically modified or it will collapse. The present draft law expires in 1967.

Possibilities

Senator Keating of New York and eleven other senators have introduced a bill (S. 2432) to create a commission to "seek some fairer system." There is a similar bill in the House. The Pentagon announced a thorough study of the system last January, and the President in his recent announcement has called for another study. Arlo Tatum, in NEWS NOTES March-April 1964, the publication of the **Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors**, 2006 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., reports criticism of Selective Service from many periodicals:

Look (July '63), The Nation (Oct. '63 and Feb. '64), The New York Times (Oct. '63 and Jan. '64), US News and World Report (Jan. '64), Indianapolis Star (Jan. '64), New York World Telegram (Jan. '64), Parade (Jan. '64), Indianapolis Times (Jan. '64), New Republic (Jan. '64), Chicago Tribune (Feb. '64), The Readers Digest (Mar. '64), and the comic strip "Beetle Bailey" (Mar. '64).

Some propose suspending the draft until the UMT Act expires in 1967. Others hope for an extension of the draft to non-military areas.

Arlo Tatum reports:

Numerous proposals have been made to utilize the Draft for the "war on poverty," dealing with illiteracy, unemployment, minor physical problems. Plans to reduce the age of registration to 17 years have been shelved, at least for the time being.

In February Lt. Gen. Hershey proposed that I-Y men (rejects) be drafted for military training, "rehabilitation" and "most of all, training in teamwork and responsible citizenship."

To put it quite plainly, there is now a realistic chance for the nation to rid itself of conscription or a chance to have it extended beyond the military sphere. The establishment of compulsory "rehabilitation" camps and compulsory "civilian service" camps, for the War on Poverty, though having the benefit of covering up increasing unemployment (especially among young adults) will in fact institute slave labor camps in the U. S. for almost all of the male citizenry born since World War II.

Suspend the Draft?

The draft is obsolete militarily. The Selective Service System wants to maintain and expand the draft (their jobs depend upon it). Yet many military authorities insist that even from a military point of view there is no need for the draft. Many of this mind suggest that a volunteer "professional" army, with higher pay and more fringe benefits would attract a higher calibre of men who would be more likely to make the army their careers rather than a two year limbo.

Our objections to the draft, on the other hand, are moral. Involuntary servitude violates the natural rights of sons of God. It interferes with a man's right to choose his vocation, to marry, to learn, to work at a meaningful job of his own choosing. It violates the rights of the individual in a democracy. It is repugnant to the American tradition. As I recall, in grammar school we were told that many of our forefathers fled the Old World to avoid being forced into the European armies. It is repugnant to Christianity since it violates a man's liberty at the very stage of his life when free choices for his future are most important to him. Representative Thomas B. Curtis, introducing his bill for a study of the draft to the House, said: "I feel there is no single force which causes more disruption in the education, training, employment and personal lives of our youth today than is set in motion

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Reflections

In A Blinded Eye

By DEANE MOWRER

An exile in the Country of the Blind, I knocked at the door of St. Paul's Rehabilitation Center for the Blind in Newton, Massachusetts. It was Fr. Carroll who said—Come in. Fr. Thomas Carrole whose great book **Blindness What It Is, What It Does and How to Live With It,** with its exhaustive analysis of the twenty major losses suffered by the newly blinded adult and its exciting creative approach to rehabilitation, had brought me to this door.

For sixteen weeks I was to live there, in the old carriage house which houses St. Paul's, a trainee among other trainees, sixteen at first, soon diminished to fourteen. Whatever our nervous apprehension may have been at the beginning of this intensive training program, we were all, I am sure, filled with eagerness and hope. Hope that through this training we might learn how to break through the walls of psychological segregation that so often shut off the blind from the sighted—sometimes in a kind of ghetto, if the blind are confined to institutional living and to work in sheltered shops, sometimes in a kind of prison, though the prison may be a comfortable armchair and the jailers oversolicitous family and friends. We wanted no part of these walls. We wanted acceptance on a functioning integrated basis in our own particular sighted society. We wanted true repatriation in our lost homeland, the vast and variously beautiful land where the eye is queen of the senses and even the mind obeys her imperious glance.

Looking back now, more than a year since completing the rehabilitation program at St. Paul's, I realize that—as instructors warned us —this learning involved a new kind of learning which could not be completed but must continue through one's life. I am indeed well aware that the learning process is still going on and that the goals are far from achieved. Nevertheless the period which I spent at St. Paul's was most interesting and challenging, and the associations with fellow trainees and staff members stimulating and rewarding. Often during the period the thought occurred to me that this was the kind of experience I should like to write about. After my return to Peter Maurin Farm, I continued to want to write about this experience, and put much material on tape for the purpose. The more closely I looked at the experience, however, the more I realized its complexity, the difficulty, for instance, of writing about rehabilitation for the blind without writing about blindness, and that involved such an ocean of unassimilated experience I could hardly cope with it. Finally I resolved the difficulty by deciding to segment the experience, to do rather than a single comprehensive article a series of articles which would enable me to treat certain facets of the experience in more detail. These reflections in a blinded eye, then, are merely introduction to that series of articles.

Aside from the fact that St. Paul's is intended for the rehabilitation of adults only, the salient characteristic distinguishing St. Paul's rehabilitation program from that of other agencies for the blind is the kind of totality aimed at and in more or less degree achieved, though the achievement may not come until long after the trainee has left St. Paul's. A simple enumeration of the courses scheduled at St. Paul's will I think give some clue to the kind of totality aimed at. Techniques of daily living, housekeeping, shop, personal hygiene, Braille, typing, handwriting, mobility, videation spatial orientation, imagery stimulation, sensory training, fencing, spoken communication, attitudes and analysis, group therapy, self appraisal, gripe session, legislation and citizenship, vocational counselling, individual counselling. The observant reader will note that most of these courses fall under three main categories—courses intended to restore skills and capabilities lost through blindness, courses intended to develop and retrain the other senses (some of which the trainee will never have heard) so that they can begin to take on more of the heavy load of sensory work which the eye once handled so efficiently, and finally courses of a psychotherapeutic nature intended to help restore the total personality organization which always suffers under the terrible impact of blindness and its multiple deprivations.

In addition trainees are expected to participate in certain social and recreational activities. It is a full schedule, arduous and exhausting, without much time for moping, boredom, or even at times, it seems, to assimilate the great masses of new learning material encountered everyday. For the newly blinded adult, like the small child, has a great deal to learn. To begin with he must relearn almost everything he learned as a child and has been taking for granted for many years. In order to accomplish this relearning and all learning needed for mature functioning, the trainee must undertake a new kind of learning process, bearing little resemblance to the more familiar learning

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The Liturgy and the Racial Struggle

A Talk given to the Newark Sodalities, Febrauary 9, 1964, the Four Hundreth Anniversary of the Sodalities.

By PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.

I have been asked to present a few ideas concerning what the Liturgy has to say to the racial struggle, so let us begin with a brief consideration of the Negro's present position in American society. In truth there has been a very noticeable lull in civil rights activism since the March on Washington of August 28, and since the climax of the Birmingham crisis with the murder of the four Negro children soon after the March.

President Kennedy's death in November sent the whole nation into a shocked disbelief and later into a frantic self appraisal. There were on hand at that time other concerns than civil rights, both for Negroes and for Whites. Moreover, the Civil Rights Bill was judged to be at stake—President Johnson was an unknown factor to both sides, and finally, the Negro was aware, in the most sensitive fashion, of the burgeoning White antagonism to his own militancy. The shoe was beginning to pinch—in some cases the squeeze was being felt through economic boycott and through opening job opportunities. There was a growing White consensus therefore that the Negro was moving too fast, that he was taking too much initiative upon himself, and, in an odd and profoundly ironic twist, that he was even interfering with White "rights." On the other hand, the Negro has had to much experience with White power to underestimate it foolishly, or to deal with it rashly—it has penetrated his life too long, tolerated his bread too long, limited his movements too long. The present signs of hope therefore, must run their course and be given a chance to bear fruit, i.e., the Civil Rights Bill, the unequivocal stand of the President, the growing body of legislation within the states, diplomatic and world pressure, and above all, time—which, incidentally, the Negro had learned to use. Three hundred and fifty years had taught him patience with time—he had long ago learned that it could be a weapon, and that if you were helpless in every other way, you could still out-suffer your antagonist. So the Negro did a little demonstrating in New Orleans in September. He kept up a faint pressure in southwest Georgia over voter registration. Atlanta was kept as honest as it could be kept, and the school boycott appeared for the first time in New York City. But across the board, he was backing off, to give the White man another opportunity to show good faith by taking a course of action that would be consistent with his Christianity and his Americanism.

So he waited, and in the meanwhile, he had history on his side, a cause quite total in its moral perfection, and in his leaders, some of the most consummate political leadership in the world. He was now the news item. Impassive Negro faces were searched with anxiety in Harlem, and elsewhere the Negro had become the most scrutinized and researched man in the world, millions of dollars were being spent to give him his place in the sun or to keep him where he was. And through it all, his demands remained disarmingly modest: to live where he pleased, in whatever conditions of decency he could afford; to go to schools, the best that the community could offer; to apply for and to attain jobs on the basis of this or that ability; to worship in church not as a Negro nor as a statistic to prove Catholic or Methodist or Anglican liberality, but as a Christian; to be freed of reminders that he is other, or different, or less; to give to this country and to take from it in the same measure of choice and opportunity that other Americans exercise and possess; to be born a free man and to live and die in that state, capitalizing on this freedom for salvation, or abusing it for damnation, whatever the case may be. Yes, his demands were disarmingly modest, and yet they were largely disbelieved or misinterpreted, as the endlessly arrogant and brutal debate went on to decide whether or not to give him what God had already guaranteed him as a human being and as a son.

Meanwhile, as the controversy raged in legislative chambers and penetrated into every home in the land, his condition continued as tragic. Expectation has always been part of the American dream for him, or at least since his emancipation in 1863, but it had been stifled by the bitter realities of an existence mostly untouched by history or compassion, never really changing. Now, however, the Supreme Court had spoken, and the old laws were tumbling as fast as they were challenged: scientists were speaking out and saying not only that the Negro was equal but that the concept of Race was meaningless; pulpits were alive with the injustice of his lot and the obligation of Christians toward him; Negro athletes were beginning to dominate the sports world; the walls were cracking in the economic structure, and here and there Negroes were stepping behind the desk and into the laboratory; a few Negros were moving into White neighborhoods in the North, and not at all in the South, and seeing no housing panic follow their action; interracial marriages were still very rare, but evident enough to testify to the unconquerable prerogative of human choice; the emergent nations of Africa were making freedom theirs at the stroke of a pen and the raising of a new flag; while finally, as the most powerful spur to expectation the communications media battered the Negro with proof that he was a "have-not" whose citizenship and status had been put off to some unforseeable future when it would be convenient to give it to him.

Under these conditions, expectation did far more than double or triple—it multiplied over and over again, and is still relentlessly snowballing. Waiting in these circumstances (and "wait" is the undeviating message that the Negro receives from the White community), waiting becomes something of a school for torture, the main characteristic of a life that faces little but "no exit" signs, little but defences which make a world of reservation and of ghetto.

Dr. King speaks of this in his famous **Letter from a Birmingham Jail.** "We have waited for more than three hundred and forty years for our constitutional and God-given rights. . . . I guess it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say "wait." But when your first name becomes "Nigger," and your middle name becomes "Boy" (however old you are), and your last name becomes "John," and when your wife and your mother are never given their respected title, "Mrs."—when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tip-toe stance and plagued by inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait."

Yet wait he must, and if his waiting today is different from that of the past, being now a waiting

with protest, he still must wait. In the South, where most of his protest has found expression, intransigence and ruthlessness have crystallized into a massive and hardening opposition.

Desegregation has been faint and integration almost non-existent. The Judiciary, whether local or federal, has a record of shocking inadequacy, stemming from sectional bias or bad will, and sometimes a combination of both. In nearly ten years since the Supreme Court desegregation decision, less than eight per-cent of Southern Negro children attend schools with White children. After six years of federal suits, the number of registered Negro voters in one hundred of the worst counties of the South has risen from 5% to 8.3% while in the Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina counties, the number of Negroes registered is actually less than it was six years ago.

In the North, where overt opposition is harder to find and violence is usually eschewed, two general attitudes hold sway. The first is the "no problem" approach, which speaks of the racial struggle as always somewhere else, and therefore, having no claim upon local persons or structures. This posture is exemplified by the view of a town clerk in Durant, Oklahoma, who told a researcher from the Southern Regional Council, "We do not have colored people in Durant, and have not had for over forty years, so there's no segregation trouble here." Another clerk in City Hall was also questioned and he explained the racial harmony in Durant this way: "No, there is nothing segregated here. Anyway, Negroes have to be outside the city limits before sundown." The second approach is the social worker attitude which refers to an experience of several months or years in a Negro ghetto, doing anything from selling papers, to reclaiming cars, to doing casework, which purportedly qualifies a person to be an authority on the Negro, with the right to advance a series of gratuitous and absurd opinions about Negro filth, promiscuity and general shiftlessness. However, in spite of the subtlety of discrimination here, it is undeniable that Northern education for the Negro can find no inferior in the nation, that Northern Negro slums are among the worst in the world, that housing patterns for the Negro are fiercely drawn and fiercely held, and that Negro unemployment is nowhere the reality that it is here in the North. And so the Negro waits and protests, and though his protest can no longer be ignored, it is severely resented and strenously opposed.

We must at this juncture, it seems, ask ourselves why this is so. Are not the claims of Negroes the claims of mere persons who are asking for what Christianity and our Constitution have long pledged them? If this is so, then why the outrage and fear? After all, hair and features and skin color have nothing to do with being a person, even if we were to invest ourselves with the impossible task of proving that ours were better. Nor do they have anything to do with the community of human nature, nor Redemption in Christ, nor Sonship of God. Is there then, something deeper at work? Are we reluctant to receive the Negro as a person because this would inevitably and painfully mean that we would have to accept ourselves, face ourselves, see ourselves as the kind of persons we are? What are we shielding in ourselves that we fear more than him? Is it that we suspect that our vaunted superiority is a figment and that it will wither under exposure, like some lush parasitic plant that thrives under cover and dies in the sun? Would it mean the banishment of a series of myths upon which our lives are often predicated, and which we hug under stress as a child hugs his doll in the dark? It may be that the securities of race, nationality, private property and association upon which we rest such trust are not securities at all, particularly when they close us to the world or stunt our humanity. It may be that these items of safeguard are in reality substitutions for persons and personal relationships having now occupied the central focus in our lives, having now imposed a control that is neither ours nor God's. It may be that the web of impregnability that we weave around ourselves has truly entrapped us, for in keeping others at the walls, we have destroyed the capability of dealing with them and ourselves.

The Negro is a person, then, and generally, Americans will not dare to deny this. What they deny is the consistency that must flow from this premise, and it is this very lack of consistency that has bred our dilemma. Sidney Harris, an editorial columnist of the Chicago Daily News wrote this statement recently: "Either the Negro is a full-fledged human being, and a complete American citizen, or he is less than a human being and incapable of citizenship. If we believe the first, the Negro must be assured of all his civil and legal and human rights. If we believe the second, the Negro must be stripped of citizenship and made a ward of the state. No middle course is possible. Most Americans, on both sides of the issue, refuse to face this central point. The Negro should be treated just like everyone else—no better, no worse—or else he should be confined to a reservation, returned to Africa, or sent back into slavery. Any other solution is just hypocrisy and foolishness, and only postpones the ultimate day of reckoning. Is the Negro a man, or is he not a man? Once we answer this question honestly, all the other answers will fall into place, painfully but surely. I happen to believe that he is a man (though grievously flawed by centuries of abuse), created by the same God who created the rest of us. To treat him any differently is, to my mind, an act of profound impiety. Those who think otherwise should not make concessions they do not believe in. They should not hide behind the deception of 'separate but equal' schools or any such other mumbo-jumbo. They should frankly ask that the Negro be assigned to a sub-human status in our society. If we do not think that the Negro is a man, we should both ignore his 'rights' and absolve his 'responsibilities.' If he cannot live anywhere, work anywhere, eat anywhere, go to school anywhere—then he should not be asked to pay taxes, to fight for his country, to give his time, his labor or his loyalty to enterprises in which he cannot share. The white man has made the Negro what he is, and has kept him where he is. Nobody knows how far the Negro can go up, because he has never had the chance; we only know how far he can go down—and it frightens us terribly because we have pushed him down. We have refused to let him live decently, and then we accuse him of the sin of indecency. Do we think the Negro is a man or not a man? We can no longer squirm and back away from this crucial question. For already having postponed it so long, either answer we decide upon will bring anguish to millions."

The Negro is a person, then, and in refusing to acknowledge this, in every meaning that it has or could have, we punish ourselves terribly. "America's image of the Negro, which hasn't very much to do with the Negro, has never failed to reflect with a kind of frightening accuracy the state of mind of the country." In other words, if we want a yardstick of what we are, individually and collectively, our view of the Negro is that yardstick. We are, to an astounding degree what we think him to be, what we are prepared to do for him, what we will allow him to do for us. Merton speaks of White and Negro being "co-relative" to each other and he maintains that reciprocity in this case is a providential relationship. He says further that "White is for Black and Black for White," and it is worth commenting that when White is for White and Black is for neither because he can't be otherwise as things are, then self-destruction is the rule. Self-destruction in us that takes the form of an illusory position with psychotic overtones—hidden fears, self-deception and latent viciousness. Self-destruction in the Negro, schizophrenia, introjected hate and uncertainties of every kind. And since the Negro knows precisely what the White state of mind is, being forced to live it as well as live by it, his appeal to us takes on the nature of a prophecy, and we can say without exaggeration of over-blown idealism that God is using him to speak to us about ourselves in this country, in much the same way that God is using Communism to speak to us in the world.

It is not difficult to establish the antimony between the Liturgy and Segregation, or the contradiction in those who have been made one by the Prayer, Sacrifice and

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Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

No meetings in Montana on this trip as the John Birch influence among Catholics is predominant there. However in Seattle Father Axer and Isabell Macras called together students at Seattle University, where as usual I had an interesting meeting. I had spoken in Canada several times but this day I had to miss a bus at the border while I argued with a tough inspector as to whether I was a Communist, and about my being in prison in the United States. He did not ask me if I was an anarchist, as I expect if he had I would not have been allowed entry. He said doing time against war was not a crime in Canada, so I was finally allowed to enter and spoke at the University of Vancouver where Douglas Sanders had students assembled for two meetings. I stayed with Dorse McTaggert, who had visited me and taken colored photos of Joe Hill House. Douglas drove me to Seattle in the morning.

The Catholic Bishop in Seattle called upon all Catholics to march in a demonstration against segregation. I visited the I.W.W. hall as usual and the Fellow Worker in charge hoped with me that I would have a Joe Hill House going strong next year which will be the 50th anniversary of his execution. I would like Gurley Flynn and Warren K. Billings to speak then. Mary has promised to repaint a Joe Hill mural when I get the new place.

Prof. Hugo Bedau of Reed College in Portland had a group of students gathered to hear me the next night. Two Catholic girls were in the audience, which was otherwise composed of atheistic or non-religious students. Prof. Bedau introduced me as being of the CW which was the most radical group in America. I gave a history of our radical activities, explaining that the reason we were not on the Subversive List was that Catholic politicians in Washington make up this list, and that they might somehow remember that there was a radical tradition in their Church of St. Francis, St. Joan of Arc, and St. Martin of Tours. This was one of the best meetings of my trip. Prof. Bedau has just compiled a book entitled, **The Death Penalty in America**, paper-back, $1.95, Doubleday, which he gave me. He and others are seeking to abolish the death penalty in Oregon.

The next day in Eugene I was introduced by Prof. McClosky, the father of Mike McClosky, who wrote his thesis on the CW a few years ago. This was reprinted in our **Two Agitators** booklet. Prof. Owen Edwards of Dublin, who teaches American History at the University of Oregon here, had planned the meeting. I had spoken here last year but there is always a new group of students who are interested.

Tom Coddington, whose father was associated with the CW in its early years, and who is now finishing out his two years as a Catholic conscientious objector working in the state hospital at Ukiah, Cal., had purchased a ten acre farm and named it Hennacy Farm. I had told him that he had better wait until I died, for I might chicken out, but he felt otherwise. I was made welcome by him and his wife Nancy and saw 'their two children, two cows, two pigs, two goats, two hives of bees, and many chickens. It will take him ten years to pay for the place, and he will then be thirty-four. At that age I had just begun to be a father to my two children on ten acres near Waukesha, Wisconsin, and I had my cow, sheep, chickens, bees, and police dog.

I spoke at the Peter Maurin House in Oakland, saw Hugh Madden, and sang them I.W.W. songs. They are buying a truck to transport migrants to the fields and cooperatively contract the work rather than to be exploited by the padrones. I stayed at Callagy's and also visited Byron Bryant, Vic and Emma Hauser, and went with Mary out to see Francis and Carol Gorgen and their baby. Francis and I picketed with the NAACP at Cadillac Motors where I met Mike Gold's two sons, Nick and Carl, and later spoke to Mike on the phone, and met his wife in the Communist bookstore. I met Warren K. Billings at the bus station, visited Kay Boyle, and Bruce Sloan had me speak at the Marin County Peace Center and to meet with students the next morning. Here I met the leader of the auto workers' sit-in at Flint, Mich. in the thirties, where Dorothy had crawled in the window and been a part of it. Mary had to give up her place and is now resting from the turmoil. Plans are to picket the notorious robber Bank of America, which was founded in the depression on the blood of the poor. I wish I could be on hand for that, for I remember when Mary, Jack Baker and I picketed the American Bankers Convention at the Waldorf-Astoria. Tears come to my eyes when I hear her sing:

> **"The banks are made of marble,**
> **with a guard at every door;**
> **"And the vaults are stuffed with**
> **silver, that the workers**
> **sweated for."**

Alan Marcus, the writer, had about fifty people for a meeting at his home midst the woods of Carmel. This house with three fireplaces was surely a refuge from the noise of cities. I also met my old friend Ward Moore, who reviewed my book in the NATION ten years ago.

I stopped in at the Fund for the Republic at Santa Barbara where my old time friend Hallock Hoffman had me speak on anarchism to the staff, and recorded it for later use. I rushed and that night spoke to a large group of students at the Newman Club at Riverside, Cal. I stayed with the Millers, CW readers, as I had when I spoke there last October. The next noon I spoke to youngsters at the private Olivewood School. In telling of my escapades with the law one boy asked if I had ever been on a sinking boat. Thinking back I remembered that I had bailed water out of a leaky barge, while seasick, going from Baltimore to Boston with my wife in 1921.

There had been a storm where limbs from pine trees had been blown over my daughter Sharon's garden, so I kept busy one morning cleaning the place up for her. I missed seeing my daughter Carmen, for she had to go to a teachers convention. Father Coffield of Ascension Church came over and drove me to tape my interview at Steve Allen's show. For those who did not see it on the April 2 release I will say that Mr. Allen was very gracious, reading definitions by Kropotkin from the Encyclopedia Britannica, and asking me questions as to any conflict between being a Catholic and an anarchist. Questions from the audience were asked, Mr. Allen ending it by asking if I would obey Church authorities if asked to slow down on my radicalism. I replied that I would have to obey God rather than man and follow my conscience, as did my favorite saint, Joan of Arc.

I spent an evening with my friend Henry L. Nunn at La Jolla, Cal. He is eighty-six and a hearty vegetarian. His recent book about employee-employer relations has been translated into Japanese. In Phoenix I visited with Rik and Ginny Anderson and Joe Craigmyle, Joe Stocker and Carl Meucke. Also met my old time employer, James Hussey, who chased the tax man away a score of times. In Tucson I stayed at Byrd Schweitzers, after a fine meeting at the home of the Allen's. Phil and Monica Burnham, where Mary and I had stayed a week three years ago, greeted me as usual. My friend in El Paso was away on Easter vacation and I felt I did not have time to go two hundred miles into Mexico to visit the polygamous colony of The Church of the First Born of the Fulness of Time, whose leaders I knew in Salt Lake City. I said hello to Dr. Shelton by phone in San Antonio, but my friends in Austin had moved to Florida so I hurried on and went to Mass on Easter in Washington, D.C. Here I rested at the home of Donald Carmody and had a meeting with friends. Now in fifteen days I will be in Minneapolis where I will have completed my $99 bus trip and will then ride in a car with a friend and speak at Collegeville, Madison, Milwaukee, Beloit, Milton, Notre Dame, Detroit, Cleveland, Antioch, Cincinnati, Purdue, St Louis, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, the Hopi, and back to Salt Lake City to revive my Joe Hill House. Those interested write to me at 1586 S. 15 E. Salt Lake City.

In Baltimore my vegetarian friend, Rev. Ballard, who has recently opened the Universal Christian Center in the slum district, had a meeting scheduled for me. Madalyne Murray who was present wanted me to write an article on anarchism for her atheistic magazine. She is the lady who carried Bible reading in the schools up to the Supreme Court. In Philadelphia I had meetings with the

St RAYMOND gives himself in ransom for the captives—

Quakers, at La Salle with Dick Leonard, and at the home of Wally Nelson. My old friend Peter Van Dresser drove me around. I was glad to meet George Willoughby who was back from the peace walk in India. In New York City I spoke at the CW to new and old friends. Vivian, Janet and Eileen had get together parties where I met old friends. Chris drove me to the farm where I met everyone. In Syracuse I spent the night at the home of my niece who is active with CORE. In Buffalo Russ Gibbons had planned my meetings, the first of which was at the University of Buffalo law school. Here I held forth for four hours to the intelligent technical questions from the students. The next meeting was to the Looknights gathered from several communities. These liberals were a little slower on the trigger than the lawyers, and of course were older folks settled in bourgeois life, but the meeting was worthwhile. The big meeting was at D Youville College where I spoke on **A Catholic Anarchist Among the Mormons.** Nicole d' Entremont, who had written an excellent report of my meetings in Buffalo three years ago, drove me with a friend up to Toronto. Here Paul Harris at the Catholic Information Center had an enthusiastic crowd greet me. I also spoke to the Quakers. I met Ossie and Mary Bondy, old CW's, and Clif Bennett, who 20 years ago had printed my essay on Tolstoi entitled **Thou Shalt Not Kill.** He drove me down to Buffalo. I had to hardly give my name to get across the border this time. I stopped over in Chicago and saw Karl and Jean's baby and visited them. Karl is still in the sanitorium but expects to be released soon. I visited Nina Polcyn, the I.W.W. headquarters,

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By ED BROWN

Spring has sprung on Chrystie Street.

April, in the role so aptly assigned her by St. Vincent Millay, has truly stumbled "down the hill . . . laughing, crying . . . babbling like an idiot . . . strewing blossoms."

Even before spring's advent, we at the Worker, by watching incoming clothing donations, could paraphrase another poet, "If overcoats come, can Spring be far behind?" It seems our clothing donors, bless them, have the same built-in radar God has given birds to sense the imminence of warm weather long before chill winds have been dissipated.

Such clothing is appropriate. Many, too many, of our men in the soup lines are aged and no doubt anemic; their temperatures slump at sundown. Many of these oldsters "carry the banner" nights, and need heavy clothing until mid-May. (For the uninitiated "to carry the banner" is Boweryese for walking the streets—no place to sleep.)

Progress

Across from St. Joseph House of Hospitality where we once had a pleasant park and playground, we are now confronted with a scabrous stretch of barren land five or six blocks long. One recalls the bomb scars of war-wrecked cities of Europe.

This is progress. This is the American penchant to destroy all that has natural beauty and to supplant the unsullied with the gadgets of efficiency. True, the park was man-made; a pale imitation of the pristine; but, at least, it was an attempt to bring some natural beauty into this fermenting warren we call our neighborhood. This oasis was a place for children to flee noisome tenaments; for parents to sit of summer evenings; for the more-exuberant of the lads to play games and work off excess energies that are often the basis of gang rumbles.

All this destruction comes from the building of the new subway under the park. Contractors agreed to restore the park, after the end of the subterranean slashings. Two years have passed since the termination of the job. Nothing has been done. Pictures have appeared in daily newspapers deploring the procrastination. But smug, politically assured and armored subway entrepreneur have chosen to ignore pledges once so freely uttered. This is the same subway that proved a nemesis to the Catholic Worker once before: Because of its construction we were forced to abandon the old Chrystie Street House of Hospitality. But it is encouraging to note that a few heroic English plane trees have still survived Progress with a capital P, and are putting forth, almost shyly, tentative green buds.

Perhaps nowhere in this metropolis is a playground and recreational center so desperately needed. Children in this immediate area have nowhere to gather but in streets and on stoops, unless they leave this section for parks several blocks away. And this is hazardous, for neighborhood (for **neighborhood** read **gang**) precincts are sharply defined—and protected with fists, bricks, bottles, bicycle chains, knives and other simple persuaders.

The "Clean-Up"

In recent months police brass with an eye to front pages have been "cracking down" on undesirables in order, they claim, to clean up the city for the World's Fair. With flamboyant zeal they swept up the Bowery, where scarcely any Fair visitor will venture and then only in the sanctuary of a sightseeing bus. In mid-town the bona fide criminal, the con-man, hotel burglar, mugger and other Runyonesque types have been relatively unmolested. It is in the city's center the visitors shall concentrate.

As result of the "clean-up campaign" thousands of unfortunate souls, whose cardinal crime is over-indulgence, have been shunted off for thirty, sixty and ninety day jail sentences. During March the Bowery lost one-third of its bon-vivants. County and city jails were jammed and at times the overflow were farmed out to adjoining borough and county prisons. We noticed the absence of many familiar faces in our soup line. They are now coming back. Police pressure while continuing, is slacking off. Could it be that this highly-vaunted crime catharsis has become old hat to newspapers?

The Bowery

For thirty years, intermittently, we have been observer of the Bowery, its residents, it mores—since the Depression when as a newspaper reporter we were dressed as derelicts and with another staff man wrote a series of articles on Bowery conditions for a now gone and certainly unlamented tabloid.

The opinion is prevalent that the Bowery is an alcoholic cesspool. Alcohol is a major factor but other elements enter into a man's adoption of this milieu. One-fifth of its populace is made up of the ever-optimistic horse plungers who are always waiting for "that one big break." Another group is made up of elderly pensioners who find the flop house rates in tune with their budget. And other sizable number is composed of men whose homes have been wrecked by domestic crises and who find faceless anonymity in Skid Row.

Part of the American Credo is that the Bowery harbors toughs, rough necks and bully boys. Such beliefs make police, Skid Rowers, social workers and other cognoscenti chuckle. With Prohibition the bona fide Bowery Basher, immortalized by Herbert Asbury, moved over on invitation to Park Avenue, where he functioned as a missionary, i.e. distributed sacramental wines to the well-heeled pagans of the elite. He never returned. He now is in some legitimate business with the profits he made from the Noble Experiment. He is in the Cosa Nostra. He operates gaming casinos in Reno or Miami Beach; motels and night clubs in Atlantic City. He left the scene long before the Third Avenue El was razed and he has never returned.

The Bowery alcoholic is addicted to cheap wine hawked from saloon and retail store at 40 cents a pint. And this drink has such an insidious propensity that it will destroy whatever was once the valorous fabric in a human being. At a McClellan senatorial hearing probing labor racketeering statements were made a few years back that "Bowery Goons" were hired to terrify a local. This either amuses or bemuses the Bowery man. Time was, it is true, that the street was patrolled by police in pairs. That was at the turn of the century. Possibly no policeman serving today can remember when they were required to pair up.

The street is cluttered with wholesale restaurant, china, and lamp supply houses. The firms employ scores of women office workers. They proceed to and from work unmolested. Yes, the Bowery does have a code of gallantry. The wolf whistle is never heard and should some newcomer be so brash as to accost a strolling woman on the street, he would be "taken care of" forthwith by the men within beck and call.

A common experience here is to see a diabetic and elderly Milquetoast of a flop house clerk evicting a six-foot plus Cro-Magnon, who will be shivering in fear of the aggressor. Some of these alleged stalwarts, it may be added, hold medals for military derring-do in our last two Unpleasantries: World War II and Korea. Such is the toll of Sneaky Pete—wine.

Our Friday night meetings con-

(Continued on page 10)

LETTERS

TAENA

Taena Community
Whitley Court
Upton St. Leonard's, Glos.
England
February 1964

Dear Dorothy,

Thank you for your letter. Here at Taena we have had our first fall of snow and it produced such a fine opportunity for warfare as was not to be missed by the younger members of this anti-militarist community. After mass on Sunday (a suitable time, I thought) I launched an all out pre-emptive strike against the Seex children, but I met with massive retaliation, and a Doomsday machine (a snowball eighteen inches across) carried with great difficulty by Joey Seex (aged six) was luckily detonated before it could be launched. But I took a hammering later from Benny Seex, while I was cleaning the cowshed, in a classic military maneuvre used (I believe) by William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings. Rushing into the attack, I was lured into the worst part of the farmyard where I stuck fast in the mud. But Benny was so helpless with laughter that his aim was bad.

It was really your writing about Taena that caused me to come here, especially as you said that there were not sufficient members of the community to work the land and that they hired outside help. I have always wanted to move out onto the land sometime, so I asked Ron Seex if he would hire me as an apprentice, which he very kindly did, so I am working here for my keep. And I am being kept very well too, for I am a vegetarian, and Hilary, Ron's wife, goes to great trouble fixing special food for me. So I feel rather guilty and I think maybe I ought to start eating meat and so make less work for her. She has eight children to look after and (at this time of year) a sea of mud to keep out of her home. I do some housework to ease my conscience but I suspect it is soothed rather easily.

I was somewhat at a loss what to do when I came back from America in September and decided after a while to go back to the bourgeois way of life I led before I became a radical. So I found myself a "good" job in a drawing office and bought a new car. But within six weeks I was fired from the job and had smashed the car, so I was back where I started. I say that my guardian angel was looking after me well, to put such an abrupt end to my attempt to "chicken out." My house of hospitality has become a **Committee of 100** community and has kept going in spite of the attentions of a very successful con-man who eventually got away with 140 pounds. It is, of course, a less advanced form of community than a house of hospitality, and the members would indignantly deny that they were practicing charity, but in fact that is what they are doing. We were able to rent the apartment above us, and after considerable repair work, were able to take in a girl with three children whose husband had left her. The other members of the community agreed to pay more rent so that she need pay less. There is also a pragnant unmarried girl living there, and a young couple who are expecting a baby soon. It will not be easy to live there with all these children in such confined space. I hope to buy the house sometime, and so give them some security of tenure.

The peace movement here is slightly less active at the moment because two of its most vigorous members, Terry Chandler and Peter Moule, are in prison.

Peter runs another **Committee of 100** community a short distance away in Paddington, and it is known as the "Moulery" after him. But the Committee is planning a two day march this Easter ending in an offering of civil disobedience. I wish you had met this group when you were here in London. Most of the other groups you met just talk and will still be talking when the rockets begin to fly. These people really do something. The last meeting I attended they were discussing the details of the Easter demonstration which will probably put a lot of them in prison.

I gave a talk recently on "The

Catholic Worker" at the Pax Association, but concentrated mainly on anarchism as this is the part they find hardest to take. This developed into an attack on Plato, whose immense influence on the Church I regard as wholly malign. (The following ideas are developed from Karl Popper's book **The Open Society and its Enemies,** vol. 1.) Justice is a concept invented by Plato to arrest change in society. The Christian ideal is charity, not justice. I also consider that justice was opposed to the Christian doctrine of the Common Good as shown by their different attitudes to crime. When a crime has been committed the primary interest of justice is in the criminal and his punishment, not in the victim. But the doctrine of the Common Good demands that the primary duty of society is to put the wrong right, i.e. to recompense the victim of any crime. Further, Plato and the Christian are in fundamental opposition in their attitudes toward change in society. Plato was opposed to any change in social relationships; if society changed at all, he said, it changed for the worse. But the Christian is in the world to change it, to transform it, "to renew the face of the earth." To do this he must change himself for the better, that is sanctify himself and thereby sanctify society. I also implied we must not expect too much from reason. Reason shows us any inconsistency in our fundamental beliefs and shows us how to act on our beliefs. But it cannot give us faith. God does not use our reason to mentally coerce us to believe in Him. He speaks directly to the heart, and uses no other influence over us.

Yours in Christ,
Peter Lumsden

INDIA

Sevagram Ashram
Wardha, India
March, 1964

Dear Dorothy,

I was sorry not to have seen you in the brief time I spent in New York at Christmas, but it was an unexpected and rushed trip, necessitated by the death in an accident, of a friend.

As you may have heard, I stopped in at the CW Christmas Day after Mass at Fr. Rogosh's, and saw a number of the younger CW people at various times; but you were always away, or out at Staten Island.

But this is all ancient history—my present is here in India, and I have been thinking so much of you since I've been here at Gandhi's ashram (now led by Vinoba Bhave). When I realized last fall that I had no more family responsibilities (financial, that is), I decided I no longer had to chain myself to a regular job, so I gave up the World Health Organization job in Geneva to make a three month trip to India—and to Russia, if my money holds out (the fiat rate in the USSR for individuals, exclusive of travel costs in Russia, is $35 a day, so it looks to me as if you have to be either a Communist or a pretty successful capitalist to spend very much time there). Here in India there is a wonderful system of guest houses and rest houses and travellers bungalows all over the country, which enable you to travel and live on very little. To my amazement I find that even the commercial travel agencies, like Cook's, are perfectly willing and even eager to help you make arrangements for this kind of travel, even though there's no kind of profit in it for them. They just seem to lack materialistic concepts to a delightful degree.

Sevagram was the first place I made for when I landed in Bombay, with a stop-off on the way, to see some of the ancient rock-cut temples, and I am so glad I came, in spite of the difficult travel and what seems to me like overpowering heat (though I understand the heat won't reach its peak here for several months yet). This was Gandhi's last ashram, when he decided to live in a village, to undertake the village industries, and it was his idea that the entire village should be the ashram, instead of the ashram enclosing itself from the world. I had never known before that he was so concerned with practical education, but the school is the main work here now. They have broken away completely from the traditional patterns of education and base their work on the idea of training children for successful and satisfying life in the Indian village. Right from nursery school on, the children learn to spin and weave. Everyone here goes about with a compact little spinning wheel frame under his shoulder; they assist with the farm work, make practically all their own equipment, practice all sorts of arts and trades, and still find time to do well in the three R's. There are always a few who go on to the University. The older ones, if they remain in school, are usually trained either as teachers or as village workers, combination health and social workers, with emphasis on group leadership. By now the influence of the schools is visible over a wide area.

Last night I was invited for supper with the seven to twelve year olds — everything planned, prepared and served by them, of course, and all the food grown by them. It was positively Biblical, though with modern touches. Since they always eat, read, work, sleep, etc. on or close to the floor, you take off your shoes before coming in, so the first duty of the "Minister for Guests" (the children rotate these jobs weekly) is to greet the guests with water and a towel for washing the feet. During the meal the serving committee stand in the middle of a circle and keep their eyes peeled so that the instant you finish any dish, a child is kneeling next to you offering you more. But they all know to the milligram how much grain is in the larder (after all, they've threshed it by hand), how much protein they must try to provide per person, etc. At the start of the meal preparation the "Supply Minister," doles out what is needed to the cooks, and they seem to manage so that there's always enough, but nothing is ever wasted —I wouldn't be surprised if there were some multiplication of loaves somewhere along the way!

The Director, E. W. Aryanayakam, who was educated in England, Chicago and Columbia, the son and grandson of Congregationalist ministers and the only Christian in the ashram, as well as one of Gandhi's earliest associates, is coming to the U. S. shortly, on a lecture and money-raising tour, and I have urged him to visit the CW. He doesn't seem to have known the paper, and was enthusiastic about it when I gave him a copy that happened to catch up with me in Bombay. He has many Catholic friends, including many priests, but it seemed to be a revelation to him to find a Catholic group with such ideas. I know you'd like to meet him, and I'm sure he would be an excellent Friday night speaker; also, other CW groups around the country in places he will be visiting might like to have him. He has asked me to have the paper sent to him regularly. I'm getting to order some sheeting from the ashram for St. Joseph's House. Cloth is the only one of their products of which they have much surplus beyond their own needs.

I should add that they are particularly hard-up because they will not take government assistance, since their government has abandoned the Gandhian principles of non-violence. Although the community is practically self-sufficient by its own labor, they take in many children to live here because they are suffering from malnutrition, and this involves costs beyond mere subsistence; also they tell you, rather apologetically, that the children aren't self-sustaining much before they are twelve years old, so some of the educational years represent a financial loss!

Aryanayakam of course knows Dom Bede Griffiths and his work well; moreover he knew Ammon Hennacy many years ago. Perhaps Ammon will remember him. His address, and that of the school, is **Hindustani Talimi Sangh, Sevagram (Wardha Dist.), Marashtra, India.**

Best wishes for a holy and happy Eastertide,

Dorothy Coddington

COLORADO

2762 B½ Rd.
Grand Junction
Colorado
Feast of St. Benedict 1964

Dear Dorothy:

Demetrias House will have been re-opened by the time you receive this. A flury of activity that augers well for our future usefulness. This time the local priests are

TAX PROTEST

Joan Baez, American folksinger, has refused to pay that 60% of her 1963 income tax which goes for military expenditures. She sent the following letter to the Internal Revenue Service explaining her action:

Dear Friends:

What I have to say is this:

I do not believe in the weapons of war.

Weapons and Wars have murdered, burned, distorted, crippled, and caused endless varieties of pain to men, women, and children for too long.

Our modern weapons can reduce a man to a piece of dust in a split second, can make a woman's hair fall out or cause her baby to be born a monster. They can kill the part of a turtle's brain that tells him where he is going, so instead of trudging to the ocean he trudges confusedly towards the desert, slowly, blinking his poor eyes, until he finally scorches to death and turns into a shell and some bones.

I am not going to volunteer the 60% of my year's income tax that goes to armaments. There are two reasons for my action.

One is enough. It is enough to say that no man has the right to take another man's life. Now we plan and build weapons that can take thousands of lives in one second, millions of lives in a day, billions in a week.

No one has a right to do that.

It is madness.

It is wrong.

My other reason is that modern war is impractical and stupid. We spend billions of dollars a year on weapons which scientists, politicians, military men, and even the President all agree must never be used. That is impractical. The expression "National Security" has no meaning. It refers to our Defense System, which I call our Offense System, and which is a farce. It continues expanding and heaping up, one horrible kill machine upon another, until for some reason or another a button will be pushed and our world, or a good portion of it, will be blown to pieces. That is not security. That is stupidity.

People are starving to death in some places of the world. They look to this country with all its wealth and all its power. They look at our National budget. They are supposed to respect us. They do not respect us. They despise us. That is impractical and stupid.

Maybe the line should have been drawn when the bow and arrow were invented, maybe at the gun, the cannon, maybe. Because now it is all wrong, all impractical, and all stupid.

So all I can do is draw my own line now. I am no longer supporting my portion of the arms race.

Sincerely Yours,
Joan C. Baez

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with us and the Spanish-Americans are emerging from behind the wall of their distrust and suspicion of Anglo do-gooders. The Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart hover on the edges of our endeavors, as coaches on a football field—encouraging, directing, and correcting. Expressing delight and surprise at our ideas when all along they themselves had implanted those ideas in a gentle persuasion.

Levi Lucero and I along with Vic Bonilla and Judge James Carter have been successful in recruiting personnel. I watched these boys work with the Latin-Anglo Alliance which seeks to ad-

(Continued on page 9)

BOOK REVIEWS

EMBLEMS OF A SEASON OF FURY, by Thomas Merton, New Directions, 1963; 149 pp.; $1.65. Reviewed by JAMES FOREST

Overlooking a handful of poems which have appeared in scattered publications, this is Thomas Merton's first substantial showing of poetry in seven years.

There can be few people who do not yet realize how staggering a change has taken place in this man during that period. His essays on peace and integration are the most prominent examples of the many available. He has emerged from the category of those who have opened the window on monasticism. He has revealed it to be something more than the medieval life neatly relived, but a life of enormous relevance to modern non-monastic man in his most basic undertakings: the destruction of all false personal and political barriers, the search for a non-abstracted belief which is at once both fully human and yet not barrenly human, belonging to one who can simultaneously live in the midst of the city and be fully of the city and yet be also rooted in the "living waters" of faith, who can be both a secular heretic, refusing a false value system with a finality suggested by the book's title, and again a secular saint who, in contagious joy, awakens himself, becomes alive and responsive to the essential ingredients of life, becomes sane and unashamed of sanity.

Essentially, the change is in his attitude toward what has traditionally and solemnly been called "the world." Much of Merton's earlier work was somewhat scarred by the posture of dramatic retreat, the clean severance of relations with temporal society. The door had been slammed so totally that the silence afterwards seemed a little uncomfortable. This quality lingered in **Seven Storey Mountain** and other volumes which touched on his personal life or the monastic ideal.

Though not included in this collection, the preface to the recently published Japanese translation of **Seven Storey Mountain** expresses this change in an unmistakable way.

Merton states that though the book now stands beyond change, it might well be different if it were written today. Much of the book, he says, is "somewhat negative in tone," which he attributes to his intense awareness of secession from secular society.

He admits that "the attitude and the assumptions behind [the] decision [to be a Christian, a priest and a monk] have changed in many ways" though the decision itself has always been firm.

"I have learned," he goes on, "to look back into the world with greater compassion, seeing those in it as not alien to myself, not as peculiar and deluded strangers, but as identified with myself. In breaking from 'their world' I have strangely not broken from them. In freeing myself from their delusions and preoccupations I have identified myself, none the less, with their struggles and their blind, desperate hope of happiness.

"But precisely because I am identified with them, I must refuse all the more definitely to make their delusions my own. I must refuse their ideology of matter, power, quantity, movement, activism and force. I reject this because I see it to be the source and the expression of the spiritual hell which man has made of his world: the hell which has burst into flame in two total wars of incredible horror, the hell of spiritual emptiness and sub-human fury which has resulted in crimes like Auschwitz and Hiroshima. This I can and must reject with all the power of my being. This all sane men seek to reject. But the question is: how can one sincerely reject the effect if he continues to embrace the cause?"

The poetry which most manifestly reveals this attitude is that specifically related to pressing moral and political issues of our time:

"Why Some Look Up to Planets and Heroes," written after an American was first launched into orbit, is dryly directed at the space activities of both the American and Soviet governments, ridiculing an age run without the consent of anyone in particular, but instead by computers "fed full of numbers." Though not a memorable poem, it does sting.

"The Moslem's Angel of Death," written during the Algerian crisis, is better. Focusing upon the futility of seeking justice through slaughter, it depicts death as the sole survivor of such terror: "the one blood-red eye left open/When the city is burnt out."

(Death was once allowed
To yell at the sky:
"I am death!
I take friend from friend!
I am death!
I leave your room empty!")

"And So Goodbye to Cities" describes the destruction of the urban world ("grown old in war and fun," in which "the sick idea runs riot")—death again the final winner of it all, victor by default after a "burned official nerve" produces the "day the calendar must choke." The cataclysmic war, he suggests, is the final and inevitable blow to an age so lost in mechanical achievement. (This theme is magnificently expanded in "A Letter Concerning Giants — an essay — which is also included in the book.)

"A Picture of Lee Ying," constructed of run together sentences separated into short antiphonal paragraphs, concerns the plight of that lovely 17-year-old refugee seen for one brief moment on the front pages of the world's newspapers, reduced to tears as she begged on her knees for admittance to Hong Kong, caught with 300,000 others in the no-man's land between Hong Kong and China. Eventually, as everyone knows, they were all loaded into trucks and returned to the "proper authorities" of China. Merton takes on the voice of complacently apologetic platitude mumbler, the incarnation of those who see but are afraid to understand, love or do anything. His poem is almost a collage, a horrifying paste-up of the "pious" nonsense ultimately uttered by representatives of nearly every nation who found there was no room at the inn, saying, as does a father reaching for a strap, "Son, this is going to hurt me more than you."

Nowhere in the book does Merton's fury with a false and inhuman barrier system find more exacting focus, his rejection of the comforting and meaningless platitudes which act as a tranquilizer for the conscience and allow us to separate ourselves from the agony and hunger of others.

It is as Merton put it in a letter printed some months ago in **Liberation** magazine, in which he says:

"The basic problem is not political, it is a-political and human. One of the most important things to do is to keep cutting deliberately through political lines and barriers and emphasizing the fact that these are largely fabrications and that there is another dimension, a genuine reality, totally opposed to the fictions of politics: the human dimension which politics pretends to arrogate entirely to themselves . . . Hence the desirability of a manifestly non-political witness, non-aligned, non-labeled, fighting for the reality of man and his rights and needs in the nuclear world, in some measure against all alignments."

"And the Children of Birmingham," a parody of the Little Red Riding Hood tale, was written during last year's massive demonstrations in Birmingham in which thousands of children not only demonstrated but were jailed. Birmingham is seen as an Orwellian society in which morality is secondary to law and the unjust exercise of power. Merton ironically repeats over and over again, continuing apparently his struggle against slogans which numb the mind, "man's best friend, the Law."

"Chant to be Used in Processions Around a Site with Furnaces," is a widely reprinted poem. It originally appeared in The Catholic Worker at the time of the Eichmann trial. With the Lee Ying poem, it expresses with particular clarity Merton's theme of obedi-

ence to personless forms and regulations versus the desperate needs of humanity. Speaking with Eichmann's voice (though Eichmann is not singled out and, in fact, the speaker could be any totally committed office manager), he mechanically recites the excellence of his accomplishments, how thoroughly he has transformed his orders into reality: improving the gas chamber, providing a small welcoming band, distributing postcards to be sent to friends, brightening up the place with flowers—then, by taking the lives of the inmates, stripping them of their potential to love, and finally stripping the body of its clothes, hair and teeth, all of which have strategic uses, and manufacturing soap.

All the time I obeyed perfectly
So I was hanged in a commanding position with a full view of the site plant and grounds

You smile at my career but you would do as I did if you knew yourself and dared

In my day we worked hard we saw what we did our self sacrifice was conscientious and complete our work was faultless and detailed

You you think yourself better because you burn up friends and enemies with long-range missiles without ever seeing what you have done

It must be admitted that the above poems suffer to a degree because of the almost editorial nature of their contents and conclusion, their seeming failure to reach far beyond the simple realities of each situation. There are indications that Merton has generally become wary of that which is abstracted beyond contact with the human condition, which he states at one point permits men to think in terms of mass annihilation in the name of a totally abstracted "just" cause—"better dead than red" etc. Yet it is not a dictate of poetry that the contents be subtle and I think we can be thankful that Merton has poetically expressed his more controversial opinions forcefully and in an appreciable manner.

Yet lest Merton be thought little more than an effective propagandist, there are a number of deeply moving poems in the book which are timeless in quality and perhaps more meaningful to us ultimately as poetry.

"Night Flowering Cactus" is one of these, in which the importance and centrality of the unknown and unseen is exemplified by a flower which reveals itself only in darkness yet in its hideousness, because a window through which the unnameable can be glimpsed:

From that poem:

Sun and city never see my deep white bell
Or know my timeless moment of voice:
There is no reply to my munificence

I neither show my truth nor conceal it
My innocence is descried dimly
Only by divine gift
As a white cavern without explanation

He who sees my purity
Dares not speak of it
When I open once for all my impeccable bell
No one questions my silence:
The all-knowing bird of night flies out of my mouth

Have you seen it? Then though my mirth has quickly ended
You live forever in its echo
You will never be the same again.

The two essays and a section of translations cannot be commented on here due to lack of space. They alone, however, are worth the price of the book and then some. The Cuadra translations are stunning.

In the preface to the Japanese edition of his autobiography, now nearly 20 years old, Merton makes an interesting remark, which has some bearings on the work in this volume also:

"My conversion to the Christian faith, or to be precise my conversion to Christ, is something I have always regarded as a radical liberation from the delusions and obsessions of modern man and his society. I have always believed and continue to believe that faith is the only real protection against the absorption of freedom and intelligence in the crass and thoughtless servitudes of mass society. Religious faith, and faith alone, can open the inner ground of man's being to the liberty of the sons of God, and preserve him from the surrender of his integrity to the seductions of a totalitarian lie."

Merton, paradoxically a man whose vows include obedience, is one of the few we have who have not only retained an understanding of freedom as something other than the gracious gift of the state or a commodity threatened by the cold war, like a field of wheat at the mercy of the elements, but instead as a possession and responsibility which can neither be given nor taken away by any man. His new poems speak of that freedom.

THE QUIET WARS—Samuel Hazo, Sheed and Ward, New York, 95 pp., 95 cents. Reviewed by HAROLD ISBELL.

This second collection of Samuel Hazo's poems concerns itself with warfare and peace, with death and love, sin and life. The book opens with a poem—"Transition"—which is set as preface. The "I" of the speaker in this poem is strong and insistent. The ways of war are many. The wars against men are hateful while the war for truth is virtue. Just as the addition of grace raises but does not change a man's nature, so does this "Transition" from the wars of drill and bayonet to the "quiet wars of art" raise and elevate the speaker with its reminder of the warfare practiced by Paul and Ignatius. With the transition from brass to chalk has come the teacher's vulnerability, but a vulnerability made beautiful because undefended by the "sinews for command."

For some time Samuel Hazo has been known as one of the few poets who uses the iambic line. Some have seen this as a weakness, I prefer to see it as a danger. It is obvious that Hazo, like Gerard Manley Hopkins, is teaching himself to work rhythmic variations on his established iambic meter. The poem "After the Hurricane" shows such experimentation with rhythm. When he inverts the usual iambic foot ("I had known S a b b a t h s/of silence after a thought's far thunder") the idea of silence is stated not only by the meanings of the words but in their sound as well. Similarly in "Siesta." By varying the basic iambic measure ("Dandled to the tempo of a pendulum / from sun to shadow, from shadow to sun") Hazo achieves a successful counterpoint which accents the poem's humor.

In his "Canticle for Anne" there is a stylistic regularity which I find in many of these poems. Here the precision is most effective: "I am not cavalier nor saint enough/to write the poem I have promised you/for five Decembers and as many Junes." This poem opens easily, almost lightly. But with the

(Continued on page 12)

Sequence for Peter Maurin

By DEANE MOWRER

The breadline moves down Chrystie Street
Toward St. Joseph's door. The men lean
Like ruined flowers on broken stems
Plucked from an ashcan by an angry hand.
Their faces are whorled and calyxed
In the lonely blossoming of pain.

Do they remember Peter Maurin
Who was as poor as they, yet wore
Poverty like love's Joseph-coat
To warm cold stumblers through dark city streets,
That warmed, they might remember Christ
Whose love is light and life and home?

At Peter Maurin Farm, the Stations
Of the Cross follow a briared way
Toward peace. Peace flowers in morning bell
For Mass, when Christ comes, chapeled in a barn
As at God-starred Bethlehem, to feed
His poor kneeling for daily bread.

Pray for us, Peter Maurin, that
This Bread may be our peace, that we
May know God's love is greater than
All suns and all man's usurped power hate-fueled
For war, and every brother's need
Is Christ seeking the sons of God.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

experience of its truth. Suffering borne in this way has certainly a depth of joy, a hard core of joy, because we know that "unless the seed falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone. But if it dies it bears much fruit." We must give up our life to save it. So we can look at the little we have done in thirty-one years with peace and joy and leave it in God's hands to make of it what He will.

I have said these things, and written these things many times, not only in regard to our own work, but also to the whole struggle for social justice and racial justice. Every time hand bills are passed out on the street, every time one walks on a picket line, or sits down in factory or before a factory gate, or at the world's fair, or in front of the Waldorf, every time a voice is lifted to call attention to man's joblessness, his homelessness—these acts are expressions of faith, hope and charity. We cannot be silent.

Another thing Father Janer said struck me. He looked out of the chapel window at the brown fields, and the forsythia bush in bloom, and the maples with their touch of red, and the willows, pale green down by the brook, and he said, "What if it all should stop! What if spring progressed just so far, and then nothing happened! What a frustration that would be!" He went on to say that if we did not develop spiritually, no matter how much we might accomplish in the material order, we were like a spring which never developed into summer, we were like plants that never matured, like trees that did not bear fruit.

To have such a day of recollection is a good way to begin our thirty-second year.

Our New Venture

I suppose I have been writing the foregoing in fear and trembling because with a new venture, it will seem to our readers that we are accomplishing much in the material order. We have been building up to this move for a long time. We began in 1936 with a small farm on Mammy Morgan's Hill outside of Easton, Pennsylvania. We bought the adjoining farm. Later we sold one, and deeded the other to two of the four families who lived on it. Of the four families, three remained; the other moved to the western part of the state. We bought another farm, much larger and more expensive, at Newburgh, New York, and lived and farmed there until after Peter's death. For a number of reasons we moved, one of them the constant presence of the jet planes which zoomed off Stuart Field nearby, one of which exploded and landed on a field near the house a year after we vacated it. Our next farm was at Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, where we had over twenty acres of field and woodlot, a large house and barn and outbuildings. The building of the new bridge over the Narrows, thus starting a real estate dealers' field day, has resulted in our moving again.

Knowing that we would receive over a hundred thousand dollars for a property for which we paid sixteen thousand, I began to look for a place where we would have room not only for our farm family but for our courses and retreats in the summer, and which of course could be used for the same during the winter.

The Sunday New York Times brought to my attention a real estate ad about a property on the Hudson, twenty-five acres, with three large buildings, one completely furnished and habitable, in the past a resort, school, land army headquarters, boys' camp, orphanage. Originally it had been the mansion of General de Peyster, an old brick building not used now for many years. It was after his death that the orphanage and school were built. We are in the village of Tivoli, in the township of Red Hook, just north of Bard College and the Christian Brothers at Barrytown, and perhaps an hour's drive or less from Poughkeepsie.

On St. Mark's Day, April 25, the day of the major litanies, Hans Tunnesen, who has been with us since the first farm at Easton, Ed McLoughlin, Tom Hughes, Joe Domensky and Alice Lawrence and I drove up from Staten Island, and joined John Mastrion, former owner, and his partner who were already here, putting in a new boiler. The electricity was turned on, all the pipes tested, the pump started to fill the reservoir at the top of the hill. The bottled gas heater was turned on, and we started our first meal in the apartment which occupies one wing of the building. The men took cold bedrooms upstairs and Alice and I slept in the warmer quarters of the apartment which will be occupied by one of the three families which are coming to us this summer.

With the twenty-five people

which make up our community at Staten Island, and with three new families which are arriving, one of them for the summer (a professor from Purdue with his wife and children, to help us get started) and Martie Corbin and Rita and their three from Glen Gardner, and Loraine and her three, our community will about fill the place. We will have a job getting the other two buildings in shape for permanent use. As it is, we can use some of the room for the summer courses which we expect to have.

One course is sure, and that is a retreat to be given by Father Marion Casey from Belle Plaine, Minnesota, beginning Sunday, July 19 and ending the following Saturday. There will be on the weekend of the Fourth of July a discussion led by William Horvath and Ruth Collins, about the rent strike and the possibilities of cooperative ownership and rebuilding of old tenaments in Harlem. This will be one of a series we hope, of weekends to discuss this idea.

We are thinking, as we institute these courses, of such other enterprises as the Brookwood Labor School which graduated A. J. Muste and Walter Reuther and many labor leaders; of the Putney graduate school of Vermont, of the Highlander Folk School. It was a Negro woman coming from a course at the Highlander who started the explosion in Montgomery Alabama when she refused to relinquish her seat in the city bus after a long day's work at a sewing machine. She would never have thought of making protest for herself, but the sessions at the Highlander Folk School gave her the courage to think of the common good and the sufferings of her fellows. So, in a way, the action of this one woman led to the rise of Martin Luther King to world prominence so that now there is no part of Asia or Africa which has not heard of him. Who knows what Nyreres will begin to see their vocations at the little school we are beginning at Tivoli, New York.

We hope too, to have one weekend retreat a month all through the year, and several long retreats in the summer, so that we may learn to appreciate the gifts of the Holy Spirit and begin to release some of those spiritual forces which will keep up with and control the gigantic strides which man has taken in the physical order.

"Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord," the word of the Lord came to Elias as he abode in a cave. "What dost thou here, Elias?" he said to him when he had fled the world in fear. "Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And behold, the Lord passeth. And a great and strong wind before the Lord, overthrowing the mountains, and breaking the rocks in pieces: the Lord is not in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake; the Lord is not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; the Lord is not in the fire, and after the fire, the whistling of a gentle air."

This is from the Douay version of the Bible of the year 1609 and that in turn was from the Rheims translation, 1582, and it is not so graceful a translation in our ears, but we know what it means.

Elias took courage and went forth and found Eliseus ploughing and cast his mantle upon him, and he was no longer humanly speaking alone.

So too, here at Tivoli, after study and prayer, the manual labor of hospitality and the suffering of community living, we can go forth and send others forth "to speak truth to power," in the gentle air of non-violence.

Contradiction

(Continued from page 2)

from the taint of injustice and violence.

Marxist violence is an undeniable reality. But the fact that we are keenly aware of it must not lead us to renounce the dialogue: rather it provides the dialogue with its true direction and scope. What is at stake is the appearance of a world in which all men will be acknowledged and respected. I believe that we must conduct a dialogue today so that tomorrow no man will be imprisoned, tortured, or put to death unjustly.

In the last analysis, everything hinges on the answer to a very simple question: are Marxists also men? To answer in the affirmative is to hold that everything is possible and that discussion is obligatory. To answer in the negative is to argue that all is lost and that nothing can be done. To opt for the first answer is not only to make a generous wager: it is to face reality. When John XXIII addressed an encyclical to men of good will and Marxists recognized the expression as applying to them, the problem was not badly posed. We must preserve the terms of the problem and go as far as possible. We are only at the beginning, but everything must have a beginning.

Translated by
Martin J. Corbin.

Tr. note: Father Jolif contributed an essay on "Conscientious Objection and World Peace" to the book **Face a Violence**, published by Editions du Cerf, in 1962. (The companion-piece is a discussion of the efficacy of non-violence by his fellow-Dominican, Father Pie-Raymond Regamey). The interview you have just read appeared in the February 15, 1964 issue of **Informations Catholiques Internationales**, the invaluable and, as far as we know, unique journal published twice monthly at 163, boulevard Malesherbes, Paris.

"It is clear that thought is not free if the profession of certain opinions makes it impossible to earn a living."

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Blinded Eye

(Continued from page 3)

process in which the eye plays such an important role. He must use the other senses; he must develop new ways of making reality contact with his environment. All this requires a new kind of awareness, an intense kind of concentration. It is at once an exciting and exhaustive experience. The psychotherapeutic courses involve the trainee in further difficulty since the avowed purpose is that of uncovering and strengthening the ego. This cannot be accomplished without pain, without realistic acceptance of the loss of sight, which Fr. Carroll says, is a kind of dying. Only by accepting this death can the trainee hope to attain a new life truly integrated and mature. Only with the help of this kind of totality training will the newly blinded adult be able to make his way through the thorny forest of frustrations which will beset his path wherever he turns in the sighted world.

With such an intensive training program, it is good that the pattern of life at St. Paul's is healthful. Regimented it may be, what with loud alarm bells ringing throughout the day, starting with the rising bell at 6:30 and continuing at fifty minute intervals until well after dinner in the evening. But there is an abundance of good nourishing food, and much outdoor activity. The fact that the dining annex is located across the grounds from the dormitory and classroom quarters, insures a certain amount of exercise three times a day for every trainee. Moreover, as soon as a trainee has mastered the Hoover cane technique, he makes this trip on his own. Certain classes are also held in the research building and in the kitchen annex. Although mobility practice may be said to go on all day, actual mobility instruction, as well as that of some allied classes, takes place outdoors, on the grounds at first, then on neighboring sidewalks through residential areas and shopping centers, and finally in downtown Boston with the aid of public transportation. Although recurrent crises of discouragement are anticipated and do occur usually at the anticipated times, the prevailing morale among trainees is high, and the characteristic sounds are those of laughter and good-natured raillery.

Staff members, usually outnumbering trainees two to one, are truly dedicated and professional, capable at once of giving the trainees warm friendly attention and the uncompromising criticism needed to develop realistic attitudes. Members of the staff also try to understand something of the problems of the blind by putting on occluders or special blindfold glasses a few hours out of every month. Like the trainees, they make use of group dynamics and try to resolve their instructional difficulties in weekly staff meetings under a staff psychiatrist and Fr. Carroll.

Fr. Thomas Carroll, who has received national awards and recognition both for his great book and for his lifelong work with the blind, spends more time now at his new research center than he does at St. Paul's, but he still directs the staff and continues to take a genuine interest in the trainees. Fr. Carroll has been director of the Boston Catholic Guild for the Blind since his ordination in 1938; during the war years he worked with blinded war veterans at Avon, Connecticut, where exciting new techniques were developed. St. Paul's was founded to make those techniques available to non-military persons. Now there is another foundation, another similar rehabilitation center in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The pity is that there are not more such centers. It is an expensive program, and the research which will help to improve the program is likewise very expensive. I fervently hope that some of those multi-numeraled bills, stockpiled it seems for hydrogen bombs and other monstrous things or for tours of the cold, airless dust covered moon may break out of those sterile vaults and find their way to Newton, Massachusetts, and Fr. Carroll, that the kind of work being done at St. Paul's may continue and be extended so that more of that minority group, the exiles in the Country of the Blind, may receive the training necessary for re-entry into the busy, populous myriad-imaged country of the sighted on the planet Earth.

The Draft

(Continued from page 3)

by the Universal Military Training Act."

From Arlo Tatum:

In his February letter to constituents Senator Stephen M. Young (Ohio), optimistically wrote: "The peacetime draft may soon be a thing of the past. It should be." Whether this prediction comes true may well depend on how vocal and how widespread opposition to the draft becomes during the crucial months immediately ahead. We should be acutely aware of the fact that the sharpest criticisms arise because of the millions of men who do not have to serve under present military and Selective Service policies. For some the solution lies in requiring military training for all. For others the solution is to suspend the draft until its expiration in 1967.

Regarding the use of an expanded Selective Service System to play a part in the "War on Poverty," Arlo Tatum continues:

"The unemployables, the poorly educated, and the untrained worker have always formed the 'hard core' of the unemployed. Governmental efforts to remedy their plight are to be applauded. The new factor is automation, however, and New Deal tactics from the days when automation was in its infancy cannot provide a genuine solution, with or without the use of compulsion and military apparatus. The very seriousness of the problem should encourage us to resist misleading approaches to it.

"There are some frightening questions and many such intriguing ones connected with temporarily defeated efforts to utilize the draft to solve serious problems utterly divorced from real or imaginary military needs. The concept is doubly dangerous, for it distorts rather than resolves the problems which must be solved; at the same time it moves us further in the direction of a highly centralized state under increased military control. A war on poverty could mean the uplift of the deprived and under privileged in this country; it could mean a thoroughly regimented social order. President Johnson's announced intention to keep the war on poverty non-military and voluntary needs support.

"In reporting the situation on March 13, **New York Times** correspondent said: 'The congressional moves appear to have developed from a desire to play a major role in what some believe is an inevitable change in the draft law.' Let us hope the peace movement, church and labor groups, educators and the general public also participate in the decision along with Congress."

Direct Action

The Peace Movement has seen many an anti-draft campaign in the past twenty-five years. But this time we have a real chance of success. Many conservatives will oppose extension of the draft. **At very least, the Peace Movement must not allow radical revisions of the draft system pass without exerting its influence on those changes.**

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND THE IRRESPONSIBLES

By PAUL VELDE

Perhaps the major objection to the "stall-in" planned by civil rights groups to disrupt the opening of New York's World's Fair was the total unpredictability of its outcome. The idea, adopted by dissident CORE chapters in the city, was to have between two and three thousand cars run out of fuel or otherwise stall on the heavily traveled approaches to Flushing Meadow, site of the World's Fair, and location of the new Shea Stadium, home of New York Mets. The least that could be expected was total confusion; the Traffic Commissioner hysterically exclaimed that the tie-up would stop the city dead.

As expected, the reaction of city officials and the six dailies was a universal condemnation. The **Times** officiously sanctioned the use of "every means" available by police to keep order, an open invitation under the circumstances, to resort to the worst means of riot control. Likeable Bob Wagner, who has sort of grown on the city in his time as mayor, did likewise, though without the note of personal outrage that became the norm. He was joined by state and national officials all the way up to President Johnson, including the civil rights bill coalition leadership in Congress, which counts its unfavorable mail like calories and may wind up accepting half a loaf yet. The only support from outside the rights movement came from the president of the city's sanitation workers local, who said his men would not drive the tow trucks to be used clearing the highways of stall-in cars.

Far worse for CORE, however, was the split that developed when its national director, James Farmer, suspended the Brooklyn chapter, whose chairman, Isiah Brunson, originated the idea of the stall-in and refused to call it off. The Manhattan and Bronx chapters joined with Brunson under a program calling on the city to support rent strikes (affecting about 100 tenements whose occupants refuse to pay rent until building code violations are eliminated), to appoint civilian police review boards, to present a serious plan for integrating the city's schools, and to halt construction by non-integrated work crews.

The established rights groups, including the NAACP, were unanimously opposed to Brunson's plan. The only alternative to the stall-in that did not amount to staying home and watching the whole thing on television came from National CORE. It planned to demonstrate inside the fairgrounds, focusing on specific targets, as opposed to the scattershot tactic against the general public. Their theme would be the Fair as a "symbol of American hypocrisy," by which the demonstrators hoped to contrast the "real world of discrimination and brutality experienced by Negroes with the fantasy world of the pavilions."

All attention was centered on the stall-in, however. In the back of many minds was Governor Wallace's showing in the Wisconsin presidential preference, with a good possibility of doing as well or better in Indiana and Maryland in the next few weeks. Anything that might fire the resentment of moderate whites was, and still is, viewed as the worst kind of irresponsibility by the host of amateur tacticians that has cropped up in the absence of political debate dealing with real issues. Besides worrying through the rights bill stalled in the Senate, there is a gripping fear of the racial violence everybody expects this summer, "when saner heads may not prevail." The papers have been more Catholic than the Pope in all this; established liberal cartoonists like Herblock and Mauldin grouped the dissident CORE chapters with the Southern racists and Birchites. No holds were barred dealing with the irresponsibles.

The object of most of the venom was the 22-year-old Isiah Brunson, a high school graduate from Sumter, South Carolina. He came to New York two years ago and took a job as an auto mechanic while participating in CORE demonstrations in his spare time. After a while he quit work to devote his full time to the movement. Dark skinned and with a bushy head of hair, his appearance in newspaper photographs conform to a certain white stereotype of a "bad" Negro, a fact not lost on the press. He frequently wears a blue denim jacket over a dress shirt and tie (the papers said he always wears the jacket, but this cannot be confirmed), a gesture similar to, and probably inspired by, the over-alls worn by CORE workers in the South. His public manner is self-conscious; he tends to shy away from microphones.

Though the idea or the stall-in is credited to him, some doubt was expressed about his ability to bring it off.

The projected stall-in was creating havoc. A court injunction to halt it was obtained on the 19th, with the result that the leaders went into hiding to avoid service. Men in the street spoke of carrying tire irons and of their right not to be inconvenienced. Jimmy Breslin, the award-winning Runyon of the **Herald Tribune**, expressed in his column the feeling that people (not us, of course) are tired of being nice to Negroes.

And so it went. The Mayor and the rights leaders never met. Symbolic of the general breakdown of communication was the flat refusal by Robert Moses, the autocratic president of the Fair committee, to discuss with CORE what would and what would not be allowed in the way of demonstrations inside the fairgrounds. The rights of the exhibitors not to be inconvenienced was absolute in any case. One of the few notes of sanity was struck by Bayard Rustin, the extremely talented organizer of the March on Washington last August 28th and the first New York school boycott this year, who in an eloquent letter to the **Times** went on record as opposed to the stall-in but spent the greater part of his letter stressing the very real grievances from which such acts in desperation spring. The stage was set, and the city's millions were on edge as they had not been since the Cuban crisis a year and a half ago.

As it turned out, the gods were as displeased with things as everybody else and the day began with a steady drizzle that turned into a regular rain by 10:30. On the way out to the Fair on the elevated section of the Flushing subway, one could see yellow tow trucks parked strategically along the expressway, ready for the onslaught, but very little traffic. At the fairgrounds the crowds were equally sparse; the predicted 250,000 attendance would not be realized, but the weather confused the issue as to where to place the blame. Network television was there, their lamps glowing pleasantly in the gloom. Here and there one saw the antenna of a CORE walkie-talkie man, like a scout ant, one thought. The main body hadn't shown up yet, but soon it straggled into view, too. In the nucleus were Farmer, Rustin and Michael Harrington, once of the CW and author of **The Other America**, a book on poverty which is now a manual in the Johnson's administration's current "war." Farmer's handsome oval face towered above the rest. He was carrying an electric cattle prod of the type used on rights demonstrators in the South (its trade name is the SUPER SURE SHOT), which he planned to exhibit at the Louisiana pavilion. He had been jailed in the state last August and on the CORE pamphlet passed out at the Fair were pictures of men on horseback, wearing cowboy hats, riding down the Negroes with the prods.

Proceeding slowly, with a press interview every few paces, Farmer and his group made their way to the Louisiana pavilion only to find that it had not opened and showed no signs of doing so. (Twelve or so pavilions were not ready for opening day, and many others showed signs of a last minute scramble.) After brief picketing, the contingent, now of about fifty, moved to the New York City pavilion, where Farmer, Rustin, Harrington and about fifteen others sat in the doorways blocking passage. In the street demonstrators, now well over a hundred, marched and chanted "Jim Crow Must Go" and, what set police teeth on edge, a drawn out "Po-leece—Bru-tail-ity." The Pinkerton force hired by the Fair stood

by helpless in their pink raincoats. (If the Fair could be said to have official colors, from the evidence they would be pink and blue.) A sense of finality seemed to pervade the little group, now that the act had been taken, but this partly evaporated as time began to drag. Rustin brought along a volume of Kennth Patchen for such emergencies, but instead chain-smoked and talked softly to hovering reporters.

Now and again somebody would pick his way over the huddled bodies and locked arms. One, a young, stony-faced Negro; another, a couple and their three small children. Rustin got up and let the mother and children through, sat down again and made the father climb and stumble. One of the Pinkertons, looking, and probably feeling, very foolish, helped out by holding a network microphone up close. On the whole the group in the doorways looked the most comfortable of everybody. The marchers in the street were drenched and getting hoarse. Mrs. Harrington stood by watching with what looked like a very wifely ambivalence. From other pavilions came sketchy reports: a beer throwing melee at the Schaefer Brewery exhibit, a closedown at Ford's, some rough treatment at the hands of a Florida State Trooper clearing a passage for his governor into their state exhibit (halted by shouts from the crowd that the trooper was not at home now). From outside, a report of several demonstrators hurt when police broke up a group blocking subway doors. Nothing about the stall-in.

The police at the fairgrounds were later reported to number about 4,000—3,000 city and the rest Pinkertons. After warnings, name taking, and a long stretch of maneuvering, police and Pinkertons alternated carrying Farmer and his group (except for Rustin and the people at his door, who walked) to paddy wagons and transported them to the stockade on the fairgrounds which had been designed to accommodate 3,000 demonstrators. Immediately a second wave rushed to take their places in the doorways, and after these were carted away a third (and final) wave followed.

At noon, during President Johnson's address at the United States pavilion, a band of twenty at the rear of a crowd of about two thousand listening to the President marched in a tight circle surrounded by police, chanting and successfully drowning out the presidential words. (Those who saw it on television said the chanting could be clearly heard.) They were met with glares by the overwhelmingly white, well-dressed crowd, but nothing else. When the national anthem was played, the small band in the rear were the only ones to be heard singing "land of the free," home of the brave." The next day President Johnson, who maintained a frozen indifference during the demonstration, remarked that he pitied "those people" whose irresponsibility and rudeness would not help their cause. They would not hurt it either, he added with an eye to the Capitol.

By the end of the day 300 demonstrators were in jail, out of approximately 2,000 who participated. The stall-in had failed to materialize and Brunson had gone off to be alone in his bitterness. Several reasons were offered: too little traffic which made a tie-up impossible (in which case the mere threat had obtained the desired result); fear of disregarding a court injunction or of having one's car impounded for months as material evidence; over-eagerness which led Brunson to accept vague promises of cars for the fact. None of the pledges from out of town were fulfilled. As one rights leader put it, "Brunson is simply not a Rustin." At 22, however, Brunson has time to learn. As it was, despite a bit of crowing from the papers, it was generally admitted that the opening day had been successfully "marred." 70,000 attended.

The **Herald Tribune** went on to point out, with scholastic precision, that there was no contradiction between supporting civil rights and having a good time at the Fair. Farmer and his group, over half of them whites, said with as much precision exactly the opposite.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 7)

vanee the status of the Spanish Americans in this locality.

I called a public meeting for a discussion of the Racial issues and the city editor of the Daily Sentinel, Allan Pritchard, showed up. He and Mrs. Pritchard are very much involved in the social justice work and he has been invaluable in promoting the betterment of the Spanish-speaking minority. The meeting was a success and future ones are slated—the next one will be held at Demetrías and I can introduce them to CW philosophy. Some poor souls tried to get me in trouble at work by calling the Personnel office and making demanding, aggressive statements—stating I was just trying to stir up trouble and that Grand Junction had no racial problem. My wife got several crank calls at home which concerned her but I've convinced her that we must expect this sort of thing as part of the whole endeavor and consider them as indices of the impact we make.

I made a Cursillo last month. Those six words translated mean: I finally found my Brother, Christ! Where did I find him! In my brother human being! I knew He was there in one sense of the word but the **conviction** was lacking. My soul has been flooded with a joy and a serenity beyond all my attempts to describe. All this from a very simple 3 days of studying and concentration on the same things I've been studying and concentrating on for years. Dorothy, I saw the effects of Grace alter a friend of mine, who I knew was going to leave the Church, into a dynamic apostle. I went to the Cursillo as blase as ever an ex-monk could be—"What could they tell me that I hadn't learned from the monastic life? Hadn't I shown I loved my brother by inviting the unwanted and 'undeserving' poor to my own table—hadn't I given money I needed myself to others in greater need? Hadn't I spent long hours in the apostolate, etc., etc., etc.?" I spent a day and a half wishing I were home then . . . swiftly the current caught and carried me up and away from self. I now understand who I am and how my Brother and my brothers are a Mystical Oneness. Certainly since making the Cursillo I've analyzed it and the techniques employed but the analysis falls short because Grace will not admit of analysis. What a wonderful world this has become! How dear the people of God! How precarious the individual soul, be the person friendly or unfriendly. I've an amazing increase of tolerance, a benignity, I've never before possessed. Perhaps I should sum all this up: I love and have joy, at last! I think I know now, how it is possible to go through one's whole life "doing good" and never really making contact with Christ or with Love. This is, I think, the greatest tragedy imaginable.

I envy Karl his illness. Not only a mark of Divine Favor but think of the reading time! The children are praying for him especially. We may have another wee one with us in a few weeks. An unmarried mother was being pressured into giving up her child so June and I asked if we couldn't take the baby until she was on her feet and had gotten a job so that she could make a genuine choice, at least a free one. We both know that it will be difficult to give the child up once we've become attached to it but then aren't our other three babies just on loan to us? No parents really know how long their children are to remain with them anyhow. The baby will be born this month and Sean, Kevin and Brighid are greeting every day with: "Is this the Day?" Catholic Charities in Pueblo asked me to counsel two other un-wed mothers in our area and I see a question in my wife's eyes. I should assure her that one baby at a time is all we can handle. She seldom questions happenings around our house anymore. I laugh out loud thinking about the time she'd gone to the store and while gone I brought home an Extension worker who'd had a tooth pulled and was feeling ill. I couldn't stay until June returned to explain. I just instructed him to lie down on the couch, shoved an **America** and box of Kleenex in his hand and returned to my office. June came home, put the groceries on the counter, walked into the living room, greeted the stranger with a smile and went about her duties without so much as a "who are you and what are you doing here?"

Jack Holman

THE ANGLED ROAD

By JUDITH GREGORY

How easy it is to deceive ourselves, to think that there is some connection between the marvelous adventures and discoveries of our minds and our love of one another! How tempting it is to say, "Let us use our minds in the service of humanity," and how easy to feel guilty if we imagine we are using them in any other way! And yet the connection is very slight, and not what we usually suppose.

We strain so hard to establish a connection theory and action. A long research paper on a social "problem" is produced, and what remains to be done was there before the paper was begun—to open ourselves to each other, to see each other and accept each other. This takes no research, and is only in certain circumstances helped by it.

It does happen at times that someone opens himself to his experience, sees the world anew and documents this vision. Then perhaps others will be encouraged to do likewise. This may happen when a paper is written on ferns or sponges, on an historical incident or an economic situation, or many another matter, and a reader is helped by truthfulness in such a paper to see the people around him as they are. This revelation may be even more direct, as when a work of art presents us with a truthful vision of the world or of people.

It is also unquestionably true that certain kinds of action are directly related to thought, to knowledge of what makes up the action. We cannot heal the sick without a knowledge of medicine, nor build without a knowledge of carpentry and engineering, nor build beautifully without reflection on design and texture. But action that flows from love and trust is not like this. It is not dependent on thought or knowledge.

So often we secretly feel that thought and action—science and love—are conflicting alternatives. We pretend not to have this secret feeling and say that we are preparing for action by taking thought. We are forming the theory of revolution without which there can be no revolution. We try desperately to make a connection between the two, because we do not want to choose one or the other, and yet somehow sense that we must, if we are not to be fanatics. It is easier to think without acting or to act without thinking than to do both together, unless both are forced to focus on the same point. Then it is easy enough to join them. What is really difficult to accept is the fact that thought and the action that expresses love may meet only in me, that there may be no relation between them except that I feel capable of both and unable to resist the call of either.

The need to love and the need to reflect are both primary and are both so demanding that we feel we shall be torn apart if they are not somehow connected, if they cannot be encompassed in the same conceptual realm. But actually the only realm in which they both dwell is the individual human being. We cannot accept this, and we try to construct a system which will somehow put love in its place. But spontaneity is of the essense of love. Love has no place in any system, and no relation to any theory. Whatever ideology one may cling to, whatever intellectual dedication one may have made—or whatever confusion one may be in as to what are the "right ideas"—one is never immune to love, nor can one cease to desire to love. An ideology of hate cannot put love in its place, nor can a theory of love itself do so.

We are right to suspect a separation between thought and action, but wrong to suppose there is a necessary conflict between them. We are all scientists and we are all lovers.

Thought will be far freer if it is not so preoccupied with service, with "function," and on the other hand its discoveries can be truly brought into the service only of a love that is not bound by the purpose of some weighty thought. But we feel that we must be "committed" and "involved" and that this means we must bring to bear on whatever we are doing the whole structure of our lives, our intellect and will and our enthusiasm. In order to feel that we are not scattering ourselves, "spreading ourselves thin," or simply drifting, but are rather becoming integrated and using all our powers, we greatly overburden ourselves and all who are around us. If we really could open ourselves to one another we would be "committed" all right, but in a way that would not necessarily make any sense to us—and that is what we cannot contemplate without alarm. To "take no thought for the morrow" means not only to cease to worry about material needs, but to cease to try to understand each action before it is taken, cease to try always to know what we are doing.

One might argue that the above in effect says that the things of the mind are not serious. But what is it to be "serious" after all? Isn't it precisely to love that is most serious, in the sense of being of most consequence, however lighthearted and delightful love itself may be? Why then do we think of love as serious, in the sense of being forced and solemn, when it is love of neighbor? Isn't this because all to often we know love of neighbor as part of a system of thought, as a duty derived from some ideology or religion or all-encompassing scheme of life that has made its demand upon us? We ultimately consider works of the mind to be "serious" only when they are somehow related to experience, and yet it is thus that experience itself—and especially love of one another — becomes freighted with all the solemnity and "seriousness' of an intellectual superstructure.

Supposing we could be more lighthearted in both thought and action, could let our minds play on the wonders of the world, and open ourselves to one another without taking so much thought. Would this be so disastrous? Perhaps it depends on what disaster is. Because such is indeed the way of the cross, but the way of the cross is the way of love, not of emptiness, constriction or hate. It is these last that are disastrous, not the cross.

Two perfect statements of this theme in literature illustrate it in two very different ways. One is long, and reveals in the life of a man what I have tried to say so briefly above. This is **The Idiot** by Dostoyevsky. The other is surely as terse a statement as one could desire on any subject, and though abstract it describes the same road that Myshkin traveled. It is the following poem by Emily Dickinson:

"Experience is the Angled Road
Preferred against the Mind
By—Paradox—the Mind itself
—Presuming it to lead

"Quite Opposite—How Complicate
The Discipline of Man—
Compelling Him to Choose Himself
His Preappointed Pain—"

Myshkin, of course, is not an idiot and nearly all who know him acknowledge sooner or later that he is the most sensible man among them. It cannot at all be said that he has no mind, or refuses to use it, or any such thing. On the other hand he is not in the grip of any philosophy or ideology or, apparently, any systematic religious belief. He does not have any "purpose" in life. The one time when he does appear to be in the grip of ideology—at the Epanchins' party where he is introduced to society—he comes nearer than at any other time to incoherence, and the incident is not characteristic (whatever its true place in his character may be).

Myshkin's most striking, most characteristic trait is not simply his extraordinary trust in other people. It is, rather, his complete presence to everyone he is with, and his capacity to see each person he is with without the slightest preconception or anticipation of any category that might qualify that person. He opens himself to them all, and allows himself to respond to each of them. Thus it is not only possible but entirely obvious that he will love Nastasya

and Aglaia—each for herself, because he sees each as she is. He opens himself to each of them and each of them accepts this gift and returns it. This is true of all the people he meets. They all reveal their individuality and come so much to life in his presence because his presence is so complete that each and every one of them feels able to let himself be seen, knowing somehow that he will be seen as he is. However uneasy this makes some of them at first, they discover that Myshkin's vision will not destroy their integrity, and thus they come to trust him.

Because there is more to be seen in Nastasya than in any of the others, she remains the most compelling to Myshkin. His meeting her is fateful indeed, for had he not he might well have married Aglaia rather than been torn apart by the demand that he abandon a woman who despised herself and trusted only him who knew her better than herself, and yet could not really trust even him.

What can one say of Myshkin's end? I believe it is best said in the words of Dickinson's poem. Myshkin, preferring experience itself rather than trying to unravel it according to some system, presuming that this choice will bring him happiness, finds it to lead him to pain, to the pain of having explode within him more experience that he can bear, more life and more love than he can bring to order. Opening himself to those among whom he finds himself through circumstances, he cannot theorize as to what is the best course, but takes upon himself the gifts of all these people's trust. This is too much for him and he is broken by it.

But this is what it means to bear one another's burdens—that is to love and be loved—and so to fulfill the law of Christ. It is a "preappointed" pain because the openness of love is the only way to life, the only way that does not lead to emptiness, constriction and hate, but that leads rather to the delight of true knowledge of the world and of people. That this delight should find itself in the cross makes the road of experience an "angled road" indeed, but the mystery of love is precisely that experience cannot be redrawn, by the mind, until it is made into a straight road—except by the mind of God Himself.

Poverty

By ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

Peter Maurin would have been delighted at something that happened the other day. President Johnson devoted it to sending Congress messages on poverty. The National Catholic newspaper service in Washington got into the act with a statement that poverty was "offensive." And now Michael Harrington's very informative, fact-filled book on poverty, titled **The Other America**, is obtainable in a paperback edition which puts it within reach of the poor.

Macmillan, the publisher, must have gotten into the spirit of the times for they didn't put the price on the hardcover edition. I find a $4.00 penciled in by some bookstore clerk or owner. But no printed price.

Poverty is something every Catholic writer understands. Their magazines are so often published by orders or societies taking the vow of poverty. The writers experience it.

The many faces of poverty are intriguing. It isn't just a poor man's privilege. I recall the well-dressed man with the legalistic briefcase, cashing soda bottles one morning. He needed the few pennies to get to his Wall Street office. Friends who know Westchester County tell me of rummage sales where wives make an early showing to buy a suit for their husbands at prices ranging around nine or ten dollars. A kind of respectable flea market. Perhaps they got the idea from a trip to Europe where the bargains of this sort of market have even more attraction than Chartres Cathedral.

I have often wondered why a parish rummage store isn't a "must" for the local St. Vincent de Paul society. It probably would happen if the society was run by women. The poor, genteel and non-genteel could come in and get their needs satisfied for a small price. The clerks could use their tact in helping the old and extremely needy.

One of the ways clerks in stores help their needy friends is to use the store personnel discount and then pass the article along to the needy one at the same price. I wonder if the moral theologians have tried that one on for size.

One of the best dressed men I ever saw among the unemployed showed me the economics of pawnshop clothing. For six dollars he had an overcoat which made him look like Fifth Avenue. Theater people are experts in this. They "have" to have many garments for their work. Their poverty just doesn't allow them to purchase the clothes retail so they know the right pawnshops—especially those high class ones in the 57th Street neighborhoods.

I think it should be a "must" for teachers to take their pupils on tours of the Salvation Army, Goodwill Industries and similar places, not to mention the St. Vincent de Paul depot in the Bronx. These are living museums showing how the other half is living. For a small price you can live as they live.

I have always been impressed by the free enterprise spirit of men on Skid Row. Some are "lumber merchants" selling pencils. Others sell newspapers in the subways in those hours when it is too expensive to hire a union newspaper seller. "Lumber" merchandising takes the sting off panhandling.

The most ingenious poor group I ever met was among the unemployed men of Boston in the depression days. They named one of their number to be treasurer and he rented a hall. The men set up a stove and brought in what food they could collect. When they could, they gave the treasurer a nickel or a dime or a quarter. When rent day neared, the pressure went on to get in enough money. One favorite method was to ask someone from Harvard to lecture. After the lecture, he was asked if he wouldn't help out with the rent.

Restaurants are fearful of having leftover soups that may spoil. The houses of hospitality understand this and ask for them. Bakeries don't wish to sell slightly stale bread or cake. Many of them have outlets where items can be purchased at a fraction.

Do you know that even diamonds get into a cheap market? An expert told me that buyers in London so often have to take small diamonds to get the worthwhile larger ones. The buyer then has to look around for some novelty manufacturer who turns out cuff links or tiepins or similar items. Maybe you are wearing a piece of "junk" diamond at the present moment.

Henry Ford used to save the smoke in his factories. He ran it back through pipes and tubes and extracted some sixteen dollars worth of byproducts from six dollars worth of coal. He had the sawdust swept up and mixed with rubber to make steering wheels. If one of the old ones is still in your possession and it breaks, study it and see.

Peter Maurin would be glad at the turn of events. He often told us to study history. When the Germans arrived in New York City in the 1830s and 1840s they were the first ones to bring in Christmas festivals. They also were astounded at the waste, garbage in the gutters, etc. Some of them divided the cities into franchises and went out to collect old bones, clothes and fats. The bones were sorted into different sizes and went to the button manufacturers and glue factories. The fats went for soap. The clothing, of course, could be sold to the poor.

These people weren't doing anything unusual for them. For centuries they had been watching every fallen branch of a tree, gathering up the acorns even for firewood.

It reminds us of Christ's words: Gather up the crumbs lest they be lost. Christ used the imperative which seems to be significant.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 5)

tinue to be better than well attended and the catholicity of subjects discussed is varied and colorful. During the past month we have heard talks by Rosemary McGrath chairman of the Committee to stop the Lower Manhattan Expressway. She was followed by Joseph North, whose column appears in the **Weekend Worker** and who was one of the founders of the **New Masses.** Currently he is at work bringing out a new publication, **American Dialogue.** We broke our Friday night tradition with a meeting Easter Saturday when Ammon Hennacy was here from Utah and spoke of the work he is now doing, and described for us colorful episodes from his kaleidoscopic career. It gave a feeling of warmth to see his face again in these surroundings. Tom Cornell was another Friday night lecturer, discussing the draft in its immoral and anti-social aspects.

Our Sick

Our hospital census unfortunately is growing. Alex or "Mr. Clean," as we termed him, and who used to aid with janitorial duties around the Worker, has suffered a heart attack and is in the hospital. Not long after, our veteran Pat McGowan also was victim of a cardiac seizure and he was taken by ambulance to the hospital. Indian Pete, another heart victim, has been transferred out of Bellevue and is now in a convalescent home in Yonkers. Josephine is still at Columbus Hospital and holding her own. We hope to have them all back soon.

Racial Justice

(Continued from page 4)

Blood of their Lord, while they continue to reject a segment of his people. It makes little difference what form this rejection of others takes; indifference, condescension, aloofness, antipathy, hate—all are forms of rejection, and they make the Liturgy a pointless burlesque that fringes on the blasphemous. The Liturgy is Christ praying in union with His people. It is the one Body united under the one Sacrifice and the one Lord. It is both the preparation for and the realization of perfect unity in Him. It nourishes and enlarges the oneness with Our Lord first won in Baptism. What the liturgy actually creates in worship must be sanctioned in personal life, must receive a daily and practical "amen" in the community. The Love of Christ, so markedly present at worship through Word, Sacrifice and Sacrament, is the identical force that effects a reconciliation in the human family, through the ministry of those who love Him. "Owe no man anything," writes St. Paul, "except to love one another. For he who loves his neighbor has fulfilled the Law."

The churches in which we worship are expressive of this dominant theme of unity which permeates the Liturgy. Your church is more than a symbol of the community that it serves. It is also its manifestation and fruit. The diverse materials of which it is made, stone, brick, mortar, plaster and oak symbolize the diverse human elements of the community, by range of occupation and profession, by wealth and poverty, by race and creed or even lack of it. Lawyers, teachers, artisans, the old and young, the comfortable and indigent, Orientals, Negroes, Jews, Protestants, unbelievers—all are represented there. Just as God is housed in a temple, so also is He in the process of being housed fully in us, and through us, in all his sons and daughters. The temple made of stones is very simply there for the purpose of making us the building blocks of the community. The Liturgy for the dedication of a church puts it this way: "O God, you make ready an eternal dwelling place for your majesty from living and chosen stones." Just as the brick, mortar, polished stone and wood have achieved integrity with one another in a temple, so also the community is to achieve integrity through its living stones, God's people. Your church therefore, is a type of both the earthly and the heavenly communities, but it is very important to place primacy on the earthly community now, since its existence and health is an essential condition of its presence before the Father later on. To put it briefly and bluntly, the community which sees the face of the Father will be made up only of those who have seen and served Him in their neighbor.

If the Church as a building symbolizes this, what is done within it does more. At Mass we are God's Holy People uttering the prayer of Christ in union with our priest, but in addition and more importantly, we are reliving an immediate and contemporary portrayal of the Life of Christ. And it is as true, vital and efficacious as His Incarnation, Public Life, Death, Resurrection and Ascension. What rolled back the tides and toils of Hell in Him two thousand years ago, is now brought into our midst through the power of the Church, and now put onstage through us in a Sacrificial and Sacramental manner. It is a drama, but a drama without an audience—the altar is a stage and we are the players. Life, in terms of what is happening there, is far from being the walking shadow of which Macbeth spoke—it rather acquires its highest meaning and most powerful sanction there. The Lord speaks to us in His Word, the Scripture, the Lord places His seal upon our offering by making Himself one with it at the Consecration, the Lord introduces us into the power of His Communion. The Word spoken to us is a Living Word, with a mysterious power to involve us in itself, and to make us subject to its witness and ministry. His Flesh and Blood which is given to us is not only everything that He is, Divinity, Humanity, vitality, compassion and love—but the offered self in union with Him, so that increasingly, our thoughts might be His, our words and actions His. As St. Paul says: "I live, not I, but Christ lives in me."

And if the action at the altar is an identifying experience with the

DANDELION

totality of the Lord's Life, it is also a readying for the life of the community, where Christ awaits our ministry in our brother. Worship and service of neighbor are not only synonyms, being in a certain sense the same, they are complements, and complements which are incomplete without each other. The Christ of the Eucharist and the Christ in the community are the same Christ, except that the fullness of one is intended to nourish the incompleteness of the other. Therefore, the man who is the fervent worshipper at the altar, while being a blind and biased member of the community is something of a contradiction in terms, something of a living lie. The transcendence of God, of which worship is one expression, must become rooted in the community through those who live it and are committed to its communication. What we of the Church have often tried is this—a relatively easy devotion to the Eucharistic Christ as the apex and fulfillment of the Christian obligation, and not as something which extends to the service of the Mystical Christ, the Christ as He is found in the poor, the man of color, in the lapsed, the neurotic, the alienated intellectual.

Our Lord has condescended to be among us precisely what our Neighbor is—the state of the brother is the state of Christ—so when we respond to this rebellious temperament, to this outcaste, to this despairing failure, to this victim of error, to this dupe of society, we not only alleviate the agony of a human being, we literally lift up Christ, Who has chosen to be wretched in this man. It is for this reason that the Mass first involves us in the Passion of Christ as a prelude to the Resurrection—that we might understand that Christ still suffers in others and that their resurrection rests with those who will dare to be compassionate. Christ draws us into His life in the Liturgy, so that we might do to others what He has done to us, so that what we have been given freely by God, might be given freely by us. If we all derive something of the Priesthood of Christ as the very essence of our ministry, both clergy and laity, so also we must be priests to the community—holy, intelligent, aware, open, generous and capable. And it seems to me that until we learn what we must be at the altar, we will never learn what we must be in the community, and far from being men and women who can trace their stature to the stamp of Christian maturity upon them, we will rather wander through life contributing to the common myopia of the herd—half-alive, introverted, suspicious, rebellious and unhappy—children who have been ill-fitted for life by the indulgence of family and Church.

In conclusion, I must say with all my heart that I refuse to be dissuaded from the conviction that the final solution to the Race question lies with the Christian churches of America. We have seen graphic display, in the last ten years, of the shortcomings of law in this regard, and the dangerous and foolhardy risk of imposing law on a community which is morally unprepared to receive it. The task of the legislator in this situation becomes well-nigh impossible, for he is asked to legislate for a proliferation of immorality which spawns faster than he can meet it. Tacitus said it very well two thousand years ago: "The more corrupt the body politic, the more laws it must promulgate." I submit to you, therefore, that Christians, and particularly Catholic Christians, must rise to the urgency of the situation in the name of Christ, for mankind and for their country. I would find it very hard to exaggerate the seriousness of the racial situation now. As I write this, the lull that we discussed may be over—Cleveland, New York City, Chapel Hill and Atlanta may be indicating this. What we have on our hands today is a national Cold War, a resumption of the internecine warfare of 1860, where brother turned against brother, and the nation was riven by the poison of division and slaughter. Blood is being shed every day, many lives have already been lost, and the promise of wide-scale chaos and violence becomes ever more imminent. The Negro is becoming more and more oblivious of the price that he must pay for his liberation—I have met many Negroes, and they are a growing minority, who would gladly die, if this was the price necessary for human dignity and full American status.

So we must banish from our minds the enormous fallacy that capitulation is the price of solution, and that we will make concessions only because it has become more costly not to make them. As the Mayor of Birmingham has put it, "I refuse to come to an agreement while a gun is being pointed at my head." It is rather a question of justice and charity, and we will never be exempt from these as long as we choose to remain Christian. I have been in communication with an outstanding American bishop, whose diocese has been largely untouched by the racial issue, and yet who felt nonetheless that this was a question which demanded the concern of all Christians and all Americans. And he has begun to challenge the prejudice and naivete of his religious and people with all possible resources.

It has become distressingly evident in innumerable instances that Catholics fully share the misinformation and emotive thinking of other Americans on Race. A fundamental start therefore would seem a massive educational program on the main aspects of Race, moral, social and economic—beginning with the Church professionals, extending to groups of lay elite through study and program, and to the people through policy, liturgy and allocution. This would create an initiative and a dynamism that would flow into the formation of new structures, new organizations which would be ad hoc, and would have within them the experience and conviction necessary to engage the problem in any one of its complex and various facets. The Catholic Interracial Councils have not been enough—they were a courageous first beginning, but the scope of the question has long since eclipsed their competence and program. What we need are vital and imaginative parish structures, formed and trained by the clergy, the Sisters and lay leaders—coordinated and controlled by our Bishops. What we need are people and systems that can initiate open occupancy in housing, that can work effectively with the

SAINT JOSEPH

Civil Rights groups, that know something of housing codes and what violates them, that can service the poor, that can coordinate, plan and work effectively with social agencies and other Churches, that can deal with unemployment, that can inspire self-help and responsible action from the poor, that can provide education for adults and tutorial services for the young, that can use the demonstration as legitimate and Christian protest against injustice. What we need are people who can see and understand, and who can say because they understand, "this situation is un-Christian, unhuman and un-American, and its life expectancy is only the time necessary to eliminate it."

Nor do we need to think that such an exploration must be strictly parochial. Many of its directions would take effect in terms of the common good, in terms of the disadvantaged wealthy of suburbia, whose need for confrontation with themselves in the poor is as great as the need of the poor themselves for education, for jobs, for hope. The reserves of those parishes, therefore, with their incalculable substance of intelligence, professional competence and ingenuity can be placed at the disposal of the inner city ghettos, or of those parishes which are in the process of change, or faced with change in the immediate future.

Finally, I propose a series of questions which all of us must answer, before God and man. The Council is asking these questions, so are Protestants and Orthodox and Jews, so is the world, though in somewhat different terms. Have we been obedient to God in Jesus Christ in the racial struggle, or in all the issues that interpenetrate it, the issues of peace, of the poor, of ecumenism and so on? Can we be obedient and faithful to Christ without being obedient to His Gospel, which speaks of the charity of the Good Samaritan and the Good Shepherd, the mercy given the prodigal son, the identity between the Vine and the branches, the saving folly of the Cross, the total concern of Christ for mankind and the world, and the Blood that He pledged for it? "If you love Me," He said, "you will keep my word." Have we kept it, or have we allowed it to be buried in our institutions and in the arrogance of barren and egocentric lives? Have we been growing in Christ to the extent of a growing awareness of His present historical need, or have we become insensible to human destruction in a slumping attitude of opacity, defeatism and cynicism? The Gospel is all we need today, and the Church to teach it and to give it life with the Eucharist—have we been ambassadors of the Gospel, have we given to the Church as much as we have taken from her, have we schooled ourselves in the implications of being the one Body, because we have eaten the one Bread? The Church waits for our answer today, so does the Negro and all of mankind, and we can leave today with a conviction that is absolutely true, since it is witnessed by Christ—we have the answer, we need only dare to live it. "The world belongs today to those who love it most." Or as the pagan philosopher said, "Men are born for each other." It is this being for each other that proves their allegiance to God.

Joe Hill House

(Continued from page 5)

and met Lamont and the friends who stay in Karl's place.

I visited Father Casey at his Church where he has the altar facing the people, and he drove me up to St. John's at Collegeville where Father Dunston, the President, introduced me to a lively group of students. Many of them came to Mary Humphery's for the evening to ask some more questions. I had never spoken to Catholics in the Twin Cities in all of my scores of meetings since 1938, but a Jewish professor got me in at the Newman Club, and Professor John McKiernan had me speak at St. Thomas Seminary.

A friend then drove me over the middle west, stopping first in Madison to a fine meeting at the Newman Club where Father Brown always greets me kindly. We met at John McGrath's first. On the 19th I commenced a 30 day fast, for Darrell Poulsen is to be executed in Salt Lake City May 18th. I wrote to him, the Board of Pardons, and the Salt Lake City newspapers telling them I would rush back to picket for him. I had a small meeting at Milton College; a lively group of students at Beloit College where John McGonigle of Long Island had already advertized the Catholic Anarchist message. Then an evening with a small group in Muskego where the Rev. Nathan Thorp of the Community Church had me speak. The next day I had two enthusiastic meetings speaking to students in Professor Miller's classes at Marquette. Two students gave me the John Birch line. By that time my fasting had weakened me so that I was speaking slowly-perhaps this is better for my audience—as I generally talk too fast and change gears quickly. Said hello to Ray Callahan, Dave Host, Donald McDonald, Florence Weinfurther of the old time CW there, who now runs the Cardyn bookstore, and visited with Fred Blair, my old time Communist friend who sells CW's in his bookstore. Carlos Carte my anarchist IWW poet friend I was especially happy to meet. Then in a rush to Notre Dame, but as this was a Saturday and Fr. Leo Ward was away, and there were no classes I was content to meet Julian Pleasants and others where Terry McKiernan was the host. It was a hurried drive then to Purdue where Fr. Haigerty again made me welcome. I had never taken Communion standing up in a Roman Catholic Church before, but here-with whole wheat host made by Terry McKiernan-this was the custom, and with the altar in front of the people. I spoke and answered questions for 4 hours and a tape recording was made. In Detroit Dan Shay had a crowded meeting of young folks at his new house. Father Walsh greeted me gladly at the Newman Club at Wayne University. And Preston Schiller had a meeting for me at Detroit Institute of Technology. Now I am visiting my mother in Cleveland and will have a meeting with students. I will report in the next issue about Poulsen.

Easy Essays

(Continued from Page 1)

knew how to combine
cult, that is to say liturgy,
with culture, that is to say philosophy,
and cultivation, that is to say agriculture.
The Cathedral of Chartres is
a real work of art
because it is the real expression
of the spirit of a united people.
Churches that are built today
do not express the spirit of the people.
"When a church is built,"
a Catholic editor said to me,
"the only thing that has news value is:
How much did it cost?"
The Cathedral of Chartres was not built
to increase the value of real estate.
The Cathedral of Chartres was not built
with money borrowed from money lenders.
The Cathedral of Chartres was not built
by workers working for wages.

Maurice Barres used to worry
about the preservation of
French Cathedrals,
but Charles Peguy thought
that the faith that builds Cathedrals
is after all the thing that matters.
Moscow had a thousand churches
and people lost the faith.
Churches ought to be built
with donated money, donated material, donated labor.

BETTER AND BETTER OFF

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

Christianity has nothing to do
with either modern capitalism
or modern communism.
for Christianity has
a capitalism of its own
and a communism of its own.
Modern capitalism
is based on property without responsibility,
while Christian capitalism
is based on property with responsibility.

I AGREE

I agree with seven Bishops,
three of whom are Archbishops,
that the Communist criticism
of modern rugged individualism
is a sound criticism.
I agree with seven Bishops,
three of whom are Archbishops,
that the social aim
of the Communist Party
is a sound social aim.
I agree with seven Bishops,
three of whom are Archbishops,
that the Communists are not sound
when they advocate class struggle
in order to realize
their sound social aim.
I agree with the Apostolic Delegate
when he advocates the practice
of the Seven Corporal and the Seven Spiritual
Works of Mercy
as the best practical means
of making man human to man.

CHRISTIANITY UNTRIED

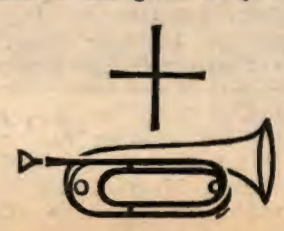
Chesterton says:
"The Christian ideal
has not been tried
and found wanting.
It has been found difficult
and left untried."
Christianity has not been tried
because people thought
it was impractical.
And men have tried everything
except Christianity.
And everything
that men have tried
has failed.

CONSTRUCTING THE SOCIAL ORDER

The Holy Father asks us
to reconstruct the social order.
The social order was constructed
by the first Christians
through the daily practice
of the Seven Corporal
and Seven Spiritual
Works of Mercy.
To feed the hungry
at a personal sacrifice,
to clothe the naked
at a personal sacrifice,
to shelter the homeless
at a personal sacrifice,
to instruct the ignorant
at a personal sacrifice:
such were the works
of the first Christians
in times of persecution.

WHY NOT BE A BEGGAR?

What we give to the poor
for Christ's sake
is what we carry with us
when we die.
As Jean Jacques Rousseau says:
"When a man dies
he carries
in his clutched hands
only that
which he has given away."



ALLELUIA

GOD AND MAMMON

Christ says:
"The dollar you have
is the dollar you give
to the poor
for my sake."
The banker says:
"The dollar you have
is the dollar
you lend me
for your sake."
Christ says:
"You cannot
serve two masters,
God and Mammon."
"You cannot,
and all our education
is to try to find out
how we can
serve two masters,
God and Mammon,"
says Robert Louis Stevenson.

MODERN COMMUNISM

Modern Communism
is based on poverty through force
while Christian communism
is based on poverty through choice.
For a Christian,
voluntary poverty is the ideal
as exemplified by St. Francis of Assisi,
while private property
is not an absolute right, but a gift
which as such can not be wasted,
but must be administered
for the benefit of God's children.

According to Johannes Jorgensen,
a Danish convert living in Assisi,
St. Francis desired
that men should give up
superfluous possessions.
St. Francis desired
that men should work with their hands.
St. Francis desired
that men should offer their services
as a gift.
St. Francis desired
that men should ask other people for help.
when work failed them.
St. Francis desired
that men should live
as free as birds.
St. Francis desired
that men should go through life
giving thanks to God for His gifts.

New Farm

In the next issue Dorothy Day will give a detailed account of the buying of our new Beata Maria Farm, and a description of the property; an account of money received and money dispensed. Our new center is in Tivoli, N. Y., about 80 miles up the Hudson River. We intend to have regular week-end retreats and days of recollection the year round, and conferences on Peace, Cooperatives, the Civil Rights Revolution and Catholic Action. This summer's schedule is fairly well laid out already, with Fr. Marion Casey of Belle Plains, Minnesota coming to preach a retreat and the Peacemakers coming for their two week training program.

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 7)

telling of procrastination the movement of the lines begins to drag, becomes breathless and weary. The last of these three lines has retained the basic meter but imposes a new slower, and more deliberate pace upon the poem. But the opening stanza of "The Paper Echo" is in strong contrast: "Barnum's trapeze above the horseback girl / beheads two boxers juxtaposed in trunks/with white and negro knuckles taped in gloves/ and cocked for now forgotten uppercuts." The poem's beginning is again easy and graceful. But ease and grace are lost in the last line of this first stanza when the sound becomes labored and the rhythm forced.

A difficult device is that of repetition. When a poet repeats a word he does it to strengthen his poem. Most poets avoid this but Hazo can use repetition with striking brilliance. Writing about a high jumper "trotting, trotting faster, faster to his mark" the sectioning of the line into three creates a controlled impetuosity which witnesses the athlete's effort.

But at times I am uneasy with the moral tone which a poem is made to bear. The first five poems of Section V ("Of Chance") deal with the sights and sounds of a carnival midway. Each of these five strikes my ear with the harsh tone of extrinsic morality imposed upon matter and form. On the other hand, "Gettysburg" achieves a more acceptable—because more intrinsic—moral tone which climaxes in the final two lines: "They closed the barricades and were destroyed/where tourists grimly talk photography." Yet even here the voice of the critic overrides that of the poet.

Samuel Hazo writes of little things in a style carefully formed and simple. Little things are easily trivial. Yet the risk of triviality should be willingly engaged if a poet can write "Her Son, My Student" and attempt to capture those islands of pain with which the living surround their dead.

The Catholic Worker, with the Committee for Nonviolent Action, the War Resisters League and the Student Peace Union, is sponsoring an anti-draft demonstration on Saturday, May 16, at Union Square in New York, from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. The Army will be at one end of the Square celebrating Armed Forces Week, with a display of missiles and other military hardware. We will be at the other end of the Square, with placards and a sound truck. This is a major demonstration. Hundreds are expected to participate. At the end of the demonstration those who wish will publicly burn their draft cards. This, of course, is a serious act. It is an offering of civil disobedience. We hope it will be the dramatic beginning of the most vigorous and effective campaign to end conscription the nation has yet witnessed.

Community

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when he died, we found his room well stocked with canned goods and new clothes. It pained us to realize how many visitors he had fooled.

Most of us never knew what new clothes were. In fact for many years I thought that there were factories and tailors who were occupied with making "second-hand" clothes. We depended on the generosity of our readers for our clothes and most of the time they were good and usable. But every once in a while clothes would be sent in that were just timed to disintegrate in the wash. (I really believe it was the dirt that held them together).

But I'll never forget the man who looking upon the suit I wore (he had given it to me and it was showing its wear) remarked: "Look here, Stanley! I wore that suit for eight years before I gave it to you and you've only had it for three months and look at the shape it's in. You people just don't take care of your clothes." (Believe it or not—he was serious!).

Then there was E., who came to us one summer and superintended the canning and took over the kitchen. A wonderful worker E. was, and many were the jars of vegetables that she put up. We looked forward to an abundance of vegetables over the winter months, but when E. left she took with her most of the canned goods. This caused us to comment that people often come to the Catholic Worker with a handkerchief and leave with a truck load.

Yes!—poverty and detachment is a wonderful possession if one can afford to pay the price for them. But many people who come to us soon discover that they can't afford the cost of attempting to live a life of poverty. Before long they want a new missal, a Bible, a breviary and the other accoutrements of poverty. Poverty to them is an expensive way to living.

Then we have had people come to us who made a great air of how detached they were from the goods of this earth. When we would object to their neglecting community property and permitting tools to rust in the fields they would glibly speak of our lack of spirituality and how they were truly indifferent and detached from the things of the world. But if one made the mistake of taking one of their possessions the air would be rent with their screams of protest and the sacredness of private property. Too often what goes under the form of detachment is but another name for laziness.

Then there were those who came to share our lives with us—but what they really meant was that they had come to share our food and our possessions. In return we were to share their troubles and their woes. It was these people, who after enjoying our hospitality, would berate the Staff and accuse them of being bums because they worked for nothing.

Why don't we get rid of the trouble makers? But then once we start eliminating people there will be no end to it and often the very one who is insisting on getting rid of the "undesirables" is the first person who will be told to leave if his program is put into action.

We had one man who demanded rules and regulations and a boss who would tell people what to do. But when he was asked to help he refused. What he wanted was to be placed in charge and to have the authority of ordering the rest of the people around.

But community life will always have its share of joy and troubles as long as the saints and the martyrs continue to bear one another's burdens. And it is the striving that counts.

PETER MAURIN 1877-1949

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pastured the animals on the different farms on different days, moving them about even in the middle of the night so that all of the ground would be manured. Peter's father was a councillor of the commune.

After seven years as a teaching member of the Christian Brothers in Paris, Peter joined Marc Sangnier and his Catholic social action movement called the Sillon. Sangnier went all over France buttonholing zealous young Catholics and drawing them into his network of hospitality centers, workingmen's study clubs and mutual aid groups.

For another seven years, Peter farmed in Western Canada, did hard labor in ditch digging, mines, on railroads and Lake boats. The next seven or eight years he taught French in Chicago and Woodstock New York, in the art colony.

He ceased to charge $3 an hour for his teaching, and asked his pupils to give them what they could afford. He was evolving his three-point plan of clarification of thought through discussion, houses of hospitality and farming communes or agronomic universities.

Peter met Dorothy Day in 1932. They exchanged ideas for several months, then decided to start a monthly newspaper. The Catholic Worker was first distributed in Union Square on May Day, 1933. Within a few years, similar papers were started by others in London, England, Australia and Chicago. The New York paper soon had a circulation of 100,000. Over 30 houses of hospitality were established by enthusiastic followers. Nine farming communes followed. The newspaper was a pacifist paper and the issues were nearly always controversial.

By 1945, Peter's energy had disappeared. He lived his last four years mostly at the Catholic Worker farm at Newburgh, New York, where he died on May 15, the anniversary of the famed labor encyclicals of Pope Leo XII and Pius XI.

Time magazine wrote:

"Dressed in a cast-off suit and consigned to a donated grave the mortal remains of a poor man were buried last week. These arrangements were appropriate; during most of his life, Peter Maurin had slept in no bed of his own and worn no suit that someone had not given away." The article went on: "All night long before the funeral they (clergy and laymen) had come to the rickety store-front where the body lay to say a prayer or touch their rosaries to the folded hands. For many were sure that Peter Maurin was a saint."

Arthur T. Sheehan