



ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Last month Bob Steed talked so optimistically about the loft we had rented that our readers began to congratulate us on finding a place. But the loft is all window, east, west and south and there is no heat, and the one large gas stove is totally inadequate. One huge window is out in front and the only work we were able to do was the cleaning out and painting of the place which had been left in a fearful mess by the theatrical troupe and the ballet school which had occupied it last. I have enough imagination to see the windows repaired, Hatty hanging up curtains, a big kitchen stove and bake oven moved in, and the place a satisfactory day center. It will be good for meetings, for an office, and probably for a dining room and kitchen.

But there remains the problem of sleeping. Where are people going to be lodged. We are, of course, hoping for a miracle. First of all, an apartment which will hold twelve women. And in the same neighborhood, somewhere near enough to keep the sense of community which we have built up. Two apartments in the same house, and one for men,—this will do to start. Other men we can put in one of the cheap hotels on the Bowery, three block away. At 65c a night. We will manage, of course we will manage, but the expense of rents will be enormous. We cannot buy, even if we wanted to, even if a suitable house came along for which we could get what the city calls a certificate of occupancy, because so far there has been no offer of money made to us for our house.

People write in from all over saying that they cannot believe it to be true that the city can take a house and not pay for it. What does happen is that the house is taken by right of eminent domain, and payment is made from six months to a year later. A long time for people to do without their money. And the city does not pay us interest on the money they are withholding. Instead they allow us to borrow some of it back and then ask us for 6% interest. Another incident of the month,—an appraiser came in, took a swift run through the house while a cab stood outside waiting for him, and then went to our lawyer, offering to be our appraiser for \$400. Four hundred dollars is enough for the down payment many a poor family makes on some shell of a house. What big sums people deal in.

We Are "Family"

No, we have no money to get another house, and we will be living from hand to mouth in order to scrape together the rents. Good friends from the Catholic Charities, and Monsignor Brennan from the Holy Name Mission both have offered to help in any way they can, but it would not mean finding us a place to keep our family together. And that is what we are,—a family, and we are trying to stick it out. "If we are just together" says Mollie, who has been with us for eight years or more, "that is all that matters." She has even endured the breaking down of the television set with surprising equanimity, considering

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LET'S KEEP THE JEWS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

By PETER MAURIN (1877-1949)

A MYSTERY

The Jews are a mystery to themselves.

They are not a nation, although the Zionists try to build up one in Palestine. They are not a race for they have intermarried with many other races. They are not a religion, since their belief calls for one Temple and the Jewish Temple has not been in existence for nearly 2,000 years.

IN SPAIN

St. Vincent Ferrer, a Spanish Dominican, succeeded in converting 25,000 Jews. When the Spaniards decided to drive the Moors out

they also decided to drive the Jews out. St. Vincent Ferrer tried to convert the Jews; he did not start a crusade to drive them out. Driven out of Spain, the Jews found a refuge in Salonika, which was then under the Turkish flag. Spanish is still spoken by Jewish workmen in Salonika.

IN THE PAPAL STATES

The Popes never did start a crusade to drive the Jews out of the Papal States. Jews have lived in Rome and the adjoining territory since the Roman Empire. The Roman Empire

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The Pope Is Dead Long Live The Pope

Miserere mei, Deus, secundum misericordiam Tuam. [Have pity on me, Lord, according to Thy mercy.]

These words which, aware that I was unworthy and unequal of them, I pronounced at the moment in which with trepidation I accepted election as Supreme Pontiff, I now repeat with even more foundation at a time in which knowledge of the deficiencies, of the failures, of the sins committed during so long a pontificate and in so grave an epoch has made more clear to my mind my insufficiency and unworthiness.

I humbly ask pardon of all whom I may have offended, harmed or scandalized by word or by deed.

I pray those whose affair it is not to bother to erect any monuments to my memory: sufficient it is that my poor mortal remains should be laid simply in a sacred place, the more obscure the better.

I do not need to ask for prayers for my soul. I know how many are those the custom of the Apostolic See and the piety of the faithful causes to be offered for every Pope who dies.

Nor do I need to leave a "spiritual testament," as so many zealous prelates are in praiseworthy fashion used to do; because the not inconsiderable number of acts and speeches emanated or pronounced by me by reason of my office suffice to make known, to whoever should by chance desire to know my thought on the different religious and moral questions.

Therefore, I name as my universal heir the Holy Apostolic See from which I have had so much, as from a most loving mother.

(Last Will and Testament of Pope Pius XII).

There is no time with God. We have lost a Pope and we have another Pope, and yet that is not the way to say it at all. We have not lost a Pope. The life of Pius XII, our dear Holy Father, "is changed, not taken away. And the abode of this earthly sojourn being dissolved, an eternal dwelling is prepared in heaven." No more moving around for him, no more uncertainties, responsibilities, no more exhausting labors. I'm sure the present Holy Father, John XXIII, in spite of his robust appearance must sigh with envy when he has time to stop and think. No, we have not lost a Pope. Our life has been enriched and made more interesting by the accession of another Pope. It was good to see the breathless interest of people all over the world, as they waited the news on the radio. It was good to see the giant headlines in the paper. The death of one Pope, the accession of another, is of tremendous importance in the lives of people. Catholic or non-Catholic.

What kind of a man is he going to be, this new Pope. What kind of man has he been, this former Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli, who is now 77 years old, and who remarked when he took the name of John that all the other Popes by that name had had short reigns—all but John the Beloved Apostle who rested on the breast of Christ at the last supper, and who lived to so great an age, that the only sermon he could preach at the close of his life was, "My little children, love one another." The other John whom our new Holy Father was commemorating was John the Baptist, who died a martyr, whose head was chopped off because he would not cease from criticizing the morality of the ruler of Galilee. Our own Ammon Hennacy is John the Baptist Hennacy, and his greatest veneration is for those martyrs who have shed their blood for love of God and their fellows.

"Son of a farmer," all the newspapers told us in their headlines—

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CHICAGO CW

What is news? Certainly fires are, and we have had three of them in our building, not related to our work or any opposition to it, but only because the building where we live with four floors of families above us is a horrible firetrap. One fire started where someone must have dropped a match down the front cellarway. The fire department arrived shortly and put it out with portable extinguishers, but that did not calm my anxiety, because I am afraid not of fire but of the fire inspectors who might do the same thing to us and our neighbors that they did to you. The other fires were on the back porch where a dozen half-empty drums stand among heaps of trash excreted from the apartments stacked above us. In the morning we sit in wonder at breakfast watching yesterday's trash cascading past our window. Sometimes there is a dresser or a broken table lying in the yard. I have never seen any of this heavy furniture in flight and cannot report whether it also is hurled from above or perhaps carried out in less dramatic fashion.

Shortly after we arrived here,

the Green Revolution paid a migratory call. Certainly a trash strewn slum alley is not the natural habitat of the hermit thrush. And yet this quiet timid bird, surely an intimate of Thoreau a century ago in the woodlands of Concord and denizen of the memories of my own Vermont childhood, came and stayed with us for a few days, not imposing on our hospitality, but dropping into our backyards early each morning. Washing my face at the kitchen sink I would see him even as I might have seen him several years back by some fresh woodland stream. The majority of men, said Thoreau, pass their lives in quiet desperation. They do not know the joy because they do not know that in the midst of the squalor something wild has visited them. To them it is only another sparrow. This is the difficulty we encounter in seeking a new society that men do not see new values. They know only what they have.

You were of course right to say that it would be difficult alone and holding a full-time job, but now someone has come, not a Trappist though, but someone who has

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PETER MAURIN, Founder
Associate Editors:

AMMON HENNACY ELIZABETH ROGERS
ROBERT STEED STANLEY VISHNEWSKI
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City-2
Telephone GRamercy 5-9180

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VIVA JOHN XXIII

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son of a tenant farmer, one paper proclaimed. But according to the Times, his family had small holdings, and they were probably very small indeed since there were thirteen children—one paper said nine. There are still five living, and many nieces and nephews, and one picture of his brother appeared in the Times, with a burlap sack about his shoulders, to protect them from the straps fastening a great basket of corn, harvesting a summer of hard labor.

The name of the village of 1,200 or so means "under the Mountain," and is in the shadow of the Alps. The new Pope spent last August there, as he has all his vacations. So in addition to love of the soil, there is also love of family.

A man born to the soil will always be close to the soil, close to reality. Dust we are, and to dust we shall return. The food we eat, the chair we sit on, the desk we write at, the bed we sleep on, all come in a way from the soil. The leather of our shoes, the wool of our coats come from the animals who live from the soil. And all the violence and anguish and lust of the times comes from the fact that the great majority of men do not use this creativity, their God given powers, which make us like to God, to take this earth as God did, and fashion it into what we need to use to sustain and enrich our lives so that we can praise God fully, and be transformed by that praise and love so that some day we shall be like Him and love Him forever in Heaven.

Other things we noted in the press. In the story of his life as Cardinal of Venice, he extended hospitality to his "enemies" when the Marxist party was holding convention in Venice. Also in crying out in his first public address for peace in the world, he cried out for the poor.

For the Poor

"We pray to God for all brothers of Christ," he said, "but especially for the poor and the suffering, and we ask Him that He grant to all in abundance necessary help and heavenly consolation." He prayed for the countries which do not have religious freedom, and for the suffering clergy of those countries; he prayed for the Eastern Church which shares our dogma if not our pontiff. And then he goes on to say,

"Why should the resources of human genius and the riches of the peoples turn more often to preparing arms—pernicious instruments of death and destruction—than to increasing the welfare of all classes of citizens and particularly of the poor?"

"We know, it is true, that in bringing about so laudable, so praiseworthy a proposition and to level the differences there are grave and intricate difficulties in the way, but they must be victoriously overcome, even if by force; this is in fact the most important undertaking mostly connected with the prosperity of all mankind. Put yourselves to the task therefore, with confident courage, under the reflection of the light that comes from on high, and with divine assistance, turn your gaze to the people who are entrusted to you and listen to their voice.

"What do they ask you? What do they beseech from you? They do not ask those monstrous means of war, discovered in our time, which can cause fraternal massacre and universal slaughter—but peace, that peace in virtue in which the human family can live freely, flourish and prosper. . . ."

Use of Force

Already we are receiving letters asking us what the Holy Father means by such a phrase, "even if by force." I find no difficulty in understanding it. Heaven must be taken by violence, and working for a better order here in this world means a terrible struggle. We need all the strength of body and soul and mind too. To live in poverty ourselves, to share the misery, the homelessness, the uncertainty and the precarity of others; to make our protest against the evils of the day, the injustice—to speak out strongly, fearlessly, risking job and home for oneself and for family; enduring the scorn of the world, and often too, of those one loves.

No explanation we make will satisfy the captious critic, we know that. Elizabeth Rogers and I were talking about that ambiguous phrase which will undoubtedly cause much discussion among pacifists and the opponents of pacifism, and she suggested that such a statement of the Holy Father might have found its source in an incident which happened some years ago in the reign of Pius XII. In a certain poor district, the peasants led by their priests, went to fields which did not belong to them and took possession of them, cultivating them in order to ward off the famine that threatened. Certainly that expropriation was "the use of force." Taking by sheer desperation, and willingness to die, if necessary, the means of livelihood.

Our stand against the Civil Defense Authorities with their war games, was our own use of force against them. We opposed their compulsion with a spiritual force of our own by our imprisonment. Ammon's fasting is doing violence to himself in penance for our country having dropped the atom bomb on Japan. Yes, we must set ourselves with all the force we possess, against war, and the making of instruments of war, and our means are prayer and fasting, and the non-payment of federal income tax which goes for war. We pray the Holy Father has a long life, and a forceful one.

D. D.

On Pilgrimage

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her love of television. It was an added blow — that collapse of television set. And then the rain, that kept everyone indoors for days on end.

Rain

As I write, this Sunday afternoon, on the Feast of Christ the King, the rain pours down and the streets are deserted. Across the street the plane trees are dropping yellow leaves in addition to rain drops. Across the street also huge beams two feet thick are piled, and one side of our house has been newly shored up. Holes are being dug around us, and engineers come in asking us when we are going to get out. When they start tearing down the house next door, our own house is liable to collapse. More engineers carrying drills and other mysterious machinery are to be seen every day going around in back of the house, behind the wall, into the yard behind the Chateau Gardens, which used to be St. Augustine's church, where a jazz band blares in what once was the sanctuary, and where, when the Church was Russian Orthodox, the Blessed Sacrament rested.

I think of the old hymn, "We are pilgrims, we are strangers, we can tarry, we can tarry but an hour."

But in the sitting room, which used to be the television room, which used to be the library, and which is still a bedroom for the hardy souls, the overflow, who can sleep on the floor, our household is gathered, listening to Margaret's little radio which rests on a chair in front of her. On other days she is usually making braided rugs out of the lovely ties that come in to us. But today is Sunday so she rests in her rocking chair. She has a puppy, very fat with a pink bare belly, always visible since it is always rolling over to be scratched. There is also a kitten which is sick and somnolent, perched sedately in the middle of a cushion, paws tucked under, eyes closed. Larry even has a little white mouse which he carries around in his shirt pocket and takes out now and again to enchant the little ones among us. The littlest one who comes in is my godchild Dorothy Corbin, and then there is Dylan Melbourne, about three; and there are other children like Harry, aged twenty, who are just as enamored as the others.

With these pets, with this music, with conversation and newspapers and books, and an occasional game, and the rosary at noon every day, and crowds of mothers and children coming in every morning for clothing from Veronica, it is a cheerful room. Every now and then an old lady from the neighborhood who comes from some cheerless bed in a lodging, falls asleep in her chair and all but topples out. She is caught by one of the others, and if people are feeling courteous she is given a rocking chair, with arms, so that she is in less danger of falling when she nods.

This afternoon, the room smells of the apples which fill a huge bowl on the table. Smokey peels his and pares them and eats them quartered. Every man on the soup line has been getting an apple with his bean soup and bread, thanks to Maryknoll. When we see their big truck pull up, we bless them for the gifts they bring, an expression of love on their part for their brothers on the line. They brought enough this last time for us to bring some crates to the farm to be made into apple sauce. God bless them all at Maryknoll.

Down at Kolonia there is a coordinator of jobs, someone who sees what is to be done, delegating each one to do some particular

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TRAVELING

By AMMON HENNACY

In the adobe house of David the weaver in the Hopi rebel village of Hotevilla Carl Hodge of the ARIZONA REPUBLIC and I discussed for hours the encroachment of the corrupt white man's civilization upon the Indians, while a score of radical Hopi discussed their problems in their native tongue. As some anthropologists have implied the whole world can be balanced against these rebel Hopi and are found wanting. As I told later in my broadcast when Mayor Jack Williams of Phoenix asked me about the Hopi, I said that there were three main influences in my life: my time in solitary in Atlanta prison when I changed from a non-pacifist Socialist and atheist into a Christian anarchist; my contact with Dorothy Day and the CW which finally made me a Catholic; and my understanding such as this evening of the Hopi, who have lived here a thousand years without police, law courts, prisons, or murder. They look at the sun and they think of God while we white men in the name of religion steal their land, corrupt them with fake tribal councils and liquor and our religion which condones war and exploitation.

The Hopi children I had known before had grown in the last four years and new ones had been born. We played games, ate the good Hopi corn on the cob and I told them stories of my travels. Where the Hopi have their greatest strength is in their spiritual integrity—this is the weakest point of the white man. If they put faith in even well-intentioned politicians who seek by law suits to get justice from the white man, or if they appeal to the UN they are out of their sphere and cannot win. While in their spiritual approach they have already won.

I needed to be in Phoenix the next evening and had 4½ hours to make the 125 miles. Carrying two grips I had a few small rides from cheepherders, and a long one into Tuba City for 45 miles from schoolteachers at the Indian School at First Mesa. There was not a house for 50 miles in this stretch. After a few miles on the highway a man picked me up saying, "Thank you for the CW." I didn't recognize him at once. He was the man from the Irish Embassy who had come with Frank Brophy Jr. to visit me while I was picketing in Washington. He had been at Cameron the night before on the way to the Grand Canyon and got lost. We stopped at a nearby restaurant for breakfast and the old man in charge said jestingly, "Here comes President Eisenhower and Nixon." In mock seriousness I replied, as my daughter Sharon does when someone slanders her, "I refuse to accept it," saying that I was an anarchist and wouldn't be called a general or a shifty politician. The old man wanted to know what an anarchist was so he looked over my Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist while we ate breakfast. In further conversation I learned that he knew the Old Pioneer with whom I had lived in Phoenix. I made the bus 20 minutes ahead of time after phoning my Mormon friends in Flagstaff. In Prescott I spoke to Mrs. Stuart, wife of my old tax man in Phoenix.

Phoenix

Rik and Ginny Anderson met me at the bus and I was soon home with them in nearby Scottsdale. Their son Keith is in the band of this small highschool, which is one of the 8 best in the country. Later I picked up my boxes of books which I had stored at Bill and Alice Mahoney's. Their children had grown and Alice was the same matter of fact beautiful freckled face, Irish as when I had lived here before and known her. I was unable to get out to see the Molokians and my farmer friends, but did visit the Trudell's, Muecke's, Socker's, Stamler's, as well as beautiful Carmen Broz and the two druggists on the southside who sell the CW. Frank Brophy had wanted me to visit his ranch in southern Arizona and in the midst of planning this I became acquainted with his secretary at the Bank of Douglas who was right over from Ireland. His younger son Rory is attending school in Madrid and his older son Blake is living in a small town in Spain and writing for the Phoenix paper. Mayor Jack Williams had had some criticism last year when he had me on his radio station explaining my radical ideas. His reply was that this was a free country and he would have me again when I come. This time he asked me about my 40-day fast, about Dorothy Day, to give my definition of anarchism again, and what I thought about segregation in Little Rock. To this latter question I replied that we had the bear by the tail and could not let him go. That the real way to solve this question was not by Supreme Court or guns but by education as had been done by The Council for Civic Unity, Bill Mahoney, Joe Stocker and Father Dunne when segregation was peacefully abolished in Arizona a year before the Supreme Court decision. I visited my old parish priest, Father Lawrence at St. Matthew's. He still got along without gambling while nearly all Catholic Churches got around the law by giving donations at bingo parties instead of buying tickets. I also visited the St. Vincent de Paul Charity Kitchen where Mabel Wherries and her husband feed hundreds each day, especially between times when the stoop crops are harvested. Don Dederer gave me a fine writeup in his column in the local morning paper. I stopped at Eloy to see Father Rook but he was away. I had picked cotton here in 1953.

Tucson

Here I had a happy time with the 10 Allen children and their parents Jim and Eileen, and I had an interesting meeting in their home. Also a 15 minute recording on the radio about CW ideas. At St. Joseph's Academy, Father Flower and the good nuns had me speak to the girls. For several hours they asked questions for it seemed they had never heard obedience to man instead of God questioned. One girl sweetly asked me if I thought I was better than other people. I said that sure I was but I had too good manners to say so. Unconsciously she tried to put me in the place of being a mouse instead of a man. We are called to be Sons of God, so we had better set about trying it. My good friends Esconbozo and MacDermott at the Arizona Ranch School had me address their students and obligingly drove me down to Brophy's 33,000 acre ranch near Elgin and the border. Mr. Brophy is sort of an anarchist of the right like E. Bracken Lee, taking advantage of soil conservation schemes of the government the same as I use highways and the postoffice, but despising the welfare state and Reuther. He had started a union in his father's bank when he was 17 and got fired. He doesn't like war or Communism or industrial capitalism but his wealth has increased despite all this. (A rich man is just a poor man who has money.) He likes Jefferson and Thoreau and his ranch where white faced cattle are raised. His wife Sally and daughter Katy welcomed me and we rode over miles of the ranch which is bordered in places by pink fences and is snuggled between mountains and is in a high altitude where apples can grow. We visited a rodeo after Mass in

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DANTE, ENVY, AND US

JAMES W. DOUGLASS

Dante and his guide, Virgil, have reached the second terrace of the Purgatorio Mountain. Here the penitents of envy are seen by Dante. They sit hunched against the wall of the cliff, their bodies leaning against one another and the bank. Dante is struck by the appearance of their eyes; the eyelids are stitched tight with wire. Since these souls in life shut out the light of man's common good, they after death will themselves a purgation of blindness. They will fully deprive themselves of the sight of God, the pursuit of which they once ignored for self-interest, until they can feel themselves purged to a worthiness of the Beatific Vision.

And as to them the sun no boon affords,
So to the spirits, there where I have said,
Heaven's light no bounty of itself accords,
For the eyelids of them all with iron thread

something in common, an "ideal"—we disguise it euphemistically ("equality," "our rights as individuals") but its real name is envy. We join to form a stream, a community of attitudes whose power is self-interest. The river grows. It becomes a massive current—the city of envy ("civic pride"); a roaring cataract—the state of envy ("American progress"). Envy becomes the creed governments live by—national sovereignty. "For the eyelids of them all with iron thread are stitched up. . ."

Spreading from the individual, envy is a slow poison that finds its fondest addicts in a prosperous, materialist society, as that now existing in the United States. In a squalid society envy has no robes. It has only its appearance—natural corruption, more easily seen in poverty than in wealth. In America we can afford to blanket envy's intrinsic filth in multifarious disguises, a practice excelled in by the advertising agencies. The

and-cents scale for measuring a man's worth.

But envy in our society acts as more than just a drive stimulant towards carpets and Cadillacs (and we call Bonaparte mad!). It has become our criterion for success. In America, if a man is greatly envied, he's "a success." If his Cadillac, chauffeur, and mink-stoled wife can draw the comment, "I wish I were in his shoes," then his position in our society is assured. So long as he can feel a sucking pool of envy from others' frantic attempts to surpass and suppress him, and can himself continue to support and even shed the material symbols of success, he maintains his existence as "a living, American success story," a fame composed of the putrefying stench of public envy. "For the eyelids of them all with iron thread. . ."

When the principles of envy—Thou shalt love the lord thyself with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind; thou shalt hate thy neighbor as an enemy of thyself—have been thus instilled in a people under the appearances of normalcy, a change in emphasis can extend them into a state's political philos-

The Parable of Andrew's Coat

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

Dorothy Day asked me to write something about Father Jimmy Tompkins' work among the miners in eastern Nova Scotia. "Have it in Monday," she said. It is Saturday morning as I am writing. In Rome, the Cardinals are being closed in to choose a new Pope and down in the deepest coal mine in North America 81 men are trapped by gases and falling rock and their fate is unknown.

When you have been among the miners and watched them go into the pits, it takes no imagination to picture the scene of mothers and wives and children standing about the mine openings, praying for a miracle. Since these men knew Father Jimmy and were truly his spiritual children, he must be watching over them under God's Providence. In life he sustained them with his spirit. I only hope he seeks a miracle and barring that watches over them unto the Judgment Bar. It is given to the elect to judge nations.

Father Jimmy has been haunting me since early Summer and I am not quite certain what he has been trying to say but he certainly has been making me think. But that is the way of an educator and he was a rare one. Partly through him, I met The Catholic Worker. He had an eagle eye for wisdom wherever it showed up in the world and he pounced on it and brought it back to his cooperative movement and disseminated it among the students and miners and farmers and fishermen. Like Peter Maurin with whom he discussed ideas for one seventy-two hour period, he was tireless and he was an old man when I knew him, a burning flame in the frailest and most incandescent of bodies.

Even the election of a new Pope brings memories for I was breakfasting with the priests of St. Francis Xavier university in Antigonish the morning Pius XI died. Bishop Sandy Macdonald was at our table and was most excited because the next Pope would be the angelic Pope. He went to his room and showed us a poem he had written and sent to Pius XI on his ascent to the throne. It was written in exquisite Latin. The Bishop was a most unusual and holy man who had lost his diocese because he was so charitable he was giving everything away. Father Jimmy was at the same table with us that morning if I recall correctly.

The haunting process began months ago when I was doing some research on a book on Peter Maurin. I was tracking down information about the coal fields around Brownsville, Pennsylvania where Peter Maurin worked for the H. C. Frick Company in the Winter of 1912. Peter was almost killed there by a falling boulder. Frick was Andrew Carnegie's right hand man, notorious for his role in the Homestead strike when the workers were beaten back with the aid of Pinkerton detectives. In researching I came upon the fact of Carnegie's conversion from money making to philanthropy. Suddenly I recalled a seven-hour long conversation with Father Jimmy in a New York hotel room. That day, he told me step by step the process of his life work in building up the university from 1905 onwards.

Through the talk ran a thread of remarks about Andrew Carnegie. The synchronization of dates now began to make sense as I researched on Peter. Father Jimmy didn't actually say he was the one to convert Carnegie away from money making to philanthropy but when all the items were put together in my mind, it was obvious what had happened. When Carnegie died, his overcoat was sent to Father Jimmy with the remark that he would have wished Father Jimmy to wear it. Like the Jewish scapegoat who takes on the sins of his people, the coat to me symbolized Father Jimmy's taking on Carnegie's sins and praying for him. He was taking some of Carnegie's money for his educational work among the miners and others of Nova Scotia but at the same time he was indoctrinating Carnegie with ideas about libraries and positive action. When I pass the Carnegie building for peace at the United Nations, I think of Father Jimmy.

For Frick and Carnegie had exploited the coal and steel workers and in their search for markets had gone deep into armaments. They hired Slav workers a lot for they never complained. When the revolution came in Russia, many of these wanted to go back to what they considered freedom.

Up in Nova Scotia, Father Jimmy was trying to build up a university with little money in a land where most of the people were primary producers, farmers and fishermen and the only sizable industry was the coal mining and the steel industry. The conditions in these last were frightful and when strikes broke out there was fierce hatred. Like tying a company official to a horse's tail and dragging him through the streets. It was a good seed bed for Marxism and Marxism came even with its schools.

Father Jimmy saw the university as the means to raise the people and give them a new vision. But he needed teachers and he had no money so he went to the best professors and asked them to come to the university to teach or send him an excellent protégé as a teacher. Then he went out and panhandled the money where he could. That is how he ran into Carnegie. The latter's name was anathema among the steelworkers as symbolizing the devil himself. Father Jimmy with his direct approach was trying to figure out a way to have the devil finance the type of education he thought would overthrow the devil's power. It was Judith and Holofernes, Esther and Haman only Father Jimmy didn't try to remove Carnegie's head as the Marxists would have liked. He tried to put some sense into Carnegie's head, a much more difficult task, one to challenge an educator. So in begging money for his people, Father Jimmy was weaning Carnegie away from Mammon towards Wisdom. When anyone enters a Carnegie endowed library today I believe he is paying an unrealized tribute to Father Jimmy.

That's been the message Father Jimmy has been haunting me to tell. He gave me many of facts that day in New York. I am sure that a research in Carnegie's letters and files would find even the written verification.

Father Jimmy tried first to educate the elite through the university. He learned that this method doesn't always produce the results wanted. So he studied what was wrong and came upon the folk school idea. The miners and fishermen and farmers were to come to the University and tell what was wrong with their world and the professors would try to help them fix it. Thus was born the St. Francis Xavier University Extension movement, the arm of the cooperative movement down there.

Father Jimmy first went among the fishermen but shortly after I met him he was stationed among the miners. I went to his rectory



Are stitched up, as is done to a wild hawk
Because its spirit stays not quieted.

The writing of this article is difficult. There are two reasons for this. One comes from its being suggested by a passage from The Divine Comedy, a book which I realize could change my life. If I write a good article, an awareness of the Commedia will deepen in my mind and the possibility for a significant improvement in my own spiritual state will be greater. The second reason for the article's being difficult, which fights with the other for supremacy, is that I want it to surpass others of its kind and merit publication, bringing to me a recognition which I crave. This motive is complex, particularly in its deeper extension and opposition to the principles of charity, and I fear to delve into it. It is there and its presence alone brings guilt, a certainty that my "eyelids . . . all with iron thread are stitched up." It is a condemnation not only of myself but of my society, for there are many like me. Together we flood the earth, and united in self-interest we control the nations of the earth. In The Purgatorio, the envious were only purged. We are not so innocent; there are so many things more imminent than death. Repentance is a distant ideal. We will be damned.

Envy undergoes a cumulative progression in our society. It begins subtly, silently as a trickle in a mountain bed. That bed is the individual; myself, who is receptive to the sin. In time the trickle wears a deeper groove through its bed; the spring is encouraged and it grows swifter. There are other springs, other individuals. We have

"soft sell" has become the modern ploy of sales by its disguised appeal to individual envy. We no longer buy a coat for its comfort, but for its "style and elegance." Not time-keeping, but "a look of superiority" is a watch's selling point. We are urged to buy a new car not for its transporting value, but because it's ahead of the field, "the most powerful car on the road," or because it's portrayed in such magnificence that our vicarious natures instinctively place us as owners above the admiring crowd. Some would say that these are examples not of envy, but of greed. They exemplify both, but envy takes precedence. The deepest appeal of such advertisements lies not so much in their offers of easily-acquired extravagance as in their implications that not to buy a particular new coat, watch, or car, and especially not to buy any new coat, watch, or car, is to be cast down from the pinnacle of class prosperity. If we allow this to occur, we're showing our true, inferior colors to our neighbors and violating the basic American maxim: Keep up with the crowd, folks. To keep up with the American crowd a new car is necessary, and to go ahead of the crowd, folks, this particular automobile, "which leads the pack," is an absolute requisite. This is envy called "the healthy competitive spirit of the American people." It is an ambition for "things," a drive for position in a society which replaces the state of grace by "recognition," Heaven by "success," and God by man—the deified man of American materialism, "boss-mammon," the mass opinion composed of us who strive after, yearn for, and envy—not real achievement, but the empty, material symbols of achievement, based on the dollars-

ophy. "Equality," "our rights as individuals," "the healthy competitive spirit of the American people"—these are replaced by one word . . . "Patriotism."

In its pure, ethical sense, patriotism is a virtue, and although not equal to the theological virtues, nevertheless a source of moral excellence. Such a patriotism was that of the Middle Ages, when God and country called forth synonymous ideals and a man's country was considered as a link with God, rather than Divinity Itself. Love of country can, however, be extended into the irrational and moulded into a chauvinism which not only divorces it from good, but places it deep in the opposite sphere of evil. This is the modern concept of "patriotism" which calls for unquestioning devotion, of envy on a nationalistic scale, or in Dante's terms, of a citizenry whose spirit like a wild hawk's stays not quieted.

In our "patriotism," the individual self gives way to the nationalist self, a huge blob of humanity whose members are bound in spirit by a common possession of territory and customs. Since the nationalist self is a requisite for the unhampered existence of our first love, the individual self, everything possible must be done to further the progress of our country. In America this entails one great commandment: No matter what the United States does, believe that it's right because the United States was founded on freedom. The corollary of this commandment is: No matter what the price, help the United States stay ahead of rival countries because, if given the opportunity, they might hurt your freedom. Individual envy has conditioned us to

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(Continued on page 7)

Jube, Domne, Benedicere!

By JOHN STANLEY

Father, you are God's man;
bathed, anointed, breathed upon,
incensed, clothed and kissed,

Heir of Peter,
do you like the watered silk,
the marble walls,
the halberdiers
that keep so many out,
hurt and startled,
fists in pockets,
kicking at the curb with shoddy shoes,
and looking up?

Are they precious to you then,
those canvases all warm and dry
in rooms un-numbered,
full of hard-to-come-by light and air—
surely meant for treasure Lawrence showed to Caesar?

Gilded bodies have a place somewhere, I guess;
but other bodies,
cheap and lame,
on pallets of despair,
black and worn,
bled by tyranny—
and those which bring new hope to this old clan
this dusty afternoon . . .

Possibly, it may turn out,
that yesterday was good enough for yesterday;
but there's a new day coming in
as dazzling as the first snow!

THE BRIDGE: A YEARBOOK OF JUDAEAN-CHRISTIAN STUDIES, VOL. III. Edited by Rev. John M. Oesterreicher. Pantheon Books, 1958. \$4.50. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

The Bridge continues to be one of the finest contributions to ecumenism, to inter-group discussion, to human brotherhood that is currently appearing. The contributors state plainly always where the differences and disagreements lie between the two faiths—Catholic Christian and Judaic—and thus deserve intellectual respect; they nevertheless share Father Oesterreicher's own thoughtful, gentle, and loving approach, with his complete respect for the personality and sincerity of those who differ with him and for the value of their own contribution to the dialogue between Christian and Jew.

The 1958 volume is dedicated to the Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber, in celebration of his eightieth birthday, and the contents treat of themes which have been prominent in Buber's thought: the significance of Jesus, the I-Thou dialogue, social thought in the Old Testament, the Hasidic movement, the prophets of the Old Testament, and some others.

Buber's importance, Father Oesterreicher says in his introduction to the volume, is not that of a prophet but of a searcher after truth. "Certain of his ideas have quickened much of modern thought. Along with other thinkers, Christian and Jewish, he has reminded us that man is basically fellow man, that he is what he ought to be only within the community . . . Truth cannot be found and held on a solitary road, but only on the bridge of brotherly love; salvation is reached not in isolation but in communion, in the 'we' of the faithful, together believing, loving, and worshipping God."

Father Oesterreicher then outlines some of the differences which Catholic scholars must have with Buber, many of which have their bases in Catholic doctrine, and says, "We hope to honor him by our dissent as well as by our respect."

The first area of disagreement is of course, the person and office of Jesus, whom Buber sees as a prophet, but a prophet who broke with the great tradition by taking to himself the title of Messiah; this is to be expected. But there are other disagreements. Father Oesterreicher feels that Buber's thought tends to discard the oral tradition of Judaism, and by applying standards of higher criti-

cism, to destroy some parts of the Bible. He tends also to discard ritual and law; he is quoted as having written, "God is not a law-giver"; it is man who transforms revelation into commandment. Buber's later thought seems also to regard God as an evolving person, and to hold that belief in God's mysteriousness precludes clear revelation.

Though the disagreements are thus made plain, there is much more that Christians and Jews—and, to touch on the article by James Kritzke, Moslems—may meet on and, by meeting, may mutually fructify each other's thought. Mr. Kritzke's article traces the relationships between Jews, Moslems, and Christians and shows that there has been much more of a dialogue, even in the Middle Ages, than is commonly supposed. Not only did Jewish and Moslem thought in medieval times undergo what Kritzke terms a symbiosis (Moses Maimonides is the best-known example), but certain Christian thinkers of the Middle Ages wrote about, hoped for, and worked toward an understanding between Mohammedanism and Christianity. Raymond Lull is one of the names mentioned; another is a twelfth-century abbot of Cluny, Peter the Venerable. In modern times, the most notable individual is Charles de Foucauld, but religious orders have also been active in an effort toward a meeting of minds; Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Benedictines have all in some way contributed to the dialogue, either by establishing houses of study or monasteries in Islamic countries, or by engaging in the works of mercy. There has been recognition, too, of the intensive prayer life of Islam, and the Discalced Carmelite friars have established a "School of Prayer." In Palestine, there was some years ago a Zionist association—one of the leaders being Martin Buber—which advocated a binational state of Jews and Arabs as the solution for the Palestine problem. Kritzke also remarks that "in an avowed Moslem state like Pakistan, the situation of Jews and Christians is in many respects better than it is in a secularized Moslem state like Turkey," although there are exceptions. He closes on a note of hope: "there will yet be threefold dialogues more effective than those which crowded Raymond Lull's imagination."

Father Bertram Hessler, O.F.M., has an article entitled "Social Thought in the Old Testament." The first intent of Israel's social legislation, Father Hessler says,

was to establish God's order, and not to serve the realization of a human order. Israel's call, through the covenant legislation, was to make God's order more and more manifest to the nations. "Through (Israel) was preserved . . . the knowledge of God's salvific will from the very beginning of time; the joyful knowledge of the true worth of man, created in God's image; the knowledge of the equal dignity of man and woman . . . the knowledge of the equality of all human races . . . Israel's privilege lay in the economy of salvation, not in the realm of nature but in the order of grace. Hers was the transcendent knowledge of the task common to all men and nations before God: to make the world His world. It is this knowledge of the fundamental order of creation that gives Israel's law its radiance . . ." Father Hessler contrasts the social legislation in Israel with that of other ancient Oriental peoples, whose history has recently become more available to us. Though their laws show a high development in regard to technique, they differ from Israel's law in spirit, which Father Hessler terms "frightening." "What inspired them was not the unfolding of a true humanity, but the development of civilization in the interest of a single privileged and secure ruling class. Those who did not belong to it were considered things, were placed under property law, enjoyed security only as means contributing to civilization—not as men among men."

Father Oesterreicher himself has a first-rate and inspiring account of the Hasidic movement in Judaism, the mystical tradition which began in the seventeenth century and to which Buber himself belongs. Many of the qualities of the Hasidim, their simplicity, love of God and spirit of joy, make one think of the early Franciscans. Thus: "For the masters of Hasidism," Father Oesterreicher says, "the world was filled with music, with beauty." "Faith in God," said one of them, "has its own melody, the most important of melodies, affecting all others." "The belief that God is everywhere and thus always near; that He must be loved with body and soul; that He must be served with joy; and that a heavy, brooding heart shuts the gates of heaven, while gladness and chanting open them." Side by side with this theme of joy in God's service is the insistence on the fear of God, humility, and poverty. This, too, is Franciscan. Hasidism rose up in a time and place which had seen particularly bitter persecutions of the Jews; there had been many self-acclaimed messiahs, and numbers of people dealing in the magical secrets of the Kabbalah. The rabbis were so involved with the minutiae of ritual that they had no time to give real spiritual leadership to their people. The Hasidic movement apparently released great stores of spiritual energy. Father Oesterreicher retells some of the attractive Hasidic tales, and he concludes by confronting Hasidism with Christ: "Knowing man's burden, (Christ) offers relief, the highest of all. While the (Hasidic leader) speaks pointed words, Christ utters the word."

The concept of the I-Thou relationship—that man is truly man only in dialogue, and a responsive and responsible being—is the core of Buber's philosophy. John McDermott writes on this aspect of Buber's thought. "Man has two basic utterances; neither is a single word, both are paired terms: 'I-Thou' and 'I-It.' They bespeak a twofold attitude in man: One, saying 'Thou,' involves the whole being, the other, saying 'It,' never . . . In what Buber calls 'experiencing' the world, man possesses it as an object, and this experience is

in him rather than between him and the world. For the world has no share, no concern in the act of experience; it is experienced . . . It is the basic utterance 'I-Thou' which ushers in the world of relationship. In this there is no subject-object polarity, no one-sided 'experiencing of,' rather it is a shared event." "To 'meet' a man is to move from 'communication' to 'communion' . . . The reverent confrontation that occurs in the true meeting of one man with another gives to the moments of 'meeting' a sacredness, a sacramentality, filling them with wonder and grace. Hence true dialogue is a 'turning towards the other,' indeed, 'where two or three are truly together, they are together in the name of God.'"

The concept of the "I-Thou" and "I-It" relationships is not, as McDermott points out, original with Buber, but his is the best known formulation; he "so developed his original insight as to make the I-Thou relationship a key to education, social philosophy, and psychology." McDermott speaks of Buber's difference from other thinkers like Kierkegaard, with whom he shares many insights. "He has known, in a way that Kierkegaard did not, that this world—humble, concrete, commonplace—is not so much an obstacle on the road to the eternal as it is the road itself."

Barry Ulanov has a splendid chapter on "Job and His Comforters," which is of particular importance in his discussion of the problem of forgiveness, which Buber has in a sense refused to face. Buber has asked, "How is a life with God still possible in a time in which there is an Auschwitz?" and elsewhere, speaking of the Germans who did not protest the Nazi atrocities, "They have so radically removed themselves from the human sphere . . . that not even hatred, much less an overcoming of hatred, was able to arise in me. And what am I that I could here presume to 'forgive'?" To this cry, understandable as it is from the human point of view, Ulanov not only opposes others who suffered in the concentration camps themselves and who were able to forgive, but Buber's own words in another place: "The name Satan means in Hebrew the hinderer. That is the correct designation for the anti-human in individuals and in the human race. Let us not allow this Satanic element in men to hinder us from realizing man! Let us release speech from its ban! Let us dare, despite all, to trust!"

There are other articles also—one on Buber and the significance of Jesus, by Father Gerard S. Sloyan, and one on the prophets of the Old Testament—but the foregoing discussion is simply a brief selection of certain of the themes and ideas occurring in a book singularly rich in such ideas.

The book concludes with a section called "Perspectives," with a chapter of the Divine Name and one on the Jewish painter Abraham Rattner, including reproductions of his work; a section of "Surveys" with an article on the spiritual significance of the rise of the State of Israel by Father Edward Flannery, and one on two works coming out of the Nazi concentration camps; and book reviews.

We look forward to many more issues of *The Bridge*.

STRIDE TOWARD FREEDOM by Martin Luther King Jr., Harper and Brothers, New York, 1958. 230 pages. Reviewed by Ed Turner.

It has been stated that the Catholic Worker has a view point of society from the bottom up. In a large sense this is true. It has its

advantages of being a refreshing posture in contrast to the staid attitudes of the daily press. But the disadvantages of this posture is we see so much of poverty and the neglect, exploitation, and condemnation of the poor being poor that we sometimes find ourselves assuming an attitude verging on paroxysm. Frequently the line of Kenneth Patchen comes to mind: "I won't call you brother any more. I don't like the way you walk on my face."

Also, after wading through General Gavin's book, with its many stationary and circulating satellite missile launching bases all over the globe "to defend the free world" without even a "by your leave" of the natives, the mind threatens to disintegrate, sleep is impossible, and an almost infinite depression floods us. Then indeed, it is good to know that there are such among us as Dr. King and Boris Pasternak.

In this small book Dr. King simply and humbly with candor tells the Montgomery story. The story of the Negroes who preferred to walk rather accept further the indignities of riding on segregated buses. Indignities not only to the Negro but indignities also to the segregationist himself. For men are brothers; if you harm me, you harm yourself.

Dr. King, the best known of the leaders of the bus boycott, frankly based the boycott on the principles and philosophy of Gandhian non-violence. And because non-violence is frequently looked upon as an effeminate appeasement with and toward evil; and considered at best ineffective to achieving any lasting solutions let us in this review summarize Dr. King's thoughts on nonviolence which he and the Negro community of Montgomery, Alabama used so effectively toward the good of all.

For Dr. King nonviolence has six characteristics. They are: First, nonviolence is active nonviolent resistance to evil not a passive non-resistance to evil. So with Gandhi he says that if cowardice is the only alternative to violence, it is better to fight. But there is another alternative. Second, non-violence seeks to win the friendship and understanding, not to defeat or humiliate the opponent. The end of boycott and noncooperation is redemption and reconciliation. Third, the nonviolent resister seeks to defeat evil, not persons victimized by evil. The attack is not directed against persons who happen to be doing evil but against the forces of evil. The tensions in Montgomery were and are not between the people of the two races but between justice and injustice. Fourth, the nonviolent resister is willing to accept suffering without retaliation, understanding that suffering so accepted is redemptive. Fifth, nonviolence avoids not only external physical violence (shooting the opponent) but also internal violence of the spirit (hating the opponent). Sixth, nonviolence is convinced that the universe is on the side of justice.

Finally, Dr. King sees the center of nonviolence is the principle of love. He distinguishes between: eros, a sort of aesthetic or romantic love; philia, the intimate affection between personal friends; and agape, the love of nonviolence which he defines as: understanding, redeeming good will for all men; an overflowing love that is purely spontaneous, unmotivated, groundless and creative; it is the love of God operating in the human heart; a disinterested love that springs from the need of the other person; it is love in action to restore community that has been torn by the hatreds and prejudiced tensions of evil in the community.

BOOK

REVIEWS

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ON SHAME AND THE SEARCH FOR IDENTITY. By Helen Merrell Lynd. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1958. 318 pp., \$5.75. Reviewed by Edmund J. Egan.

The author of this relatively short book has attempted and, I believe, achieved, a work of major importance.

In any age there exists a complex of sociological, religious, psychological and political problem-centers, in which are focused the various aspects of the existential tension of the culture. The sensitive mind in confronting this complex, experiences a kind of angst, involving the mind's vague apprehension of an integral problem focus, together with the inability to comprehend it in the great swirl of variables.

What Helen Lynd has done in *On Shame and the Search for Identity* is to examine the situation of the self in our culture in its fundamental relationships centering around the search for identity. This is attempted through considering the self both in customary psychological contexts, and as it relates to the most fundamental concepts of the moral category: pride, humility, shame, guilt, and love.

The method used here is not "scientific" but phenomenological; the author has chosen as her key notion the concept of shame, and in examining its possible meanings and ramifications, going out from it only to return to it enriched, she brings forward elliptically but unerringly her progressively forceful and explicit argument. And it is an argument which I believe touches the central psychological and ethical dilemma of the day, and thereby throws into perspective our most besetting sociopolitical questions.

Mrs. Lynd's thought is strongly in the Personalist tradition. She opts for the "holistic" view of the person, stressing on an elemental level the solidarity of the self with the body. This results in an approach to cognition, perception and valuation which is both anti-rationalist and anti-Freudian. Both the entire rationalist tradition and the generally held versions of Freudian doctrine are judged guilty of dividing the human personality into disparate functions, which at base serve only to explain the negative, non-creative aspects of human conduct. The author believes, on the contrary, that the whole exceeds the sum of the parts, and that "reality" is not to be limited to what is analyzable, which is to say, limited.

In finding conscious identifications with and beyond our own time and society, much turns upon the way we conceive realism, what meaning we give to "facing reality." Continually we are urged by therapists, by realists in foreign policy, by practical persons of various kinds to abandon sentimental dreams, idealistic utopias, and romanticism, and to face reality. Reality when so used almost always means limitation. The reality we should face is the limitation in ourselves, in other people, in the possibilities of human society. Rarely are we urged to face the reality of the slanting light of early morning and late afternoon, of Berlioz' *Lucifer*, of Braque's colors, of human courage and integrity under stress, of delight in wit and laughter, of a child's expectancy, of the revelation of new human experience in unimagined openness and communication with another person, of the ranges of the possible.

The relationship and centrality of shame to this perspective is seen in the development of its distinction from guilt. The common usage of the two terms at present, following Freud and Ruth Benedict,

relates guilt feeling to inward (from the parents) compunction and conceives shame as a reaction to criticism by others. The author forcefully demonstrates this notion to be semantically superficial, and also points out its presuppositions: that there is a basic separation between the self and others, that shame is externally oriented, and that others are related to the self primarily as audience.

As against this usage and its assumptions Mrs. Lynd distinguishes guilt as a "culturally defined wrong act, a part of one's self that is separable, segmented and redeemable." Shame, the nobler disposition, corresponding to the "holistic" concept,

"cannot be modified by addition, or wiped out by subtraction, or exorcised by expiation. It is not an isolated act that can be detached from the self. It carries the weight of 'I cannot have done this. But I have done it and I cannot undo it, because this is I.' It is pervasive as anxiety is pervasive; its focus is not a separate act, but revelation of the whole self. The thing that has been exposed is what I am."

This, and the author's related observations, strikingly recall Hopkins: "What I do is me: for that I came," and Simone Weil's "There are no sins; there is only sin."

In a comparison which catches the issue quite clearly, Miss Lynd contrasts the shame-"axis" with the guilt-axis, in a polarization which she admits is overly simplified, but which serves well in giving the direction of the argument. I give here a number of the issues listed:

GUILT AXIS

Concerned with each separate, distinct act
Involves transgression of a specific code, violation of a specific taboo
Involves an additive process; advance to healthy personality by deleting wrong acts and substituting right ones for them
Concern about violation of social codes of cleanliness, politeness, and so on
Feeling of wrongdoing for a specific harmful act toward someone one loves
Emphasis on decision-making: any decision is better than none
Surmounting of guilt lead to righteousness
Trust built on the conception of no betrayal, no disloyal act, as a preliminary to giving affection

SHAME AXIS

Concerned with the over-all self
Involves falling short, failure to reach an ideal
Involves a total response that involves insight, something more than can be reached by addition
Concern about unalterable features of one's body, way of moving, clumsiness, and so on
Feeling that one may have loved the wrong person, or may be inadequate for the person one loves
Ability to live with some indecisiveness (multiple possibilities) even though it means living with some anxiety
Transcending of shame may lead to sense of identity, freedom
Trust that is a process of discovery which gradually eliminates fear of exposure, which is not the result of an act but unfolds with the unfolding experience

The tone here is personalist, and as anti-Aristotelian as it is anti-adaptive in the modern psychological therapeutic sense. It is also directed toward the subjective response, and the author is aware of the dangers here involved. She is more concerned, however, with obvious reason, with the real and present danger of depersonalized conformity than with that of subjective romanticism.

In this light she introduces the Pride-Humility-Shame relation. Pride is conceived as aware self-respect which is holistic and trans-

cendental, the necessary positive corollary of shame. Humility is the realistic but not nihilistic awareness of one's limitation, together with an openness to genuine love and communication with others (similar to Gabriel Marcel's notion of "disponability") as opposed to the tendency to use others, in the essentialist "guilt-axis" orientation. Thus pride and humility are seen as Hegelian rather than Platonic opposites. Mrs. Lynd integrates this idea with the dominant theme of her book in the work's concluding paragraphs:

"The relation between pride and humility cannot be resolved on the guilt axis. Job's three friends exhorted him to feel guilt before God. This, Job felt, would be belittling to God and to himself.



What he felt was shame for himself and for God and the world He had created. He attempted no moral justification in terms of atonement for transgression.

"If it is a test of strength, He is surely superior! But if it is a (question) of justice, who can arraign Him? . . . I am guiltless—

Aye, though He slay me, I tremble not; For all that, I will maintain His course to His face."

"He could not confess guilt without diminishing himself and God. He magnified his own soul and he sought to magnify God.

"This magnificent took him beyond the social codes of his three friends. Living in terms of guilt and righteousness is living in terms of the sanctions and taboos of one's immediate culture. To some extent such living is necessary for everyone. Living in terms of the confronting of shame—and allowing shame to become a revelation of oneself and of one's society—makes way for living beyond the conventions of a particular culture. It makes possible the discovery of those characteristically human qualities that are at the same time the most individualizing and most universal.

"Pride in the sense of self-respect transcends shame, but is fully consonant with humility. Only the man with true pride in his capacities as a human being can have a significant humility; only the truly humble in apprehending the immensity of the universe and the world beyond himself can have a significant pride—a sense of his own identity."

I have here only outlined the main streams of thought in an amazingly comprehensive work. Every argument and assertion made by the author is backed by an impressive resource of scholarly reference and concrete example. Psychiatry, literary criticism, philosophy, and, above all, the classics of creative literature are on hand at every step of the book's devel-

opment. Tolstoy, Freud, Shakespeare, the Bible, Virginia Woolf, Sartre, John Donne, E. Fromm, Harry Sullivan, Marcel, Schiller, Erikson are especially prominent.

This work is, I believe, a very great contribution to a much-needed new direction—of personalist sociology—in contemporary Western thought; uncompromising in insight, respectful of all facts, eclectic in sources and sciences utilized, while profoundly integrated in purpose and perspective. The book is not easy, but it is well-written, and has, for the serious reader, the exciting intelligibility which distinguishes from the informativeness of mere scholars, the wisdom of the creative thinker.

The Day Is Coming—Life and Work of Charles E. Ruthenberg. By Oakley Johnson. International Publishers, N. Y. City. 1957. Paper, \$1.90; Cloth, \$3. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

This short book about my old time comrade in the Socialist Party in Ohio where Ruthenberg was Secretary of the Party in Cleveland and I was Secretary of the Party in Columbus is especially interesting in revealing instances in Ruthenberg's life that I did not know before. The last time I saw him was in 1921 when my wife and I took a boat ride up the Hudson and visited him in Sing Sing.

He was the typical efficient and methodical type of German, and like myself a one track mind that didn't allow smoking and drinking to interfere with the "revolution." He was so good as an office manager that the company that he worked for offered him \$10,000 in

stock and \$5,000 a year if he would quit the Socialists and advance himself in business. He quit his job. At this time there were six weekly Socialist papers in Ohio with a growing movement which was left wing. Ruthenberg was one of the 90 leftists in the National Convention of the Socialist Party to vote against the famous Article II, section 6 which outlawed Haywood of the I.W.W., the excuse being "sabotage."

Ruthenberg introduced me to the meeting of local Cleveland when I was officially routed to distribute anti-draft literature in May, 1917, throughout Ohio by Wagenknecht, the State Secretary. I was sent to Atlanta prison in July of that year and later he and Wagenknecht and Baker were sentenced to a year in Canton workhouse where he was chained to the bars in solitary for days. It was here at a convention of the Party on the lawn outside the workhouse that Debs made his famous speech saying that if these men inside were guilty he was guilty too, and for this he got 10 years in Atlanta.

After the war there was the split in the Socialist Party and the formation of the Communist Labor Party under Wagenknecht and the Workers (Communist) Party under Ruthenberg and Jim Larkin, the Catholic Irish rebel. The story of Ruthenberg's indictments in Michigan, New York and Ohio are thrilling, especially the one in Ohio when he was charged with murder because thugs killed two men in a May Day parade in Cleveland. He attended the convention which nominated LaFollette in 1924. A sudden attack of appendicitis brought an end to this valiant life in 1927 at the age of 44.

TRAVELING

(Continued from page 2)

Patagonia and I departed by plane for Albuquerque, as there was a bus strike.

New Mexico

The Dominicans in Albuquerque have a beautiful home chapel and Newman Clubhouse with a snack bar for the students here at the University of New Mexico. Father Walsh knew Brother Antoninus at St. Albert's in Oakland where I had spoken in 1954. I spoke to an interested group of students and some assorted radicals who knew I was in town. My message seemed to be entirely new to the students and I had to repeat over and over the idea of Gandhi's that it was better to kill a tyrant than it was to knuckle and obey him, but it was much better to convert him to be your friend. Also the thought of Nathan Bedford Forrest that "he who gets there fustest with the mostest wins." I told them that there was no danger of anarchists running the country but there was danger that their dependence upon violence would destroy not only their materialistic civilization but their Church buildings as well. I said hello to John McKeon's family and Al and Katherine Reser.

In Santa Fe I visited for three days with my daughter Carmen and her husband Roger Walhood. They have a cute adobe house with fireplace where Carmen gives music lessons when not teaching her half day at the I.A.M. school. They had gone to Mexico City on their honeymoon and visited Our Lady of Guadalupe. They have an understanding and devotion to Mary which I expect is deeper than my own. St. Cecilia (Nov. 22) the patron of music, is an especial Catholic saint that the I.A.M. appreciates. Carmen drove me a score of miles up to the skiing grounds in the far mountains which were now beautiful in gold and green. She also drove me to the Medical Mission Sisters and met Sister Michael who is an especial friend of the CW for years. Next to Carmen my chief interest in Santa Fe are these fine sisters. Mrs. Holein had planned a meeting for me at Mrs. Powell's home where I met old CW friends until midnight and told them of our ideas and experiences. An interesting visit for half a day with Msgr. Cassidy at beautiful St. Anne's Church and with his brother Fr. Walter at Espanola, and an interview with a reporter who in an article in the daily paper featured my thought "that a good man is worse than a bad man for he finds a good reason for doing a bad thing that a bad man couldn't figure out,"—my contribution as an anarchist to the current election campaign. Santa Fe is an historic cozy town high up in the Sangre de Cristo mountains. I am glad that Carmen is here instead of in a big city.

Denver-Cheyenne

In Denver I went to Quaker meeting and helped the Quakers in Boulder clean up their new quarters while discussing radical ideas with them. I stayed with Bill Fogarty, old time friend of John Stokes and Si Miller when they were CO's in jail. My only meeting was at the home of Mildred Mowe where a *Denver Post* reporter interviewed me and gave about the best writeup of my trip. I visited with the fine family of Rev. Leeland Soker, now President of the United Lutheran Synod of this area. He was in Dayton, but I spoke to him on the phone. I also spoke on the phone to Elizabeth Salmon, widow of Ben Salmon, the foremost Catholic C.O. of World War I. Catholics in Denver did not seem to be interested in anything radical.

Arriving in Cheyenne I was met at the bus station by Margaret Leybourn and her six children, all under 10. Her sister, Mrs. Maffeo in Phoenix had subscribed for the CW seven years ago when she had bought one from me on the street. During these years Mrs. Leybourn had revived some of the old time I.W.W. and Irish rebel spirit which

(Continued on page 6)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

work, and providing the materials for it. I wish we had someone with that efficiency. Many come in and ask if there is anything they can do. And usually the one who is in the office looks blank and realizing it will take him away from his present work, says vaguely that he does not know—nothing right now, come again some other time when we are mailing out the paper.

Here and now I will be a coordinator in a fashion, and say that any of our friends who wishes to come in to help will find plenty of work. The upper floors have been kept nice and clean, thanks to people like Scotch Mary and some of the men who have a sense of order. But the main floor and the kitchen level is looking pretty crummy. It needs sweeping, mopping, dusting, the insides of the windows need washing so we can see out of them—there are apples to cut up for apple sauce, and spinach to wash and beans to string. And we wish some strong minded woman would come in to the kitchen at night when the meal is over and bake a batch of bread, using what utensils there are around. It could be quick bread or risen bread, just so that we would have that reassuring delightful smell of fresh bread in the house. But we warn any such helper to bring her tools, her broom, her mop, her dust cloths, her tools. You see how hopeless it is? For who is going to walk through the streets of New York with this equipment?

One reason things look as though they are going to rack and ruin is because people feel they do not own the house of hospitality any more. It belongs to the city. But the meals go on, so the cleaning too should go on, and the gradual packing and getting ready for the day when the marshal comes and puts us all out on the street. It seems to me the city is also forced to put your poor bits of furniture into storage for you too? Or are we expecting too much?

Death

This morning we went to the Liturgy at St. Michael's chapel on Mulberry street where we usually meet Helene Iswolski on a Sunday morning, and Anne Marie Stokes who sings in the choir. This morning after the liturgy of the Mass, there was the panikhida, the prayers for the dead, very movingly sung. Fr. Rogosch spoke of the great charity of Gabrielle Chandler who had also been a benefactor of The Catholic Worker since the very earliest days. She first came to see us when we had our office on Fifteenth street, and she and her husband paid the rent for the women's house of hospitality for the first year. We were lodged then in an apartment down the street from the office. One of the more recent acts of tenderness was her buying a crib for the eighth baby of a needy Negro family. Fr. Rogosch told how when the Russian chapel was getting under way, Gabrielle Chandler and her husband Porter came to help him clean on Saturdays, in preparation for the liturgy. Also how she helped many Russians who were in need. What a consoling thought, "their works follow them." She suffered a great deal, and one can only rejoice that she has now a place of "refreshment, light and peace."

The Land

Due to a bad case of conjunctivitis, I spent some weeks of the month in the country. When Charlie McCormack was around he used to look at me with lifted eyebrow and echo, "country?" meaning that Staten Island was after all part of New York City. Actually it is far more country than Newburgh was. There rich old houses lined route 17K so that it looked like a suburb. Also it was seldom that one saw anyone walking. Here

on the island there is so little traffic that one can walk or bicycle and go mushrooming through the woods, walking for miles without encountering a soul, at the south end of the island. Whenever I see men walking along with double shopping bags, coming out of the woods, I know what they have been doing, and stop them and ask them if they have any luck. One way to learn to know the edible varieties is to go out with them, or to look over their "catch." Last week two old fellows showed me a very large grey mushroom shirred and scalloped in clusters, weighing, they said, about two pounds. Some of the mushroom pickers are Italian, some Ukrainian, and many drive over from nearby Jersey, coming from Perth Amboy.

Yesterday I was listening to a discussion on the radio of how they are processing the potato crop, setting up potato-flake plants in Maine, the Dakotas and so forth. No longer are they going to dump potatoes or dye them for animal feed consumption, giving them to farmers for pigs but forbidding them to humans, in some mad governmental policy. According to the broadcast, only 11 per cent of the population live on the land, and all the rest of the population use processed foods, so that there is less and less processing in the home. The south leads with the daily baking of corn bread.

I must laugh when I hear these figures. Thomas Woodlock of the Wall Street Journal told me once that you can make figures tell any tale you wish. He did not trust statistics. All around us we see garden patches, as well as big truck farms, and the mushroom hunters and the fisherman and the do-it-yourself crowd give the lie to this.

Theft

Speaking of fishing, there was one delightful day when we walked along the shore at low tide and saw a seagull making vain attempts to pick up a large sea bass he had found in a deep pool. He got it out of the pool for a few feet and dropped it among the rocks where we could see it leaping. We had no compunction about stealing that juicy morsel from the seagull. It was big enough for a helping to serve three of us, including Jimmy Hughes who will eat anything, venturesome soul, including eel.

Books

Reading Malcolm Cowley's *Time of the Rhetoricians* in New World Writing, he says that "the central function of literature is to broaden or deepen our sense of life." Under this definition fall such books as "The Sea Around Us," and "Under the Sea Winds," by Rachel Carson, and N. J. Berrill's *The Living Tide*, all of them in paper back now. There is a great deal in the second book about sea birds and eels, and in the Berrill book there is a long discussion of the horse shoe crab which is called *Limulus* and is not a crab at all, but the oldest living animal, unchanged for hundreds of millions of years. "The fact of the horse shoe crab in relation to ourselves, is of interest to the scientist," Berrill says. First of all, its fantastic antiquity makes it an object of world wide inquiry, and then, why has it not changed and developed as man has, the scientists ask. Man himself, according to their theories comes from the sea as does all life.

The problem of evolution has never bothered me, nor the exact time when "God breathed into man a living soul." It was the observation of these beauties along the sea shore that brought me to a stunned recognition of God as creator of infinite beauty and variety.

"From the foundations of the world men have caught sight of His invisible nature, His eternal

power and His divineness, as they are known through His creatures." Romans 1, 20: Knox translation.

Fishing Boats

When the slime of corruption seems to cover the pavements of the city in the slums, in the steady rain of the last week,—it is a relief to go the few miles on the five cent ferry over to the island, and down to the beach where there is the rich life of the shore. Out on the calm bay there are fishing boats, with their crows' nests out for menhaden, a fish which is not good for eating but for many other things like fish oil and fish meal. I do not know what use is made of the seaweed around this section but further up in New England it is gathered for paint, shoe polish, cosmetics, puddings, chocolate syrup and other foods. Occasionally in the early summer they are washed up in great numbers on the beach, floundering about

ST. ELISABETH



and dying by the hundreds. I do not know whether this is due to some plague in the water, man-made or not, or whether they have been spawning and dying as some other fish do.

Baron von Hugel writes that we should have interests on different levels to relieve the tension in our lives. And only the other day I saw an article in the evening paper on knitting as a tranquilizer. The study of sea weeds and other aspects of shore life, and knitting too have given me great relief in these times of stress. I almost forget the holes that are being dug around us, the immanent collapse of our building, and come to myself with a start and go out hunting again, investigating stoves and plumbing fixtures for the loft. "They," holy mother the city, has even taken our good kitchen stove, and we must buy another.

Anyway, we repeat, we may have a loft, a day shelter, the bare bones of a place, but there is no place yet to sleep. We are looking for a miracle in the way of an apartment, three or four parlments in the same house, within our means. A miracle indeed. St. Therese, St. Anthony, St. Joseph (to go back through time) will be looking out for us we are sure. And our guardian angels!

Speaking

Hoping that we would be settled to some extent, I had promised to make half a dozen stops during the month of November at various schools, and since I will be paid, and we need the money, and one must earn a living, I go out reluctantly, to Yale, Assumption College, Brandeis, St. Anselm's, St. Viator's and also to Rochester, Indianapolis, and Lafayette, Indiana. I am praying to the fifty or sixty guardian angels who are also part of our household to keep watch, hold up the building, stand guard at the doors, and in general hold the family as well as the individuals together in safety until I return.

TRAVELING

(Continued from page 5)

some members of her family had had years before, so that when the missile base was dedicated in Cheyenne on June 7 she thought what would Ammon Hennacy be doing if he were here. He would be picketing but he was fasting in Washington, D.C. so she would have to do it. Getting off early from the floral shop of her mother's down town she went home hoping that some of the children might be sick and she would have an excuse not to get into trouble. But they were all well so she bundled them into the Volkswagon, and saying the Rosary, they all went trembling toward the dedication of the base. Here she picketed with a home made sign scratched with shoe polish. "Missiles are not the way to peace." Television cameras told the world of her effort and she was called "nuts" by many. Mr. Leybourn is a carpenter and although he is not so radical as his wife he stood by her and helped Ted Olson and Art Springer when they later came to picket and protest the missile base. I met with Quakers and Catholics in the Leybourn home one evening and spoke at another time to the Bishop and other priests.

I visited Ted Olson in the city jail where he is doing 100 days, getting out Dec. 24, rather than pay \$100 fine for obstructing the trucks at the missile base. We drove out one evening to the dreary waste where Ted and others had sat down in front of the huge trucks. This takes a lot of nerve. I wouldn't want to make a vocation of such activity but if I had not had my fasting in Washington and tax picketing I would have been with them. Ted was happy and this jail was not too difficult to take. He was the only one who wished to reenter the atomic testing grounds last year in Nevada, but he allowed those who wanted to retreat to overpower him. This time he was again alone for Larry Scott had come to Cheyenne and with prayer and vigil had persuaded those in prison with Ted that they would be more effective outside, making true the old adage that "he who fights and runs away lives to run away another day." It was foolish to think that strangers could come to a community and get those whose income would be increased by the missile base to say that they did not want this increased income. There are perhaps a dozen Quakers or liberals in Cheyenne. One man like Ted with his witness in jail or like Earle Reynolds doing six months in Hawaii is worth a dozen surveys or a score who pray and vigil. Where we radical pacifists are strongest is in our uncompromising witness. Where we are weakest is in trying to outdistance Madison Avenue, Norman Vincent Peale, Dale Carnegie, etc. There is that in even the most conservative person which reacts to courage rather than to timidity.

Minnesota

I spoke to the Socialist Club in Ford Hall at the U. of Minnesota after having lunch with a girl who was a reporter for the college daily. She gave a good front page story. As usual here I had an interesting meeting. I had spoken there in 1938, 1952 and 1954. That night I spent with Colin Connell, non-church anarchist, and met with McCosh of the radical bookstore, Georgia Larkin and young Catholics and radicals, and also Orin Doty. Father Casey met me next day at Maryhouse and we visited with that feeling that comes to a radical priest and the radical whom he baptized. I spoke to the children at his school about the Hopi and my adventures and he drove me to St. Benedicts at St. Joseph, Minn. Zita Fearon had tried to have me speak there but the head of the student group thought I was too radical. Conversation with this young lady and some of her friends privately for an hour resulted in a better understanding. I had a rousing meeting at St. John's where Dick O'Connell introduced me. I could have stayed several hours more answering questions but I went over to Mary Humphries where I met her happy children and visited with the Cotton's, Zita, Dick and others. Mike is taking up some of the chalice work that his father Don had done and although he is young he is physically the picture of his father and perhaps can also have his talent. Francis Gorgen from Mineral Point, Wisconsin came up and drove me back to Father Casey's. I spoke to Father Muellerleile's group on communities over this country and Canada that I had visited, to the Sisters at Wilmar whom I had met four years ago, and also to a group of students from Carleton College at Northfield, Minn., at the home of Joe and Teresina Havens. On our way that Sunday morning to LaCrosse we stopped for Mass at a crowded Church. Here we heard a long defense to the effect that Masses were really said when asked for at funerals, and that none were said for a dollar anymore, and more money ought to come in. Here for the first time in my life as a Catholic I did not hear the epistle or gospel read at a Sunday Mass. Later we had a fine visit with Father Leo Neudecker with whom Dorothy had gone on a pilgrimage to Mexico last spring. He has a stone grind flour mill in his garage. In fact when we did not find him home and asked at a local store about him the grocer wanted to know if we were there to buy flour from the priest. Father was much alive and cheerful. He wondered why we had to use the word anarchist and I think that he now realizes that it is legitimate.

In LaCrosse we met the fine family of Rev. Winslow Wilson and spoke in the First Methodist Church at length to the young people of several churches. Rev. Wilson had refused to register for the draft in 1940 although he was exempt as a minister. His second child was born 5 days after he was imprisoned on his two year sentence. His wife stood by him nobly then and all these years.

I visited with nuns and priests among Francis' salesman's route in Wisconsin, among them a Catholic banker who had read my book. On the way to Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin we stopped at a country school designed by him which brought a maximum of light to the rooms and blended into the countryside as all of his buildings do. I told them stories of the Hopi, having at hand the August Arizona Highways with the picture on the cover of a beautiful Hopi girl from Oraibi. Davy Davidson's small daughter was there. Later we visited Taliesin and Davy and Jack Howe whom I had known before at Taliesin West near Phoenix. They had refused to register for the draft and had done time in Sandstone in World War II. The many buildings on this estate were of the unorthodox structure and beautiful as well as functional in the famed architecture which Wright produces. We drove to De Pere, Wis., where I spoke to a score of the teachers in a private home. St. Norbert's was not ready for a full treatment yet they felt. Frank and Agnes Wood were my hosts.

I met a man on the bus who said that one way in which the hill sides in the west were plowed and harvested was by having a pole at the top of the hill with a cable attached which kept the machinery from falling over the steep incline. We noticed many farms for auction by Finance companies. Also huge milk trucks which are driving

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TRAVELING

(Continued from page 6)

small cheese companies out of business by picking up bulk milk for a few cents more in price and hauling it for hundreds of miles to the huge cheese factories. The golden foliage and the winding roads among hills made this a beautiful and restful trip.

Picketing Kohler

We visited with Leo Breirather, head of the Kohler union and found their office full of happy activity. They were sorry I had not been there the night before to speak, and invited Dorothy and me to speak at any time we were in Wisconsin. They have no idea of quitting and appreciate the picketing which we have been doing in New York at the Kohler show rooms. Leo is one of the few union leaders I have met who seem to be real and not stuffed shirts or pie-cards; a real man. We picketed for a few minutes at the Kohler plant along with two Bohemian Catholics who were on duty that day. The whole place looked like a graveyard: hardly any smoke from the chimneys and not a soul on the street except the pickets. This is not the place to tell of the opposition of the Catholic and Protestant clergy to the strike and of episodes in which the Pope's encyclicals on labor are ignored. Priests who have been friendly have been speedily transferred.

My father and my brother have worked for the West Bend Aluminum Co., so I stopped to speak to the sales manager there and was warmly welcomed, even if I had once sold goods of their competitor: Wearever. The truth of the uselessness and wickedness of war can be given to capitalists as well as to workers I found.

Milwaukee

Here I was welcomed by Virginia Burke, teacher at University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, where I spoke to the Newman Club. For the first time on my trip I had the senseless baiting of McCarthyite women. The students asked interesting questions for hours. The Chaplain said at the close that of course the Club did not believe as I did but as I believed the Faith I was a good Catholic, despite my pacifism and anarchism. I met with Prof. Burke at the Cardinal Club and others, and had a fine meeting in the lounge at the library of Marquette, leaving afterwards for a lengthy discourse in Pewaukee with Unitarians there. Coming back I visited with Father Eschweiler at St. Joseph's Church in Waukesha. Bob Danner, a wood sculptor friend, drove me around. I visited the woods where my girls were born in the late twenties, and with other friends with whom I had worked as a social worker. I stayed with Ray Callahan my old friend who was first president of the union of social workers I organized in 1935. I met with liberals on a Saturday night until 2 in the morning and answered again and again how I could be an anarchist and a Catholic. In the morning I went with the Callahans to 6 o'clock Mass, then to Gus my Lutheran friend, who drove me to Fred and Sid my Communist friends, who later drove me to Frank my McCarthyite friend, who delivered me to John my Unitarian minister friend in whose church I had taught a group of teen age boys years ago. Dick Reston gave me a good write up in the Madison Capital Times announcing my meeting in the evening at the Newman Club at the University. The other day I had visited the student groups of the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal and Christian Science churches and been well received. I stayed with John McGrath and family. John had been a CO and is business manager of The Progressive magazine here. The meeting at Fr. Kutcher's was well attended and we had an interesting discussion until late. My banker friend from out of town took a tape recording of it. Francis drove me down the next day to Chicago to the new CW there.

CHICAGO CW

(Continued from Page 1)

thought of being a Trappist and has come here for a while and also someone whose school of spirituality has been the federal penitentiary and who realizes somehow the full spirit of hospitality which eludes others of us. So now there are six of us here and I think someone is at home most of the time.

Chicago awaits tomorrow's visit from Ammon Hennacy, or so it seems to me, since many of the people I talked to about the meeting we are holding for him seemed to feel it a must to attend and hear out the old radical, if it is possible for those who have to get up next morning and be on time for their

Jobs in the orbit of capitalist order to hear him out.

Since our address did not get into the paper in the October issue, I give it here, 164 W. Oak St., and the phone number, WHitehall 4-5825. We have set aside the afternoons of the second and fourth Sundays of each month for our meetings for clarification of thought. Anyone can find out what is scheduled by phoning. Nov. 9—Dr. Edw. Gargan on "Totalitarianism and the Church," Nov. 23—Dr. Gordon Zahn on "Hitler and the German Bishops," Dec. 14—John Doebele—Peace Movie and discussion.

Karl Meyer

PAX BULLETIN

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NOVEMBER ISSUE

NON-VIOLENCE, OR THE STRENGTH OF TRUTH

—Fr. John Fitzsimons

(Review of "Non-Violence et Conscience Chretienne"

by Pie Regamey, O. P.)

NUCLEAR DILEMMA.....Archbishop Roberts, S. J.
DO NUCLEAR WEAPONS EXCLUDE JUST WAR?

(from "The Pilot," Boston)

Ammon Hennacy's AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST.....reviewed by Ian Henderson

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, etc.

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LET'S KEEP THE JEWS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

(Continued from page 1)

protected the Jews living under its rule, and so did the Popes in the Papal States. The Jews themselves admit the fairness with which they were treated in the Papal States.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS

While the Spaniards refused to keep the Jews the Popes consented to keep the Jews. The Jews were the chosen people and they are still, for God does not change. Because the Jews did not recognize Christ is not a good reason for acting towards them in a non-Christian manner. The presence of the Jews all over the world is a reminder to the world of the coming of Christ. The Jews who refused to accept the Cross find their best protection in the shadow of the Cross.

IN GERMANY

Under the shadow of the Cross the Jews were protected; under the Swastika they are persecuted. The Cross stands for one thing, the Swastika for another thing. The Cross stands for race equality; the Swastika stands for race superiority. The Catholic Church stands for human brotherhood, the Nazi regime stands for the expansion of one race at the expense of the other races.

IN PALESTINE

America can produce more than it can consume. What America needs is more consumers. More Jews in America means more consumers for America. It is said that the Jews flock to the cities and become middle men, and that there are too many middle men in America. But in Palestine the Jews are building both cities and country. What the Jews are doing in Palestine they can do also in America

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DANTE, ENVY, AND US

(Continued from page 3)

accept these dictates. Why not? If our personal values are based on egoism, shouldn't our country's also be? Psychological suggestion makes the country a glorified embodiment of the citizen, who then projects his individual envy into international affairs. Country and self often develop into a filial relationship explicit by an indoctrination program that reaches into childhood. In the Free World it is implicit through a twisting over-emphasis of the virtue of patriotism. This relationship is firm enough, however, for many citizens to attribute whatever development they feel within themselves to a country which allowed and fostered that growth of self. Keeping this in mind and the fact that other powers threaten that country (their greater self), these citizens adopt a political creed of absolute nationalist envy—"we've got to stay ahead at any cost!" The cost may of course, be their own liberty. Of itself no country can promise perpetual liberty. In an atmosphere of blind national envy, the greatest threat to liberty comes not from without, but from within. The frenzy of self-preservation can easily lead to the expedient methods of tyranny, justified by a government's promise to return to liberty when the external threat has subsided. Not only spiritually, but even in a tactile sense, envy may bring an ironic chaining of the self that envied in order to avoid chains. "For the eyelids of them all..."

It is evident, particularly in modern society, that envy has a constant, immutable cause. That cause is found in the worldly paradox: The more people who want to share in a material good, the less of the good there is to go around. Since

by its very nature matter has limits and cannot be stretched indefinitely, a lack of it is the stimulant incessantly pricking our envy. In the modern state exaggerated materialism has made a giant of this stimulant, and envy has evidently increased proportionately. The paradox remains true, however, so what solution is there?

Dante offers it in Canto XV of The Purgatorio. Virgil is speaking to the pilgrim Dante:

For in as much as all your longing hies

Where partnership diminisheth the share,

'Tis Envy moves the bellows for your sighs,

But did the soul's love of the highest sphere

Wrench upward your desire, then would not ye

Within your bosom entertain that fear.

For by so many more saying "Ours" there be,

So much the more of good doth each possess,

And more of love burns in that sanctuary.

Dante's answer, and the only answer to the worldly paradox, is the spiritual paradox: The more people who want to share in a spiritual good, the more of the good there is to go around. The solution to envy is redirection, a replacement of material by spiritual goals, whose good, since it is unending and ours at the request of prayer, provides no foundation for envy. To realize the inexhaustibility of spiritual good and to turn from the frustrations of materialism in pursuit of it is to rip the iron thread from our eyes and finally see the sun, towards which we may daily climb.

The Parable of Andrew's Coat

(Continued from page 3)

one cold Winter morning. I had been lecturing on the Worker movement throughout the province. He took me through the library he had started for his people and explained to me the purpose of each book. There was intent in his every action. After this, he told me to go down the road and see what Mary Arnold, a co-op leader from New York, was doing. I did and found her in a cottage with a whole lot of cardboard houses built to scale. She was running a study club which eventually became the settlement which she wrote about in a book entitled The Story of Tompkinsville. (Cooperative League, 1940).

Each family was designing their own home. The wives would come in and decide where they wanted the closets and the furniture. The houses were worked out to scale before even a basement was dug. They almost counted the nails so minute was the study. Each home would have a place of land attached for a garden and a place for some animals. Father Jimmy wanted to get the miners out of the mines at least partly but he believed in people thinking out their own problems. He was always there to do what he could and to egg them on. That project was the forerunner of many more. The miners got their homes by repaying their loans at the rate of nine dollars a month all because they worked through the study club method Miss Arnold and he evolved.

He was always a step-by-step man but he had a far-ahead vision. He knew that too many ideas at once discouraged people so he was most tactful in dealing with the workingmen. A young fellow in his parish by the name of Neating, now a priest, was encouraged by him to study more about the liturgical movement. It was at the Nearing home I had my first contact with miners for Peter Nearing's father was a miner. I was told how often the men went into the mines before sun-up and were there until after sundown. Until their day off, they never saw the sun. It was a dismal world. Father Jimmy was trying to let them see the sun—not only the physical sun but the liturgical meaning of the sun. In the work with gardens and animals he wanted these miners to discover the deeper meaning of work. They had a fierce loyalty and pride in being miners. They would tell you of the queer fatalism that drives them back into the mine even when they know there may be a cave-in for each day they burrow further and further into the earth. In one of the mines you have to take a street car to go the three miles to the coal face. And that under the ocean. When you think about the vast sea of water above you and that each blast may cause a loosening of earth to create a cave-in, you understand their fatalistic attitude towards their work. Until Father Jimmy began to arouse them, there was only class hatred and a feeling of futility which was seen in their drab company houses. He had to give them faith in the face of tremendous cynicism. But he had the faith to move mountains and that faith still lives in others who have taken up his work.

That is why I am certain he is so close to these trapped miners for he was with them in life. As this is written their fate is still uncertain but perhaps there will be a miracle. I am sure that there are wives and children praying to him.

Peter Maurin Farm

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

The frost in the morning covers Peter Maurin farm with a carpet of scintillating precious stones. The jewel crusted weeds crackle under foot as one walks across the fields. The air is sharp and clear and the far off sounds of automobiles whizzing on the road seem to be close. An occasional burst of conversation can be clearly heard even though the speakers are far away. There is an eerie quality in the way that sounds are carried in the early frosty mornings.

But the land of fey is quickly dispelled by the reality of the hissing of the geese. They seem to have assumed the responsibility of guarding the farm and no thoughts of enchantment and spells can withstand their strident hissing.

This time I had with forthought filled my pocket with wind blown pears. I had hoped by the gift of food to win their friendship, but above all their silence. The geese, however, refused to accept my bribe. Instead they mistook my protestations of friendship for weakness and advanced at me with beaks outstretched and wings unfurled. They ignored the largesse I threw among them and only when I retreated, admitting defeat, did they stop to make a victory breakfast on my pears.

But though my dreams had been dispelled, yet the beauty of the frosty morning lingered. But its beauty unfortunately (like all the things of this world) was ephemeral, for as the first rays of the sun descended upon the ground the frost seemed to come alive with a quickening brilliancy—a final flash of color; then the fields were once again dull and drab and where there had been frosty jewels there were now dripping tears.

But there is beauty and glory in the dullness and the drabness; it is only we who are blind to the ever changing manifestations of God's glory as it is revealed in His Creation. All things that God has made are good. In our gratitude we must praise God for the shadows and the darkness; for the rains and the winds. It is for this reason I love the Canticle of The Three Children—for they pray:

O ye fire and heat, bless the Lord;
O ye chill and cold, bless the Lord;
O ye dews and rains, bless the Lord;
O ye ice and frost, bless the Lord;
O ye hoar-frosts and snow, bless the Lord;
O ye nights and days, bless the Lord;
O ye light and darkness, bless the Lord;
O ye lightnings and clouds, bless the Lord.

There are two types of rain:

There is the howling, slashing rain that is accompanied by lusty gusts of wind. A storm of this nature is meant to be enjoyed from within the warmth and security of a Home. Fortunate are the people who have an attic and so therefore can truly enjoy the music created by the blending of the wind and the rain. It is only in an attic that one can enjoy the wind as it howls around the house and the pelting of rain upon the roof—one has the illusion at times of being inside a bass drum. A good book and an apple and preferably the fragrance of freshly baked bread, and one can rest secure that no Sybarite ever had it so good.

Then there are the rains that are made for walking. Every person, of course, has his own preference. But give me a rain that is not too heavy and is free from gusty winds. An old suit of clothes and a good rain coat (an umbrella is a hindrance) is the entrance fee to an exciting rain swept world. In an instant as one leaves the house one enters into an atmosphere that seems to be far removed from the haunts of men. One truly comes alive as one strides manfully along the country roads. One experiences a feeling of well being and contentment. One discovers that the cares and troubles of life are washed away in the midst of the storm. The rain seems to have a therapeutic value capable of cleansing the mind of all its petty and insignificant thoughts and doubts.

The wall upon which I stand is a mute reminder of the power of the sea; though it is made of concrete yet it has been tilted to one side and has begun to crumble. In a matter of years it will be destroyed by the action of the waves. Nearby a whole section of concrete sidewalk collapsed into the sea during a recent storm. One can readily understand the power of the waves by watching the huge beams, torn from piers, whirling around as though they were toothpicks.

The cold wind blowing in from the ocean is of the penetrating type and one is glad to pick one's way over the changing contours of the sandy beach (sections look like the miniature bluffs of the Bad Lands of the Southwest) back to the cabin. There one is grateful for a cup of hot coffee. The first cup is hastily gulped down in an effort to silence the chillness within. But one lingers over the second cup...

Tonight, after the storm, we were treated to an atmosphere that was aflame with beauty. The entire sky was suffused with a saffron hued coloration—wave after wave of riotous colors interplayed across the sky in ever shifting



scenes. In the distance was an unusual phenomenon — a three ringed rainbow; the first two were bright but the third was barely discernible—almost like an illusion.

Tom Cain has worked hard on laying out walks along the little stream that runs along the edge of our property. It is a small stream that meanders across the Island until it empties into Lemon Creek. A series of paths and groves have been constructed and it is hoped that our visitors will use the paths for meditations and walks.

There was some secrecy about one project and most of us wondered what the hammering was about. But when Tommy Hughes had his birthday (he is 14) Tom took him down to the paths and introduced him to a tree house. It is a wonderful spot for a boy to play; but I, of course, hope to make use of the bird house to study the many birds that visit our farm. Tommy also got a bicycle for his birthday and we now depend upon him to run many of our errands.

On Sunday, Tommy, Mary and I spent a wonderful afternoon at the American Museum of Natural History. Tommy was fascinated by the exhibits of the dinosaurs and commented that a Tyrannosaurus had enough bones to make a huge pot of stew. Mary was impressed by the African Mammals in the Akeley Hall. Mary said that she would like a tiger for a pet, but Tommy thought that she had better keep her kitten instead. But what Tommy and Mary liked were the Guide-A-Phones that we rented. It was possible to hear talks about the exhibits as we walked through the building. It was better than having a guide.

The answering of mail has become our most important indoor occupation at the farm. A few of us have undertaken the delightful task of answering your mail, since the Staff at St. Joseph's are concerned with the moving and the mailing of the paper. Jimmy Hughes helps by rubber stamping our address on the large envelopes which were donated.

It is a most interesting job reading the mail which comes from all over the world and we try to give each one a personal answer. It would expedite matters to send each correspondent a printed announcement, but we feel that our friends deserve a personal reply. It is for this reason that you may be late in getting a reply to your letter. There are some who have neglected to send their name and address and these people we would like to thank here. But we want all our friends to know that we pray for them. Our Rosary in the Chapel is offered for all our benefactors.

None of us here at the Worker receive a salary and for this reason we are dependent upon the generosity of our friends for an occasional concert or theatre ticket. I was indeed grateful for the opportunity of hearing Mr. Emanuel Martin make his concert debut at Carnegie Recital Hall. Mr. Martin has been connected with Friendship House and has already made a name for himself as a concert artist. Mr. Martin was enthusiastically received by the audience for the fine quality of his singing. I do pray that he won't have to go to Moscow to be recognized.

A Farm In a City

By TOMMY HUGHES

The title may be confusing at first glance, but I actually do live on a farm in a city. The city is New York. The farm is on Staten Island which is one of the five boroughs which make up New York City. It is not very large, only twenty-three acres. We have two cows, a bull, a goat, a sheep, nine geese, some chickens, cats and kittens.

I moved to this farm in the middle of July and had a rather tough time learning to milk and to do other chores. The cows were very uncooperative right from the start. The first time I tried to milk, the cow walked over both me and the bucket while my fifteen-year-old sister laughed at me. It isn't a joke to have an eleven hundred pound cow walk over you. Luckily it didn't step on me, although it did manage to spill the small amount of milk I had in the pail. Cows are monstrous animals when you have to sit next to them dreading that they may kick you at any moment. When I finally did get to milk without having the cow walk all over me I had to let John, the farmer, finish because it took me half an hour to get half a pailful. The cow still slaps me in the face occasionally with her tail.

The cow is only the least of my worries. There is a young bull who likes to rub his itchy horns on people. He has been getting meaner as he grows older. Once he chased me behind a haystack. Now I have some respect for his size and speed. I'm careful when I'm around him although I used to laugh at my sister for being afraid of him.

All our hard work with the hoes during the summer is at last beginning to pay off. We have a large crop of pumpkins this year and expect to have plenty of delicious pumpkin pie. We've already had bushels and bushels of tomatoes. We have also had a large amount of different types of squash, among them butternut and mother Hubbard. We spent many a summer day sitting under a shady tree cracking stringbeans both green and yellow, to be canned. Every bushel that we cracked we had picked on hot days when there were billions of mosquitoes which swarm all over you while you pick the beans off the vine.

We have carrots, beets and cabbage still coming along. It was a very successful year as far as crops are concerned. Once the tractor is fixed we will begin to get our plowing and discing done for next spring. It is an old model which makes it all the harder to get the necessary parts to fix it.

Pretty soon we will be having hamburger and lots of delicious steak and roast beef. As soon as the bull gets a little heavier and we get the necessary equipment, we are going to butcher him. He'll look a lot nicer as a sizzling steak on a plate than he looks in the barn. The more he eats the better for us, although he is taking his time at getting the necessary weight. He will certainly fill up the freezer for a time. We can also look forward to plenty of pork chops and lots of delicious ham. We have two hogs of a considerably large size. One pig, a boar, weighs about three hundred and seventy-five pounds and that's a lot of baloney. The other weighs three hundred and twenty-five pounds and that's more than even I could eat alone. Together with the bull, they should supply our meat for the winter.

Soon we will be having some milk from Frances, our white goat. She is named Frances because we got her on the feast day of St. Frances. She is a companion for our sheep although she is sometimes very rude and butts the sheep with her large horns. The sheep doesn't seem to mind very much however, and will always stay near the goat. The sheep gives a bushel of wool every spring and it is woven on our own looms. The wool is very useful and can be woven into many different products. The sheep no longer has to be chained out in the pasture because of its tendency to stay near the goat which is chained, so the sheep is allowed to run free. It has been much happier since we got the goat. We hope that it will someday allow people to walk up to it and pat it without running away.

The number of chickens has decreased during the last few weeks due to the appetites of some very hungry people and partly to the old age of the chickens. I have now learned how to kill chickens and clean them although I have not learned yet how to cook them. I leave that part to the older, wiser and more experienced people on the farm. In order to kill chickens we take each one by its neck with two hands and twist off the heads. Then we pluck them and clean them. To pluck them, they must be put in very hot water for a minute; when they are removed it is much easier to pluck out all the feathers. Once these are off the chicken is ready to be cleaned. The important parts such as the liver are saved and the rest thrown away. Thus, between nine o'clock A.M. Saturday and one thirty P.M. Sunday, six chickens mysteriously disappeared from the face of the earth (along with rice, gravy and mashed potatoes).

There are now five new kittens to add to our collection of animals: three kittens to one cat, two to another. That brings the total to fifteen cats and kittens. If anyone wants a kitten, please call us. We have them in three different sizes and four different colors. We'll be glad to get rid of some.

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