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CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM CORNELL

Although we got three inches of snow yesterday, those whose noses still function tell me that there are hints of spring in the morning air. The days are longer and the sun much higher. It hasn't been a bad winter at all, when you consider what it might have been, and the horrible winters we have seen.

Our Sick

Chris Kearns went to St. Vincent's Hospital today for surgery to correct an atrophied tendon in his little finger. He'll be back in less than a week. Josephine is still in the hospital, and I'm sorry to say, she is not making the progress we had hoped for. Indian Pete had a recurrence of his heart trouble and had to spend a few days at Bellevue, but he looked wonderful when he got out. Ed Lynch had a stroke and will be laid up for quite a while at Bellevue. We had three trips to the maternity ward, too. Kathy's baby is here with us in the city. We had a fine Baptism and a "feast" afterwards. Kathy's mother came to town for the event, and her brother, Dorothy was god-mother and Walter Kerell god-father. Monica baked for the occasion. We crowded in the back of Holy Crucifix Church during the ceremony with Catholic Worker people and their friends, every condition of man.

Visitors

The list of visitors this month, with the semester break, is unusually long. There have been so

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Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

On a bright Thursday afternoon in the last week of February's Lenten weather — half crunchy snow and ice, half thawing muck, and all nature waiting with chilled expectancy for the March lion's roar—Ed McLaughlin, Clare Bee, and I set out for a walk on the beach. When we arrived at the beach houses, little Johnny Hughes joined us, dashing about with his usual exuberant spirits, helping Clare gather shells. There was a clear path along the tide-line so that I could stride along freely, using the Hoover-cane technique I had learned at St. Paul's Rehabilitation Center for the Blind, depending on the sound of the waves to keep me from going too far astray. Clare observed that the sea was a deep blue, and the sky likewise a vivid blue, sun-bright, somewhat lighter than the sea. Although the sun felt very warm when it shone directly on my face, the wind, which blew alongshore, had an icy edge, and we faced directly into it as we headed for the old broken pier extending out from St. Joseph's-by-the-Sea. It was low tide; the waves made a gentle lapping sound. The gulls were feeding, quarreling in a well-fed kind of way over some of the tastier shellfish delicacies. Ed and Clare saw several great black-backed Canadian gulls among our more familiar kind; and Ed remarked hopefully that this might be a sign of an early Spring. Johnny found a conch shell and placed it to his ear, listening delightedly—

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R. O. Hodgell

Pacem In Terris and American Communists

By HERVE CHAIGNE, O.F.M.

Pacem In Terris is only beginning its career. Its impact has already been extraordinary, in every country and in all walks of life, but we must above all hope-fully anticipate that this influence will go on expanding until it engenders a new way of conceiving of the confrontation of the Christian with the realities of the world. The time factor is essential here, for the Encyclical is effecting a veritable Copernican revolution in these matters, whether by encouraging Christians to rid themselves of the kind of disembodied supernaturalism that all too often serves them for an ideology and drawing their attention to human problems or by liberating them from the spirit of the obsolete "Christendom" (a polite word for the ghetto) and enabling them to live, evangelically and without strain, in a world whose necessary pluralism they will respect. We can, in any case, expect further development.

But it is already clear that it is not only Christians who feel themselves affected by the Encyclical, which shows, it may be noted in passing, that when there is a determination to make a pontifical document readable and easily comprehensible, success is not difficult; things have changed since the time, not too long ago, when an Albert Camus was forced to complain, when somebody mentioned to him the numerous interventions of Pius XII during the war, that he had never heard them or understood them. The Pope is succeeding in making himself heard and even, in some quarters, understood, and in this connection, we should like to acquaint our readers with the reactions of Mr. Gus Hall, chairman of the Communist Party of the United States of America. These reactions seem to us, indeed, more profound and positive than those of the French Communists, who are always somewhat encumbered by the weight of the apparatus they have to control and by the hoary anti-clerical

traditions they feel themselves obliged to maintain. I am well aware that in the United States the Communist Party does not amount to much, that it is, if I may be excused the comparison, a kind of "primitive church" of Communism, a Communist Party in its pristine state, still fresh and rather naive, pardoned by Moscow, as if it were a child, for its deviations and ideological whims. But after all, this too is Communism, this youthfulness of outlook and hopefulness. Communism is not represented only by our own badly scrubbed Stalinists. Let us take the risk and conduct a dialogue with those who have ears to hear.

We shall first undertake to summarize the "Notes in Opening a Discussion on the Importance of *Pacem In Terris*," a document that has come into our hands through the courtesy of the Communist Party of the United States of America, and we shall then try to see whether, and how, these "Notes" can bring about a better understanding between Catholics and Communists.

The Communist Analysis

Deeper Meaning of the Encyclical. Mr. Hall believes that the Communists must take advantage of the opportunity offered by the Encyclical to revise certain attitudes that are injurious to the

Party and to the activities it has organized. "We must discard all concepts of cynicism, disdain and scoffing in this approach, and seriously deal with this Encyclical in the manner most Americans are already dealing with it . . . That is, with the utmost deep respect and seriousness." Mr. Hall is of the opinion that if the Communists do not make this attempt at seriousness, if they do not abandon their old habits of systematic criticism in regard to religious institutions, they will have betrayed their own incapacity to understand the forces and currents of the "new Epoch." "We must view the Encyclical as a new and fresh look at the new Epoch by an important world leader and movement. . . . A readjustment to present balance of world forces by an important world leader and movement." A readjustment in line with the dominant tendency at the Ecumenical Council. For Mr. Hall it is clear that this effort of the Church to adapt itself to a new situation is not only in the domain of dogma and morality, but that it is aimed at bringing the Church closer to the new realities of the world. "This Encyclical is a reassessment—but more, it is also a by-product of the new balance relationship of world forces."

The Role of Religious Institutions. After having recalled that, for a Marxist, the Church belongs to the category of social institutions that base their action on the idea that "might is right" and so become instruments of the dominant class in its determination to maintain itself in power, Mr. Hall asserts that the upheavals that shake the Church are only the echo or reflection of the real upheavals that shake the world of economics and politics. And it is because of this interaction, Mr. Hall thinks, that the Church has been, and still continues to be — in Spain and Portugal, for example—the instrument of the dominant classes at the very moment when they

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ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

One great reason for wanting our new place, aside from there being more room, is that it is on the Hudson River, "a stream of living water." The water promised the sinful woman of Samaria, if only she wanted it, stood for Christ Himself, and the Holy Spirit.

This is one of the reasons why a place by ocean, bay or river is so fascinating, — we always have that symbol before us. Sigrid Undset in one of her essays said that when Jesus was baptized in the Jordan, from that time on all water was holy.

It is a tremendous job we have before us, the moving of an entire household of thirty people and all their goods, the library, the chapel, and the loom room and so on. We have lived on Staten Island now for fourteen years and with the changes going on all around us, streets torn up for new water pipes, new roads being put through, new housing developments, roads a sea of mud, transportation as bad as ever, we do not regret the coming move. Even down at the beach the development goes on with two-family houses suddenly appearing as it were over night, just in back of us in the fields between the beach and Hylan Boulevard. Huge septic tanks dot the field like a small field of oil storage tanks such as Standard Oil has in vast array not more than a mile from the farm down by Arthur Kill.

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CARITAS

By HERBERT MASON

The "adventure of sanctity," as Bernanos thought of it, has never been divorced from purification by suffering. It is in this suffering that experience finds its shades and in which we slowly become no longer afraid of darkness. Those saints, such as Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam, who physically suffered in "substitution" for others; those, such as St. Francis or Charles de Foucauld, whose sufferings were spiritually a part of their revolutionary acts of love; those, such as Therese de Lisieux, as a result of voluntary and obscure self-sacrifice and prayer . . .

Christian experience grows and flowers this grace of spiritual suffering (which includes both contrition and "the gift of tears" for others anywhere); the flower is "caritas." A Christian seeks no other justification for himself. He does not believe he has the only experience with or insight into good and evil; his experience, in fact, is not merely a question of moral self-assertion. He sees himself historically in this way:

Christ touched certain souls apparently more deeply or sooner than others; Israel's "hope" and the Abrahamic "faith" of the exiled Ishmaelites and their descendants, Muslims, have not been, however, crushed." He said His Kingdom is not of this world, yet this world in which He spoke was conscious of the prophets and of Abraham's God. His Kingdom, however, was to be founded on a particular rejection, which He already could share with others (past-present-future) through compassion and these others could share with Him. The Kingdom was to be built upon continuously by unexpected

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On Pilgrimage

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More and more the air is being polluted from the Jersey side and there is a prevailing west wind which brings with it sometimes foul odors, sulphur smells, and sometimes a good smell of witch-hazel! When we have said, "we are going down to the country," the folks on Chrystie Street laugh at us. Staten Island, country! No more. But how we had loved Staten Island! I write this way to keep from being sad, and also knowing that Staten Island will soon be as crowded as the Bronx. Everyone is looking forward to our new home, and little by little we will describe it. There are three houses, all overlooking the Hudson. There is a porch on one, and Hans Tunneson and I are going to sit in rocking chairs on that porch and watch the tankers and freighters pass by, so close is the channel to the shore at this point, that one could almost throw an apple down to the decks of the boat. It is not too high up a bank, the road slanting down to the street which leads up to the village, where the church and the shopping is. Transportation will be a problem since the New York Central trains stop perhaps eight miles down the line. There is no bus coming up from New York nearer than Kingston and that also is eight miles or more away. But there is a station wagon and truck and bull dozer and garden tractor which goes with the place, and John the farmer is a good mechanic too.

Money

We need to raise more money to make the down payment since the sale of the farm is held up and we do not want to mortgage what we have and pay interest. Here we are engaged in all the complications which go with real estate and law suits, and taxes, and the selling and buying of property and it is an onerous job. We remember St. Paul however and his preaching of detachment, and are trying to hold property "as though we held it not," if you see what I mean. That is, not to worry about these things, as I did last night, lying awake until three in the morning, thinking of pros and cons. Just the same, I think this is the right thing to do, considering present and future of the Catholic Worker. Our very crowded condition at Peter Maurin Farm means that there is only one room which can be used for sitting and living room, and that is also kitchen, dining room, library, conference room and so on. Downstairs some of the men have pre-empted the basement kitchen which was made from a dirt floor cellar by various people who dug it out and cemented it and put in tubs and pipes and sinks and stoves so that now it is furnace room, bakery store room, kitchen and laundry all in one. Like the poor we suffer from over crowding staying indoors these cold days of twenty degrees with icy snow all around us so that it is hazardous even to walk.

But I think of the housing situ-

tion in the cities, all the overcrowding throughout the land, and not only because people have been herded in cities.

A Joke

One of my favorite jokes about Russia is that one about the children who had been given pictures of Lenin to hang in their homes, and when the teacher asked the children if they had hung the pictures, one little boy said "please teacher, we live in the middle of the room."

And this is no joke, as the saying is. My old friends the Carmens when they worked in Russia in the thirties lived in a corner of a room. They even had space to put up Langston Hughes when he wandered into Moscow without papers or coupons for room or food. One of my favorite stories is Dostoevsky's *Honest Thief* who also lived in the corner of a room and shared it with a drunkard.

Beauty

Yes, we are and have been crowded, in city and country, but how we have loved the place. And the ferry ride across the bay which takes only 25 minutes but which is always a joy. Writing as I go into New York, I note a beautiful white Israeli ship going into the Kill van Kull—white sea gulls coasting, a freighter going out, a ferry coming in, and we too, on the ferry, marking time, waiting the passage of this traffic of the sea, to get out into the cold bay where a wind of 25 knots, in gusts, makes pathways in the choppy sea. Today it is 14 above zero.

Paul

Maybe he will be angry at me for telling these things, but they will make you know him and love him, as I do.

Paul used to work in the flower market up in the thirties, where Mary Lathrop used to beg pounds of flowers every day for St. Joseph's House, and he said he worked from four A.M. to four P.M. until he could not stand it any longer. Pressure, he said, but he is one of these people who has to work, and probably he did not belong to any union. I do not know when he came to us, but he has been with us for at least four years. He has his room some place, which he pays for by his work, perhaps as assistant janitor. He is Italian and he loved to cook, but it is hard on him, so we only let him cook two evening meals. It is a good arrangement and lets Ed and Chris have a break. They take the other days. Every night Paul takes the leavings from the plates of the eighty or so people who come to our evening meal and saves them in long cartons, much wider than flower cartons. Then three nights a week he disappears down the street, going north.

"He is going to feed the cats in Cooper Square," "No, the police won't let him. He goes to Union Square and feeds them there, them and the pigeons."

But last night, one of the other

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The childhood of our soul houses two boldly drawn figures: the martyr who offers up his life through the violence of others and the hermit who does the same through his own non-violence. Our troubled time had brought back in plentitude the former, but the other appears rather remote to us now, and, with few exceptions, enconced in medieval illuminating. Be it the historic Fathers, the possible solitude of Mary Magdalen hiding her honeyed tresses and compelling love under the rock of la Sainte Baume or the quite legendary Ogrin, the holy man who brought Tristram and Isolde to their knees as they judged their guilty love at the light of his pure and flaming one, hermits have fled our daily paths.

But other civilizations and religions have kept this figure vividly alive. The mysterious depths of India with its great mystical and spiritual experience have preserved the sannyasis living in ashrams on mountain tops or in the heart of forests or by some great flowing river. Clothed in ochre colored kavis they live the destitute, ascetic life in its fullness sleeping on the bare ground in a hut and eating fruit, roots and grains. In India, in its religion and tradition lies a great spirit of contemplation whose urge renews itself through generations. Renunciation is hers, love is hers, beauty, poetry, spiritual writing is her heritage. What does she lack? One great message, the message of the Triune God, revealed through the coming of Christ: the Trinity, Creation, Incarnation and Mission (Holy Ghost) confronting man with the substantial love of the Father and the Son and the very Holy Spirit; calling it to experience its experience in himself and in the mystical body of Christ. To the beautiful myth permitted or created by the Hindu's thirst, to his non-violent spiritual sacrifice of puja, would come the slaking Bread and Wine, the sacrifice of God made man and man made God. This was the munificent but only gift that West could bring to East so rich under all other aspects. The pure essence in one form without any other.

At the end of the 19th century this innate truth struck with its full force a Brahmin, who first became a convert to the Church of England and then to the Catholic faith, Bhavanil Charan Bannerjee. He became a Sannyasi under the name of Brahmaghandab Upadaya (Sanskrit translation of his own name of Theophilus) and dreamt of flooding India with contemplative or itinerant hermits. He founded a paper Sophia (Wisdom) and trudged across India lecturing on the true meaning of the Vedas. "In this hermitage will the words of the Eternal Word be strung to the hymns of Eastern melody, in this holy place will the transcendent Catholic devotions be clothed in Hindu garb. Here on the bank of the classical river will the children of India sit at the feet of the divine Science; here will the Vedanta philosophy be assimilated to the eternal truth."

Brahmaghandab Upadaya
(Sophia 1898-99)

The hostility his prophetic utterances met, added to some traits of his character, made him abandon his mission in the Church and die, a political prisoner—but still a firm believer in Christ—in his ruler's jails, a rather mysterious figure. But he had laid the ground and sown the seed. Fifty years later, in South-India, on the banks of the Kaveri river, following thorny hedges, at the end of a mango grove, could be found a small ashram, called Shantivanam or Wood of Peace and—more formally—Sateitananda. There lived two sannyasis named swami Arubi Ananda and swami Agbhishikteswarananda. They were robed in ochre kavis, ate grains from a

plantain leaf and stood innocent of all earthly possessions save books. What made the ashram so distinctive is that there was a small oratory, dark and bare as Hindu custom wills but with an altar and tabernacle of roughly hewn granite. And above the ochre folds of the swamis robes rose the gothic smile of Father Monchanin and the Celtic inward gaze of Dom Henri Le Saux.

One of France's greatest Cardinals must have faltered an instant when the brilliant and already celebrated Abbe Monchanin came to ask for his blessing and permission to accomplish his vocation to India.

Like his predecessors John of Brito and de Nobili, Father Monchanin sensed that for three millennia India had been seeking and that the quest could not have been worthless or without fruit. And thus, as Father de Foucauld, his model, shedding verily the "old man," Jules Monchanin entered deeply into his vocation. One of his Hindu friends has written of him that he was at the same time "a man of desires as well as a man of no desires," according to the Bhagavad-Gita, "free from I and mine." And another: "He was the Gospel of the Rose which Ghandhi-ji was so anxious that Christians diffuse around them; that spiritual fragrance which emanates from ego-free souls."

His was a true Greek mind lucid and all-embracing. Confessor, lecturer, theologian, he also was a philosopher familiar with all modern existentialism and hegelianism. A parish priest among miners, an ally of Abbe Couturier, his friend, in ecumenism, he also promoted Jewish-Christian relations and a translation from the Medieval Jewish Mystics by A. Chouraki was dedicated to him. He knew Islam with love and knowledge and owed a great debt to his friend Louis Massignon for having revealed to him All-Halladj, the martyrs and mystics of Islam. Another dear friend had initiated him to China and the numerous Chinese students who flocked to France always found support with him.

But beyond all else India drew him. He felt that the Spirit led the world to the risen Christ, that India's contribution to the awareness of the Holy Spirit's presence and works would bring forth fulfillment of the times and that his mission was to bring the message: "The transcendence and the immanence of God are harmonized in the revealed doctrine of Creation—a realistic creation and not a mere play—a truth undreamt of by the philosophers of both East and West. God has created the Universe, inclusive of the Angels and the souls of men, neither out of pre-existing matter, not out of his own essence, but ex nihilo 'out of nothing.'"

Therefore the Creator and the creature are essentially different, the infinite and the finite cannot merge into single Being; even in the single glory of beautiful vision, God and the soul retain their distinct individuality.

This is the parting of the ways between Judaeo-Christian mysticism and the most elaborate forms of mysticism outside Christianity—such as Neo-platonism in Greece, Taoism in China and the most conspicuous aspects of Hindu and Buddhist religions philosophy, to say nothing of Spinoza and the modern Post-Kantian "idealism including Hegelianism."

SAT (Being) CI (Thought) ANANDA (Bliss), this was the message, the Trinity brought to India. Father Monchanin worked upon his preparations for twenty-five years, perfecting his Sanskrit, studying the scriptures of Hindustan and its systems of philosophy. When authorized, he entered Father Lebbe's Auxiliaries to the Missions. Then he looked around for a bishop, and through an

Indian Jesuit, Father Kalathil, who had just written his thesis upon the idea of God in the Bhagavad-Gita, the bishop of Triacharapalli, Rt. Rev. Dr. James Medonca, was approached and he accepted the proposal with joy.

And so he came to the beloved land of India, suffocating in a heavy serge cassock, stammering a few words in English, learning Tamil painfully. Having asked for the humblest post he was plentifully granted and travelled from parish to parish, preaching pain-stakingly, pain-stakingly heard, he the famous preacher of French intellectuals. His tenderness and recognition of the most destitute earned him the name of apostle to the "Humiliated and Offended." In the meanwhile after having been dazzled by India's beauty and spell, he had felt slowly mounting the disillusion of the scandal of the Hindu world, the indifference of Catholic priests to Indian tradition so magnificent, when compared to the mediocrity of the westernized churches. But there were also bright lights; friends in Pondicherry would call upon him for a lecture and the great thinker, the illuminating orator would come to life again, but rarely indeed. And sometimes contributions would be sent by him to various magazines, especially to Father de Lubac's.

And then patience, a form of genius was rewarded. A French Benedictine monk wrote to Bishop Mendonca soliciting the privilege of living the Hindu contemplative life or sannyasa in the pristine tradition of Christian monasticism. And from that letter was Shantivanam born.

In "An Indian Benedictine Ashram" Father Monchanin and Dom Le Saux have given us their Summa. Guided by the encyclical *Evangelii Praecones* which has outlined that the Church did not come to ruin non-Christian civilizations but to purify and set them free so that they will be able to expand in Christ all that was worthy in them, the founders set to work. Their writing shed light upon all the expectation of Christianity breathing within the great spiritual traditions of India, a tradition that seems to have delved as far as reason can into the approach of the divine mystery, lacking only the revelation of Jesus Christ to release in superb fashion the millenary ascetic and mystical treasures as well as the speculative But who will be the bridge between Christianity and these treasures? Only men so disposed that they can prove to the Hindus the following: on account of circumstances Christianity has assumed a Greco-Roman expression; it can as well assume the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita as it did Plato and Aristotle.

Upon the rule of St. Benedict was the enterprise founded as the wisest, the most adequate to permit the free flowering of individuals and peoples, and the authors stressing that the hermetical life is particularly suited to the Hindu temperament, brilliantly expose that this life though rare in the Western tradition belongs to St. Benedict's authentic tradition. Following their forerunner, Brahmaghandab, they favored small ashrams of three or five monks, mid-way between real monasteries and total solitude, living the life of the poorest in their neighborhood. Thus the Hindu people could in all liberty approach pious ascetics as it is used to do. And the presence of India to Christ, the presence of the Church and Christ to India would be multiplied.

The Benedictine rule instead of relaxing would rather be tightened. There is nothing the West can teach Hindus on fasting, poverty and silence, above all silence. There was a fine line to be drawn between identification with the most destitute and some tradi-

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Peter Maurin Farm

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as children have been doing since children and shells first met—to the ancient sound of the sea, imprisoned in the whorled and beautiful shell which the sea itself had deposited on our shore.

When we got back to the beach house, the coffee that Marge Hughes had waiting for us tasted good indeed. Dorothy Day, who had been working on some articles and her never-diminishing correspondence, took time out to join us for coffee and talk. Johnny, who is as hospitable as his mother, went about the table trying to tempt us from our Lenten fast with a colorful assortment of jelly beans. When we proved incorruptible — by jelly beans at least—he contented himself with packaging a bagful for Agnes Sydney, our octogenarian, who long since passed the age for Lenten fasting. We talked of many things. Of our friends on the Guantanamo Walk, who had finally been released from jail in Albany, Georgia, and were resting at Koinonia before continuing their long difficult walk for peace and brotherhood. We spoke of the appalling police brutality at Princess Anne, Maryland, where the police had used their automobiles as battering rams against demonstrating students from Maryland State College, then turned fire hoses on them, and finally set savage dogs upon them. I wondered whether there would ever be an end to this terrible prejudice and brutality. We spoke, too, of Anne Marie Stokes, whose visits are much appreciated both at farm and beach house but who has been unable to get out since the accident she suffered during the school boycott demonstration. Since we had not heard from her for several days, Marge decided to call her up. Dorothy and I also spoke with her, and were sorry to learn that her recovery had been somewhat slow. We do hope and pray that she will be fully recovered soon. On the lighter side, we spoke of Cassius Clay, whose colorful braggadocio has endeared him to many who ordinarily are not much amused by the not-so-gentle art of boxing.

But perhaps we spoke most of all, that sunny Thursday afternoon of the new place, *Beata Maria*, to which we hope to move before too many weeks have elapsed. Dorothy spoke of the difficulty of raising enough money for the payment which would enable us to take possession and move in. She compared herself somewhat ruefully to Fr. Urban of J. F. Powers' fine novel, *Morte D'Urban*, but added that in her more cheerful moments she remembered St. Teresa of Avila and her indefatigable pursuit of the means to keep her foundation going. She spoke, too, of the difficulties that would probably beset us—that always seem to beset us—wherever we go. Nevertheless even as we spoke of difficulties, we did not forget the hope that the new place holds out to us—the hope of an expanded and more fruitful program, with retreats, conferences, folk school, even a kind of agronomic university, to use Peter Maurin's term, a program which should help us to make a kind of oasis where people can come together to make plans for building "a new order in the shell of the old."

Meanwhile it is still winter; snowing again at this moment; and we are still at Peter Maurin Farm. The hardest thing we have had to undergo this past winter was, I think, the incident of which Dorothy Day wrote in the February issue of the *Catholic Worker*. Such incidents often breed others of a similar kind. So it has been at Peter Maurin Farm. One morning, not long after the disappearance of the man, the car, and the money, we were surprised to find that the electric typewriter had disappeared from the room which Dorothy uses as bedroom and office when she is at the farm.

We were also disturbed to learn that a man who had come to the farm to convalesce after getting out of the hospital and who had seemed to like the farm and had tried to make himself useful had also disappeared. On another occasion we were surprised to find that the pay telephone, which is located in a closet in the hall, had been torn completely away from the wall and left on the floor. Although the coin box had not been broken into, it was almost twenty-four hours later before our telephone service could be restored. Here at the farm we have become almost accustomed to minor thefts and acts of vandalism, but an electric typewriter is a most necessary tool for a person who does as much typing as Dorothy Day and who suffers from arthritis in her hands. A telephone, moreover, is most essential here where calls for a doctor, a priest, or an ambulance must sometimes be made quite suddenly. Incidents of this kind inevitably create tension and anxiety in a community. One is saddened at the thought of those who have committed these acts, sad particularly for what they have done to themselves. But most of all, one is sad that one's own negligence in prayer or defection in charity may have helped prepare a climate in which it is easier for such acts to occur.

Our wintertime life, however, has not been made up entirely of such distressing incidents. There was the weekend in late January when six charming young women from Trinity College, Washington, D.C., came to spend a work weekend with us. They worked prodigiously, and also baked some delicious bread and cookies. We thank them. Then on another weekend, Dave Mason, a former editor of the *Catholic Worker* and a staunch friend and supporter through many years, came to visit and to give to Dorothy the car which he could no longer drive because of his failing eyesight. Dave's visit was much enjoyed both at the farm and the beach; and the car came at a time when it was much needed. Other visitors who have relieved our mid-winter doldrums, include: Joe and Audrey Monroe, Sharon Havey, Kathleen Swords and infant daughter, Catherine, Jonas, Arthur Lacey, George Johnson, Doris Nielsen, Terry Becker, John Stanley, Mike Domaniski, Joe Galleo, Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner, and Barbara Cato who is now living and working in Manhattan.

Nor have we been without diversions. Some play cards; some play monopoly; many read, passing books and magazines from one to the other. John Barry still prefers horseback riding, and still shares his horse with many of the neighborhood children. Bobbie Alsop prefers drums, but when the ear drums of fellow communarians protest, will take up chair mending or some such usefully dull activity. Stanley delights in his own jokes, as do we all, for that matter. Clare Bee sometimes reads aloud to me, and has most recently been reading from Michael Harrington's remarkable book on poverty—*The Other America*. Sometimes on long winter evenings, after rosary and compline, I take my phonograph downstairs and play some records from a particularly good talking book. The talking books are read by professional readers—many of them distinguished actors—who read so well that listening becomes almost as vital and exciting an experience as going to the theatre. One of my own favorites is *Pride and Prejudice*, Emma, or almost any Jane Austen novel read by Carmen Mathews, who is not only a very gifted actress, but also a great friend of the *Catholic Worker* who has often come to read to our Chrystie Street family. *Pickwick Papers*, which is marvelously read by an actor who takes all the Dickensian dialects most amusingly, was much enjoyed by several in the community. More recently some

of us have been listening to Stewart Holbrook's *Dreamers of the American Dream*, an informative and diverting account of early American communities, reformers, and radicals. Not only does this book provide a kind of mirror in which we can see our own foibles, peculiarities, and lunatic fringery, but it also provides, I think, a kind of perspective by which we can find out the very real core of truth and goodness, which is always there, and which keeps things going, no matter how nonsensical the periphery may appear. On other occasions I have taken my FM radio downstairs so that others could enjoy some of the excellent programs. WBAI, that extraordinary, non-commercial, listener-supported radio station, almost always has something worth listening to and sometimes programs of very special interest. In the latter category have been many fine documentaries on the struggle for integration. One of the programs, however, enjoyed by several of us at the farm, was a documentary about another *Catholic Worker* group, the group in Oakland, California, which operates a house of hospitality called Peter Maurin House and carries on numerous other activities in the CW tradition. I made a taping of this documentary so that I can play it for visitors who are sometimes very curious about other CW groups. The tape recorder itself has proved quite a source of diversion, since I have on several occasions made tapings of some of



our more informal gatherings, in which Stanley's voice usually predominates, which have evoked considerable hilarity when played back.

As usual we have had some changes. Charles Butterworth is taking a year off for much needed rest, and Al Learnard, who has worked with CORE and helped out at Chrystie Street, has come to take charge with the capable assistance of Clare Bee whom Dorothy met at the Spode House conference in England. Jean Walsh, who was away for some time because of family reasons, has also returned to help in the work, thus giving our community a most efficient trained nurse again. Jean is also Albert Check's most faithful visitor since Albert became too ill to continue at the farm and moved to St. Rose's where the nuns take wonderful care of him. Ed McLaughlin continues to give cheerful and able assistance wherever and whenever he can. Joe Dumenski not only continues to look after the family baking and laundry, but also is keeping a strict enough Lenten fast to make up for the laxity of several others, since he talks not at all and eats only tomatoes and green beans, canned from our garden, and corn bread. As for the rest of us, we are glad that Alice Lawrence, Peggy Conklin, and Jean Walsh have undertaken to add some tasty culinary variety to our Lenten fare. Then there are the old reliables, the standbys, without whom nothing would ever get done, John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter, Larry Doyle, Andy Spillane, Jim Canavan, Slim, George, Shorty, and finally our indispensable custodian of all things needful, Agnes Sydney.

We are happy to report that several priests have said Mass for us in recent weeks, and that these include two of our very good friends — Fr. Minard and Fr. Riordan. Meanwhile during Lent,

(Continued on page 8)

Letter From Cuba

Here is some of a letter posted in Havana on February 15, and received by me on February 22.

D.D.

"Your letter of December 23 came only last week and we were so happy to receive it. Please don't worry about the food situation, though we had a bad time two months right after the storm. We are about back to where we were when you were here—which as you know is not luxury but adequate. Perhaps our proteins are a bit lower, but the children's are, as I think and pray, adequate. And we are getting more fish gradually.

"We saw quite a lot of Leslie Dewart when he was here in August, and received his book from Toronto. It was a happy visit for us, having someone to talk to and discuss things in his own terms. He has been able to get a few things through to us, particularly last year's *Cross Currents*.

"We were also happy in the visit of Ninno T. Pereira, a Portuguese architect who came in October. He subscribed for *Informaciones Catolicas Internacionales*, the Spanish edition printed in Mexico of *Informaciones Catholiques*—of these two have come in three months, but each has been a joy and we are trying to pass them on to as many people as possible. Ninno is very active in the *Equipes de Notre Dame* and sent us their monthly bulletin. He is also very friendly with the communities of the Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld and came to us through them.

"Little by little, the Church purified, is building itself up. A few young priests with a new spirit of community and liturgical participation are doing wonders. Few of course, and only a beginning, but at least, perhaps a dawn. A number of Belgian priests, three or five, have come for Camaguey this month and several Cubans, newly ordained, for the diocesan clergy in Havana last year. The hierarchy and their advisers perhaps are beginning to realize that cowering in a corner is not a solution, just as fighting wasn't either. When you come to us again you must visit the Nuncio, Monsignor Zacchi—we had heard so much about him that we finally went to visit him and found in him the approval and moral support we had been waiting for from the clergy, and

which we got from Pacem in Terris. The older children have started catechism at Saturday afternoon school. It is not excellent, but good, perhaps excellent for other children used to a stricter discipline and less nourishing intellectual food than ours. To get even this we have to drive half way across the city, but at least there is a Catechism in every church, there is an interest, and the children, a minority of course, go.

"The last *Catholic Worker* at the library here is the October issue but they come late and are complete so far. We received the July-August issue in October.

"Father Blain's death of a heart attack was sad. We'd been seeing him a few weeks before and he had told us of the pains he had been having. But whatever his mission had been, we felt that it had been completed. For a long time he was the only priest who was loyal to the Church and yet was open to the Revolution in its social and economic reforms. Now there is a new generation without bitterness and ready to work in this context.

"Actually though there is no longer an open attack on the church there is a greater, though more subtle emphasis of Marxism, particularly in the organizing of the Party to which will belong 'the best, the hardest working, those most willing to sacrifice themselves for the common good,' and who are Marxist-Leninists. Many are being lost to the church, but perhaps they were already lost."

(and from another note)
"We are looking forward to your visiting again. I do hope you can arrange to come down to Cuba this year. There are new and interesting things to see and a stimulating atmosphere of work and hope for the improvement of the economic situation especially after Fidel's second visit to the Soviet Union. I visited Santiago, Holguin and Camaguey two weeks ago and talked to priests and Catholics there. The impression I got was of peace and confident work. There are still difficult problems to solve but I am sure they are not thinking of violent means.

"But we are worried about the political situation in the States and its consequence in international affairs especially during the following months."

A MEDITATION ON THE BOWERY—STATIONS OF THE CROSS

- I CONDEMNED—through Adam, you
- II RECEIVED YOUR CROSS—of suffering, sin and death and tripped
- III AND FELL—beneath its weight
- IV MOST HOLY MOTHER OF GOD,—unstained by Adam's fall—
- INTERCEDE FOR US
- V SIMONS—you are compelled through Adam's folly to carry your cross and oft rebel while you
- VI VERONICAS—run out to share it with your God made man, and you
- VII FELL AGAIN—under that burden of temptation and sorrow Shall I weep for you? My Incarnate God says
- VIII WEEP FOR YOURSELF—(Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall) have you
- IX FALLEN AGAIN—prostrate? Struggle up and onwards in the footprints of your Redeemer God in the mire of sin, despair and suffering you may be
- X STRIPPED—of worldly goods independence self respect health of body, mind and soul, and
- XI NAILED TO THAT CROSS—you
- XII DIE THERE-ON—please God, with Him—in lively hope (not deep despair) May loving hands
- XIII RECEIVE YOUR BODY—and
- XIV PLACE IT IN THE TOMB—while Your immortal soul hears the Eternal echo— IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID COME TO ME, ALL YOU THAT LABOUR AND ARE BURDENED AND I WILL REFRESH YOU.

Clare Bee

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

THE JOHANNINE COUNCIL, Witness to Unity by Bernard Haring, C.S.R. Herder & Herder, New York, N.Y. 155 pp. \$3.50. Reviewed by JAMES MILORD.

Now that the Council has faded from prominence in this publicity-inundated country, interest needs to be steadily maintained, and the fires of enthusiasm constantly banked, or indifference will be the result. Father Haring refuses to accept complacency, and has offered us a unique little volume that transcends the obvious themes and repercussions that emanate from the Vatican's two conciliar efforts.

This is a book of wonder and marvelling and gratitude — gratitude for the fact that now, for the first time in history, the Church has aligned herself with those who don't belong to her. Gratitude for the significant timeliness of John's move at this juncture of history, and for what made Protestant theologian Oscar Cullmann declare:

"I consider the manner and mode with which we are welcomed at this Council a never-ending marvel . . . when I call to mind what Councils have meant in the past for Christians who are not Catholics, I do not know if all the laity clearly realize the full meaning of our presence here . . ."

Without any doubt, it will take a generation or more to realize the full implications of the Johannine expression of hope and charity. While there has been a universal acknowledgement of the Kairos, the hour of grace, there has not been a similar response to John's concept of the Church's structure as a dynamic one, unchained by the loyalties of yesterday, devoid of a Westernized cultural mould; as a penitential, Christocentric organism.

Although the first chapters might indicate Father Haring's purpose to be purely commentary, he becomes increasingly down-to-earth and shows by his primal concern for apostolic Christianity, and a faithful adherence to the utterances of Christ, that he has caught the fire of John's central ideas. The Church, he maintains, must make a long and painful search into her own vocation in this epoch. She must examine her conscience for weaknesses, functions, strengths. Mass apostasy has already started around the whole world, indicting the failure of Western Christians, especially, to fulfill the Gospels. Through two cruel wars, and now in fervent preparation for a third, and a mass suicidal one—all with God's benign approval, of course—it is now obvious to Eastern peoples and to African countries, that this culture is hypocritical in the extreme and untrustworthy. Of Western culture, Haring says, "It was never sincerely and openly Christian. Many elements of the ancient pagan world—Greek, Roman, Celtic, German—were grafted onto it without having been thoroughly Christianized . . . the Church today is called to divest herself of her Occidental past and assume a position of service on a worldwide scale . . . without embarrassment or prejudice she must recognize what is of worth and value, what is admirable in other cultures."

Pope John was the enemy of rigidity and dead formulae. Unfortunately, even after two inspiring sessions, many of the narrow-minded, institutionalized Bishops, who need solid, absolutist lumps of dogma to hang onto, do not understand what the Council demands in terms of participation in humanity's entire struggle—the one out of four who are Chinese, the one out of three living behind the Iron Curtain, the two out of three who are destitute—but it is slowly sinking in.

Cardinal Newman was once

amused by an Irish archbishop's crude remark about laymen: "Laymen? What do they have to do with the Church?" Newman replied: "We'd look damned silly without them, wouldn't we?" Laymen the world over have been told time and time again that they are emerging, but so far they have not come forth, and will not come forth until they can overcome their feelings of uselessness and submissiveness, of being the footpad at the base of the monolith.

Father Haring feels that a major obstacle is the Westerner's horror of existentialism and collectivism. Existentialism represents the antithesis to the pallid, stereotyped, technological and alienated wreck of human nature that capitalism and its scramble for profits has engineered. Existentialism seeks to lift man up from his abysmal anonymity. Collectivism is a reaction to the narrow egotism and self-seeking greediness of the "individualist." Father Haring calls for a full implementation of *Mater et Magistra* and a search for honest, objective concordance-seeking in these movements. They can and will be redeemed, not by violence and an equally noxious materialism, but only by a penitential and holy love. He deplores our past negative condemnation and believes that our failure stems from the Christian community's Christlessness. As a result, we have brought about the very degeneration we lament. In this, he echoes Kierkegaard's reasoning in his *Attack on Christendom*. The reform of seminaries and convents, the liturgical renewal, the marriage problem, are relatively simple problems, compared with the hurdle of Christlessness.

Pope John's dying wish was to see *Paxem in Terris*, the most far-reaching and profound encyclical of modern times, extended without delay. In view of his final hope, it is difficult to understand how any clergyman can be a member of the John Birch Society, or agree with a continuation of the arms race, or a perpetuation of the Cold War. Perhaps those of this mentality find comfort in Paul Dehn's incisive poem-prayer:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
While the bombers thunder
past,
Shelter me from burn and blast;
And though I know all men
are brothers,
Let the fallout fall on others."

POPE, COUNCIL AND WORLD. The Story of Vatican II by Robert Blair Kaiser. Macmillan Company, New York, 1963, 256 pages \$4.95. Reviewed by JAMES MILORD.

There was a man sent from God whose name was Pope John, a man of astounding vision who set in motion the soul-trying and humiliating task of an ecumenical council. He came forth prophetic-like, to a world whose species of "Christianity" had fallen so low that it was all but bereft of Christ; to a world armed to the teeth in a conflict of ideologies that are essentially the same in their gross deification of materialism. This was Cardinal Roncalli, whom the powers of Rome felt to be a good observer of their Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not rock the boat." This was a Pope who felt so hamstrung by his executives, that he declared to American Cardinal Richard Cushing: "I am in a bag here."

This is the story of how he escaped from that bag, and gave the Curia the shock of its life by not living up to its "interim Pope" expectations. It is an almost unbelievable account of his battle against the forces of darkness, principally the Holy Office (the softened name for the Inquisition), who insisted that the council was to be a call to the prodigals to "return" to their Father's House. John knew that the Church did not have any claim

to complete truth. He had long ago learned that truth transcends the Church, and that the Holy Spirit moves where He wills—in Orthodox, in Hindu, in Muslim, in humanitarian freethinker, in Protestant, in communist.

John's brilliant concept was that of renewal, of reaching forth to all people, to save men, not souls. Utterly alien to his mind was the curialist mentality that gives birth to remarks like that of the Holy Office's Archbishop Pietro Parente, who told a visiting bishop: "We are the Church. You belong to it." Not so with John XXIII. Everyone of the people of God were to come to this Council—Protestant, Orthodox, Ethical religionists—anybody interested in a flowering of the truth. No human need was to be excluded: peace, in a lunatic world that says peace is impossible; education, daily bread, the needs of the family, of science, underdeveloped nations, politics—all he said were his concerns because all concerned his children.

From the outset three obstacles stood in John's path: the Curia, the Curia and the Curia. From the very moment when he announced the Council, the Curia tried to dampen his enthusiasm with dogged persistence. Despite all obstructive efforts on its part to muzzle the press, to silence progressive theologians and ban their books, to distort the Council's progress by alienating entire nations of people, John's optimism and genius prevailed.

Were the man in the pew to rely upon the Official agency sources of the Church for information on the Council, his view of the first session of Vatican Council II would be warped indeed. As *Time* magazine's correspondent, author Kaiser along with 900 other journalists from the world's far corners, faced the vexing problem of producing authentic news copy from the trivial and self-congratulatory dispatches dished out daily by the paternal official office. He expends an entire chapter—aptly called "The Smoke Screen"—describing this conspiracy of outright distortion and secrecy.

Most readers will be shocked by the stark interventionism of the absolutists, whose Romanized minds saw the Church in terms of Cardinal Ottaviani's coat of arms motto: *Semper Idem*—always the same. When the Curia discovered that the Church is far from being always the same, that its leaders from Maximus IV, the Eastern Uniate Patriarch, to Congolese native bishops, to members of the hierarchy in the teeming industrial centres of the world, were a remarkably diverse assembly. Curial theology revolves around condemnations, decrees, surveillances, censorship (Kaiser's book was banned in Rome) and secrets. In this citadel of Non-Think the unhappy anathemas of bygone days still gave a strange comfort to them. As the 2,381 Conciliar Fathers came together, the Curialists suffered their first wave of shocks when they discovered just

how argumentative and bewildering these Catholic bishops really were. Their biggest upset was that the majority of the Fathers would not take Curial "I-have-spoken" dictates too seriously.

The Curial mind finds peace in solid blocks of so-called unassailable dogmas, supposedly resistive to all change. Their weak motto is "All in God's good time." This is coinage, Kaiser maintains, of the intellectually bankrupt. Ecumenists like Cardinal Bea of Germany, or Cardinal Leger of Montreal, whom Kaiser said were two of the brightest lights of the Council, feel that disunity was brought about by men, and will only be healed by men. To wait around for some angelic work from on high is palpably absurd. We must work for humanity in human ways. No wonder the Curia was upset. Its chief tenet is: "We have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." This brand of closed thought has been, and still is, the Church's worst enemy.

The weeks went by in a vacuum of endless words . . . words . . . words. The central problems of the world, those that Pope John felt were urgent, were shelved while obstructionists held the day. It was only after the schema on Biblical Studies began that John could say, "Now my council be-

gins." This session turned out to be the first reversal for the power clique. Long pent-up feelings and ideas that had waited for airing too long burst forth in a display of conviction diametrically opposed to Cardinal Ottaviani's carefully screened resolutions.

Cardinal Lienart said the whole schema was hopelessly inadequate, and failed to take into account the tremendous progress made in scripture during the last forty years by Protestants and Catholics.

Cardinal Frings called it "rigid, immature" while Cardinal Leger felt the schema was plagiarism of material from out-of-date textbooks. Cardinal Ritter called for a complete rejection as the ideas presented did not fit modern needs with their "negative tone."

At this stage, everyone became aware that something historic was taking place. Cardinal Bea, President of the Secretariat for Promoting Unity, brilliantly capped the day by declaring that the stifling schema would "close the door to intellectual Europe and the outstretched hands of friendship in the Old and New World." Maximus IV added a final comment by scoring the "condemnatory tone" and the "outmoded formulas of the Counter Reformation." After these salvos of discontent, the schema was called for revision. Thus

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Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Bob and I went over to paint up the new place we had rented when the landlord came running and handed us the money we had paid on the rent, saying that if we moved in he would have to do certain electric wiring that would not need to be done for "regular" tenants. Just then the building inspector arrived and verified the situation. I had called on a score of prospects but none were available to us, so we decided to store our equipment with friends and try to find a house that we could put a down payment on when I return from my speaking trip in June. I would have it in the name of a friend. The inspector would always be seeking to frighten any landlord we would get. And landlords always have "violations" so it is better for them to keep on the good side of the inspector and not worry about whether I have a place for tramps or not. Later the inspector called on us at Joe Hill House and said he would try to help me in June. I told him that he was more likely to try to obstruct me, and that I preferred to keep out of his way. He had already said that I needed a bathtub for every eight people. Imagine our house with eight bathtubs in it! There wouldn't be room for much else. I took my personal belongings to my friend Bob Hood, who was a conscientious objector and who has taken the CW for years. All mail for me can be sent to me at his home at 1586 S. 15, E. Salt Lake City, Utah, and it will be sent to me as I travel.

My friend Steve Hale of the Mormon daily wrote an article headed: "Refuge Closes, But Hennacy 'Will Be Back'." He gave the history of our house and told of my troubles with the inspector. All this is not any "plot" to get rid of me. The Mormons are friendly and have helped me all along. I take grief away from the cops so they are friendly. Bureaucrats have always stuck to the letter of the law and are lacking in imagination, but as Steve said in his article I am going to "spend the rest of my life around here feeding bums," so the bureaucrats had better get used to me.

Moses packed and repacked his possessions and finally threw away two thirds of them; and "kept store" two nights after Bob

and I had left, until the snow storm was over and he went on the freight westward. I hope he comes back to our new house. People met me on the street and said they would help me buy the new house when I returned. Now the work for the Indians is opening up and it will not be so difficult for them. Bob looked for work but felt he would rather be back in New York City. He likes Salt Lake though and said he might be back next fall. Some donations came in and I was able to leave with all utility bills paid. The telephone company will hold the same number for me for six months: 363-0930.

I had forgotten to mention that when the employment office sent word for blood donors for the LDS hospital it was stipulated that no Negro blood was wanted. I attended the third ecumenical conference held in Salt Lake City recently in the Greek Orthodox Auditorium. The first speaker was Joseph Christiansen of the Mormon Institute, who emphasized that in a conversation with First Councillor Hugh Brown he had said that salvation was for all regardless of color. This is also in the Book of Mormon. So it is possible that a change can yet be made as the President of the Mormon Church is supposed to have continued revelation. The subject of this meeting was Heresy. The Mormons do not use this word and like to think they are tolerant. The Episcopalian speaker said that the great heresy was to look upon deeds rather than dogma as being important and what a man really believes and what he says he believes are different. The Calvinist admitted they should not have burned Servitius. In the question period I asked him what about the expulsion of Rev. McCrackin in Cincinnati for not paying taxes. He admitted that it was a mistake. Father Sweeney for the Catholics emphasized that every Catholic must follow his conscience no matter what the consequences. This is refreshing rather than to call for more of the Inquisition, as I have often heard in sermons. My friend Father Isaiah of the Greek Orthodox said that they had been meeting in Councils all along and they do not consider themselves heretics. As usual Rabbi Strome added humor and tolerance to the

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On Closing a House

As a friend I had no claim to the secret keeping an upstairs' vigil: lights of youth and age glowed in the scattered furnishings of his dream.

The movers had gone then come and gone again before dusk. The shingled walls were green as Pentecost weeks but hope had moved by C.O.D.

I snapped that lock behind my hand and felt the house wait like a whore for strangers with keys and rights of domain.

Harold Isbell

LETTERS

February 4, 1964

Dear Dorothy,

The news of Karl Meyer's illness comes in the midst of much news which is "bad," which announces loss and human diminution, the end or the interruption temporarily speaking of much human richness and light and horizon in which we all walked and to which we entrusted ourselves. I think of the headlines which began last November, the death of the President, then the death of Kaspar Mayr while I was visiting with his family in Vienna at Christmas time. He was one of the early heroic ones who stood with the Catholic resistance to Hitler and was one of the founders of the Fellowship of Reconciliation; and now his efforts go on through his daughter Hildegarde and his son-in-law Jean, in invaluable work at the Council and in their marvelous effect on the social conditions in Brazil and elsewhere. Then the death of Father Weigel, whom we all mourn so deeply. And now the illness of Karl. We are tempted, and perhaps justly, to cry out to the God who bestows and deprives: Why? When we are so hard ridden and pressed, why deprive us of those in whom we can trust, and to whom we listened, those who have spoken of unity and sacrifices and of faith on the move?

And yet death and illness, to those who believe, carry within themselves the seeds of rebirth: "Unless the grain of seed die, itself remains alone, but if it die, it brings forth much fruit." And again, "I say to you, take up your bed and walk." To the Lord of time and mankind, death and illness are signs. They are signs of life and of health, signs of the gifts of God, ready for bestowal on those who cry for them. And they are also ironies. That is, they face us with the discomfiting questions of the Gospel—"Who is really ill, and who is well? Who is really dead, and who lives?"

The first reasoned reaction of men who suffer with others is an urge to relieve that suffering. Healthy men have a horror of illness, a horror rooted not in an instinctive superman complex, but in a sense of rightness of things; man is created for joy; let us help restore that joy to him. And such a sense of existence leads to the great vocations which we honor in all the world, from those of the saints to those of other religions and of no religion, those who have seen in the moral and physical wrongness of the world a magnificent source of energy that overflowed into the relief of the anguish they saw around them: "Take up thy bed and walk." It is not only the voice of St. Vincent de Paul we hear in these words. It is also Schweitzer and Pere Pire and the teams of the Peace Corps and of the World Health Organization. We remember all those who stretched out the hand of mercy beyond the claims of blood, into the world of the underprivileged and deprived. Let us pray for them; their arm is the arm of the Lord of life and of mercy.

And the second reaction is possibly not different from the first. We are led to ask in the midst of such costly suffering: What is it in truth to be ill, and what is it to be well? Or, What is it to be dead, and what is it to live? Or again, as Alan Paton has put the question to us, What is it to be free, and what is it to be a slave? Saint Paul has told us that as a consequence of the sin in which we all have part, we are all sick men, we are all slaves, we are all doomed. And our Lord came to confront us with a shattering irony. He is the embrace of God going forth instinctively to the sinner and the sick man and the suffering. And at the same time, His searching glance rests with heavy finality on the great ones of this world. After the cure of the blind man, He said, "It is for judgment that I come into the world, that the

blind may see, and that those who see may be blinded." Some Pharisees who heard Him said, "Are we then blind, we also?" And He said to them, "If you were blind, you would be sinless. But you declare, we see; and so your sin remains."

The Bible calls our illness by many names; we are blind, or in slavery or subject to death. And the signs of our illness are all around us. Perhaps no modern society is so strongly marked by all the formalities of religion as our own. Churches, schools, centers of mercy and truth, men and women devoted to the young and old and deprived. But as a people we are paralyzed before the pressures of change — pressures which appear in the light of day as forces that would lead us to greatness, to unity, to peace. To bring about such changes as press on us, any sane man would work with all his heart. Those forces are the poor, the Negro, the developing nations, the worldwide longing for peace. But we have not yet summoned the energy required for the first step, which is not legislation or movements, but a change of heart. We assent to our responsibilities at the altar and deny them in life. Or we assent in the home and deny them in the neighborhood.

But we appear to be shaken or paralyzed or bewildered by what lies before us, a call from Creation to press forward in the ways of justice and peace, to love all men, to make the Gospel a visible shape of life. We are unable to forge a practical life judgment out of the resources that lie at hand for all; whether these are the forces of socialization, or the example of the saints, or a simple welcome of the poor man at the door.

Our real difficulty is not that the world around us is changing so quickly; it is that we humans are changing so slowly. And when we refuse to change we grow ill or senile or childish; because health of spirit is not something that condemns change and lives on for its own sake. It is in fact a flexibility that can undergo time and change as a condition of its own well-being. The healthy man makes himself new out of the materials — gross, unpromising, brutal, pressing — of his own time and place. He does not need to seek out a holy place to win the favor of God or a holy man to plead for him. And this is not because he has thrown over the call to holiness, or the Church which bestows it. But because he understands that Creation is already sanctified in a way which no human passion or blindness can stain. And this holiness cries out to him with the voice of man.

Such a one is the only man, finally, who can see clearly and use well, those holy signs which God has given us in His Son: Baptism, Eucharist — not magical acts which offer the Pharisee a clean ticket into eternity, but the living Water and Bread that ready heroes for the supreme struggle of life.

Feuerbach defined religion as not only a human fabrication, but a dehumanized consciousness. According to him and to the Marxist critique which borrows from him, religious forces have narcotized man's heart and mind until he stands like a spoiled child before mankind. He is unable to judge and petulantly unwilling to act. He hoards life instead of conferring it. The critique is, of course, a cruel parody of our faith. But when we summon our answer to it, does not our clearest word come from those who have exposed their lives, their health, their future, to the human needs that stood before them?

Such reflections as these follow on the "signs" that are cruelly thrust at us, in the sufferings of those we love. The signs are not lettered posts; they are living men

and women who have the courage to be, and whose courage lights up the night in which we must all press forward.

That night, as we all know, is not something so simple as physical darkness. We Christians are not a team of Olympic heroes, the inextinguishable light in hand, that will give hope to the benighted. We are rather men who struggle for a measure of inner light, in the very effort to relieve the sufferings of others. So our deepest mercy comes home to ourselves; it is the courage to accept our own wretchedness and sickness and blindness and slavery. In accepting our absolute need for Christ and of one another (not two Realities, but One), we find that we are healed, and that we are even capable of healing.

John Paulson



R. 1, Bernardsville
New Jersey, U.S.A.
Tel. 201-766-3143

Dear Friend:

Thanks to your printing in the February Catholic Worker my letter and that of Mary Reed Newland about the rhythm beads, several have sent a self-addressed envelope and 3c or more for the beads.

Since I first wrote you, the Population Council has turned over its supply of detailed directions, and I am handling all rhythm beads correspondence. I would therefore appreciate it very much if you would print a note asking doctors, social agencies, clinics, hospitals etc. interested in the rhythm teaching aid to write me and not the Population Council for the detailed directions as well as the bead samples. This will save them forwarding everything.

Thanks again for your wonderful help.

Cordially,
Betty Kindleberger Stone

Afternoon Dance: Railway Car

Two dancers by Degas
in black crayon on creme
dance sorrow across
a room and fire
the muscles of my legs.

This print has known thousands
and graces a peeling wall.
A worn-out daycoach
jogs an endless run
between cities and skies of soot.

What yard man
condemned these legs to
dance in the aisles
of a train rolling home?

The seats of faded red plush
are rank and overripe
with sweat rusting the springs.
I smell the summer's work
but miss the chime of applause.

Harold Isbell

Terra Santa Church
Nicosia, Cyprus
February 19, 1964.

Dear Dorothy,

Christmas here was pretty rough, with all the shooting going on. Things are quiet lately, but there has been quite a bit of tension, and no solution is in sight.

Nearly all the American families have left, and now the British families are starting to move out, and anybody else who can; so before long we shall have but a small number of the faithful left in Cyprus. Part of my job is looking out for the safety of my flock in case of renewed disturbances or an invasion, and this I have attended to as far as I can; but we never know just what is going to happen. It is the uncertainty that makes things difficult.

The Holy Father's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land was a great event, and I was privileged to be in Jerusalem for it. Fr. Denis was there too with his Beirut staff of the Pontifical Mission for Palestine. I am sure you saw many pictures of the Holy Father taken in the various Holy Places. The continental magazines did a very good job: PARIS MATCH, JOURS DE FRANCE, EPOCA, etc. I doubt that anyone has been so much photographed within the space of three days; over a thousand journalists were there, and two English Grail girls who help my brother in Beirut were running the Press Office, and they did a really difficult job well.

I am glad to see that Michael Harrington and his book on Poverty are receiving such prominence. God grant that much good may come of it!

Now I am due at a meeting of the Committee of St. Anthony's Benevolent Society. We help the poor. God bless you and all at the WORKER and the Farm! Let us pray for each other! Please don't worry about acknowledging or replying. You have other things to do!

That was quite a trip you took last year!

Yours devotedly
in Our Lord,
Fr. Kevin, O.F.M.

3313 Swede Rd.
Midland, Michigan
February, 1964

Dear Tom:

Since my visit there last fall I have come to realize the beauty of the Catholic Worker philosophy. For the first time in my life Christianity means something to me other than fearful obedience to a set of rules which seem to induce an insidious form of hypocrisy in many of those who abide by them, so much so that many of us have been consumed by our environment rather than influencing it as Christ obviously intended.

For five months we have struggled, studied and prayed that our family of ten might become more directly involved in this work. We talked about the need for a house of hospitality in the Saginaw area. Lou Murphy gave us some advice on how to get the movement started here. And then it happened.

One day we received a letter from some friends whom we recently came to know through the Cursillo Movement in Saginaw, announcing the opening of a house of hospitality in downtown Saginaw. Unbeknownst to us they had been considering this for quite some time. Needless to say, we were overjoyed and have since been spending every available bit of time either at the house or acting in its behalf. Many people are involved, but the two who appear to be the real movers are Frank O'Malley and Frank Walsh. There are now about twenty men living there. The clothing room stock is growing and the kitchen is going strong. Now that the glow of the "grand opening" is wearing off, we're going to have to face up to many problems, not the least of

which is begging for support from our fellow Christians. The address of the house of hospitality is St. Alexis House, 110½ N. Warren, Saginaw, Michigan.

Jim Leddy

1004 Quinn Court
Decatur, Indiana, 46733
February, 1964

Dear Tom,

I wish to make some contacts with some CW sympathizers in Quebec City, Que., where I will be spending three full months this summer. Actually, I was hoping to go to some kind of workshop in non-violence for part of the summer, but this matter of living in French Canada is quite important: without a working knowledge of French I can't receive an M.A. in theology at Catholic U.

So, it will be three months in Canada, hopefully at the French language institute at Laval. If the \$150 scholarship doesn't come through, I'll just have to be content with living there and trying to pick up the language by mingling with the people. (Maybe that is the better way!) Can you put me into contact with some of "our kind" up there. It would be wonderful if I could conduct the same type of work up there as you do on Chrystie Street. Is that possible?

On to other matters. After finishing my year of teaching at the Catholic elementary school here, I'm going to continue to study for my master's. First, with some preparatory work for a year, and then with another actual year of study. Hence, that will be my apostolate for the next two years.

My big concern is in the field of expansion of Catholic thought. We are lagging behind not only in theology, philosophy, and social thought, but we lack the initiative to do any sort of vigorous thinking — and doing. Where is the vibrant Catholic Left on the campuses? (And by this I don't mean ADA-type of leftism, but CW-type of radical social anarchism. Excuse me, but CW just doesn't fit into any neat little categories).

What is needed is a group of outspoken, but prudent Catholic students, spread about on various campuses, who are willing to be the leaven in the coming reform. No, not an organization — we have enough of organization-joining — but a fellowship of Christian Catholics who stand for, and work for, reform. And this could best be done thru a publication — a mimeographed bulletin. We would do our own work: nuclear disarmament, civil rights, economic reform, educational reform, etc. But we would voice ourselves thru a publication. We must be intensely personal, but we can share the same goals, means, and thoughts. Also, the publication could serve as a catalyst at Catholic centers.

The challenge has been made to us by our times, and I for one will accept. By this Christmas, that publication will be issued monthly, and it will have stirred up thought (and controversy) at more than one private and public school. We will carry out the planting of the seeds for a genuine Christian revolution on the campuses of the country, as CW has succeeded in the planting of the seeds in our society at large. I want to contact students (CW-sympathizers) who might be willing to share in this work.

All that is needed are a few contributors of articles and a few people to spread the publication around. There must be some Catholic students somewhere. . . .

Your Brother In Christ,
Bob Wilhelm

"Great ideas come into the world as gentle as doves. Perhaps then, if we listen attentively, we shall hear, amid the uproar of empires and nations, a faint flutter of wings, the gentle stirring of life and hope."

ALBERT CAMUS

Pacem In Terris

(Continued from page 1)

sense that actual power is escaping them. The world stirs and one part of the Church clings desperately to the old dominant classes, while another takes up a position in favor of the ascending new classes: hence the upheavals evident at the heart of the Christian world.

The Church in the New Epoch. Today, when a new class is well on the way to becoming dominant because of the achievement of socialism, it is natural that the Church should seek to adapt herself to it. She is aware that the world is slowly gliding from capitalism to socialism, and she is opening up a parallel movement. This changeover is not the work of a few far-seeing intellectuals; it is due to the pressure of objective conditions. That is why it is unnecessary to oppose Christian dogmatism with Communist dogmatism in a fruitless ideological struggle—it is enough to let the objective conditions act, for they can be relied upon to bring about the necessary evolution of the Church.

Uprooting Stereotyped Concepts. What Marx said about the phenomenon of religion is still valid, but Mr. Hall believes that Marxists must make a clear distinction between religion as a philosophy and the role of religious institutions, and a "doctrinaire" attitude to religious beliefs, and towards people who hold such beliefs.

The American Communists want to demonstrate that their thinking on this question is not that of the old anarcho-syndicalists. For the Communists, the moral, ethical, and "humanitarian" concepts of religion are not necessarily evil and have not always played a negative or reactionary role in history. Many people have even joined the Communist Party because they were anxious to realize such ideas as justice and love of one's fellow man.

Lessons from History. There are many examples, Mr. Hall continues, of truly positive actions that have been accomplished by Christians. They are present, for example, in the struggle of American Negroes, in the pursuit of peace, and in the administration of several Socialist countries. Within the Church, as well, there are countless Christians who are struggling for peace and trying to bring about the evolution of the community as a whole. The reverberations of this struggle extend all the way to the Ecumenical Council. The Encyclical, by taking a stand in favor of peace and disarmament and struggling against racism and imperialism, is making its own, at the most exalted level of the Church, this positive determination shared by a great many Christians. It is in the direct tradition of certain progressive demands. This is why the Encyclical must be attentively examined and its influence effectively extended.

Among Catholics. Certain Catholic circles throughout the world will of course resist the teachings and the stands contained in the Encyclical, but *Pacem in Terris* will act like nuclear fission and disintegrate the negative attitudes of the mass of Christians.

Mr. Hall then discusses the repercussions of the Encyclical among American Catholics, among the trade unions and among other movements in the United States. On the whole, he believes that *Pacem in Terris* will "thaw" American anti-Communism and put the "activists" of the ultra-right in an awkward position.

The Attitude of the Communists. Mr. Hall enjoins the Communist movement to grasp what is at stake in the debate and to adopt a positive attitude towards the Encyclical, not to regard it as purely demagoguery; he indicates that the objective is to find ways of promoting common action with Catholics and other Americans.

To do this, it will be necessary to rely heavily on the Encyclical and

to invite Christians into the common struggle for specific goals: against unemployment, for peace, against the extreme right, etc.

And Mr. Hall concludes by sketching a rapid analysis of American Catholicism: It is composed of members who belong, the vast majority of them, to the working class and vote for the Democratic Party; it has a dynamic position in the South, where there are 750,000 Negro Catholics. It must therefore be counted on if any large-scale action is to be undertaken.

Some Remarks

It is necessary to recall here those passages of the Encyclical that explicitly deal with the possibility and the conditions of eventual common action between Christians and Communists. They should be carefully examined. Let us note, however, this paragraph, which provides some very clear indications: "It can happen then, that a drawing nearer together or a meeting for the attainment of some practical end, which was formerly deemed inopportune or unproductive, might now or in the future be considered opportune and useful. But to decide whether this moment has arrived and also to lay down the ways and degrees in which work in common might be possible for the achievement of economic, social, cultural, and political ends which are honorable and useful, are problems which can only be solved with the virtue of prudence, which is the guiding light of the virtues that regulate the moral life, both individual and social. Therefore, as far as Catholics are concerned, this decision rests primarily with those who live and work in the specific sectors of human society in which those problems arise, always, however, in accordance with the principles of the natural law, with the social doctrine of the Church, and with the directives of ecclesiastical authority."

As far as we are concerned, therefore, the question has been resolved. It is up to American Catholics, and the American hierarchy in particular, to evaluate the circumstances and decide whether or not common action for limited ends is called for at this time. We do not have to play the role of arbiter, even if, on account of the Christian and human solidarity that binds us to them, we are party to the debate. We shall therefore content ourselves with some remarks that will be valid for all Catholics.

The analysis, which has been attempted by the chairman of the Communist Party of the United States, of the objective importance of the Encyclical and of its political situation at the interior of the play of political forces in present-day life, although resolutely Marxist, does not seem to me erroneous for all that. It is clear that *Pacem in Terris* is not primarily an Encyclical of "piety" or "dogma" and that it has not assigned as its unique end the missionary advancement of the Church or the inauguration of a "Christian city" in the "medieval" sense of the term; it seeks to take the tensions of the modern world and turn them in the direction of peace and social justice, and it consequently bases itself on the objective movement of men towards well-being, equality, and freedom. In this sense, it is "progressist" (there is no need to be frightened of the word), for its basis consists of the "progressist" movements of today's world: towards democracy and equal rights, against imperialism and racism. It then forges ahead, abandoning nationalism, colonialism, and authoritarian regimes to the rear-guard of history.

It is likewise true that the Encyclical, starting from within the different tendencies of Catholicism, has chosen to favor the desires and efforts of what may be called, for short, "social" Catholics, those who are anxious that the Church not suddenly withdraw from the mod-

ern world, and, in particular, not shut itself up in a sterile anti-Communism. Let us note also that this is the direction taken by the dynamic majority that disclosed itself at the Council.

It is gratifying to see Mr. Hall (and the Italian Communists make the same distinction) effecting a separation between the activities of the Church and her teaching on the one hand, and between the different activities at different moments of history and in various countries on the other. Which means that we are no longer being lumped together as reactionaries and "lackeys" of capitalism. It could even be that we sometimes travel in the direction of history.

The fact remains, I will be told, and the Communists would not try to conceal it, that their intention is to "make use of" us and our "progressist" good will, with an eye to the progress of peace and justice in the world (perhaps) and the triumph of Communism (certainly). Truly, everything depends on the balancing, the connection or opposition between those two goals, which will decide the henceforth classic, and never to be resolved, problem of collaboration between Communists and Christians. As for myself, I refuse to deny to the Communists, a priori and axiomatically, the inclination and the drive to human betterment and world peace. By



R.O.H.

the same token, I refuse to see in capitalism what it claims to be, namely, the fine flower of human grandeur and freedom. I judge according to the evidence, and I declare that the Communists all too often retrieve from the dust, where we have let them fall because of ignorance or cowardice, fundamental human claims. And I also declare that the "solid citizens" and the well off give the impression of rejoicing at this state of affairs, thinking to themselves that now that these claims have been labelled Communist, Christians will no longer have to recognize them. Which, on the whole, is very convenient. It is this maneuver that I denounce and reject.

So much the worse for us! But we have been so slow to act that the Communists have already taken over the most splendid causes. We are driven to a common labor. We did not choose them, any more than they chose us; it is history that compels us to work together.

(Translated by Martin J. Corbin)
Tr. Note: Father Chaigne's article appeared in a special issue (No. 3-4, 1963) of *Freres du Monde* (208, rue de Pessac, Bordeaux, Gironde, France), the Franciscan missionary publication, which was devoted to commentary on *Pacem in Terris*. A translation of his article "The Cuban Revolution: a Mirror of Our Times" appeared in the March 1963 *Catholic Worker*, and the Spring 1964 issue of *Cross Currents* included his article on "The Spirit and Techniques of Gandhian Non-Violence."

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

men told me, "He takes the subway to Pelham Bay station, gets out and walks two miles to a deserted point along the beach and there he feeds the sea gulls. When they see him coming they fly around him and welcome him. Then he strips to his shorts, and after building a drift wood fire, he takes a dip in the bay."

"What, in this 20 degree weather?" "Yes, in winter and summer. I went with him once, Jimmy and I." I confronted Paul with this tale and he smiled shyly and happily.

Oh, this longing for beauty and space, light and moving water, the desire for healing which comes with contact with the soil, with land and sea! The hunger for well being which is driven for by man in drink and drugs and sex, to go to one extreme of judgment, and also in fellowship and poverty and the sea and the air and the sun. How much mystery there is in these men amongst whom we live for so many years and yet know so little!

Tamar

Last night I called Tamar—80c after six p.m. and she told me she had been taking care of a neighbor's children, 5, 3½ and 1½ years old, while the mother had her last child, delivered at home up in the hills of Vermont. They had had three girls so they were rejoicing at the birth of a boy.

Tamar's voice sounded alive and gay, though she was tired, she said. One of the good things of the new place is that it is on the way to her home in Vermont, and in perhaps three hours, she can drive down to visit us with all the children. I am looking forward to weekend visits, and also to her setting up our looms, and trying to balance my Hutterite spinning wheel which I have been unable to use lately because it is out of line, warped perhaps by sea air.

I was reading some of Chekhov's letters and thinking of our new place when I read, "I am living on the banks of the Psel in the wing of an old country home. I hired the place sight unseen hoping for the best and thus far have not regretted it. The river is wide, deep, teeming with islands, fish and crayfish, the banks are beautiful and there is much greenery. But its chief virtue is its sense of spaciousness. It seems to me my hundred rubles rent have given me the right to live amidst limitless expanse." And in a story called *Happiness* he speaks of "that feeling of beauty in men, which cannot endure what is commonplace and trivial," and which also ennobles the heroes of *Volodya* and *On the Road*. And in a letter to his uncle, "One must not humiliate people—that is the chief thing. It is better to say to man, 'my angel,' than to hurl 'fool!' at his head, although men are more like fools than angels."

Scott Nearing

At one of our Friday night meetings Scott Nearing very generously gave us his time to talk to us about Socialism and Latin America. There were so many young conformists upholding our American way of life that I did not get a chance to talk about the commonitarian socialism of a Nyerene in Tanganyika, which I hope Father Felix McGowan will study and write to us about when he gets there this month, or about Martin Buber's community of communities, and to stick closer to home, Saul Alinsky's *Back of the Yards* movement in Chicago. His *Reveille for Radicals* should be read. Mrs. Scott Nearing's *The Simple Life* as lived by her and her husband should also be read. I know of no more dedicated and disciplined people than the Scott Nearings. He made an interesting distinction between the socialism of Russia and the Communism they aim at. Under socialism a man is paid for work done, he said, and under

communism he is paid according to need. "From each according to his ability and to each according to his need" (Communist Manifesto) and "Let your abundance supply their want," St. Paul.

Scott Nearing's granddaughter was there (she is about to have a baby) and she told me about Pete Schumann, her husband, who has a studio at 148 Delancey street which they call the Bread and Puppet Museum and where they have a show each Saturday night at nine.

Thinking of all those among us who are brought up with no religious affiliation, "they to whom it was not told of Him have seen; and they that heard not, have beheld." And of how both Maritain and Mauriac have spoken of those who serve Christ, and follow Him, in following peace and justice and truth and love of brother, even though they seem to deny Him.

Suffering

This Lenten time of the year I have been thinking a great deal about the mystery of suffering and how it certainly does not of itself bring about faith, or grow into love. At a matter of fact, the sight of suffering caused all the apostles to be overcome by fear and so they abjectly fled and hid away. It was the outpouring of the Holy Spirit that made them men of courage able to reach people and suffer with rejoicing. When you look at the faces of the young people who have just been released from prison in Albany, Georgia, after suffering practically forty days of fast as well as imprisonment in terribly cramped quarters, you can see the joy of spirit that is theirs. Such suffering is fruitful. Dave Dellinger said he wept when he saw them (he too shared some of their imprisonment) but they might have said with our Lord, "weep for yourselves," that we were not with them. And now these members of the Quebec-Guantanamo walk are resting for a few weeks at Koinonia community in Americus, Georgia. God bless them.

Books Read, or Being Read

The trouble with so many good books around the CW is that they get passed around and never reviewed. *Morte D'Urban* by J. F. Powers will be reviewed later. It is in paper back now and everyone can buy it. The story of a priest of good will, who didn't have sense enough to put off the old man, who tried to make friends with the mammon of iniquity, and so the Lord took him in hand and did it for him, by means of a bishop's golf ball and a loose woman's slipper. This sounds almost like one of those idiotic blurbs that appear on every paper back. But to be able to state profound truths—our God is a consuming fire—in this way, and make us realize that the lukewarm God will vomit out of his mouth (and who ever returned to his vomit? as Fr. Faber said) makes us realize that we are engaged in mortal combat. The stakes are our immortal souls. Orwell said that one of the tragedies of our time was the loss of a belief in personal immortality.

A. J. Muste

Then there is Nat Hentoff's book—*Peace Agitator*—the story of the life of A. J. Muste which is intensely interesting. The last time I saw A. J. Muste was on the anniversary of Hiroshima last August when he started the sit-down in front of the Atomic Energy Commission. Along the curb was a long line of peace lovers, pacifists who stood by, and faced by a barricade of policy, A. J. Muste sat, not too easily, cross legged on the ground, a small pillow protecting his thin shanks. He is a long lean man. Even so it must have been painful penance. I contemplated him as I stood for a while with the line, and thought of Churchill and of Muste, almost of an age, in the sight of God who stands higher? There is no doubt in my mind as to which is the more significant figure.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

many, and I have been away meeting more new people, that my head is in a whirl when I try to remember them all, with the right names attached to the right faces. Ann Albright came from Brevard College in North Carolina to spend a few weeks helping Monica at St. Joseph's House. Seminarists Frank Spelts and Jim Murphy came for a few days. Xstro Eaman arrived with his wife Maria. Terry Becker, Nicole d'Entremont, Elizabeth Morse, John Lee, and my old college room-mate Jim Manley, as well as my old boyhood buddy Leo Curran and his wife Nancy, shared CW hospitality. Fr. Hunt, of Maryknoll, who is studying journalism at Columbia, visited us. Fr. Minard, O.S.B., who has been working in Martinique came from Regina, Lauder in Connecticut. Fr. Fredy Kunz came from Quebec. I gave him a tour of the Bowery and the old Jewish section during a fierce snow storm.

Dave Hannon stopped in to confirm my speaking engagement at Harvard. He stayed the weekend, and was dramatically introduced to the life of our community and our neighborhood. Monica, Dave and I went to our favorite Chinese restaurant after the Friday night meeting. We took our time, and arrived at The Grand Restaurant, 10 Mott Street, when we were well into the wee hours. The Grand is a fine little restaurant, where you can fill up on less than a dollar, in a quiet, informal, crumbling atmosphere. It's usually quiet. But this night, almost spontaneously, a fight developed. Four white boys at a table in back of us were throwing everything on their table at a Negro, who was trying to get out as fast as he could. Sugar containers were flying over our heads. Monica had egg drop soup in hair hair. A plate of pork fried rice went hurtling over our heads. The young men were standing by this time, hurling tea-pot, food, everything, and when they had nothing left on their table, in the best wild west tradition of the movies, they picked up their table, threw it over our heads and sent it crashing threw the big plate glass windows in the front doors. Monica and Dave were visibly shaken by this show of violence. No one had been hurt. The police arrived within seconds. It all had such a make-believe quality that I felt almost amused.

Speakers

We have been very fortunate in getting excellent speakers for our regular Friday night meetings. Marj Swann came to tell us of the Walk to Cuba, and another project she is on, sponsoring visitors from Hiroshima and Nagasaki, survivors of the bomb, from all walks of life, and arranging speaking engagements and meetings for them. Marj can be contacted at The Committee for Nonviolent Action, 325 Lafayette Street, N.Y.C. One Friday, Ed Forand, Chris Kearns, Monica Ribar and I formed a panel to talk about the work of the House. Fr. Rogers, who has been in France for the past year, returned to Fordham and The Catholic Worker to give us a very stimulating analysis of the work of the second session of the Vatican Council. Dr. Alfred Gross spoke of the historical background of some of the Councils. Robert Burke came to speak of the shifting relationships of the major powers and of the world wide social revolution. Scott Nearing, with his wife Helen, came to speak of the revolutionary situation in Latin America. It was a great pleasure to have Helen and Scott with us. He has been publishing since the early years of this century. Dan Seeger, the conscientious objector who refused to affirm belief in a Supreme Being on the form for classification as a C.O., and won his case in the courts, came to tell us about the case. A real hero of Dan's story is his lawyer, Kenneth Greenwalt who took the case when there was almost no hope of success. The decision, if upheld by the Supreme

Court, will very likely necessitate a re-working of the section of the draft law that deals with C.O.s. Frank Donner, the author of *The Un-Americans*, a Ballantine paperback, came to tell us about his favorite team, the House Un-American Activities Committee. Frank is preparing another book, to be called *A Short Tour through the Ruins of Congress*. He is a very good speaker, witty and entertaining as well as immensely informative. Last Friday Bob Steed regaled the house with stories from Ammon Hennacy's Joe Hill House in Salt Lake City. Ammon will be in New York from April 4 to April 7.

The Expressway Again

The Lower Manhattan Expressway was supposed to have been killed in December 1962, when the Board of Estimate refused to appropriate the money for it, after a vigorous protest campaign waged by a Joint Committee to Stop the Expressway. We had joined with representatives of every group in our section of town to save our neighborhood. Then recently we found that there were three items in the mayor's proposed budget having to do with the construction of the expressway. Rosemary McGrath, Jane Jacobs, some of our Italian and Puerto Rican neighbors, some experts, and I, went to City Hall to speak before the Board of Estimate against the appropriations. There were thousands of people at City Hall at ten in the morning, the largest number of them from Pelham Bay area, trying to save their homes. We didn't dare leave for any length of time lest somehow we lose our right to speak. We were there for fifteen hours. By that time most of the members of the Board of Estimate and the City Council had left, leaving alternates in their seats. The City shows little desire to give the people a hearing on these matters. They crowd discussion of every item in the budget into one day's hearing. Most people can't afford to wait fifteen hours to present their point of view on important issues concerning them.

We are confident that the Board will not allow the Expressway issue to be resurrected. But we would like to know, once and for all, after twenty-two years of uncertainty, that the Expressway is dead and buried. No one has any incentive to improve his property if he thinks that in a year or two his property will be condemned and torn down. The threat of this highway has paralyzed our neighborhood for nearly a generation. And we can't get the housing code enforced under these conditions either. Some of our neighbors have to put up with gross violations because there is no recourse to the city for a condemned neighborhood. The code does not apply to a building that will be torn down within three years.

Trips

Fr. Rogers of Fordham arranged a meeting for me there. It was the brightest group of young men I had ever spoken to. There is much greater receptivity these days than there was even two years ago, even for the difficult message of unilateral disarmament. Then I went to Cambridge and had two meetings at Harvard and a long taped interview for the radio station. There were many CW friends in the audience, Larry Welsh, Bunnie Morse, Dave Hannon, recovered from Mott Street, and Joel Porte. I made arrangements to see Judith Gregory the next day, and to call upon the American Friends Service Committee and the Fellowship of Reconciliation. I slept at Loren Miner's apartment in North Boston, a neighborhood very much like our own. The next morning Loren set out for work early, and I slept until ten. I awoke, made coffee, took a shower and prepared to leave. Loren has a pad-lock on his door. He does not have guests often. As usual, he looked the pad-lock and went on his way, so I spent the day with

Loren's tom-cat. I needed the rest badly.

The Sodality of my alma mater, Fairfield University in Connecticut, invited me to speak, and I was delighted. I had been a student on that campus from 1948 to 1956, prep school and college, and I was aware of a definite lack of clarity on the peace issue on the part of the faculty in those years. It was a good meeting. The old school is developing rapidly. I went home to the family from there for a few days rest.

The Bowery

All this time the daily miracle that we call St. Joseph's House of Hospitality was carrying on the work, with the ever reliable Arthur J. Lacey keeping our lines of communication with printer and engraver open. George J. Johnson, the International Hiker, was busy with his projects of getting this one on welfare or that one back to his family. Every day the soup line is fed, two hundred and fifty to three hundred people a day, and clothing to men, women and families is distributed regularly. We would like to mention all the names of dishwashers and sweepers and messengers, and eventually we will.



*He is the true Lamb,
who by dying
has destroyed our death,
& by rising again
has bestowed new life on us.*

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

Stanley Vishnewski keeps us on our Lenten toes by reading to us at mealtimes from the *Imitation of Christ*, with pointed comments so that we cannot fail to see the application to our own particular defects.

We have managed, too, this winter to have at least one interesting Sunday afternoon discussion when Bill Horvath and Ruth Collins came out to discuss plans for the new place and the possibility of a cooperative summer cottage plan for poor families from Manhattan. Since I had just received a tape from Arthur Sheehan on which Arthur had recorded some interesting historical and legendary information about the area of the Hudson to which we are moving, we opened the meeting by playing the tape. Dorothy Day was also present, and the ensuing interchange between Dorothy, Bill, and Ruth, with some interesting comments from others, gave me again a feeling of profound hope for the Catholic Worker future at Beata Maria.

Now it is March. The first Sunday. The first day. And the March lion is being very coy indeed, while the lamb cavorts in the melting snow. This morning after Mass I heard a redwinged blackbird. And I know, just as surely as though I had looked, that down by the little brook, pushing through the icy sheath of earth, there is a small tightly furled, purplish blob, the brave skunk cabbage, looking somewhat scornfully at the lifeless vegetation roundabout, seeming to say with something of Cassius Clay's bravado—I'm the earliest. Sap is flowing. Better be stirring. What if the old lion roars. The peepers still shall sing. Spring's a-coming. And every Lenten penance brings a glorious Eastertide.

CARITAS

(Continued from Page 1)

acts that were unrewardable, unmaterializable in any immediate or even foreseeable sense; spiritual, slight, offered to those the world considered 'failures,' 'infidels,' 'sinners,' the weak, the despised, the unwanted, the maimed, blind, scarred, spotted, outcast; those who seemed to lack heroism, virtue, honour, strength against alcohol, spiritual courage, in a world of spiritual and material graces.

His own charity and rejection were a part of healing these . . . of embracing these from whom He would be taken by those personally claiming Him. He thirsted for these who had awaited His gesture without Him. They also had been rejected.

In the life of "sanctity," of following Christ in simplicity, the soul finds itself detaching more and more from all it has known and desired; it seems to inhabit strange places, to have no publishable reveries, not even over Christ. There are certainly situations the soul can't "intellectually" accept before entering and which shock and re-examine belief itself, as if "life itself" had to be utterly wanted, utterly lived and loved nakedly. The soul slowly confesses the "sins of Israel" and offers its heart to the hunger of the ghettoed and the despised. A huge part of humanity bends slightly in this direction, pulling against itself without knowing why.

(It is curious how deeply already the converted soul has shared—in a sort of absentee communion—through the ghetto of his own spiritually estranged introspections.)

And the exiled, the 'infidel,' the slummed, the most abused, insensibly transplanted, poor have their influence slowly in the world: their society, politics, poetry, faith, and sense of time. Unexpectedly the Christian rediscovers (or discovers) "the life of faith only," which St. John of the Cross considered prerequisite, in the souls of those he offers acts of love. And then his mind is liberalized, shaded and refreshed by this universe of others; he is suddenly free of his "culture," which is often a contradiction to his Christianity.

His is guided at times by the prayers of other Christians; this helps him to believe in his understanding and his "isolation" as spiritual gifts. He is on the side of the "outlaws" and the "infidels" and the "unlikely."

What is the effect of the spirituality of these Muslim peoples who aroused such affection in certain Christians, who seemed to cry "caritas" into being, and how does their life of faith and "infidelity," of migration and pilgrimage, poverty and sudden violence influence our inner life? How much does their life on the desert remove idolatry for industrial or man-made things from them and quicken their insight into the injustices of the idolatrous? How much does the sudden rain on the desert, the violent wind and sand storms, affect their intuition and sense of nature? A pilgrimage toward Jerusalem and the hospitality of Abraham is made without conveniences or advantages of any kind. Nothing is vainly stored up, no intimations or preconceptions. It is a renewal, after an emptying; it is the desert rediscovery of awe and smallness; it is oneself that is insignificant as the grain and sand.

(It is not difficult to find that the Arabic influence accounted for much of the nocturnal imagery of St. John of the Cross and for the sense of "nada" being already within.)

I found from talks with Franciscans here perhaps an understandable omission of the Muslim role in this saint's life; we tend to disassociate our saints from "strangers" and identify them only in their order, or try to blend them somehow into the philosophical arguments within our own Christian culture. This saint felt that his own passion was to be lived

for Muslims and suffered profound frustration until he finally reached the Land of Islam.

The suggestion that the stigmata bore a direct mystical relation to the "nocturnal ecstasy" of Mohammed presents an even greater problem. "Caritas," however, is conceived in surrender to love for the long waiting and the unwanted. Gandhi also found this (simply, unmythically) among Muslims. What we seem to be called to always is the rediscovery of the "strangeness," the uniqueness of Christianity.

One wonders if part of the mystery of resurrection isn't hidden in the sufferings of others, others' poverty and witnessing: a prophet lost and found again, buried to be resurrected through others' witnessing. As with the profoundest poets, this adventure takes one into those souls fed on by death. And in this apparent circumstance of life, it is the "infidel" who enters the doorway to touch the heart.

I have tried to know the profound yet simple effect of Muslim prayer on Christians—at the annual Muslim-Christian "Pardon" in Vieux Marche, Bretagne, an ancient chapel set over a dolmen crypt (see the Catholic Worker, February, 1968). The Christian seems to discover obscurely God's wish to further purify him, to have him become more child-like, to cleanse and renew his humanity wherever it has become narrow or bad in him. This call to "detachment" may be the prelude to revelation being pulled from himself and communicated to others.

Where the Muslim and Christian very poignantly meet is in their mutual reverence for the mother of Jesus. Poor Mary—to the Muslim she is also poor. They know her grief is somehow more terrible than theirs; it is against any law for a mother to lose her only son. The Muslim does not feel alien or strange with her; the holy woman is in the heart of those who were exiled with Agar and left to wander in the wilderness without a sign. The heart is helpless and feeble before the sign given to Mary.

Revelation is pressed out of the crushed Christ. He sees because He is actually in the fruitless desert, existing there, knowing the places where souls live, the cities with their straight and winding disappointments. And nature seems so sadly barren, the eyes look only upward where there is night. His faith is the compassionate gift of the Transcendent's glance into His own creation.

1. Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam, J.-K. Huysmans (Librairie Plon, Paris, 1921).

2. From conversations with Louis Massignon in Paris and Brittany—to whom I have a profound debt of gratitude and friendship. His spirit, as that of his friend Charles de Foucauld, necessarily echoes throughout this "conversation".

3. Mohammed at Saint Francis, Giulio Basetti-Sani, O.F.M. (Commissariat de Terre-Sainte, Ottawa, 1959).

"The key to the whole of life is to be able to put oneself in the second place."

TURGENEV

Friday Night Meetings

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

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

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 4)

ended, as one observer remarked, the Counter Reformation period of the Church. A story soon circulated around Rome that Cardinal Ottaviani had composed a new Confiteor: *Bea culpa, Bea culpa, Bea Maximus culpa.*

The Pope directed Cardinal Bea to prepare a schema on the Jewish people, which attempted to break down the putative theological basis for anti-Semitism that has flourished among Catholics.

When the Jewish people heard of the Council's preparations, a wave of fear swept across the world's Jewish communities, and they began their prayers of penance. During the long history of their travail at the mercy of their "christian" persecutors, an ecumenical council usually presaged repression and persecution. John XXIII hoped that through Cardinal Bea he might be able to smash those myths that have often made christianity a violation of love that cried to heaven for atonement. However, when the Holy Office got the news, they went to the attack and alerted various Arab nations. Their diplomats to the Vatican shouted such a furor of reprisals against Christians in their countries that Cardinal Bea had to drop the schema.

Said one U.S. Bishop in shocked disbelief: "I wouldn't have believed all this if I hadn't seen it."

An American Curia member laughed at this bishop's greenness and declared: "What do these bishops think this is? A Boy Scout jamboree?"

Indeed, it is not.

With the cries of Auschwitz, Buchenwald and the dozens of other death factories echoing across Europe, and the ashes of six million Jews hardly cooled, such a monstrous act by the Holy Office could only be given justice by an Emile Zola's *J'accuse*.

Despite all its tilting at windmills, dilly-dallying and endless cul-de-sac "enunciations," there is a feeling of evangelical change sweeping in the air — some of it towards the darker corners of Peter's Bark. The state-of-siege theology is gasping, many optimists hope, in its final agony. Realists who are aware of the centuries-old habit of sweeping everything under the rug with a wave of triumphalism, know that it is hard to break. For the man in the pew who might want to listen, and for the vast majority in the street who do not, the Church will have to do a lot more than phrase "progressive" documents. The air is filled with talk of reform, but reform can often be little more than dilletantism and concern with mere external changes. A complete revolution of thought must sweep through the Church, blowing before it all the dismal shards of her intellectual, emotional and moral failures.

THE TEREZIN REQUIEM. By Joseph Bor. Published by Alfred A. Knopf and Co., translated from the Czech by Edith Pargeter. 112 pp. Reviewed by TOM CORNELL.

Verdi's *Requiem*, and no other work. Italian music with a Latin text, Catholic prayers, Jewish singers, and musicians from Bohemia, Austria, Germany, Holland and Denmark, many even from Poland and Hungary. A *Requiem* studied and directed by an unbeliever, a *Requiem* in the ghetto. What a conception!

To realize this conception the brilliant Raphael Schaechter drove himself and some five hundred other inmates of the Terezin concentration camp passionately. It was summer, 1944. The Wehrmacht was being shattered. But the Nazis were pursuing their Final Solution to the Jewish Question still more vigorously. Among the population of the camp at Terezin, (Theresienstadt), Schaechter was able to find soloists, choir and orchestra. Some instruments were found, and some were smuggled into the camp. Slowly the *Requiem* took form, time and again to be

wrenched apart by transports carrying some of the singers and orchestra members to the death factories.

Under any conditions, the Verdi *Requiem* is a very demanding piece of music. At Terezin it seemed almost impossible to perform, but an undertaking, if it could be accomplished, that would have great meaning.

Schaechter explained to his singers that the *Dies Irae*, "is no German 'der Tag', no day of arrogance, not even a day of victory or defeat. It is the day of wrath, of righteous wrath. The day in which the German Wehrmacht, torn to shreds, will moan and bleed under the shattering blows of the Red Army, when the very earth of Germany will crack and burst into flame and smoke and the thunder of thousands of exploding bombs. This is the *Dies Irae* of which we shall be thinking when we strike the kettle drums and launch from our throats the yell of the pursuing demons. Not for revenge, not to settle our own accounts, only for the cause of human justice."

The narrative is in large part factual, though many incidents and characters were invented for the purposes of the plot. Eichmann and Moese did actually attend a performance of the *Requiem*. Eichmann too sensed the grizzly irony. Schaechter re-worked the last section for the occasion, the *Libera me* and the *Libera nos* in fortissimo.

Josef Bor met Raphael Schaechter at Terezin. Of his entire family,

only Bor survived. He also lived through Auschwitz and Buchenwald. Since the War he has remarried, and with his wife and children he lives in Prague where he is legal consultant to a business firm. This is his second book. His first is an autobiographical novel entitled *The Abandoned Doll*. Bor's style, and the English of Edith Pargeter's translation, are swift, clean and strong. Bor's construction is simple and relentless. It carries the reader to an inevitable catharsis together with the Conductor, his singers and orchestra in an experience of the indomitable nature of the human spirit.

This is a very short book, easily read in one sitting. We are hardly in a position to pass judgement on the human motivations for the righteous wrath that blazes forth from the book. As a work of art it is very moving and thoroughly valid.



Joe Hill House

(Continued from page 4)

meeting. He quoted Heine to the effect that it was conviction and not mere belief that was important. The next meeting will be held in a Catholic Church May 4th on the subject of Suffering. I am sorry that I will miss it.

I received a letter from Governor Romney of Michigan containing his speech the night he spoke at a Republican fund raising dinner in Salt Lake City and shook hands with us of the NAACP who picketed there. He comes out for full civil rights for the Negro, and speaking of such groups as the John Birchers without naming them he said, "Waving the banners of Americanism they deny the principles of America."

Speaking

I spoke to a class of 125 in Sociology at the University of Utah. They were all Mormons but one, who was Catholic. I spoke to a smaller class the same day. This was on anarchism. I conferred with Steve Allen's secretary on my trip to the coast. I am to tape a fifteen minute interview March 11 on his program, but the time when it appears over the country will vary with the backlog which the local station has. My daughters were busy teaching long hours that day so I only spoke to them on the phone. Carmen has some Irish songs which she will play for me on her harp when I am there again in March. I spoke to a fine crowd for 2½ hours at the University of San Francisco. Mary has her place partitioned off neatly in rooms, and she has another month before she will have to leave. She took me one night to a Basque hotel where meals were served similar to those of the Italian and Spanish anarchists at their Saturday night dinners on John Street in New York City. Mary is in good cheer and will try to start buying a place too. I always tell her and other young folks to remember the story of Chicken-Little and not get discouraged about things that seldom happen. At the tax refusal conference near Ross, California I met old friends and had a pleasant time in a cottage snuggled in the mountains. I was able to speak for a few minutes to Brother Antoninus who is on retreat for a year.

At the University of Dubuque

my friend of Mormon heritage, Kenneth Mitchell, introduced me to a sizable meeting of students and faculty. This place is Presbyterian and not used to such radicalism, but I was invited back again in April. I also received requests to speak at Milton, Wis. College, Beloit College, Kenosha, and Muskego, besides my regular meeting in Madison and Milwaukee. This will be after April 15th. Cornell University

I spoke here ten years ago to a radical club, although a few Catholics sneaked over from the Newman Club. This time our Father Hoodak who was formerly across from us at Nativity Center, in New York introduced me on behalf of the Newman Club in the Episcopalian Manse. The audience was about half Catholic and half Episcopalian. My friend Alan Gotthelf came to Salt Lake City last summer to gather material for a thesis on the CW. He planned my meetings here for a week. In a talk on anarchism at the Forum I had one of the best meetings in years. I had a dozen meetings in all with many religious groups and with groups of students in their clubs. I roomed across the hall from Miss Frances Perkins, formerly Secretary of Labor, and we discussed labor history. I met Paul Goodman's son who attends school here. Beside the ordinary eastern student I met some from England, Nigeria and Rhodesia. At one meeting a student from the latter country had heard others speaking up for wars, prisons and The American Way of Life, and he said, "What would you think if Christ had killed his enemies; would we have had any Christian religion?"

I slept in a good bed for a week and had the best rest in several years. I will be speaking in Tucson, Tues. March 24; in Carmel, Cal. at the home of Alan Marcus Tuesday March 17; to the Newman Club in Riverside, Cal. Wed. March 18, 8 pm; in Washington, DC March 31, and April 1; at the Nativist Church, 8648 Oakleigh St., Baltimore, 8 p.m. April 2. In Philadelphia April 3; in New York City April 4, 5, 6, 7; in Buffalo April 9, 10, 11; and at the Catholic Information Center in Toronto, Sunday April 12.

tional customs of ascetics such as the Kavi, ochre colored robe designating the holy men as separated nearer to the divinity. This was no superficial effort at imitating folk-lore but the fruit of a real study of what comes naturally to the people.

At the same time in the chapters, "In The Name of The Church," "In The Name of India," the authors make quite clear that their aim is not so much to be adapted to India, as to live there a life in the fullness of the Trinity, at the same time hermits and prophets, reads in the wind, voices in the desert, one eye on man and one eye on God.

Eight years later their message reaches us again in a second book bearing Father Monchanin's sannyasi name: Swami Parama Arubi Anandam. But this time it is part testament and part testimony, for Father Monchanin worn out with austerities and mined by cancer, was flown back to Paris to be reunited with his old mother and his friends. He died at the Hospital Saint Antoine on October 10, 1957, reduced to a skeleton.

These friends and those of India in their deep mourning, have sent their tribute to contribute to the new book, and the gaunt Gothic priest blended to the sannyasi is painted in many ways. "He founded and was founded," says the one. "He gave me my own country," says the other. Dom Bede Griffiths brings the valuable testimony of one whose vocation has run on somewhat similar lines and who is trying his own experiment in India. Father de Lubac, the admiration of a mind as great as his, and Cardinal Cerlier from Lyons, descendant of the Apostles, parts a second time with his apostle. But rising over all these voices it is that of the dead man that surrounds us with pencils of light:

"For us God is neither the impersonal nor the unimpersonal. In his intimate life he is three persons. We reject equally the systems of Dvaita, Advaita and Vishata-Advaita. We believe that it is not despite his Trinity, but in very consequence of it, that God is one. He is SAT, He is CIT, He is ANANDA. Being, Consciousness, Bliss—in such manner that He constitutes three centers of personality, each one polarized by the other two.

"... Has Ghandi a message for the world too? The world awaits it. The purity of the means must be equal to the purity of the end, such is, I think, the Mahatma's message."

His editor says:

"Father Monchanin was a firm believer in progress. Some have accused him of being a conservative—for having preserved in India a mode of life called to die out—but they did not know him. He professed himself half jokingly, half seriously to be an anarchist, like his friends of the Catholic Worker in New York. Even his admirers were quite disconcerted at times at the boldness of his political and social opinions, and the optimism with which he viewed the revolutionary movements of our time—be they democratic or anti-colonialist—in spite of his lucidity about the risks involved at their falling into the hands of evil forces."

Two currents swirl against each other in the book: the extraordinary figure of the Abbe Monchanin, compelling, tender, passionate, a fount of wisdom, of childlike simplicity, the two persons, the two natures of East and West renouncing and feeding each other; the extraordinary character of the mission and its dazzling foresight, is one; in the other in the part called "Garland of Memories" one senses, intermingled with fervent tributes the unease of many in front of the apparent unsuccess of the ashram. Little known and little followed but much criticized.

Reflection

(Continued from page 2)

One remark by Rev. T. N. Sequeira may sum all up: "Did he succeed; what is success? To have tried such a great experiment and never flinched in spite of criticism and discouragement, to have died a martyr to it—is this not success in God's eyes which see deeper and further than man's."

There is a predominant note in the book, one of eloquent, muffled silence. The silence of the co-founder, Dom Henri Le Saux. To the world he has given all he knew of Father Monchanin but his own name is not once mentioned. Such humility becomes a great mirror against which plays the light of the dead man, who is alive whilst the living one is dead, as silent rooms are reflected in mirrors and mirrors reflect the reflected room. Father Monchanin was the pioneer and both founded the ashram. Father Monchanin died in a way a martyr. Dom Le Saux, now Abhishiktananda, has become the single hermit, static and itinerant. His letters to friends known and unknown are as eloquent as his silence. He speaks of the dangers roaming around the purity of the message, of the eagerness of the world to organize the unsuccess on triter lines. He ardently lives Christ's presence alone at Shantivanan or on his heroic pilgrimage, to the great pilgrimages of Siva, the whole length of India from south to north, in the Himalayas; there for millennia an obscure God had been adored and there the Man-God received his praise and brought his Presence. Dom Abhishiktananda, strangely enough, rested, welcomed by the Quakers, in the very spot where another prophet, Michael Scott starts his book: *A Time To Speak*. The swami across India carries the Word closed in his heart and then back to Shantivanan where a few whose ear is keen will visit him for ecumenical meetings, to know more about the great mystery of love in the divine and human interpretation.

Bibliography: SWAMI PARAMA ARUBI ANANDA, The Trichinopoly United Printers, Tiruchirappalli—Essay for an Indian Benedictine Ashram, Ermites du Saccinanda.

Reprinted from The Third Hour

GOOD WILL AMBASSADORS from HIROSHIMA and NAGASAKI

A group of twenty-five Hibakusha (Survivors of the Atomic Bombings) are coming to the United States, April 21 through June 7, to share with the American people their knowledge of the A-Bomb and its aftermath, to convey their deep and unyielding dedication to work and research for peace, to learn from the American people how we are working in our schools, research centers and peace groups, and to serve as a pilot project for International Cooperation Year.

The group will hold major meetings in Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta, New York and Washington, and many other areas. Catholic Worker readers might be particularly interested in Mr. Zenshi Murakami of Nagasaki, who comes with a high recommendation from Bishop Zamaguchi of Nagasaki, as a "most suitable person to represent the Catholics of Nagasaki. He is a teacher of tea ceremony and flower arrangement, and has contributed greatly to the culture of young people."

Arrangements for meetings in St. Paul can be made through Mulford Sibley, 2018 Fairmont, St. Paul, Minn. and in Chicago through Hermine Evens, 1160 E. 56 St., Chicago, Ill. Meetings in other areas can be arranged through World Peace Study Mission, 325 Lafayette St. (2 floor), New York, N.Y. Tel. (212) WA 5-1386.