



ON PILGRIMAGE

By Dorothy Day

We left Staten Island, Wednesday morning, December 28, right after Mass without stopping for breakfast other than a cup of coffee, and crossing the bridge into Perth Amboy, (Outerbridge Crossing) we were soon on the Jersey Turnpike which within a few hours led us directly to the Pennsylvania Turnpike. There was snow on the fields, but none on the road, and it was bitterly cold. But the car, a 1956 Ford, bright blue, which Fr. Kern of Detroit gave me to travel in had not only a heater but a radio, and we proceeded with much comfort, taking an occasional weather report from the radio.

It was a sunny day and we rejoiced. It was good to get started on this long trip, and we both prayed, Mary Lathrop and I, that all would be well at home, that every one's guardian angels would look after them and that I would not be called back as I have been in the past, by some emergency. We got as far as Greensburgh the first night and next morning awoke to a heavy snow and icy roads. Radio kept repeating ominously "driving hazardous," but we found the turnpike well sanded, though the speeds posted were 35 miles an hour. Starting out at ten thirty we were able to reach Avon, Ohio by 2:30 in the afternoon.

Our Lady of the Wayside Farm

It is no longer a farm, this home of William and Dorothy Gauchat although it started out as one of

our Catholic Worker farms. It is now not only the home of the Gauchats and their own six children, but also of five other little ones, spastic, cerebral palsy, mongolian, hydrocephalic, etc., some of them active such as one little six-year-old boy suffering from cerebral palsy who is now going to a school in Lorain, started by a group of volunteers for three mornings each week. When Dorothy took him at two years old he weighed eleven pounds, and was pronounced hopeless by the doctors. But now he is a handsome little fellow, exuberant, laughing, and very happy playing with the other children. So many of these children are so dull at birth that the first job is to see that they take nourishment. They are fearful, timid and very sad. But they respond to the love of this Christian family who are "on the side of life" and respect this gift of the Lord. It seems to me to be the most holy optimism too, to hope that science and research may find ways to help these little ones.

It was so good to spend a couple of nights with Dorothy and Bill, whom I have not seen for several years. They have always opened their home to so many destitute ones but these seem to me to be the Holy Innocents whose feast we had just celebrated. Victims too, of a cruel Herod, but in another way. Later Julian Pleasants of Notre Dame was to tell me that un-

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Gauchats Practise Hospitality

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

The dictum that every home should have a Christ room and that every family should practise personal responsibility to those in need is admirably illustrated in the homelife of the Gauchat family of Avon, Ohio.

We are especially proud of the Gauchat family because we feel that they are part of our worldwide Catholic Worker family and also because during the depression Bill Gauchat was the director of the Blessed Martin de Porres House of Hospitality in Cleveland, Ohio and was personally responsible for the hospitality given many thousands of homeless and jobless men.

Dorothy Gauchat was then a student at Notre Dame Academy and spent her spare time working with the Catholic Worker movement in Cleveland. After their marriage the Gauchats decided to turn their home into a hospice for the taking care of handicapped children who would otherwise be forced to languish in state institutions.

The first child they adopted some fourteen years ago was a young boy suffering from a severe brain injury whom the doctors considered as hopeless and who had to be kept alive because in their words, "there was nothing else to do." But the Gauchats discovered that the child was still responsive to the love of a family and to the feeling that it was wanted.

It was the care of this first child (who eventually died) that led the Gauchats to their vocation of taking care of the children whom no one wanted. The Gauchats deplore strongly the tendency of many professional social workers to call children suffering from brain injuries as "vegetables." Rather as Dorothy points out they are individuals with

a need for human affection and quickly respond to the fact that they are loved.

Whenever Dorothy Day or the Staff of the Catholic Worker visit Avon, Ohio they always make it a point to visit with the Gauchats at 38135 Colorado Ave. It is a large 14 room brick house situated on a five acre plot with a small pond ideal for fishing and swimming. There is plenty of room for the six Gauchat children and the six handicapped boys and girls to play.

The Gauchat children, Anita, Helenmarie, Suzanne, Colette, Eric and David have accepted as part of their family the six handicapped children. There is Donald, 9 months, a critical hydrocephalic. Susan, 11 months, a mongoloid. Michael, 7 years, who is completely retarded and cannot communicate with anyone. There is Todd who is 6 and is confined to a wheelchair with cerebral palsy. Kim 14 months, is a hydrocephalic. Kelly who is 4 is hydrocephalic and is confined to a wheelchair.

The children play with one another and there is an acceptance and a sharing of games and also part of the work in taking care of the large household. It is this mutual love and sharing that is the clue for the joy and happiness that pervades the Gauchat family.

The state has asked the Gauchats to enlarge their house and to take in many more children, but the Gauchats feel that this would destroy the entire purpose of their work which is to provide a home for children. They pray and hope that their example will inspire other families to take in one or more of these severely handicapped children and give them a share in the love and friendship of a family.

ED WILLOCK DIES

By ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

Ed Willock, co-editor with Carol Jackson of Integrity magazine, died at Pearl River Hospital on Sunday, December 18 after a nine-year illness and many paralytic strokes. In a much commented-upon article in *Spiritual Life*, a Carmelite magazine, in its September, 1957, issue, Ed told of the physiotherapy methods used to regain his speech. He compared the technique in detail to progress in the spiritual life through grace.

New England members of the Catholic Worker movement remember him with special affection for

he helped them to start houses of hospitality in Boston and Worcester and a farm commune in Upton, Massachusetts.

He was shortly out of high school when he first joined the Our Lady of Perpetual Help hospitality group in Boston. He was eager for discussion and a practical participation in the works of mercy. He'd stay at the house from time to time and serve the morning breadline, meet the men and engage in pleasant and stimulating conversation. He had a tremendous sense of humor, an unaffected

manner and a remarkable ability to think. He was to become one of the most thoughtful Catholic writers of our time. A bishop friend once told me he had passed on copies of Ed's writing in *Integrity* to every priest in his diocese. I could see his admiration for me going up a few points when he learned I knew him personally. *Integrity* was often quoted at length in other countries and some foreign editors noted that it marked an intellectual coming of age of the American Catholic Church.

Two early incidents in his life gave him direction. First was his creation of a poster for a notice board at Mission High School in Roxbury, Massachusetts. This resulted in a great increase in student communions which pleased the school authorities. They commented on this to Ed and he saw the beginnings of his vocation. The reverse side of the picture was his being offered a job by a national tea and coffee company. This company prided itself on its dated coffee so housewives knew they were getting the fresh thing. Ed was asked to take the packages returned from the stores as unsold and place the coffee in newly-dated bags. This hanky-panky so amused him he ever after made funny cartoons and comments on business and advertising practices. His jingles and cartoons were often reprinted and a book of his cartoons eventually were put out in

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*Drop down dew, you heavens, from above
and let the clouds rain the just;
let the earth be opened
and bud forth a Savior.*

Isa. 45: 8

A FAREWELL TO SHAKERS

By BYRON R. BRYANT

"She is as serene and cheerful as a nun," a member of our party said as we looked back into the interior of the Shaker museum at a little woman in white cap and plain dress who stood smiling benevolently after us. I thought of her as a withered corn flower, thin, dry, in danger of being blown away, but with fading colors well preserved. She is one of eleven women still inhabiting what is left of a once large Shaker colony near Canterbury, New Hampshire.

An hour and a half earlier, as our group approached the wooden buildings of the colony, two things had especially impressed me. One was the quiet, an outward sign of depths of quietness within the inhabitants. The other was an effect of cleanliness bordering on the immaculate: buildings painted white and in good repair, the lawns and walks well kept. It was no surprise to be told that the living

quarters (which we saw only from the outside) contained the simple but beautifully proportioned furniture for which the Shakers are still famous.

A young man in a garishly colored sports shirt emerged suddenly from one of the smaller white houses. He was obviously one of ourselves, and later we learned why he was there. All the Shaker men of the colony are dead, and the eleven little ladies needed a man to fix lights when the fuses burned out, to lift heavy things, or to drive to town for articles that even Shakers can no longer make for themselves.

Such dependence on an outsider emphasized the pathos of the Shakers' situation. This movement of primitive American communism and democratic religion had more than 6,000 members a century and a quarter ago. Today there are

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WALK FOR PEACE

By JERRY LEHMANN

I promised to write you about the San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace, which started in San Francisco on December 1st and has now covered 235 miles of the 6,500 miles we expect to walk. There are ten of us who are full-time walkers, besides a few people who go ahead to inform the police, stimulate the press, find housing, arrange meetings, scout out military bases and defense plants and so forth. And many who join us on week-ends or offer encouragement, and many thousands whose contributions to the Committee for Non-Violent Action will make the walk possible. We are walking on in faith, calling on all men in America, in England, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Russia to consider the moral implications of their activities preparing for war. The time to protest is now, when they are only building the bombs, missiles, submarines, chemicals and germ warfare devices; not after the atrocities are committed and the world is dead or dying. We are asking men in all these countries to refuse to serve in the armed forces, to refuse to work in the war plants making the instruments of death, and to refuse to pay taxes making possible for the governments to build the push-button weapons. We are now going from San Francisco to Los Angeles and walking about 23 miles a day, in spite of sore feet, blisters, swollen ankles and the like. From Los Angeles we will turn east to Phoenix, White Sands, Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Washington, Philadelphia and New York. On June first we expect to fly from New York

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On Pilgrimage

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doubtedly the testing of atomic weapons was having something to do with the crippling of mind and body of so many newborn babies.

While I visited with the Gauchats, Mary Lathrop went into Cleveland to visit the Hennacy family, Ammon's mother and sister, Ammon's mother plays the accordion, at the age of 85, and she is strong and most active though a tiny creature compared to her strong sons and daughters.

South Bend

The route to South Bend is an easy one, and we got there well before dark and were met near the turnpike by Terry McKiernan who had to guide us to his home, a comfortable roomy old house with five acres around it with orchard and plenty of room for garden. Terry earns his living by running the House of Bread, which his wife Ruth started with a group of Grail women, just as she started our bakery in Staten Island. There are three little ones, Miriam, Margaret and Christine.

We had breakfast next morning with the Pleasants, Mary Jane and Julian, and their fine family, John, eleven, then Peter, Jimmy, Michael, Mary Ann, Martha and Madeleine, who is eight and a half months old, and is in a way, one of these Holy Innocents I was speaking of. It was a breakfast which lasted until noon, and we talked of many things, home and parish and work. The Commonwealth has just published one of Julian's latest articles *Religion and Science*. The parish they live near has a beautiful new church, St. Teresa's and there is either a dialog or sung Mass each day, with an offertory procession. Children are educated for their first Holy Communion by their parents, and examined by the priest, receiving Communion as a family group.

Julian is the only scholar I know who has built his own home, to shelter his own family, a job which is never finished, so that as he said, his sons can boast that they helped build the house they were born in. He, together with Norrie Merdzinsky as students at Notre Dame ran the John and Paul house of hospitality years ago, and Julian stayed on to teach at Notre Dame. Together with other Young Christian Students, he purchased an eighty acre tract on which half a dozen families or more, have built their homes and raised their families. Being teachers, many of them, there has been some turnover but nevertheless it is a community of a kind.

Eugene Geissler, who is head of the Fides Press which published my *THERESE* a few months ago, is the builder and has not only built his own house, helped others build theirs, but has supervised the building of part of the headquarters of the Press. They have a family of twelve, and on the afternoon we visited them and the press, one of their girls who was helping out at Fides, made coffee for us at the

offices. Their home is always expanding of course, but they have ample land, and it was a happy thing to see too the groves of trees that Eugene has planted, groves of pines, and other trees too. Eugene like another famous publisher, Frank Sheed, is the author too of a number of many books, on family life and certainly he knows whereof he speaks. I felt that my visit short though it was with him and Josephine, was a blessed one, and thinking of my own large family, I asked them to pray for David and Tamar and their nine children too.

The Nuttings

Willis Nutting and his wife have long been our friends, and Peter Maurin never failed to visit there. We talked of Melbourne University, which is in the process of being built up near Melbourne Village in Florida and which was started by Ralph Borsodi and continued by Nutting. It is at present a seminar to discuss philosophical problems of the day and Nutting is enthusiastic about the interest shown by the older, retired people of the town. Young people, scientists, working at Cape Canaveral, deeply troubled by the problems of the time, discuss fundamental truths, and as Peter Maurin said always, clarification of thought was basic to action. "There can be no revolution without a theory of revolution," Peter used to quote Lenin as saying, and it is on this fundamental level that Willis Nutting works. All year he teaches at Notre Dame, and in the summer, he goes to Florida to continue his teaching. I have heard many young men speak of how profound an influence in their lives their contact with Nutting has been.

The Hamels

I had met the Geisslers, the McKiernans, the Pleasants and the Nuttings before, but a new family, the Hammels, (and I am not even sure of the spelling of their name) came to breakfast at the McKiernan's New Year's morning, just before we set out for Peoria, Illinois. The husband teaches in Notre Dame. It was due to an "exceptional child" in the family that Angela, the wife, was able to get a school started for retarded children, another one of the many small schools which are so necessary. It is a great illustration of the Bishops' call for "personal responsibility" which they made in their message this year.

Knox College

We set out right after breakfast and reached Peoria that evening, where we were the guests of Janet Burwash's family. It was good to be able to stop for a day and catch up on some mail. Then Janet had to return to New York, and we went on to Galesburg, where I spoke that morning at eleven o'clock before eight hundred students. That afternoon and evening there were other meetings, not to speak of lunch and dinner meetings, but the next day we were free until

noon and after lunch there was a four o'clock meeting again. After a good night's sleep we left again the next morning for Macomb, Illinois where Father Haddigan had invited us to meet his curate, Father Kelly, who was chaplain of the Newman Club of Western Illinois University. Father Kelly's brother is one of the chaplains at the University of Illinois at Champaign and Urbana. The western Illinois branch of the university has only two thousand students and so the Newman Club is not very large.

While we were at lunch Father Haddigan began telling us about the Mormons, knowing Ammon's interest in the group, and it was interesting to learn that they had had their big Illinois settlement of twenty five thousand people not more than fifty miles away at Nauvoo, Illinois. It was hard to believe that Nauvoo then was a larger town than Chicago, which at that time had a population of only five thousand.

Nauvoo

"You should visit the Benedictine Sisters at Nauvoo," he said. "They own some of the old property of the Mormons, and the old arsenal is part of their buildings." Father Edmund, O.S.B. who is chaplain of the sisters is the greatest expert on the Mormons in the country, and has been studying their history for a long time. He knows their



theology as well as their economic set-up."

When we found out that we could make the trip to Nauvoo and back in time for the evening meeting, we set out at once and passed the little town of Carthage and saw the old jail where Joseph Smith met his death by mob violence. "The community did not collapse, and Joseph Smith was not lynched because of polygamy," Father Edmund said later, but because the Mormons felt themselves to be the chosen people, had a militia of their own of five thousand men and raided the surrounding country. They were, in fact, cattle thieves, but they believed, of course that God was with them and that they had right to take their neighbors' property.

It is astounding the growth of this large community in Illinois in so few years. They were strong believers in education, and they were the first community to have a municipal charter for a municipal university. They had their own court and none could try a Mormon but themselves. After the murder of Smith, when their charter was withdrawn, they began their move to the west, leaving everything behind them. They tried to sell their land and buildings and then their whole town for two hundred thousand dollars. The temple alone, which they had built, cost a million dollars at that time. Finally, the place was sold to the Icarians who were atheists and communists for a thousand dollars. They had a common nursery where the children were taken care of and a common dining room where twelve hundred people could be fed. Later the temple burned down, at least the wooden parts of it, and a tornado destroyed the rest of it. The stones which made it up became a quarry and the parochial school, situated down the road now, was made from these very stones.

The Icarian community did not last long and now in addition to the small Mormon community there is one of the finest Benedictine high schools that I have ever visited, an academy which serves not only the surrounding country, but also has students from other countries. The nuns sing the office

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In the Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

The Canadian Broadcasting Company interviewed me on the picket line at the Civil Defense headquarters asking if I thought that our picketing would stop civil defense, and why we were opposed to it. My answer was that if a bomb hit New York City there would be no one left and therefore the whole civil defense idea was a fraud.

Of course we had "marched around the walls" for months and they had not even begun to fall. Shelters in the outskirts might prevent death for a time but what would they use for air when they came out of the shelters?

I was asked if I believed in unilateral disarmament and if I did then wouldn't the Russians destroy us if we disarmed first. If we disarmed and ceased our exploitation of most of the non-Communist world this would be the power greater than a million H-Bombs: that soul force that Gandhi spoke of and exemplified, for all tyrants ask for a plebiscite from their subjects these days. They could not win with love abroad in the world. With modern radio and television the glorious news that the principles of Christ were being practiced by the only nation which had used the Atom Bomb would upset all tyrants.

But don't worry, we will be the last ones to give up our gold and our exploitation. If Christ couldn't change this bad world we surely can't do it, but we are going to keep on trying in His name. I was asked to give a definition of anarchism and said that it was "voluntary cooperation, with the right of secession. Laws, good people don't need them, and bad people don't obey them, so what good are they?" This interview will be broadcast in January and only in Canada. These same folks interviewed my Doukhobor friends. I will be speaking on television March 5 in Saskatoon, and on the 4th to a convention of the Doukhobors there.

Sing Sing

We are pacifists who are against war, and we are also against personal violence when one person kills another. I was always theoretically opposed to capital punishment but on December 1st when Mary Lathrop and I went to Sing Sing prison and picketed the death house from 4:20 to 10 p.m. I have entered a new phase of my life so that now I regard as unutterably stupid and vicious this eye for an eye policy which cold-bloodedly says that upon a certain date man shall do to man this terrible thing. We had expected to find some Quakers picketing but none were there. We came late because Mary had picketed from 12 until 2 at the Civil Defense and I had been helping lay a wreath at the Buddhist Temple at 105th Street and Riverside Drive along with others to a saint of Hiroshima in penance for our bombing. We carried our sign up the 71 wooden steps which shortened the distance up the hill to the prison. We did not know just where to picket and asked a guard who was coming off duty: "They always picket there, but there isn't really much capital punishment any more, just four or five a year," and he pointed to a roadway at the entrance to the prison. I had spoken to Ronald Chapman's lawyer who had got a reprieve for Chapman several months ago after he had spent nearly a year in the death house. This young man age 21 had murdered a derelict in a quarrel over 35c and somehow not having friends or money had come to this dead end. It was hoped that he might get a reprieve yet today. So as we marched back and forth and cars came from town to view our sign and turned and went back again we hoped and prayed for the best. None of the employees knew if the reprieve had come or if they did know they wouldn't tell us. Several employees asked us

for CW's and wished us well, and no one called us names or opposed us. I had fasted since morning, this being Thursday when I fast until Friday night, but as we shivered I felt that I could do as Mike Kovalak says, "dispense myself," so Mary and I went to a Negro restaurant up and down the 71 steps again for some bean soup and other nourishment. At 9:30 we said the Rosary for Chapman and about five minutes of 10 we knelt on our sign on the cold pavement and prayed silently for courage for him, and for grace for him in his agony. It was not until the next morning that we knew for sure that he had been executed. I cry very seldom but I could do nothing all morning but shed tears of pity and rage because of this cruel and inhuman practice of our Christian nation. The paper said that no friends or relatives came to see Chapman. Wherever I am in the future the first thing upon my program is to picket and pray whenever there is an execution in the state in which I am living. As Tolstoy said when he first saw a guillotine work in Paris, "there is no such thing as progress."

South American Catholic Unionists

November 11, the night that Rose Pesotta spoke to us on the 73rd anniversary of the execution of the anarchist Haymarket martyrs, we were fortunate to have ten Catholic trade union leaders from Chile and Brazil speak to us through an interpreter. They knew of the Pinkertons at Homestead, of the Molly Maguires, of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, of Debs and of Sacco and Vanzetti, and they were going to visit the graves of the anarchists in Waldheim cemetery in Chicago before they left. They told of the American labor leaders who came to visit them and who stayed in expensive hotels and worked with the imperialistic American Embassy. Where peons are paid 30c to 70c a day by Catholic employers, and where those who organize unions are beaten and killed as they were in the old days in this country, and as they are in the South now. They knew something about the problems of migrants in this country too. They visited the headquarters of unions here which were more luxurious than that of bankers in their own countries. They said that the first organizers of unions in South America were anarchists. After the meeting they were pleased to hear Mary Lathrop lead in singing I.W.W. and other labor songs, saying in Spanish after they left, "You are the best in New York."

Later we went to a reception at the Grail in Brooklyn and heard a Bishop from Chile tell of the problems of the lay apostolate in his and other South American countries. The Church and State are separate in Chile and Brazil while in most of the other countries there the Catholic Church being the state church provides a reason for Protestants making much propaganda and many converts. He said that because Catholics had not been active in solving social problems Communists were gaining in Cuba and elsewhere. I had never met Irene Mary Naughton, on our staff for years, until this evening and I was happy to make her acquaintance.

Meetings

I spoke to the Muhlenberg Christian Association in Allentown, Pa., having been there several years ago. One young man engaged me in conversation in a restaurant at length after the meeting, and finally said that he worked for a finance company. All present knew it but me and he inferred that he felt better now that he had come across with the chief obstacle to his spiritual and intellectual progress. Another young man had a considerable sum of money in the bank that he had worked for and

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A Farewell to Shakers

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about twenty-nine left in the United States. One of these is male, but he is very old and deaf and lives in another colony—one near Poland, Maine, I believe.

There are, perhaps, four almost depopulated Shaker communities in the United States; seventy-five years ago there were 58.

Some idea of the origin of this sect can be gained from their original name, Shaking Quakers. For the Shakers began during a great Quaker revival in England in 1747, at a time when orthodox Christianity was at an exceptionally low ebb and produced very few saints. (One interesting saint of this period, Benedict Joseph Labre, was unhappy in every religious order he attempted to join and achieved sainthood through a painful process of individual, prayerful introversion.) The failure of the Catholic and Anglican churches to arouse the support of the middle and lower classes in England produced such phenomena as the Methodism of John and Charles Wesley or Emmanuel Swedenborg's vulgarly literal visions of heaven, which, nevertheless, influenced William Blake and, later, the New England Transcendentalists. The yearning for religious experience remained great; the poet Christopher Smart suddenly falling on his knees to pray in the middle of a London street or William Blake looking out his back window to see a tree in his yard full of angels were extreme examples of a search for a spiritual reality of which the orthodox seemed to know little. This was the time when the middle and working classes began openly to leave the orthodox churches, and sects multiplied faster than before.

It was a woman, Ann Lee, an illiterate daughter of a blacksmith, who made the Shaking Quakers a distinct religious organization and who brought some of her followers to New York in 1774 when they found the English too intolerant. The first regular Shaker society was founded at New Lebanon, New York; the property was sold in 1951 because all the members were deceased. Other Shaker settlements ranged from Maine to Kentucky and Indiana.

Shaker communities resembled monastic orders in many ways. The prospective member had to make a general confession of sins to an Elder of the community, and he had to agree to donate his labor and possessions to the common stock with the understanding that there would be no recompense if he decided to withdraw. Members of each sex dressed uniformly and all were supplied with the same articles of furniture. All were expected to work at useful occupations: weaving, wood-turning, preparing medicines, producing garden seeds, printing, farming. Members were not allowed to take part in wars and, particularly during the Civil War, many Shakers were imprisoned for their pacifist stand.

The most famous of all Shaker teachings was, of course, the one concerning absolute celibacy. It was argued that in an ideal Shaker community the condition of Heaven, "where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," should be anticipated on earth. Furthermore, Ann Lee, in what might be considered a forerunner of the modern idea that all of us are combinations of masculinity and femininity, taught that God is female as well as male and that while Christ embodied His maleness, Ann Lee "rounded out" His manifestation and thereby provided the Second Coming, which required a female embodiment.

Such audacious unorthodoxy does seem to have produced one interesting effect: Although it was impossible to deny the fundamental differences between the sexes, such a theory did tend to produce a greater sense of equality between men and women.

The Shakers were certainly one of the most successful Christian

communist groups in this country, where many such experiments have been tried. Their handicrafts and other products were successful even by commercial standards; the Shaker reputation for quality is still well remembered. The austerity of their lives was broken particularly by their famous practice of carrying on some of their religious services by dancing—like David before the ark of the Lord, or so they said. They also offered musical training to all their members who had any aptitude. Has anyone recorded the reputedly beautiful hymns of the Shakers?

But there are probably many to whom all these achievements will not excuse the apparent lack of foresight and prudence in insisting upon absolute celibacy for all true believers. Monastic orders draw their membership, of course, from a larger religious body of laymen who are encouraged to marry and to raise families. The Shakers evidently assumed that the general Christian religious community would function in much the same way in regard to them, and they are now paying the price of their optimism in supposing they could indefinitely offer sufficient attractions in an increasingly materialistic and prosperous America to keep new members coming in.

As is the case with Catholic religious orders, the Shaker schools were for many generations an im-

portant means of contacting potential converts. I suspect that recent generations of Shakers have been remiss in failing to give educational work its proper important emphasis. Our party visited the schoolhouse in the Canterbury community and found it in an excellent state of repair. The iron fence around the schoolyard is freshly painted black, and the bell with its rope attached still hangs over the door. But the building was converted into a museum many years ago.

So we found it impossible not to ask the Shaker lady whether there were times when she doubted the wisdom of Ann Lee's doctrine of celibacy. She smiled with the patient air of one who has often been asked this question. "Well," she said quietly, "we may be dying out peacefully, but when you look at the world outside it looks as if that may be dying too—and not peacefully either."

We had nothing to reply to that remark. And after we had left the colony and had gone a few miles further down the unpaved road that had brought us several miles from the main New Hampshire highway, we passed a much more recent structure than any we had seen among the Shaker buildings. It was a long, rambling house with many porches, on which lounged a group of men and women in a welter of children, dogs, and dirt. A derelict sign informed us that this was a Beulah True Gospel Society. Here within a few miles along the same dirt road two very divergent types of Protestantism ironically confronted each other.

Walk for Peace

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to England and began the European phase of the walk.

There is an American proverb "you don't get something for nothing" which Gandhi has restated that "social gains are paid for by the suffering of the people." Peace is something everybody wants but few are willing to pay the price for. We hope that our sacrifice and other peace workers' sacrifices in direct action and civil disobedience projects will encourage others to strengthen their convictions for peace even though this means upsetting and revolutionizing their lives. Violence is built into our society and maintains the living and working conditions of some of us at the expense of the living and working conditions of migrant farm workers, the city slum dwellers, and the many millions in the world who provide food and raw materials or who consume our manufactured goods in exploitative transactions. Until we are ready to give up these things we will always have violence and wars with us. Americans who say that we are arming to defend "freedom" and our more honest spokesmen who say that we are defending "our way of life" are really saying that we are preparing to defend our wealth and privilege. That is why Americans are apathetic about peace even when it is apparent that one awful mistake will probably kill most of us. Like Eichmann we go about our jobs and don't actually kill anyone ourselves and hope it will go on forever.

So far we have had no trouble with the police, in fact they have been very friendly and helpful. Only in the little town of Millbrae a policeman asked us not to pass out leaflets or he would have to arrest us. At all the military bases that we vigil in front of or picket we have received considerable attention from base security men. Usually they photograph everyone present, and the photographer stands by whoever is passing out leaflets to discourage people from accepting them. The MPs also endeavor to keep traffic from slowing to read our signs or accept leaflets. In their anxiety to keep people from seeing our message, they even dispensed with the normal car checking procedure at Mare Island Naval Shipyard and just wave all the cars through. Many people, both civilian and military, do read

our leaflets at all the bases. There is a dramatically larger interest on the part of all minority groups in comparison with the Anglo-Saxons who are much less interested. The FBI has been conspicuously inconspicuous, of course. They, too, collect the inevitable photos of peace walkers, friends and also license plates of cars of our friends. Press, radio and TV coverage



Ade Bethune

has been very extensive, and has included a lot of the content of our ideas. Many local papers and radio stations give us such large coverage, I suspect, because there isn't much else interesting going on that day in their town. But it does present our ideas to many people. After the first day we found that every one we meet has already heard of us thru the press media.

We are quite a diverse group in background and experience but quite unified in our concern for peace. Scott Herrick enlisted in the navy in World War II; his first activity in the peace movement was two years ago, refusing to take shelter in one of those civil defense games they play in New York. Jae Glynn in another ex-navy man, Julius Jacobs an ex-army man, Dave Lee has spent two years in the air force. Barton Stone has recently resigned from the reserves and is walking with us while await-

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

It was the big snowfall, that blizzardlike storm which began on Gaudete Sunday, the rosehued day of rejoicing at the approaching birth of the Christ-Child, that brought a decisive end to the lingering Indian Summer of our fall. We had had a quiet Sunday morning at the farm, with breakfast after eight o'clock Mass at our parish Church, and had only one guest for our noontime dinner—Josephine Jenco who had brought a delicious cake for our dessert. But Josephine left shortly after dinner. The skies became increasingly cloudy, and finally the snow set in, big flakes swirling in the wind that kept getting colder and higher as the short December afternoon wore on. Dorothy, Jean, Ed and Ralph had all gone to the meeting of the Charles de Foucauld group in Brooklyn. There was a pleasant Sunday kind of quiet in the house. The work of after-dinner cleaning-up was finished. Molly and Agnes had gone to their room to nap or to read; most of the men had gone to their little cottages. Slim had retired to his favorite corner to read the *New York Times*. I had brought the radio downstairs and was carding wool in the diningroom while listening to a symphony, and had just finished saying to Stanley that I thought we should have no more guests when Anne Marie Stokes arrived with cheeks aglow and wet snowflakes glistening on her coat and hat. Bloomingdale Road, over which she had walked from the train station in Pleasant Plains, was rapidly filling with wind-drifted snow, and the wind grew more insistent and colder. But the house was warm and comfortable, and more cheerful now that there was a guest to talk with and bring one the news of the eventful city. Without the windows, however, the dun and fawn-dappled landscape of late autumn was hidden under a snowy covering which itself was almost hidden under the fury and thickness of the down-coming, wind-whirled snow.

That evening we were relieved and glad when Dorothy and Jean drove in. Ed and Ralph had gone back to St. Joseph's Loft to help with the paper. Dorothy said the roads were getting much too hazardous for Anne Marie to think of going back. So that night we said the rosary in the house, and afterwards listened to Berlioz' *Damnation of Faust* on the radio. When Anne Marie remarked that since her reputation as a knitter had been established in the December *Catholic Worker*, she would have to try to live up to her reputation, Dorothy found yarn and needles for them both. Now and then one of the men came in from outside, with red cheeks and noses bearing witness

ing arrest for refusal to report for a pre-induction physical. Brad Lyttle, executive secretary of CNVA, is a Unitarian and I am a Quaker and you might say represent the old pacifist position. Gido Guenther is a young German from Darmstadt who will walk with us in California and perhaps rejoin us in Germany. Allan and Susan Hoffman are young newlyweds taking a rather rigorous honeymoon. Susan is only five feet two inches and so has to work twice as hard to keep up. The Hoffmans, Scott and Julius, are from New York while the rest of us are from California, Florida, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Ohio and Illinois. Thousands of people give us encouragement as we pass or they drive by and many people are inquiring about joining. We hope to walk the 3000 miles to Chicago by our round-about route at a vigorous pace and then slow down to 17 miles a day and encourage more people to walk with us for as much as they can between Chicago and New York, 1000 miles to be covered between April first and the end of May.

to the cold, to recount their own version of the storm and take a cup of coffee for warmth and sociability. And the snow-laden wind howled and whistled more fiercely around our old frame house, and we felt the chill of drafts that blew in through the crevices of doors and windows, and listened to the incomparable music of Berlioz, and thought of those who might be out in the storm with a prayer for their safety, and were glad we were not out in the storm but had warm beds to sleep in.

Next morning through the still down-swirling snow we looked out on a drifted world of white. Transformed in that white alchemy, nothing was as it had been but had suffered a snow change into something white and strange—enchanted scenes from a remembered book of childhood where a snow queen reigns forever over a snowy fairyland. But most of the men at the farm did not look so kindly on the snow; they knew it meant work, hard work, not in the comfort of the house but in the windy biting cold outside. Hans Tunnesson, Joe Roach, and Joe Cotter had to have the drifts shoveled from before their doors before they could emerge from their cottages. John Filliger, Hans, Andy Spillane, Shorty and Slim were out shoveling snow most of the day, trying to make paths from the cottages to the barn and the main house, paths which the high winds filled with snow again even before they were cleared. Joe Roach, Joe Cotter, and Bill Keane did the essential kitchen work. Shortly after dinner Anne Marie Stokes set out indomitably to wade the waist-high snowdrifts which lay between our house and the train station so that she might arrive hours later—late but not too late—at the special UN meeting where her Algerian friends awaited her. No mail came that day and no supplies from the grocer. Nor did any cars get through on Bloomingdale Road. Tuesday morning Stanley tramped up to a little store not far from us and bought a few necessities; but we needed little and were glad to stretch the supplies we had by making cornmeal mush and hot breads. Dorothy spent her time answering her voluminous correspondence and preparing copy for the next issue of the paper, and was glad to enjoy an interval of peace and quiet uninterrupted by running here and there to keep engagements. A few in the community became more nervous and irritable; some relieved the tension by arguing. Two young women visitors—Jacqueline and Kathie—became restive and homesick under the pressure of snowbound isolation and had to be escorted to plane and train by Stanley Vishniewski as soon as any kind of travel was possible. Every evening Leonard came in from his little hermitage, bundled up and cold looking, like someone who had stepped from the pages of an old romance about pioneering in the frozen woods of the Northland. Each night at supper we lighted the candles of the Advent wreath which Tom Cain had made for us, and after supper, at 7:00, said the rosary, St. Joseph's litany, and compline in the house so that the older and more infirm members of our family would not have to make the trip down the icy path to the chapel.

The week of the big snow continued cold and crisp and clear. But whatever the inconvenience to adults, the neighboring children and our snowy geese could be seen frolicking in the snow or trying to skate on the snow-covered little pond. Gradually roads were made passable, though hardly good in our neighborhood, and life became more normal.

The big snow certainly set the tone of our days during most of December. Yet there were other

(Continued on page 7)

A GENTLE PROPHET

(Continued from page 1)

book form. A typical one on business was:

Lament of an aging tycoon

With tired eyes he watched the crowd

As it moved about in the street below him.

"So many people to do," he sighed
"And so little time in which to do them."

And one on politics:

I fear we need more drastic means

Than periodic missions

To curb the nasty habits of Catholic politicians.

His analysis of Boston in one issue was a masterpiece, one which hasn't been equalled for discernment.

On first coming to the Boston house of hospitality he studied the labor encyclicals of the Popes closely and illustrated them in cartoons. These were hung around the walls and in the large store window. They attracted great attention and gave him further encouragement. A note in the January, 1938 issue of *The Catholic Worker* notes that he would probably be heard from a lot in the future.

Peter Maurin had a great influence on him. Close students of *Integrity* will find many of Peter's ideas elaborated and analyzed in a very original way. They were great friends and when Ed was staying at home and holding a night job, he would be out early in the morning to meet Peter on his Boston visits to spend the day together in conversations. A favorite place was around the furnace in the house. Peter told Ed a few tricks about keeping the furnace going. They often laughed that their vocation in life was to start "little fires" going in the intellectual and spiritual world.

When the farming commune was started at Upton, he lived there for a long time and some of my most pleasant experiences were the evening walks along the country roads listening to him explain how an artist's mind works.

He was most penetrating and I began to understand a lot about craft work, the importance of the appropriate material for the appropriate task. Ed would explain how an artist must work with the material according to its nature, be it paper or wood or metal and then must think and act differently according to the kinds of each material. He understood St. Thomas's idea of analogy and he was always going from the material to the spiritual, showing how grace works with nature and not against it.

He had the same method of thinking used by Chesterton of looking at a subject from many different sides and noting the paradoxes. Until we reach this kind of thinking, it seems to me, we cannot fathom very deeply the

of the magazine's editors, suggested to Carol Jackson, a convert to Catholicism from Wellesley College that she meet him. She had four hundred dollars, an immense enthusiasm for her new-found faith and a zeal to start a magazine of integration. She visited him and after a short time, they and two others, John Murphy and Doreen O'Sullivan began their venture. The year was 1946 and the magazine soon reached a circulation of ten thousand, going higher with special issues.

Its impact was immediate, especially on editors and writers. People took sides violently for it or against it and there were many enthusiasts to help along with the mailing and writing. Some of its writers later tried to start a Catholic daily newspaper, *The Sun-*

could easily have written sketches for the stage. At Marycrest, he was intent on creating a feeling of community, a most difficult thing for personalities are different, tastes are different and the daily rubbing together of shoulders causes frictions but he felt these could be overcome through fraternal charity.

He had gotten a sense of his vision of a community from his days in the house of hospitality. There is nothing that makes one think more of the Judgment and the final sentence of Heaven or Hell than serving food on a breadline and then going to Mass to be served the Eucharist on the liturgical "breadline." Christ's words about the helping the hungry, naked and thirsty, quoted in St. Matthew's Gospel, take on the ultimate poignancy. One realizes the meaning of the Gospel phrase that in giving hospitality we may have served angels. In a sense a breadline is a foretaste of Judgment Day and oddly as it may seem to material-

ists an amazingly satisfying experience, Community then becomes a sublime reality.

Ed tried to translate that mood and idea into an intellectual and spiritual community of readers in *Integrity* and a fraternal group in Marycrest.

He leaves besides his wife, Dorothy, a valiant helper, twelve children, Ann, Marie, Michael, Paul, Elizabeth, Peter, Clare, Joseph, Ellen, Rita, Vincent and Gerard. The older ones remembered him when he was able to help them more physically. The younger ones saw him doing the work of spiritual penance. Prayer and penance, the two notes of Ed's life were so peculiarly appropriate to the needs of this day as the Popes have told us.

Ann, the eldest, proud as the others are of their father, would like to draw his writings together into a book for publication, a fitting memorial to a remarkable father.

ED WILLOCK

Gospel and especially the teachings of St. Paul.

Most of his writing and discussion revolved around a phrase that "work is prayer." Peter Maurin's insistence on the works of mercy gave him the key to see how the doctor, nurse, farmer, carpenter, performing their work as a work of mercy are truly praying. As Ed grew older he delved more and more into the thought of St. Thomas, explaining it in popular terms and the colloquial language of the average man.

But it was only after his cartoons had been published by *The Torch* magazine, the organ of the Dominican Third Order, that he began to develop a large audience. Father Francis Wendell, O.P., one

Herald in Kansas City, Missouri.

Ed was never quite satisfied with the academic. In 1950, he began to work with a group who were planning to build their homes cooperatively. Their place is named Marycrest and is situated in Rockland County, New York in West Nyack. Twelve families have so far built their homes through this group effort. Seventy-five children belong to the families.

At the Upton farm and in the houses of hospitality he had a knack of entertaining people around the piano, singing songs and creating a feeling of fellowship among people newly-brought together. One New Year's evening, he put on an impromptu show almost completely by himself. He

virtue, but the disposition to it is different. As religious experience matures, as it passes from the elementary stage of psychological and intellectual union to sanctity and mystical union, the appeal and response tend to become the same regardless of sex. Until spiritual maturity is achieved, however, the psychology of the sexes is an important instrument in conversion and growth.

When stating a proposition concerning the psychological peculiarity of the sexes, a writer runs the risk of all sorts of misunderstandings. To avoid this as much as possible please bear in mind these qualifications of what I have to say. Psychology deals with tendencies, not qualities. The masculine and feminine persons represent two essential possibilities of the same nature. They are both equal in potentialities and equal in dignity. It is because they are essentially incomplete and oriented to each other that they tend to follow parallel and converging paths rather than identical paths. Neither revelation nor common sense admits of any essential inferiority of one sex to the other. The gifts are of equal value. The dependence is mutual. When I use the word effeminate I use it in a derogatory sense as distinct from the word feminine. Effeminacy is softness, a lack of discipline, a sensate romanticism which is a despicable characteristic either in man or woman. It is a perversion of feminine virtue

need for the development of my argument.

Religion is loyalty to a God Who can be conceived of as a Person (for He is a Person) or a Cause (for He is the Good).

The saints know God as He is in Himself, as both the Person Who loves and is loved, as the Cause to be pursued and attained. In the first stages of holiness, however, the woman tends to seek a personal relationship of love whereas the man tends to seek a moving and satisfying ideal.

Now there is something paradoxical in the two conceptions of God, one as a Person and the other as an Ideal. As human beings we find it difficult to separate the idea of a person from the idea of a particular individual. For us, the idea of person excludes all other persons. On the other hand the concept of an ideal abhors particularization. Goodness, justice, liberty, or love are nothing unless they are universal and non-exclusive.

Since the Person with whom she seeks communion is invisible, the particular tangible instruments of the Faith become the loving object of the woman's devotion. Since the Ideal to which he aspires is a universal, the man is loath to limit this ideal to any particular place, form or priesthood. Until the paradox of particularity and catholicity is resolved, the man is disturbed by the very limitations which appeal to the woman. She loves the church and the priest, the altar and the rosary, the hymn and the formal prayer because they are so familiar, so close and so tangible. He is suspicious of these things because they are so localized, so exclusive and familiar that they hardly seem to do justice to the Ideal which is all-inclusive, all-embracing.

At any time in history or in any place on the globe, this divergence of attitude between man and woman can be expected. In our time and in this country, the situation has been aggravated by the fact that practical Catholicism has assumed an effeminate cast. This effeminacy, evidenced in liturgical practices and standards of conduct, with emphasis on the personal, the sensate, the devotional, cannot be attributed to any one cause but to a number of historical trends both within and without the Church. These trends can be categorized loosely, under

TWO ESSAYS FROM INTEGRITY

I

Piety For Men

By ED WILLOCK

By His own statement we are assured that Christ is less concerned about those who climb the tortuous paths of Mount Carmel than He is about the souls who wander directionless through the woods on the plains below. Many who are seeking God elsewhere than in His Church are not so much perverse in their choice of direction as misinformed by the false signposts erected by those who consider themselves among the elect. Among these wanderers are the men who have falsely concluded that "religion is for women and children."

Those who frequently have encountered this remark uttered with emphatic vehemence will recall that certain tonal inflections and gestures implied a heresy not explicated in the words themselves. The argument presented more accurately would be stated, "religion is for women and children exclusively."

This attitude persists in varying degrees among many Catholic men today, much to the astonishment of the Church militant, the Church Suffering and the Church Triumphant. Abraham and Moses, we can be sure, are not amused, nor is their brother patriarch of the New Testament, Saint Patrick. The glorious choir of the apostles takes quiet but forceful difference with the contention of effeminacy. The admirable company of prophets

shake their glorified beards in tangible evidence of masculinity. The white-robed army of martyrs, composed of both sexes, unhesitatingly testifies that religion merits the blood of men, whether male or female.

Those lesser saints, our venerable European forebears who fought manfully, lived verily and sometimes died courageously in the Faith so that we might inherit the gift, raise their baritone voices in protest at such a calumny. A clergy, masculine from cover to core, could not concur with such a view. If all that were not enough, the nail-pierced hands of Christ, calloused by years of manual labor, can be presented as clinching evidence of the masculinity of the Faith.

The temptation after such testimony is to throw the case out of court. On the surface the charge of effeminacy seems rash and unsubstantiated. We should, however, give the plaintiff an opportunity to state his case. In answer to the foregoing defense of the masculine nature of piety, his rebuttal might go like this: "You have proved only that Christianity is originally and traditionally masculine. If it is a living Faith, what evidence have we here in America that religion evokes a masculine piety or provokes a masculine dynamism? Show me signs of a virile Faith among American Catholic men!"

This question cannot be answered glibly. It cannot be pushed aside as irrelevant. We may recall the news stories of priests in war and peace administering with heroic courage to the needs of the souls. Processions of Holy Name men and other public manifestations of masculine piety can be produced as evidence. But are these enough? Are they typical or



I SHOULD HOPE SO!

The chronic poor we are assured
Are thus because of vice,
The wealthy prosper (naturally)
By being very nice.

isolated events? What about the vast majority of Catholic laymen? Can we point to their way of life as examples of Christian idealism and aspiration in startling contrast to their non-Catholic friends? I think not. I think masculine piety is on trial, and we might well examine the situation and make some sort of judgment.

One fact that is quite obvious is that religion appeals to the man in a different way from the way it appeals to the woman. It is, the same Faith, it evokes the same

just as ruthlessness and rationalism are a perversion of masculine virtue.

Human behavior shows that the tendency in the woman is to be concerned with persons and particulars. The tendency in the man is to be concerned with things and generalities. The loyalty of the woman usually finds its object in a responsive person. The loyalty of the man usually finds its object in a compelling cause. These facts, I believe are self evident and, fortunately, they are the only facts I

the heading of secularism, and secularism has resulted in:

1. The relegation of religion to one phase of human activity.
2. The confinement of religion to the area of the church and the school.
3. The regarding of the religious act as a personal secret quite divorced from any vital social significance.
4. The divorce of faith from reason as though they were irreconcilable.

It is obvious that religion telescoped to such narrow dimensions focuses undue emphasis upon the aspects of the Faith most appealing to the feminine psychology. The home, the church and the school become for the Catholic mother the angles of a familiar triangle. She tends to direct her religious perceptions almost exclusively to that enclosure. These are her daily and particular concern because they involve the children and are within the scope of her normal interests. Any parochial activity not specifically for men is, per se, for women. The Ideal, that concept of God psychologically attractive to man, can only touch him when it is made manifest in the work world, professional world, scientific world, and political world with which he is in contact. The secularist divorce which sets the mystical against practical, and the facts of revelation against the facts of sensible observation, by inference pushes religion over to the distaff side of the table. This localization of religion to the secret intercourse and the parish buildings has produced the ghetto-Catholicism very apparent in many quarters. It would not be hard to prove that the ghetto complex is basically effeminate even when it expresses itself in violently defensive apologetics. The Ideal is Catholic and of cosmic scope; it is affirmative and universal, impatient of ghettos, desirous of assimilating all things, assured of its universality. The spiritually immature man can be sympathized with when he is disheartened by a restricted, particularized, sensate, localized and maternal religiosity so at variance with the Ideal to which he clumsily aspires. The eight of such a facade is enough to drive him away before he has time to enter and discover that there is less contradiction in localized Catholicism than he first supposed. The fact that the Faith is being sold short tends to make the prospect underestimate its true value.

Few active Catholics are unaware of the general irresponsibility of men toward their religious duties. Steps have already been taken to restore liturgical practices to their proper purity which would remove the effeminacy and make them more psychologically appealing to men. Priests everywhere are working to induce men to come closer to the altar. Religion teachers of boys and young men are striving to masculinize religion. We are indebted to them (perhaps as much for their errors as for their successes) for making it possible to make certain suggestions for improvement tested by practice.

The great danger, I think, is that a study of the tendencies peculiar to man and woman might lead us to use such studies as a norm for prescribing apostolic techniques. We can make the mistake of supposing that that which is most psychologically attractive is the best form to use. That is too much like asking a patient to prescribe his own medicine. More than that it excludes, or merely tolerates, all of the unpleasant things that no one likes, such as sacrifice, suffering, penance and contrition.

An example of the false principle in practice would be to have parochial fashion shows for women who are already jeopardizing their souls' salvation by an inordinate interest in clothes. Another is parochial emphasis on sports for men who are already neglecting their Christian respon-

sibilities in pursuit of sports. Even in the hierarchy of psychological urges there is usually something higher to appeal to than vanity and playfulness. The lady parishioner who puts on the latest creation is less disposed if anything to put on her Creator. The virility of sports is not so contagious that religion will get it by contact. I realize that these things are merely "come-ons" to attract the people and are usually quite distasteful to the priest who uses the technique. It is my experience that such methods actually repel the people who would go to get pure and unadulterated religious training. If religion does not attract people in a day when people are hungry for a faith it is not because religion is lacking in secular glamor but because religion is being spiked with adulterating syrups.

If the male or female psychology



RACIAL STRAIN

**It's always a strain, again and again,
When dealing with races inferior:
To NOT be a snob's a difficult job,
While knowing that WE are superior.**

does not prescribe the technique of appeal, then of what use is the inquiry into the peculiarities of each? The answer is simply that Catholicism lived (not doctrine, not a technique, nor a movement, nor a view), a living presence in a person, in a family, in a community, an appeal to both men and women equally. Men may dislike devotional services, women may dislike study clubs, but they both like supernatural charity. Men may dislike sugary hymns and women may dislike sermons on unionism, but they both like supernatural fortitude. We need not look further for proof of this than the Catholic Worker movement. Whatever else the Catholic Worker has done it has given an example of supernatural charity and supernatural fortitude that has attracted the interest of thousands. Literally hundreds of men have sought out the Catholic Worker houses because full-blooded, unadulterated virtue has an appeal that cannot be ignored.

If religion does not appeal to men, and inquiry into the reasons can help us, not by showing how to present the Faith, but how to practice it. The Faith when lived generates its own form. When it is lived it may provoke love and it may provoke hate, but never indifference.

Why is it that many men do not see the Ideal in Catholic life? I think it is because we Catholics do not exhibit either austerity or catholicity. The story is told of the man who sold all that he had to purchase the jewel of great price. This is the sort of testimony lacking today. As far as the outsider can see, the price of the jewel of Faith is adherence to a group of precepts in theory if not in practice, the obligation of Sunday Mass and a meatless diet on Fridays. The same Catholic in pursuit of a better standard of living exhibits a much greater propensity for sacrifice than he does in pursuit of the Ideal. The state also sets a higher price on citizenship through the levying of taxes, the ordering of our lives, and the asking of the same life in time of

war. In the open market, for everyone to see, the jewel of Faith is marked down to a price lower than that of loyalty to mammon and loyalty to the state. It is difficult for the uninitiated to see that the jewel is worth more than the price quoted.

The key to the problem of masculine piety, to my mind, is found in the word Catholic. The word Catholic as an adjective to describe the meaning is, that as a way of supernatural life Christianity is for all mankind, and that the fruits of the Incarnation and the doctrine of salvation are meant for all men at all times. The Church was instituted to spread the Faith across the globe and down the centuries, alive in substance, precise in doctrine, healing and uplifting in its effect. The vertical meaning is that the nature of the Faith is to reorient all men and all things to God. There is nothing to which the Faith is irrelevant, and the relevance of everything is found in the Faith.

This vertical aspect of the Faith is seldom revealed in the attitudes and habits of today's Catholics. When it is understood and acted upon, men will see clearly that Catholicism is the Ideal. They will see that Catholicism demands that Christ be the center and orientation of all our acts and all our desires. The jobs that we hold, the vocations we choose, the studies we pursue, the companions we keep, the recreation we enjoy, the ambitions to which we aspire, only make Christian sense if they are orientated to God and this not merely by intention but by their nature and end.

To summarize, we can say that men fail to see in Catholicism as generally practiced the all-embracing Ideal which is their first immature concept of God. They fail to see it first, of course, because of their spiritual immaturity, but also because the Faith as generally practiced has become effeminate and localized. We cannot very well increase their maturity until we have first attracted them to the spiritual director and the Sacraments. So the first step must be a testimony to them of austerity (as against effeminacy) and catholicity (as against localization).

It must be understood that in this particular case we cannot let the patient prescribe his own medicine. In other words, we are not looking for tricks and tactics artificially devised with which to lure the men into the churches. If men currently find juke boxes, beer and sports inordinately appealing, that has nothing to do with us. From us they want some evidence of the Ideal, an ideal which when acquired will give them joy, a stimulation and a virility that they are seeking now in the juke boxes, beer and sports.

Stated in the fewest possible words the thing they seek, whether they know it or not, is an evidence of Catholicism lived. Catholicism lived is austere and it is catholic, and it is the only convincing testimony that Catholicism is directed to the Ideal.

Catholicism lived sounds very much like a definition of sanctity, but sanctity is not precisely what I mean. Catholicism lived is a group manifestation of Christian virtue, organized on the social level, unified on the intellectual level

and oriented to God on the spiritual level. Just as the saint, as an isolated phenomenon, demonstrates the orientation of human personality to God, Catholicism lived is a community of persons which demonstrates the orientation of human society to God. The aspiration to personal sanctity is implied in it and is the vitalizing factor, but it is the group testimony of integrated Catholic living which is the immediate end of such an organization.

When the newcomer enters the climate generated by a Catholicism lived, the paradox that bothered him will be resolved. The Good which he sought will soon be recognized as a personal, intimate God, localized in the

Eucharist but yet Lord of the universe, particularized in His Church yet the proper object of the adoration of every nation.

The mature participation of the men by the same token will enlarge the field of the women's religious perceptions. They will recognize my God as the Good. They will see the direct relationship between social justice in unions, for the Negro, for the Jew, for the poor, and the my God of their spiritual devotion. The beholder will see in the activity of men and women living the Faith the reconciliation of the paradox of a God Who is the familiar object of devotion and the Good under whose banner armies of men will march forever.

II Response And Responsibility

By ED WILLOCK

Isn't the boy who finds a rusty nail, filches his father's hammer from the family tool box and drives the nail bent and wood-scarred into the corner of the house, father to the man who will later drive nails sure and straight? Maybe.

Isn't the boy who, when parents' backs are turned, resumes his own way of doing things even if "that's not the way to do it!" still rings in his ear, father to the man who later will act responsibly when there is no one to tell him what to do? It's possible.

Hutchins, onetime head of the University of Chicago, put it this way: if you want men to mature, you must let them make fools of themselves. Man, in whatever he tries to do, begins as a sophomore (wise fool).

This is a fact easily overlooked in an age when the machine does so well. We are so used to receiving splendid things, beautifully packaged, ready for service at the turn of a switch, that we are impatient with the fumbblings of the learner. We can flick on our magic boxes and see and hear genius full-blown. We can purchase ready-made homes with coffee percolating on the electric range. With the flutter of a check the shopper brings into being a completed work of genius. Faced with the alternatives of doing it (with the possibility of failure) or buying it, who will choose the former?

Do-it-yourself addicts begin by not doing it themselves. Instead they buy expensive machine tools on which even a cripple can turn out fancy, machine-pretty pieces of wood. The posture is that of an artist, the accomplishment is that of a machine operator (once classified as "unskilled laborer"). However, they avoid producing the ugly, ungraceful artifacts which novice manual labor inadvertently fashions in such quantity. Visitors can say of their slick production, "Why, it looks as though you bought it!" It meets the norms of a shopper society. Pseudo-genius plus machine has brought forth a saleable item.

There is an old saying. "The best is enemy of the good." Which means, among other things, that a man intent upon fastidious accomplishment may come to despise and avoid the merely adequate. This kind of scrupulosity is called "perfectionism."

The modern aberration is something different. The criterion imposed upon human works is not human perfection but mechanical perfection. Mother is reluctant to try her hand at baking biscuits because the availability of super-pretty, machine-made biscuits make her efforts appear ridiculous.

The sad thing is not that we lack the home-made product, the amateur musicale or the novelties of noviceship. We can get along without them. But the availability of the ready-made is discouraging something we cannot afford to be without. It is discouraging people from trying. It is discouraging that exercise of continuous effort which makes people mature.

It is my thesis that this thwarting of human effort in a technological age is having grave and even irreparable effects on the lay apostolate.

Lay apostolicity as we know it today came as a call of the modern popes to the lay Catholic to exercise a certain influence in society.

This effort to which he has been called is something new to the layman (and to the priest for that matter). It is something not expected of the laity in generations past. This effort, involving many sciences and many arts as it does, is an effort for which the layman is somewhat unprepared. One should expect, therefore, that the initial stage (and who would dare say we are beyond the initial stage?) will be characterized by awkwardness, failures and imprudent zeal.

They are precisely what we should expect. Yet they are precisely the things which are considered most damning in modern eyes. The most subtle and yet the most compelling pressure put on the Church by the modern world is that she meet the up-to-date standards of pseudo-maturity, that is, she must be weighty, professional, affluent, pompous, efficient (mechanically perfect), decorous, and successful. An immature laity can't possibly put up such a front. At the same time, if laymen assume the airs of this pseudo-maturity, their mission will be subverted and they will become mere "professional" Catholics as ineffective in the social area as the clergy and hierarchy.

Circumstances are putting pressure on the laity to give their assent to the proposition of lay apostolicity, while at the same time discouraging them from responding in an effective fashion. That is why pew-holders will dutifully nod their heads in agreement that an organized laity is to be desired, while much that is being done is no more than affixing new names to pious societies in the parish which are no more (Continued on page 7)



"I GUESS WE'RE ALL ALIKE DEEP DOWN INSIDE!"

Portrait of an Officer

By PIERRE-HENRI SIMON

PORTAIT D'UN OFFICIER. By Pierre-Henri Simon—Editions du Seuil—27 rue Jacob—Paris, France. Reviewed by Anne Taillefer.

"If the State, by drafting me by force during a time of war, makes me a murderer, it takes over my conscience; but if through my refusal it makes me a traitor, it also takes over my conscience. These decisions ought to be left up to the individual."

Thus spoke Professor Paul Ricoeur, one of the editors of "Esprit," in a pithy and lucid lecture on the Ethics of Distrust given last year at the Union Theological Seminary. His words could be the digest of *Portrait d'un officier*.

Anyone who is French, anyone who loves France and understands it—which is another thing—should read this book. Undistinguished as to style and not remarkably good as fiction—the characters are more abstract than alive—it still remains a profound and beautiful book, for it explores the implications of war in the souls of men rather than in their bodies, in their honor rather than in their dishonor, and narrows down the conflict to two men, a French officer and an Arab non-com, whose personal loyalties are racked and sundered by their patriotic obligations and who end up finding themselves always facing treason, wherever they turn.

The narrator has met Lt. Jean de Larsan, a Catholic aristocrat in an *Offlag* (officer prison camp) after the defeat of 1940. The only one to have had the chance of fighting bravely instead of being trapped like a rat, Larsan, hearing another man bragging of having shot two German prisoners before his capture, stigmatizes him as a murderer. The next day he effects a spectacular escape. Rumor now and then reports him to have fought bravely in Indo-China and in Algeria; therefore the narrator is surprised at meeting him on a train trip 18 years later in civilian clothes going home to his family. He suspects a tragedy. The tragedy unfolds during this night-journey.

After the war with Germany, that some might have called a "just" war and also a "simple" one, opposing French foe to German enemy, had come Indo-China. There the foe had really been Communism—an abstraction—and civil war had cut in two the indigenous population, pitting brother against brother and associate against associate. American financial interests, looking ahead, built bridges over the French back; native princes resorting to exile watched the direction of the wind. Local heroes, drunk with the sudden taste of independence and power, worked for their own ends. And then defeat and the silent, bitter contempt of those oppressed Christians one was sworn to defend. The feudal lord chewed a sour cud.

In his story, describing the corrupt or realistic colons, the war heroes in all their cruelty and indifference to life, the profiteers, Larsan is followed by his shadow and companion, an Arab non-com officer Brahim Sadoun, devoted squire to this shining knight. But one day, Sadoun balks: things are getting too hideous and ally, values confused. He is beginning to identify himself with these Asians and asks to resign. Larsan talks him into staying on for the honor of France that he has already served so well; a few days later Sadoun is killed uselessly in an ambush.

It is his son Kadour whom Larsan will have for companion in the new war, the Algerian one. The superior officer has been very kind to the bereaved family and they are deeply grateful to him. He overcomes the doubts and hesitations of the mother and two uncles unwilling to sacrifice a beloved boy of eighteen to so ambiguous and alarming a situation. Larsan asks that the son be worthy of the father, and gets him for his own

battalion. There Kadour will prove himself another Sadoun in efficiency and valor, but not in temperament. French civilization has marked him. More French than his father, he is also more antagonistic to France. Colors are getting mixed up in the picture; nothing remains clear.

From gory pilgrimage to gory pilgrimage in this ghastly Quest of the Grail, these two soldierly companions will find themselves boot to boot in front of the irreparable. After refusing to torture prisoners, to shoot suspects, to punish or jail without motive, running the gauntlet of blame from superiors and running risks for the whole battalion, Larsan is possibly faced by retribution for his humanity. A trap is set for one of the best of the French officers, a real unthinking hero. He is killed and mutilated. In Larsan's absence a

every killing with a quotation from the Bible ("I asked him why he did not quote the New Testament"), are marvellously accurate. The soliloquies on war and its necessities must be read and read again. The high level of Christian reflection, the historical impact—this is the true history of France in its psychological consequences—the call to truth, are deeply upsetting. Some passages are deceptively simple, such as, "... The soul of the Church! I well think I might have despaired of it in those days if I had not seen it, by chance glittering upon the face of a young man—a drafted seminarian who did not seem brighter than anybody else, an honest student rather than a doctor; I met him on the edge of a village where the Foreign Legion had been at work; he was seated on the ground near a little Kabyle boy who has just been horribly beaten and whose father had been shot; he did not even console him, he was weeping with him and when I asked him why, he replied

Encomium

(In memory of the Non-Violents praying outside camps for political prisoners: Vincennes, Marigny, Dijon, Marseilles; France, 1900.)

I have tasted the slightest taint of blood
And now the nettles close around the heart
In buttoned uniforms ...
Caught in the waters where the sands make faces,
Violent expressions ...
The sun like a woman with wild red hair
Lighted in the madness of her laughter
Watches her broken husbands homeward. ...

Outside, the snow is banked between the houses
Kneeling in its peaceful demonstration ...
Hearing a schooner creaking on the water
Carrying its saviour of composure ...

The weapons her disciples lost,
Their parents laid their lives against,
Surrender prayers for indulgences ...
And now the taint has oozed in her lungs ...

O the rains are coming joyously to drown us ...
While a great tout blocking the doorway
Stands alcohored in moonlight
Hearing an Indian rhythm
Loving its dead companion. ...

O why is immortality so mournful ...
Looking back over the shoulder,
The mountain, for the voice that answers;
Birds dye the distance with blue and yellow light. ...
The final tidal leaves no prisoners,
Draining away to shadow even tears. ...

Herbert Mason

young violent and headstrong subaltern burns a whole village in reprisal, sowing death and misery among the people. Before this devastating picture Kadour challenges his superior: Is this a civilizing mission? To the answer that the mutilated officer had done nothing amiss, Kadour flings back that war is the culprit, to know that would be to see into all hearts.

A little later he deserts with a supply of arms. Larsan finds him wounded, hiding in the hut of a terrified family; with the same impulse neither fires at the other, although their arms are leveled. But Kadour must be made captive; so ordains the honor of war. His superior officer cannot plead attenuating circumstances, for Kadour had assumed full responsibility in their last conversation together, and then it would be disparaging to his military prestige. On the day of Kadour's execution Lt. now Maj., Larsan resigns. It is on his return from this long, long journey that he is met by the

Pierre-Henri Simon, who became famous in France for his essay *Contre la Torture* (Against Torture), has written here a sober and searching tale. There is very little horror or hideous detail to be found, and this is what gives the book its full force. War in itself, its very essence, is horrible because it has opposed brother to brother since Cain, friend to friend even when they are noble and pure. Not even a knight can remain just and honorable. The little thumb-nail sketches of the different types of soldiers, from the general in Germany who is obviously Delattre de Tassigny, up to the warrior-monk who justifies

with purity: "I am ashamed in front of this child."

But the place in the book where the Christian writer really falls upon his knees is throughout the whole Kadour episode, for Kadour is the F.L.N., the dreaded Algerian Front of Liberation at its best, kept as a last bulwark of resistance by French mentality: "Yes, the Algerians want independence but these are assassins, looters, gangsters. They do not represent the Algerians!" Kadour is the Algerian tragedy, no more no less. And one recalls the gentle, dignified tones of Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian premier-in-exile, telling a Frenchwoman a few years ago at the U.N., "France is a beautiful great lady, but I prefer my old mother" and "I was a moderate, you threw me into prison time and time again; against my will I am an extremist."

He is echoed in our memories by his counterpart Abbe Berenguez, an Algerian French priest condemned to ten years of prison by the French army for the crime of opposing war: "It is since I have seen men tortured and listened to the confessions of their tortured consciences that I know compassion." And the low sigh of that tender victim, a young girl, Djamilia Bouhared: "They have humiliated my body but they have humiliated their soul."

Who can judge any but war itself? And who can judge all things but God? The title page of the book carries an Arab proverb quoted by Kadour to Larsan in their fateful conversion before his desertion: "The black ant, the black rock, in the black night, only God sees."

SPRING STREET

By STUART SANDBERG

New York jumped into winter this year with the suddenness and completeness of an obliterating snow-storm; for everyone with jobs to go to or worldly obligations, for everyone not as free from responsibility and perhaps as foolhardy as children, the snow was an unwelcome intrusion. All the same, inconvenience though it be, it was delightful to see the city brought to its knees, humbled and quiet in snow-bound innocence.

Walking down Delancey Street with two big bags of food for a family of seven whose mother is pregnant and whose father is out of work with an eye operation, through snow up to your knees with paths wide enough for only one to pass, and through the dark and still falling snow, it was fun to think oneself an indomitable beast of a Saint Bernard whimpering through with sustenance, if not rum.

Back at the loft such snow-born illusions are quickly extinguished by the recognition of needs and problems. One concern is that at any moment our gas heater may blow us all up. For some, as usual around the loft, unknown, reason the automatic turn-off has been removed from the heater; this means that if the flame is turned more than half-way on, a temptation to many who came in to escape from the cold, a slight breeze can blow it out, the gas continuing to pour into the room until someone enters with a lighted cigarette. Because the heater is too old to obtain for it the automatic shut-off, and a new heater is so expensive, we have been leaving our survival to Divine Providence. Twice I have found the flame extinguished and the gas hissing out merrily. Charlie called up another plumber to see if he could maybe find a cheaper price, and being told of the problem, the plumber said that he had a second-hand gas radiator which he would be glad to give us. This he did, and we now, having looked all over for two missing parts, hopefully await its installation.

A more oppressive, if somewhat less dangerous problem, is the stoppage in our drain pipe which causes all of our sewage to overflow into the cellar of the building we are in. Not only is it a question

and is happily willing to do almost anything that is helpful. Whether it be taking packages to a family, visiting one of our men in Bellvue, or finding a place for a mentally disturbed old man to sleep when none of the Bowery flop-houses will take him in, he is always asking or suggesting what he can do and truly alive with charity. We are, at least, thankful for his good humored help and his Christian eccentricity, part of our gift of joy this Christmas.

Also certainly we must thank Sister Thomas More and her girls from St. Mary's High School in Greenwich, Connecticut, for the pleasure of their visit and the many colorfully wrapped presents they brought to be given out at Christmas. Always grateful too are we for the continual supply of provisions brought down from Maryknoll by Ed Gerlock. Our delight when hearing that Maryknoll is here is only slightly diminished by our foresight of the cartons of clothes, bags of flour and boxes of dishes and canned goods that must be carried up our two long flights of stairs. Knowing some of the people who received their gifts, I also know that Sister Thomas More and her girls and Maryknoll were responsible for some extra happiness this Christmas.

Late into the cold Thursday night before Christmas, Anne-Marie Stokes wrapped presents as I attempted again to bake pies; there were brilliantly colorful hand-knitted afghans and bed socks, in purple, green, orange, red and blue; for the more practical minded there were white shirts and underwear that was brand new; there were pajamas for those who believed in them, and an elegant wine-red smoking jacket for Smokey Joe.

Hopefully everyone was remembered at our party on Christmas Eve when we handed out the presents. We had readings by actors who because of unions prefer to remain nameless and carols sung by Ralph Madsen, Mike Kovalak, Charley O'Keefe and others who competed. After hot spiced cider and farm-and-loft-made cookies we all sang Christmas carols and tried to remember that God had really been born a man.

Afterwards a number of us went over to the Women's House of Detention to carry on our caroling, a Christmas Eve tradition at the CW. When we arrived, having sung our way over from the loft, Ammon and Mary Lathrop, Jack Baker, and Judith Melina, fundress of The Living Theater and originator of our caroling, and a group of her friends were waiting impatiently to begin, so we began. Our voices were loud if they were not pure, and the women inside the high bleak building, which it was difficult to imagine contained human beings, cried out their windows "Thank you," and "Merry Christmas." Having gone through all the songs we knew on each side of the building, and bellowed for almost an hour and a half, some drifted off to parties, some to midnight Mass and some to bed.

Christmas day was quiet, as I suppose it always is without children. The ham dinner which Larry prepared with the help of Jim was worthy of the best family; with George Pete and Harry waiting on the tables, the men who came in were served simply and well. Memories of better Christmases made the day a nostalgic one for many; conversations were brief and silence common. At the dinner table one woman burst into tears and crying softly, in anger and in sorrow spoke of her husband who had left her with a retarded child.

On Christ's birthday we should know that true joy has its core of sorrow.



of keeping the pipe clear, but also of shoveling up the sewage which has already amassed and disposing of it. While this is not the most exquisite form of labor, those of us who have indulged in it, Charlie Butterworth, Walter Kerrel, Ralph Madsen, Ed Forand, George Johnson and myself, find it a worthy purgative and reluctantly anticipate future catharsis.

As a complement to our sordid cellar penance this Advent and Christmas time I must also mention the blessing we received in the person of George Johnson, who like an elf appeared from nowhere

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

Responsibility

(Continued from page 5)

ostolic than their nineteenth-century counterparts. We have almost reached the point where we are convinced we have answered the papal call, when we actually have hardly heard it. This failure to respond effectively is in great part due to our impatience with noviceship, the retard maturity because we will not permit the layman to make a fool of himself."

We want a respectable laity yet are impatient (if not intolerant) of their initial response. It is enough a mother wants her daughter to be a concert pianist that will tolerate no practicing of scales.

This happened many years ago. The same thing still happens today in many parishes. Another young man and myself heard that a new curate in a neighboring parish was starting a "Catholic Action group for young men." All interested parties were invited. Once this was up our alley, we went.

The meeting was held in a classroom. The curate, eager and friendly, started by addressing a sermon to the handful of laymen who had answered the call. His exhortation went on for a long time and then he began to tire. I thought to myself, "Someone else ought to say something so he won't get the feeling he's talking to himself." I was itching for lay action! Mind you, I was wholly with the priest. I wanted to see him get his back into an apostolic sweat. He had just remarked something about a current topic, the Child Labor Amendment. This registered with me because I had just made a thorough inquiry into this bit of proposed legislation.

After he had nodded to my stiffly extended hand I arose and outlined my ideas about the Child Labor Amendment. I had hoped for a response but, like the priest, my efforts were unrewarded. Actually the atmosphere had become hostile. The rest was dejection. We floundered home, an unregenerated laity.

Now I know why my apostolic efforts flopped. It just so happened at my opinion and that of the shop of the diocese were completely at variance on this one matter of the Child Labor Amendment. I had quoted many Catholic authorities on my side, including the famous economist, Monsignor John A. Ryan. But this was missed. The only impression I had conveyed was that I differed from Cardinal O'Connell! Therefore, as eight follows day, I was a renegade Catholic. It apparently didn't matter in the least that millions of Catholics both lay and clerical throughout the country differed from the Cardinal about this matter on which he was no expert.

Several years later, my wife informed me that before our marriage she had been warned against me by this same curate because I was a communist attempting to take over parish organizations. This intelligence was based entirely upon my behavior during the episode I described.

I am not defending my tactics at that time. I was immature, wordy, rash, and at variance with a clerical opinion. But isn't immaturity a necessary prelude to maturity? Isn't wordiness an expected beginning to articulateness? Isn't brashness an almost inevitable accompaniment to the overcoming of shyness? Isn't a variance with clerical opinion a danger whenever a layman begins to think for himself?

Take another example, of a Christian Family meeting I attended a few years ago. We had encouraged a young mother to come who felt that "only priests could talk about religion." During the proceedings this bashful young lady offered a comment. She described how she had attempted to encourage a neighbor with some kind, Christian words, or hesitant description of the in-

cident was advanced in the laconic, sentenceless pigeon-English with which most people express themselves. Her profession of faith was awkward and (if you wanted to be fussy) theologically inaccurate. We all nodded our heads in sympathetic agreement, rejoicing in her first attempt to be articulate. But the young priest, who was sitting in, feeling called upon to defend the faith, ponderously set forth the reasons why "one must be careful how one expresses the truths of the faith, especially to non-Catholics." Actually, under the circumstances she had described she had been more competent in the situation than he would have been.

Isn't it true that the attitudes and remarks of most laymen about religion will seem strange, limping, bold and improper in contrast to the studied phrases of "professional" Catholics? Yet if lay Catholics talked habitually of their faith like trained philosophers and theologians, wouldn't this make



ST POLYCARP

them unintelligible to their contemporaries?

It is not my point to defend either the immaturity of the layman or imply that the behavior of the two priests is typical. (For that matter young priests should also be allowed the opportunity of immature attempts.) My point is that the laity will have to act immaturely while they are learning to be mature, articulate Catholics. As long as this is true (given today's climate) the layman will always be discouraged if his deportment and speech are contrasted with that of well-turned-out seminarians.

I can hear Chesterton roar: "What is worth doing, is worth doing badly." Here we have a situation where the amateur is desperately needed. Professional fastidiousness is of as much use in lay apostolicity as in the abandoning of a sinking ship. Are we not preventing the period of trial by forbidding a period of error?

The alleged complacency of the laity is to a great extent the outward appearance of a people overwhelmed by a sense of utter inadequacy. The role they find hardest to imagine themselves in is that of apostles. Yet a few try it. The rest of the parish sits back and occasionally shouts advice.

Ideally lay apostolicity involves many things: the traditional virtues, the art of human relations, in addition to numerous sciences and techniques. All this must be acknowledged. Sanctity and competence are the ultimate goal and, in a certain sense, a real Catholic Action will not exist until they are achieved. But they can only come as a result of experience.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

in English and their chapel is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. We would have liked to have spent a few days in this delightful section of Illinois, which is right on the Mississippi River. St. Mary's Priory is a most hospitable place.

Personal Responsibility

One reason we are so much interested in the Mormons is they have the most perfect set-up for mutual aid, and accept no handouts from the government, or any other outside aid such as that offered by the Red Cross in time of disaster. They tithe themselves, they set aside some of their land for God, there is common work contributed by the parishioners for the common good, and where there is a surplus in one section of the country it goes to supply the need of another section. Their storehouses are always full, and there are no needy amongst the Mormons. Also, when Mormon students finish their formal education they give two years to missionary work, supporting themselves and going to different parts of the world. This is an example of building a new society within the shell of the old. Both Father Edmund and Father Haddigan see the virtues of these former neighbors and are interested in Ammon's plans to work among them in the future. My visit with Father Haddigan and Father Kelly was a most unexpected pleasure as Father Haddigan wrote me at the last minute inviting me to stop by on my way from Galesburg to St. Louis.

St. Louis

We are now in St. Louis and staying at Rogers Hall which is a women's residence connected with St. Louis University. I have already spoken at The Center where Evelyn Gilson and others of the old Catholic Worker group have built up a bookshop, art center and meeting place. It would have delighted Peter's heart because he was always talking of the need for such a center near every big university in the country.

We went to Mass this morning at Monsignor Helriegel's Holy Cross Church and were welcomed, as usual with the kiss of peace. One comes from such a church feeling that God has been praised and honored intensely by pastor and flock. It made me happy to see Father with two enthusiastic young curates and to feel the fullness of joy in the Holy Family Mass of the day. We had breakfast with Monsignor and then went on to meet with a group of families. To be continued.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

now he wondered what to do with it. Giving money to organizations only perpetuated bureaucrats he knew. I suggested that he put it in a safety deposit box without drawing any interest, and give it out slowly bit by bit as wisdom should tell him how to get rid of it. A few nights before I spoke to a group of young people at the Unitarian church in Brooklyn and had a very interesting discussion with them. I also spoke to the Newman Club at Brooklyn Polytechnic. I had been there four years before. There being no speaker on the night of the 16th at our place I told of how I became acquainted with the CW. I have four meetings around Baltimore when I leave here Jan. 2, and three in Washington, D.C. and then westward. I am glad that my friend Udall was appointed Secretary of the Interior and I hope that it means justice for the Indians at last. Those who wish to learn of the time and place of my meetings as listed elsewhere can write to the CW and I will tell them.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

events. On Ember Saturday, Daisy Mae, our cow, had a calf, with John Filliger—as he says—acting as midwife. We also celebrated some feast days—the birthday of Leo Bauerlein who spent a period of convalescence with us, and Shorty's baptismal anniversary. We had the usual cake and candles, though Molly may have thought that the cake Jimmy Jones baked for her was more of an artistic triumph than those Ralph and I baked for the other two; and indeed it was, for Jimmy is an artist as well as a baker. In spite of the inclement weather, Charles Butterworth managed to get out with movies one evening. The farm family, the Hughes' children, and Elizabeth McFee from next door enjoyed three colorful and interesting documentaries on Morocco, Venice, and Ghana, but the film which elicited the most approving laughter from Molly and the children was a Dr. Doolittle cartoon.

We are especially grateful to Fr. Wendell for taking time from his many duties to give us a day of recollection on the fourth Sunday of Advent. The day began with confessions and Mass at 9:30. Father gave three conferences—lucid practical discussions of the prayer life—and the day concluded with benediction. Hans Tunneson prepared an excellent dinner; Stanley Vishnewski read from Papi's Life of Christ during the noon meal. It was a day of quiet and prayer, but at supper, which was served buffet style and had been prepared by Joe Roach and Joe Cotter, conversation was resumed. Stuart Sandberg, Walter Kerell, Michael Dumanaskey, and George Johnson came out from the loft; others attending included Janet Burwash, Josephine Jenco, Virginia Whelan, Anne Marie Stokes, Jim Berry, Maurice Flood, and Mr. Hennabray, a neighbor. The only sad note of the day was that Jean Walsh, who had done so much to make the day go smoothly, had to leave right after Mass to visit her father who was ill in the hospital. Two days later Jean took the plane to Florida to spend the next two months caring for her father who had been ordered to spend several months in Florida's warm climate. We miss her, pray for her father's recovery, and hope for her return.

The only other sad note of our snowbound days was the news of Ed Willock's death. Because of the inclement weather, no one from the farm was able to attend his funeral which was held in St. Margaret's Church in Pearl River. He had been a close friend of the Catholic Worker, had done much work in the apostolate, and had suffered much. We join a multitude of friends in sending love and sympathy and prayers to his family.

Aside from colds, attacks of a mild virus, and the arthritic aches and pains which some of our family suffer from and which seem to get worse in bad weather, our farm family has continued in reasonably good health. Albert Check, who spent so many weeks in the hospital, is now home at the farm, and—thanks in great part to Jean Walsh's care and good nursing—is much improved.

To many adults there is a cer-

tain sadness mingled with the joy of Christmas. Some—as in our own community—will be separated from home and family because of age or the inexorable circumstances of our life on this earth which is no abiding city. Here at the farm there seems to be more tension at this time of year. There are minor flare-ups; some give way to self-pity, forgetting that this is a very real home to all of us who live here; some of the men who have this problem drink a little too much; now and then someone becomes a little weepy. Yet Christmas is with us first of all a religious festival. We do not try to go to Midnight Mass, as there are too many older and infirm persons. But there were three carsful for Dorothy and Ed to drive to the eight o'clock Mass on Christmas morning. Jonas and Mike Dumanaskey had come down on Christmas Eve. It was a special treat to have Helen Iswolsky with us who, though she had spoken often at the loft and had spent much time at the farm a few years ago, had not been able to get out since she had started teaching at Seton Hill College in Pennsylvania. She too had come out the night before and had helped Dorothy wrap presents to put under our tree which John Filliger had set up and decorated. Early Christmas morning Larry Evers arrived, like a juggler of Our Lady, as Helen Iswolsky remarked, to go to Mass with us, have breakfast with us, and entertain us through Christmas morning with a Christmas bagful of tricks. Beth and Frances came to spend the holy day with their family. And to complete our family, Anne Marie Stokes arrived, after singing with the carollers before the Women's jail on Christmas Eve, helping Stuart with the preparations for Christmas at the loft, and singing in the long and beautiful Russian liturgy on Christmas morning at St. Michael's Chapel. Everyone at the farm had helped in Christmas preparations, in one way or another. Hans outdid himself in cooking the Christmas dinner. All in all, it was a good day. We only wish that we could always remember that the great gift of Christmas is God's gift of Himself, to all of us, to each of us.

Ammon Hennacy's Speaking Schedule

- January 23, Antioch College.
- January 24, Purdue Univ.
- January 25, Indianapolis.
- January 26-27, Notre Dame.
- January 28-31, Detroit, Lansing, Ann Arbor.
- February 1-2, Chicago.
- February 3, Urbana.
- February 4-7, Milwaukee.
- February 8-10, Madison.
- February 11-13, Minneapolis.
- February 14, Iowa City.
- February 15-16, Omaha.
- February 17-18, Kansas City.
- February 19-22, St. Louis.
- February 23-24, Denver.
- February 25-26, Cheyenne.
- February 27 to March 1, Winnipeg.
- March 2-6, Saskatoon.
- March 7-12, Doukhobors.
- March 13, Spokane.
- March 14-16, Anacanda.
- March 17, Salt Lake City.

PAX BULLETIN (Quarterly)

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Letters From Two Families

Resurrection Farm
November 6, 1960

Dear Ammon,

After ten years of discussing the possibilities of life on the land, we finally made the big move the first of June. We are located in the middle of 200 acres of marginal hill land, ½ mile off a hard surfaced road. About half the farm is in out over timber and the remainder crop land and pasture. Explored the possibility of sheep raising but were discouraged in this venture by the County Agent, who warned us of the great loss of sheep in this area from packs of stray dogs. We have decided that the best use we could make of our land would be to attempt to raise beef cattle. This, of course, can not be undertaken until we put our fences in order.

We have acquired two milk cows, which give us a super abundance of milk, cream and butter, which with 8 children is a luxury we never before enjoyed. Have a little bull calf that we will butcher next fall and two heifer calves. The children have developed a fondness for the animals which we feel is quite surprising for children raised in the city. Chores are divided among the older children with Joe and Pat doing the milking and caring for cows, calves and two pigs. Sue manages the chickens and Kathy, her goat, Rachel.

We were able to put in a garden which yielded a plentiful supply of fresh vegetables during the summer and from which we were able to preserve 400 quarts for the winter months. Our farm is badly overgrown in brush but yielded berries in large enough quantities, not only for our use but we were able to give a good many to our friends in town. We are badly in need of a root cellar, but could not complete that project this year. Can see daily what Peter Maurin meant when he said there was no unemployment on the land. So many things to put in order and so little time to accomplish the task. In order not to give the impression that we are successful farmers, I am still employed full time as a psychiatric nurse at the local VA hospital.

We are still talking about the idea of community, but have never been able to interest anyone in this phase of the Catholic Worker. We would enjoy hearing from other readers of the paper as to their ideas on the subject. Have a 3 room apartment over the

garage which anyone interested in community life on the land could have, or come build here, there is plenty of land for a few more.

Life has been much more satisfying here in the country and also more of a challenge to ourselves and the children.

Love in Christ,
Pat & Mary Murray
New Address: R.D. #7, Box 14
Chillicothe, Ohio

My small family and I have been receiving The Catholic Worker for over a year now and have managed one visit to Spring St. There we met Ammon and a man named, Jack, both of whom made our visit thoroughly enjoyable. From friends and at the library I am able to read, or to peruse, 25 periodicals a month, among them America, Commonweal, and others, I can truthfully say that the only magazine in which I read every word is yours.

Your column and the excellence of the October issue is responsible for this letter. The debates and Rethinking CW Positions I found absorbing; the issue was the best I have read to date because of the amount of material devoted to the Back to the Land movement. You see, I am a Johnny-Come-Lately to the whole concept of the Worker movement and the Green Revolution. Your editors and correspondents are usually so steeped in what you called CW Positions, I fear that a new subscriber like myself on reading his first few issues feels as though he has arrived in the middle of an eight man, two-team, debate and is not sure which side is Pro or which side is Con. In fact, he does not know proposition or subject under debate but he knows both sides contain friendly classmates.

However, it does not take the reader with a little common-sense long to catch on; it is necessary though that back issues be saved for reference in order to get a clear picture of the CW movement and its principles. Like a philosopher looking at the world of today with one eye weeping and one eye laughing I noted the part played (in the debates you mentioned) by "Ammon alone" debating the role of the "One Man Revolution." On my team Ammon would be playing "way out in left field" but then again the team could not function without a leftfielder, could it.

Since I have a large favor to

ask of you and your fellow workers which will require the expenditure of time and effort, like Thoreau I believe "every writer should give an account, simple and sincere, of his own life." However, since an account of how every man and woman arrives at the "moment of truth" and the final fork in the road does not matter so much as the fact that they do arrive, therefore, I will let you off with a few sentences. I am a "cradle Catholic"; at sixteen I worked as a Rivet Catcher in Todd's Shipyard in Brooklyn during summer vacations from high school, at 26 I sat in an Air Force Control Tower somewhere in the South Pacific Islands; at 36 I was a newspaper reporter and later a Public Relations Director for the local County Democratic Committee; at present I am 43, a free-lance writer (unsuccessful), rich in the sense that I have

a house almost paid-for, and poor in the fact that, like the man whose 21-room house I can see from my window, we are both two jumps ahead of last September's bills and the Sheriff, but we owe the October oil bill.

Last night I reread the October issue until three in the morning. If it were at all possible, I would be on a bus to Chicago in a month's time to answer Karl's appeal for a Worker on that farm, or farm-to-be, near South Bend. But I would have to leave the responsibility of selling the house to my wife. This I could not do and on sober reflection and deep reflection I know the time will not be ripe for some time. What I need is to learn as much as possible about life on the land from the people who are trying it, or know how to proceed. This is what I wish to ask of you and your fellow workers. I would be glad to hear from anyone who can tell an ex-Brooklyn boy how a man gets back to the land and a small farm. "Back to the land," I say; but I have never been on the land. Can it be done? Surely, I can buy a piece of land upstate and a small house, but what then. I hope I have not taken up too much of your time and hoping to hear from you, and I plan to visit the Staten Island farm one of these days.

Yours in Christ
C. J. Q.

Help Needed

Apartado 216
Rio Amazonas
Iquitos, Peru
S.A.

Dear Friend,

Greetings from the Amazon! Year round heat and high humidity in the jungle is something of a polar change from the dry cold of the high Andes. It's another marvel of Providence, the facility with which the human body accommodates itself to climatic extremes and a complete change of food; while the animal kingdom, suffering the same, weakens and dies.

The Andean Province of Huarochiri, my first mission, was given over with other territories to the spiritual administration of "Opus Dei," a Spanish Society. With

as they themselves feared the Andean natives. So one finds hardly any cultural relationship between the two peoples.

About four hundred miles of waterways in the heart of the Peruvian Jungle give the setting to the Mission of Tamshiyacu. A total population between fifteen and twenty thousand live in eighteen villages. The Amazon people are very poor, ignorant, and suffer from many diseases and the drudgery of eking out a living in the jungle. At the same time I find them very clean, receptive and lovable.

Peter Maurin's doctrine, "Grow what you eat and eat what you grow," never could be for the jungle. Only a thin crust of good earth covers the clay, limiting farming almost exclusively to the cultivation of yucca and tropical fruit trees. And the few vegetable plants that would grow are stripped by ants before they even flower. People eat hardly more than yucca root, rice and boiled green bananas. Almost everyone is seriously anemic, deaths are frequent.

Though government and missionaries work hard to maintain free elementary schools illiteracy is still high. Education's worst enemy seems to be difficulties in transportation and poverty. When a child is big enough to row a canoe to a school center, his father usually needs him to help keep the creeping jungle ways from the farm.

Three Canadian Lay Missionaries, two nurses and a school teacher, are here with me and work tirelessly on the mission. After attending more than a hundred patients in the dispensary, making home visits, and teaching in the tropical heat, they have to cook and wash more primitively than our grandparents did.

We at the mission are grateful for your kind generosity in the past. We have no income to continue our work for Christ's poor and neglected other than your personal charity.

May God bless and keep you,
Father Francis W. Kennard

LETTERS

Encouragement

Dear Dorothy Day,

Your letter arrived in the midst of a very joyful time for us. Our eleven-and-a-half-month-old Heidi-Marie has a little brother, Mark Anthony Leo, as of October 3. Having been so richly blessed we should like to share our joy and blessings with you. The enclosed check is not so large as we should like to make it, but we hope that it will help you in your work. It

is a small way of saying "thank you" for The Catholic Worker. We are subscribers of less than a year's duration now (ever since Father Boyle conducted his interview with you on KPFA) and in every issue we have discovered new truths and new reasons to attempt in every way to live as Christ taught us. We are far from approaching a true humility and far from having the courage to reject the materialism which still permeates our lives, but we are trying.

We have both taken part in as many demonstrations for peace and disarmament as we could, and besides working on the Marin Committee for the Abolition of the Death Penalty have joined the Friends in their vigils at San Quentin (about five minutes from our home) before each execution. Before we started to receive the CW, we had very little social conscience or concern indeed. And as I say, we have a long way to go. But we do owe you a good deal for having brought about what little awareness there is now. Certainly in relation to Catholicism you have helped us crystallize why such awareness is necessary. We must admit that KPFA had already awakened some interests in us with their stimulating and non-commercially influenced programs of discussion and public affairs. It was important to us that we could see all this in relation to Christ, and that is the part the CW has helped us with admirably. We hope we can succeed in passing on what we have learned to our children.

God bless you and help you in His work.
Gratefully,
Bob and Paula White

The Whalens

RFD
Ontario, New York
November 7, 1960

Dear Miss Day,

Do you remember Dan and Marg Whalen? They are from East Avon and have been members of the Rochester group for a long time. Their real work, however, is a kind of outgrowth of this.

Each year they go to Mexico from Christmas to Easter and each year find themselves more completely given to apostolic work. Last year, for example, they enabled twenty-one children to make their first Communion, handling the instruction and preparation completely. They also gave classes in art, knitting and English for forty adults. They gave a scholarship to an eighteen year old boy at the Marist Brothers School and distributed bread to the poor.

Dan and Marg's efforts are aimed at teaching the life of Blessed Martin de Porres, first by imitating it themselves and by sharing it with those whom they teach. They have a few rules which the children must follow to belong to St. Martin's Society. Here are three of the most stimulating: 1. Perform an act of charity AT HOME each day. 2. Give an alms to a beggar each day. 3. Perform an act of charity for an animal each day. You can readily imagine what

an effect these could have, and how real Blessed Martin could become.

The Whalens devote nine months of the year to their own support through a small business they have. The simplicity of their life makes possible the Mexican trip, but for their materials they have



to depend on their friends. There are a few who send them donations for yarn and paint and paper but especially for their scholarship. This is the prize at the end of their stay to their best student.

Do you think that any of the readers of the paper would be interested in this specific charity in honor of Blessed Martin? The address is

DAN AND MARG WHALEN
EAST AVON, NEW YORK
Their mail is forwarded to them in Mexico.

Ever gratefully,
Jim Connor

Letter From Africa

St. Benedicts Seminary
Namupa, Box 6, Lindi
Tanzania, E. Africa
December, 8, 1960

Dear Dorothy,

About a year ago you very kindly published an appeal for books for me. The response has been most gratifying. Today we have almost 2,000 books in our library.

But to vary the Scriptural quotation—"not by books alone does man live." This time I am appealing for used Tee shirts and sleeveless track or basketball shirts for my 210 youngsters. We give each boy two white shirts and two pair of khaki shorts—their total wardrobe. Our African seminarians go barefooted. But they must wear the shirts during work and recreation too—and it is rather hard on the shirts.

It occurred to me that the average young man probably has a good number of Tee shirts and is always getting more. Those that are a bit shabby or without their original lustre are usually put in the bottom

of the drawer and are seldom if ever used.

All sizes are welcome. We have boys from 12 to 21 in our seminary—tiny tots and tall ones too.

If any of your good readers care to send a parcel they should be sure to write on the parcel "Used Shirts—Not for Resale—For Use of Mission." Otherwise we may have to pay duty—two shillings (thirty cents) per shirt. I would ask too that no one send new shirts—because they would certainly be taxed.

The Catholic Worker comes regularly and as I said before it is the best spiritual reading yet. It is always so refreshing to read it—especially "On Pilgrimage" and "In the Market Place." I am sure God is very pleased with your work—and your ideas.

A Merry Christmas to you and all. Please remember us in your prayers. We need things—but we need everyone's prayers much more.

Sincerely in Our Lord,
Father Anthony, O.S.B.