

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXVIII No. 6

January, 1962

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Feast of the Holy Family

Brethren: Put on, as Christ's chosen ones, holy and beloved, a heart of mercy, kindness, humility, meekness, patience. Bear with one another, and forgive one another, if anyone has a grievance against any other; even as the Lord has forgiven you, so also do you forgive. But above all these things have charity, which is the bond of perfection. And may the peace of Christ reign in your hearts; unto that peace, indeed, you were called in one body. Show yourselves thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly: in all wisdom teach and admonish one another by psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, singing in your hearts to God by His grace. Whatever you do in word or in work, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God the Father through Jesus Christ our Lord.

St. Paul's Letter to the Colossians.

'Shun All Thought of Force' Pope Pleads At Christmas

Following is the text of an English translation made available by the Vatican Press Office of the Christmas address given by Pope John XXIII on Dec. 21, 1961.

The Birthday of The Lord, the Feast of Peace.

No matter how one seeks to tell the glories of the great mystery and to express the fullness of grace which gladdens every believer in Jesus Christ at this time, it is impossible to surpass what those few words contain.

This, then, is the message of

Bethlehem: the glory of God, true peace, and the invitation to the human will to correspond with so great a gift. "Gloria in excelsis Deo; pax hominibus bonae voluntatis" (Luke 2, 14).

In the course of centuries the literature of those countries in which the light of Christ has shone has been unable to add anything to this threefold revelation which was declared to men at the coming of the Son of God into the world.

Messages of Peace

This is now the fourth Christmas on which we (the poor son of the people—if we may openly express what we inwardly consider ourselves to be—called to the summit of the priesthood and the government of the Church) have, by the help of God's grace, put all our heart into declaring this great message of peace.

On the previous occasions we rejoiced to set the peace of Bethlehem before all mankind from three different points of view. Always the peace of Christ, but as seen in the radiance of its noblest manifestations: peace and justice, peace and unity, peace and truth.

In this threefold radiance the most important and most precious blessings of mankind brilliantly shine forth. As an expression of the good wishes which men at this season exchange among themselves

there is nothing more suitable than this manifold effulgence of the riches that the Word of God made Man brings down to earth for the redemption and exaltation of mankind.

You know well, dear children, how the fathers of the Church, both East and West, the doctors and Pontiffs whose voices intermingled and blend in harmony, are acknowledged to be the most faithful interpreters of the teaching, old but ever new, of heaven's message.

From that chorus one voice, familiar to us in our youth, rings out this year in accents of renewed fervor. It is the voice of St. Leo the Great, the 15th century of whose death we have recently celebrated in our encyclical 'Aeterna Dei.'

Words of St. Leo

In the happy celebrations of last November it was a joy for us to draw the inspiration of our words from this great doctor. And similarly today, we delight to direct your eyes toward the stable of Bethlehem by means of words taken from his Christmas sermons—sermons which still preserve their lively personal style. Listen to his words:

"Generatio . . . Christi origo est populi christiani, et natalis capitis

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Archbishop Condemns Capitalism

Lima, Peru—Dec.—Archbishop Juan Landazuri, OFM., of Lima delivered a strong condemnation of both Capitalism and Communism in sermon outlines he has delivered to his priests for the next 23 Sundays. The sermons are to deal with social problems, particularly economics, and the Church. "Capitalism," the Archbishop stated, "is the economic system opposite to that of Communism." Capitalism, he continued, is "as far removed from Christianity as Communism itself."

The Archbishop defined Capitalism in the sermon outlines as economic liberalism.

"The Church condemns Capitalism," he declared, "and also the miserable situation to which it has led innumerable workers."

Capitalism is always "naturalistic and is only concerned with the goods of this life." While capitalism proclaims liberty as a desirable human value, "it forgets that external liberty ought to submit itself to justice and truth."

Archbishop Landazuri told the poor not to blame the rich or avoid "constructive and productive effort and wait for solutions which promise the distribution of the goods of others."

In speaking of the upper classes, the sermon outline stressed that those who have received more from society and have more means

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Dec. 25: "The brightness of your glory has made itself manifest to the eyes of our mind by the mystery of the Word made flesh, and we are drawn to the love of things unseen thru Him whom we acknowledge as God, now seen by men." From the preface in the Christmas Mass.

"What have I on earth but Thee and what do I desire in heaven beside Thee?"

It is joy that brought me to the faith, joy at the birth of my child, 35 years ago, and that joy is constantly renewed as I daily receive our Lord at Mass. At first I thought that following the prayers of the Mass would become monotonous and something for the priests to continue day after day, and that that was why people were silent and bookless. Some Quakers going to Mass with me once said, "Now I know what the Mass is,—it is a meditation." But it is an act, a sacrifice, attended by prayers, and these prayers repeated daily, of adoration, contrition, thanksgiving, supplication are ever there. One or another emotion may predominate but the act performed evokes the feeling of "performing the work of our salvation."

Christmas Eve and Christmas this year I went to the 11 o'clock Mass at St. Thomas, in Pleasant Plains, and was moved to the deepest gratitude that we are in a parish which has two such good priests. That is the greatest gift the Peter Maurin farm has ever received. We were included in the greetings in the parish bulletin, as "largest family in the parish."

Dec. 26: Setting out at 8, Stanley, Mary Hughes and I drove to Vermont to see the Hennessy family. Snow was heavy on the ground, and heavy in the sky tho not yet falling. We did not get there until 5:30 tho we only stopped briefly twice.

Dec. 28. Snow is falling.

Feast of the Holy Innocents. From early morning till late at night the house is riotous—Tamar's nine and two guests, an eight year old and a 15 year old. This morning they were out sledding after a hasty breakfast and now they are in again racing up and downstairs. The furnace fire went out and Eric is downstairs struggling with it. The fire in the kitchen stove and the Franklin stove in the living room are going good. The teen agers have their radio on, Nickey and Margaret, talking loudly are playing Monopoly. There is perpetual motion and perpetual sound from Mary, Martha, Hilaire, and Louise their guest. The house is in a turmoil of caps, coats, mittens, galoshes, scarves, toys and if anything is ever found again it will be thanks to St. Anthony.

The louder the noise, the louder the canary sings. In the kitchen, a mother hen and four chicks she had hatched unseasonably, chirp contentedly in a big box. Even now and then the hen knocks the cover off and comes out into the kitchen for crumbs. There are 3 cats, beau-

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Back the Strike!

By NELSON BARR

It was a brilliant-white Christmas afternoon that found Jim Forest and me trudging through the snow over to the Living Theatre on 8th Avenue for our scheduled interview with Julian Beck and Judith Malina, the husband and wife team responsible not only for the upsurge of the avant-garde theatre in the United States, but also for the calling of the first world-wide general strike for peace. On arrival we found them knee-deep in production problems for a new play, and with Julian holding up the theatre end, Judith, wrapped in a stage fur coat until the heat was forthcoming, proceeded to tell us of their reasons for calling a general strike for peace.

The Becks conceived this idea of a general strike one evening late last summer while on their way to dinner with their son, Garrick. On passing a newsstand they were struck by the headline: "US Reconsiders Ban on Atmospheric Testing." Fearful of the consequences of such a move by the American Government and the expected like reactions of the other Bomb possessing powers, Julian made the statement, "The time has come for a general strike."

The Becks were calling for a general strike for peace simply from an ethical stand against nuclear war without consideration of the possibility of success. Later over dinner they drafted their first circular letter which was sent out to friends and many peace organizations on September 15th. It was then published by the Village Voice, The Catholic Worker, The Peacemaker and several international dailies. In this letter there was no suggestion of civil disobedience—it was felt that this method of protest should be left to the individual. We were informed by Judith Malina, however, that quite a few strike participants plan to

demonstrate in this manner. The form conceived for the strike was that of work stoppages, the boycotting of stores, theatres, places of business and all forms of transportation and public utilities. The November 20th press release of the New York Committee, formed by the Becks to facilitate the coordination of the strike, asks that "all citizens from both sides of

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Pacifists Organize Coalition

By JAMES FOREST

Pacifists, it has often been pointed out, are pacifism's greatest problem, or so it would seem, as too often there has been discord instead of peace among them. However, as the world crisis becomes more acute and continuing trends take on more ominous details, this problem very definitely seems to be dying a good and welcome death.

The most important fruit so far of this changed atmosphere now with us is the first working coalition of American peace organizations: Turn Toward Peace. Turn Toward Peace was conceived and organized during the last few months, formally taking shape on December 5th.

Sanford Gottlieb, who coordinates Turn Toward Peace with Robert Pickus, said recently, "This is not here because of the failure in the past of organization to achieve any concrete results, as has been suggested, but simply

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CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

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Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
175 Chrystie St., New York City—2
Telephone GR 3-5850

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly.
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



Christmas Message

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natalis est corporis. Beloved children, what beautiful words are these: "The birth of Christ is the birth of the Christian people; the birthday of the Head is the birthday also of the body." And he continues:

"Even though everyone of those who are called has his own proper place, and even though the children of the Church are separated in time, nevertheless the whole body of the faithful, born of the waters of Baptism . . . is given life with Christ in this Nativity . . . And so the greatness of the gift which is bestowed on us requires of us a reverence befitting its splendor . . . What is more in keeping with the dignity of today's feast than peace, which at the Lord's birth was for the first time proclaimed by the choir of angels? It is peace that gives life to the sons of God, it is the nurse of goodness and the mother of unity . . . The birthday of Our Lord is the birthday of peace, for, as the Apostle says: 'He himself is our peace' (Eph. 2, 14)."

The peace of wise and upright men — to paraphrase St. Leo's thought, which comes from above and raises up on high—is not to be confused with the easy-going indulgence of lovers of this world. It stands out against every obstacle and spurs men away from dangerous pleasures to where true joys are to be found. May we, united in a single will and a single conviction, at one in faith and hope and love be led thither by the Spirit of Peace (St. Leo, Sermon XXVI [On the Nativity VII, II, III, V; Migne, PL 54 — 213, 214, 216]).

These are the sublime words of St. Leo, and they speak clearly on points of doctrine and of practical life. Everything is there: Holy Church, with all its ranks of believers, its honorable priesthood and its supreme pontificate acting as an instrument destined by God for the uniting of the nations in such a way that a true and lasting elevation of human society may be established.

Peace in Goodness

Yes, all that we expressed in greeting in Our three previous Christmas messages is contained there. Do you remember? Knowledge of the truth, *pax et veritas* (peace and truth), leading us to adore the Son of God made man for us, and to accept His message of redemption. *Pax et veritas*, giving strength to high ideals and endurance to good resolutions of knowing and serving the truth. *Pax et unitas* (peace and unity), an urgent invitation to show loyalty to this Apostolic See which is the center of unity.

And lastly, *pax et iustitia* (peace and justice), for this vision of the unique reality of the Church contains invaluable means for building up a solid social structure and for establishing peaceful relations between men, whether between individuals of the same nation or the same trade, or whether on a universal scale in the world as a whole, which belongs to all and should guarantee to all employment and a life of peace.

To this threefold light of peace in truth, in unity, in justice, would it not be well to add, this year, for our greater spiritual profit, a fourth ray, the light of goodness, *pax Christi in bonitate* (the peace of Christ in goodness).

How gladly do we turn our thoughts toward the glorious Kingdom of Christ in the spirit of the liturgy, which is soon to say: "The King of Peace is glorified and all the earth longs for His favor. The King of Peace is glorified overall the kings of the whole earth" (Vespers of Christmas). Let it be, then, the peace of Christ in goodness.

The first thing that we see is Jesus inviting us from the crib of Bethlehem, anticipating the occasions in His later life when He, the Divine Master, will be held in reverence and hailed as rabbi by the enthusiastic crowds, and will say to them: "Learn from Me, for I am meek and humble of heart" (Matt. 11, 29).

This voice from the crib is the outward manifestation of the "goodness" of Jesus, of which He is the living reality and the divine source and whose grace is the universal authority of peace for all the world.

The World Today

This authority, alas, full of humility and meekness, and holding out the joy of universal peace, remains with the passing of the years a sign of contradiction and of the obstinate hardness of men in their relations with one another.

If we look at the events of recent times, we might well say that in our day fear and alarm are producing a burning fever of estrangement one from another. And though this is unconscious in many cases, it is, for all that, noticeable in dealings with others, and leads to continuous disturbance in domestic, social, civil and international relationships.

Such an observation is all the more tragic when one reflects that in the Creator's providential plan, men are meant to understand, to help and to complete one another by brotherly cooperation, by patiently overcoming differences and by sharing the goods of the earth fairly, *iustitia duce, caritate comite*, according to charity and justice (Pius XII, encyclical *Sertum Laetitiae*, Nov. 1, 1939).

On this subject the Prophets and Psalms speak with clarity, inculcating goodness and love in the name of God. Isaiah says: "Ease the insupportable burden, set free the over-driven; away with every yoke that galls! Share thy bread with the hungry, give the poor and the vagrant a welcome to thy house; meet thou the naked, clothe him; from thy own flesh and blood turn not away. The Lord will give thee rest continually, fill thy soul with comfort" (Is. 58, 6-7, 11).

If we consider mutual relationships as they exist today in national and international affairs, we can see how far they still are from the divine teaching which shines in the age of the Old Testament, and

bursts out into perfect light with the coming of the Divine Master in the fullness of time. All His teaching is an invitation to peace, for it proclaims the blessedness of peace. But here, on the contrary, under the cloak of fair words—when, at least, the outward appearance is maintained, and even that unfortunately is not always the case—there is often a spirit opposed to peace.

It is the pride of the man of power who destroys. It is the greed of the man of wealth who hardens his heart to the needs of his brothers (1 John 3, 17).

It is the callousness of the complacent man who pays no heed to the great cry of suffering which exists in the world. It is the selfishness of the man who thinks exclusively of himself.

Goodness Lacking

In every case it is the goodness of Christ which is lacking, and which above all must provide the antidote to this spirit of contradiction and hard-heartedness, paving the way to a more peaceful attitude to things.

In Our encyclical, *Mater et Magistra*, it was Our wish to stress the fact that "when men are animated by the charity of Christ, they feel united, and the needs, sufferings and joys of others are felt as their own. Consequently the action of



each one—as We said—cannot help but be more disinterested, more energetic, more humane, because charity is patient, is kind . . . seeketh not her own . . . rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth . . . hopeth all things, endureth all things" (1 Cor. 13, 4-7; A.A.S. LIII, [1961] p. 461).

It is good that the supplication for peace which rises up this year from the crib of Bethlehem should be an invocation of goodness, an appreciation of true brotherhood, a resolution of sincere cooperation, shunning all intrigue and all those discordant elements which We have called and which We will call again without disguising Our words: pride, greed, callousness, selfishness.

The invitation should be all the more pressing, for mutual distrust is making conditions progressively worse. Consider only the state of fearfulness in which men are living because of flaunted violence and fostered enmity, and it is clear that this is giving rise to a general coolness and making it more and more widespread.

In such a situation it is natural to think of the grave and solemn words of Christ, spoken in prophecy and warning: "Because iniquity hath abounded the charity of many shall grow cold" (Matt. 24, 12).

Man is no longer brother, good, merciful and loving to his fellow men, but has become a stranger, calculating, suspicious and selfish.

What a crying need there is for the only remedy, which is to be found in giving a welcome to Jesus of Bethlehem, the Lamb of God, Who has come to take away the sins of the world (cf. John 1, 29), in having recourse to His grace, in putting into practice His teaching of mercy.

O blessed feast of Christmas: meeting place of simple folk, invitation to inner purity, to goodness to all men, for "the kindness of God, Our Savior, dawned on us, His great love for men" (Tit. 3, 4).

It is sad to have to deplore evil, but merely to deplore it does not remove it. We must desire, accomplish and exalt the good. It is goodness that we must openly pro-

claim before the world, so that it shines out and permeates every form of individual and social activity.

Every individual must be good because he is the mirror of a clear conscience which does not admit of duplicity, cunning or hardness of heart. He must be good by being given continually to interior purification and true perfection, by being faithful to an unshakable purpose, the measure of all his thoughts and actions.

"The family too must be good," with mutual love burning like a flame in the exercise of all virtue. Goodness sweetens and strengthens paternal authority, and is nurtured by maternal tenderness. It encourages obedience on the part of the children, controls the exuberance of youth, inspires necessary sacrifices.

There is furthermore that goodness which should rule our actions "outside the confines of the home," though in union with it. Various applications can be given in the schools of all grades, in the various institutions of civic life, which is ordered to the harmonious association of citizens based on peace, respect and friendship. All the relationships of the social order are founded on goodness, which St. Leo the Great recommends in the most vivid language:

"To commit injustice and to make reparation—this is the prudence of this world. On the contrary, not to render evil for evil is the virtuous expression of Christian forgiveness . . . Therefore let humility be loved and let the faithful shun all arrogance. Let everyone give preference to his brethren before himself, and let no one seek his own interest, but that of his neighbor, so that where all are filled with benevolence, there may be no place left for the poison of enmity" (Sermon XXXVII [on the Epiphany VIII, IV; Migne, PL 54, 259]).

"And finally all humanity must be good." These words, which resound through the ages and are now repeated with modern accents, recalled the duty incumbent on all men to be good. That means to be just, upright, generous, disinterested, willing to understand and to forgive, ready to grant pardon with magnanimity. As an invitation to the exercise of this duty, We turn to the appeal, which with all trust We started out to make in this radio broadcast, to desire peace and to eliminate all obstacles in its way.

Risk Everything

We cannot believe that the terrific energy now under the control of man will be released for the world's destruction. For side by side with elements of fear and apprehension, there are positive signs of goodwill that is constructive and productive of good. While We give thanks to the Lord, the source of goodness, We also give voice to a heartfelt appeal that all those who control economic forces should risk everything—but not the peace of the world and the lives of men—to seek every means that modern progress has put at their disposal to increase the welfare and security of the world, and not to sow distrust and mutual suspicion.

And again, to use the words of Our encyclical *Mater et Magistra*, "We point out with sadness . . . that while on the one hand are brought out in strong relief situations of want, and the specter of misery and hunger haunts us, on the other hand scientific discoveries, technical inventions and economic resources are being used, often extensively, to provide terrible instruments of ruin and death" (A.A.S. LIII [1961] p. 448).

We also appeal to those responsible for forming public opinion, even if only in a limited area, to fear the severe judgment of God and of history and to proceed with caution, governed by a sense of balance. On not a few occasions in modern times—and this We state with candor and regret—the press has contributed to the production of an atmosphere of aversion, enmity and discord.

We appeal to the rulers of na-

tions, who today hold in their hands the fate of mankind. You also are men, fragile and mortal. Upon you are the anxious eyes of your fellowmen, who are first your brothers before they are your subjects.

With the authority which We have received from Jesus Christ, We say: Shun all thought of force; think of the tragedy of initiating a chain reaction of acts, decisions and resentments that could erupt into rash and irreparable deeds. You have received great powers not to destroy but to build, not to divide but to unite, not to cause tears to be shed but to provide employment and security.

These are the various applications of that goodness that should penetrate every aspect of human life. This goodness is power and domination over oneself, patience with others, charity that is neither extinguished nor dimmed because it sincerely wills the welfare of all according to the immortal words of St. Augustine: "It remains peaceful in the midst of insults, productive of good amidst hate; meek in spite of anger, harmless amidst snares: *inter iniquitates gemens, in veritate respirans* (it groans among the iniquitous, and breathes in the truth)."

Venerable brethren and beloved children. In the renewed contemplation of the Son of God made Man, may the message of goodness and evangelical charity come to all men in its full clarity. May it be to all believers a new inspiration to live it in its fullness, giving an example to an anxious world. May it appeal to all men of good will to make salutary reflections on the applications of those principles upon which well-ordered social life is founded.

The humble Vicar of Christ in raising his voice wished to propose with the clearest evidence the common obligation that flows from the very essence of Christmas.

As We end this message, Our thoughts turn with affection to all humanity for whose salvation the Divine Word became incarnate, and in particular to the suffering, to those enduring tribulations of mind and body, to those who are denied justice and charity. To all go Our paternal good wishes for all consolation.

We cannot pass over the anxiety that Our heart feels at the thought that when Christmas day dawns upon the world, there will still be people without peace, without security, without religious liberty—people tormented by the specter of war and famine. For them Our most fervent prayers and supplications rise to heaven, together with a paternal wish that all difficulties and controversies be resolved equitably and a renewed appeal to the rulers of all nations that through their united efforts justice, equity, and that longed for peace may be realized.

On the note of peace, founded on true goodness, We are pleased to end Our message to which We add Our best wishes and the gift of the apostolic blessing.

Compromise

"One of the researches most urgently needed is into the whole problem of compromise and non-compromise. I am dangerously and mistakenly much against compromise: 'my kind never gets anything done.' The (self-styled) 'Realists' are quite as dangerously ready to compromise. They seem never sufficiently aware of the danger: they much too quickly and easily respect the compromise and come at rest in it. I would suppose that nothing is necessarily wrong with compromise of itself, except that those who are easy enough to make it are easy enough to relax into it and accept it, and that it thus inevitably becomes fatal. Or more nearly, the essence of the trouble is that compromise is held to be virtue of itself."

—James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (Houghton Mifflin).

This remarkable poem, composed in 1865 by John Henry Cardinal Newman, came full-bloom from a dream. The famed English scholar and preacher had passed through a long and intense period of personal suffering. His reception into the Catholic Church in 1845 had lost him many of his dear Anglican friends. Catholic leaders, even officials at the Propaganda in Rome, misunderstood him. They could not comprehend his failure to be an aggressive convert-maker. Nor could they fathom the penetrating and subtle mind so appalled at the low level of Catholic intellectuality in his own country. Newman understood clearly the varying degrees of bigotry in the minds of Englishmen. His hope was to analyze and remove these obstacles to truth through the long rare educational process.

Cardinal Wiseman and Bishop Manning could not grasp this view. The depth of Newman's thinking escaped them for they wanted active, blunt methods. Compared to him, they were extremely pedestrian in their thinking and once, when Newman's name was mentioned in his presence, Manning remarked: "I gather you are under the impression that Doctor Newman is a good Catholic. Either you are ignorant of Catholic doctrine, or of the works of Doctor Newman."

Newman felt this position keenly and in his diary he commented that he was being put aside, considered strange, odd and untrustworthy. Yet he was very happy about one thing. God had granted him the privilege of bringing the Oratory of St. Philip Neri from Italy to England.

The Oratory had been started at London with a branch at Edgbaston, near Birmingham. At this last-named place, Newman gathered a few friendly priests about him. They lived a community life, took no vows and accepted the tasks assigned to them. They opened a school for boys which attracted the attention of many English Catholic families, eager to have their children study under Newman.

Here in a little oasis of love and learning, he taught and studied, wrote and preached. He did not like London and its crowds but felt he was most effective in small intimate quarters. His was a life in depth rather than extent and here in Edgbaston he wrote down the poem he dreamed. It was about Purgatory, a most difficult subject of theology, one which the Council of Trent had warned should not be treated for subtleties, which evoke neither edification nor devotion.

"The Dream of Gerontius, unique among the world's great poems, is in a class of its own," writes Monsignor H. Francis Davis, the Vice-Postulator of Newman's cause for beatification in the March 28, 1959, issue of *Ave Maria* magazine. "The miracle of this poem is that Newman has been able to preserve the delicate atmosphere of poetry, describing the entry of a soul into the next life, without a word that offends either philosophy or sound theology concerning that state." There were so many fine points where mistakes could have been made but the poem came into being without Newman's changing it, certainly an inspiration, marking super-natural help.

Newman explained to a friend that he was so unimpressed by the poem that he threw it aside and only retrieved it when an editor asked him for it after he could find nothing else to send him. The *Dream of Gerontius* appeared in two parts in *The Month* magazine in London in May and June, 1865.

Later Newman felt a deep affection for the poem and we see him, a man well into his eighties, fragile, sensitive, reflective yet somewhat austere, presiding over commencement exercises at the Oratory School, passing out autographed copies to the students leaving the place.

One who seemingly received a copy was Hilaire Belloc, also armed with a letter of introduc-

tion to the priests of the College Stanislaus in Paris. This college was once run by the scholarly Pere Auguste-Joseph-Alphonse Gratry, who had revived the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in France about the same time Newman was introducing it into England.

Belloc was not too much drawn to Newman's gentle ways. He preferred the blunt Manning but Newman's artistic writing ability and his shrewd direction of the younger man to the college in France renowned for letters must have had a considerable part in the development of this great English stylist. When Newman died, it was Alice Meynell who suggested to Belloc that he take up Newman's historical work and complete it.

Newman was an old man, a gerontius himself, when he wrote the poem. In the work, the loneliness of Gerontius, the short, sharp agony, even moments of terror the soul experiences at the hour of death are described poignantly. His friends are at his bedside, saying the prayers for the dying. These give the soul strength as it feels the fast departing ruin of the world deserting him. He makes a fervent act of love toward his God. The surplined priest, with violet stole, blesses the chamber and those present, as the *Asperges* is recited: Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow. Gerontius kisses the crucifix and passes into death.

The soul, now freed from its body, awakens in another world: "I had a dream; yes; some one softly said 'He's gone; and then a sigh went round the room, And then I surely heard a priestly voice Cry 'Subvenite,' and they knelt in prayer."

Gerontius is in the firm grasp of his guardian angel, who takes him swiftly to the Judgment Seat. A long and wonderful colloquy ensues between the two. In the distance, the demons, angered at having lost the soul, are heard, chattering their wild cries. The guardian angel consoles the soul which now has no fear. Soon the good angelic choirs are heard. The soul approaches the Judgment Seat and falls withered and prostrate before the throne as the Angel of Christ's Agony offers the sufferings of the Saviour on behalf of Gerontius.

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee,
Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

The judgment passes in a moment after the soul has been given one glimpse of its Saviour. Then the Guardian Angel passes the soul over to the angel of Purgatory:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,

Until the morn,
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb and pine and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

The poem won an immediate acclaim. Newman was asked to write more about Gerontius. To his friend, Thomas William Allies, he confided: "No, I assure you, I have nothing more to produce of Gerontius. I could no more write anything else, by willing it, than I could fly."

And to the Reverend John Tel-



ford, he added: "You do me too much honor if you think I am to see in a dream everything that is to be seen in the subject dreamed about. I have said what I saw. Various spiritual writers see various aspects of it, and under their protection and pattern, I have set down the dream as it came before the sleeper. It is not my fault if the sleeper did not dream more. Perhaps something awoke him. Dreams are generally fragmentary; I have nothing more to tell."

Spiritualism was enjoying wide popularity and Newman was invited twice to join the Metaphysical Society. He was profoundly interested in the world of spirit but refused these invitations.

From his earliest childhood, he had been conscious of the world of the spirit. He dreamed of Heaven at school at Ealing and wondered if he were an angel and this world an unreality and other angels were just playing tricks on him.

On his trip with Hurrell Froude and his father through the Mediterranean, he wrote a poem each day for many days and so often referred to angels. While waiting for the coach at Whitechurch to take him to the ship, the *Hermes*, at Falmouth, he wrote a poem to his guardian angel. The 125th Psalm was still ringing in his mind from the final Anglican service he had attended at St. Mary's Church at Oxford. "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming." He described his protector: "Are these the tracks of some unearthly Friend, His footprints, and his vesture-skirts of light..."

Only a short time before, he had completed his first book, *The Arians of the Fourth Century*. He

had a gift for dull titles and had become excited about the famed school of Alexandria with its great scholars, St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Athanasius and Origen. At this center of learning, the scholars had drawn together the books of the early Church and had produced an intellectual synthesis of Christianity. "I suppose it was to the Alexandrian school and the early Church that I owe in particular what I definitely held about the angels." The Church at Alexandria had been founded by St. Mark and the Liturgy had been partly influenced by the mysterious personage, the Pseudo-Dionysius, who had written his "Heavenly Hierarchy," a book which was to influence the Middle Ages in a tremendous manner.

On the Feast of Michaelmas, before leaving for the voyage to the Mediterranean, he had been moved to a peculiar eloquence in relating the powers of these unseen messengers, headed by the great St. Michael, who had dethroned Lucifer.

"I understood... that the exterior world, physical and historical, was but the manifestation to our senses of realities greater than itself. Nature was a parable, Scripture was an allegory, pagan literature, philosophy and mythology, properly understood, were but a preparation for the Gospel. The Greek poets and sages were in a sense prophets." At Oxford, he had been exposed to the best of Greek and Roman thought, the basis of a classical education.

He had read the writings of the seventeenth century Bishop Butler, with his doctrine of analogy, the visible world being a key to the invisible — and the Alexandrine thought added to this deepened and satisfied completely some inner spirit. Newman became mentally at home with the early Fathers and today as his thought is compared with the noted Augustine, some are daring to say, that he surpasses the writer of the classical "Confessions."

He was sick unto death in Sicily, where he had gone, driven on by a mysterious urge he could not explain. Possibly his Alexandrine studies and his classical knowledge needed such a clarification that he felt impelled to visit the ancient Greek ruins and to stand in the places made famous by Pantaneus, teacher of Clement and himself head of the Alexandrian School. Clement had visited Sicily to learn more about Christianity for the Sicilian Church was in closest communication with Rome. St. Paul had taught there and great theological discussions went on there.

He was quarantined at Malta, which made him think of St. Paul and during four mysterious nights, in the lazaretto built by the Knights of St. John for their Turkish prisoners, he had been mysteriously awakened at night by sounds of footsteps reaching his bed. When he spoke out he was met by a deep silence and he wrote to his sister, Jemima:

"You may say the noises came from some strange transmission of sound; or you may say that the quarantine island is hardly Christian ground. Anyhow, we cannot doubt that evil spirits in some way or other are always about us; and I had comfort in the feeling that whatever was the need, ordinary or extraordinary, I should have protection equal to it."

To a man so steeped in antiquity, so many ancient ruins, beautiful churches of early times, St. John Lateran, the Coliseum, the Temple of Minerva and the ruins of Egesta, easily evoked spirits of former days.

But deep within another spirit was calling him back to a work in England, the restoration of the ancient faith in the English

Church. He was convinced a destiny lay before him. The future was dark, but he felt he had work to do. At Naples, he and the Froudes had read with dismay the proposal of Lord Grey's administration to suppress ten of the twenty-two Irish Anglican bishoprics.

All through the Mediterranean trip, he meditated on this, eager to return to England to take up the cause of religion against Liberals and Evangelists who could disestablish more and more the Anglican Church.

As the boat lay becalmed in the Straits, he wrote down that beautiful hymn:

"Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on":
and he ended the poem with the words:

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er erag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

His listeners filled the Church of St. Mary's at Oxford, eager to hear the peculiar magic of his words. He made them so conscious of the mysterious world of the supernatural that many gave up their Sunday dinner, week after week, to listen to him.

And so it would be for half a century that he, who possessed the gift of reason in a superlative manner could also evoke the supernatural in a manner beyond compare.

The poem of Gerontius in a brilliant artistic way seems to exemplify his talent. Even Gerontius seems to take a secondary place to the angels. They are drawn with masterful words. If we scan the poem line by line, its inner music becomes evident. Behind each emotional change, there is a melody, now pensive, now serene, now joyful, now exultant and at times the voices of the angels ring out like so many trumpets.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the poem be put to music. Newman himself thought so but it was left to Sir Edward Elgar to produce the brilliant Oratorio.

Elgar had received as a wedding gift a copy of the poem. It was a special copy, belonging to the hero, Lord Gordon of Khartoun. This general had made notations on his copy, the night before battle.

When Elgar read these he was particularly touched by the gift. He read and re-read the poem for eight years and slowly heard the music beneath the words. He translated these into marvelous music and the world then possessed not one but two masterpieces.

The first performance was given at Westminster Cathedral on June 6, 1908. The reception was enthusiastic, the oratorio called a masterpiece. English and German music critics declared it surpassed the work of Richard Strauss, the master of tone-color with its delicacy of sound changes, accent, pause and rhythm. According to a noted critic, Theodore Thomas, the music was greater than Brahms' Requiem.

There was a peculiar appropriateness in the fact that the poem was made into an oratorio. This form of music had been first created at St. Philip Neri's Oratory of the Vallicella in Rome. This is the origin of the name. The saint had drawn around him a devoted band of lay persons and clergy. Some were fine musicians and Philip asked them to produce music—Laudi Spirituali—to be sung before and after the sermon in the manner of the music of the Jewish Temple when the Psalms were read. The music was to be simple. Emilio de Cavalieri's work was first performed at the Vallicella. Later the oratorio was per-

(Continued on page 8)

Back to the Sea!

Antaya Bros.
53 Falmouth St.
Attleboro, Mass.

Dear Dorothy,

I noted your article in "On Pilgrimage." You wrote about the peaceful times now at Staten Island and the fishing boats bringing in their catches. We have a very similar situation up here in Narragansett Bay. I know you have been up to Ade's place in Newport so you have some idea how beautiful the Bay is. The Menhaden boats are with us all summer long. When I was much younger I used to go out and meet them in the morning and stay with them all day long. It is a foul smelling business but a very interesting one. A friend of mine who spends the summer months at Prudence Island which is in the middle of Narragansett Bay told me the story of these Menhaden boats. I think you will find it very interesting.

The fish travel in schools from the warm water in the South all the way up to Nova Scotia in the summer and back again in the Fall. The company that operates this business has refineries up and down the Coast starting at Nova Scotia then to Gloucester, Mass., So. Carolina and also I think down on the Gulf Coast. These refineries open and close as the fish migrate. Today the actual catching of the fish has become highly mechanized and I would say that the men today can be a lot less strong. Years ago I can remember the boats from So. Carolina used to come up here and the crew was all Negro. They were a happy lot and were always singing. When they pulled in the net a song always accompanied the task. It was a pleasure to hear them. Today the net are pulled in by hydraulic winches and unloading is done by high pressure pumps. The spotting of the schools is done by airplane. These planes are hired from the local airports. Today the So. Carolina boats do not come up here. I suppose they did not have the local refineries then. Now the boats are based at New London or Boston so the run home is short.

When the hold is full, and these boats hold a great many tons of fish (they are about 200 feet long) the boat returns to the refinery where the fish is processed. There is no cleaning done. The whole fish is cooked in huge steam pressure vats and the liquid is then refined to a point where the product is a group of vitamins in the form of an oil. This is packed in 5 Gal. containers and is used for one purpose. Bakers of bread all over the country add it to the dough which is the fortification for the bread. The remainder of the solid matter is used as a fertilizer or a mixture for chicken feed.

Another interesting aspect of the operation is that they use the old system of shares as was used on the whaling ships of New Bedford, etc. I need not tell you anything of this as you are probably much more familiar with it than I. However, this does make an interesting story and I think it is very similar to land farming in a sense. You write quite often of getting back to the land . . . I would prefer to get back to the Sea. Either place has its advantages and both lead to long productive healthy lives.

John Antaya.

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.

After the lecture and questions, we continue the discussion over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is invited.



Advice to a Young Prophet

By THOMAS MERTON

Keep away, son, these lakes are salt, these flowers
Eat insects. Here private lunatics
Yell and skip in a very dry country,

Or where some haywire monument
Some badfaced daddly of fear
Commands an unintelligent rite.

To dance on the unlucky mountain,
To dance they go, and shake their sin
Out of their feet and hands,

Frenzied until the sudden night
Falls very quiet, and magic sin
Creeps, secret, back again.

Badlands echo with omens of ruin:
Seven are very satisfied, regaining possession:
(Bring a little mescaline, you'll get along!)

There's something in your bones,
There's someone dirty in your critical skin
There's a tradition in your cruel misdirected finger
Which you must obey, and scribble in the hot sand:

"Let everybody come and attend
Where lights and airs are fixed
To teach and entertain. O watch the sandy people
Hopping in the naked bull's eye,

Shake the wildness out of their limbs,
Try to make peace like John in skins
Elijah in the timid air
Or Anthony in tombs:

Pluck the imaginary trigger, brothers,
Shoot the devil: he'll be back again!"

America needs these fatal friends
Of God and country, to grovel in mystical ashes,
Pretty big prophets whose words don't burn,
Fighting the strenuous image all day long.

Only these lunatics, (O happy chance)
Only these are sent. Only this anemic thunder
Grumbles on the salt flats, in rainless night:

O go home, brother, go home!
The devil's back again,
And magic hell is swallowing flies.

Archbishop Condemns Capitalism

(Continued from page 1)

at their disposal "have the grave human and Christian responsibility to administer them well."

"Workers must be organized," the Archbishop said. "The worker needs some instrument of power to demand his rights when they are unjustly denied him . . . For this workers must be organized."

The Archbishop of Lima called for five major social reforms in Peru:

- 1) Breaking up large land holdings and distributing them to the landless;
- 2) Abolition of absentee landlordism;
- 3) Improvement of housing;
- 4) Raising standard of living in the rural areas;

- 5) Improvement of conditions in prisons.

The problem of prostitution was given special treatment in the series, the Archbishop emphasizing the "grave obligation of Christian society to redeem this special group (fallen women), victims of the injustice of men."

He charged the State had promoted the toleration of prostitution for the erroneous reason that it was an "inevitable evil." The truth is that no motive can justify, from a Christian point of view, toleration of the fact that thousands of human beings are condemned to the most miserable of lives and that they be exploited without mercy.

CULT :: CULTIV

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

The New Year arrived peacefully here at the farm with most of us in bed when the bells and sirens started sounding. Some fresh snow fell during the night covering the crusty top of the Christmas snowfall. In the morning when some of us went to the 9:30 Mass at St. Thomas Church in Pleasant Plains we drove through a setting so gleaming white and clean that it seemed almost a promise of hope for a better world, a kind of outward token of God's mercy where each of us can find renewal and courage to begin that God-centered living which is the only way to a better world.

Our Christmas was peaceful, too, though there was a tinge of excitement and glitter. On the morning of the Vigil of Christmas we looked out over snow-covered fields and wooded areas shiningly beautiful with every tree and bush hung with snow and ice, rainbow—gleaming in the light. Later in the day the wind rose and there was sleet. That night when Ralph, Classie Mae, Paul, and I went to Midnight Mass, where Ralph and Classie Mae sang in the choir, it was icy cold and there were drifts so that we had to park some little distance from the church and wade through snow in places over our boot tops. But inside St. Joseph's Church, there was warmth, and on the altar Christ came down to us again as He always does wherever Mass is said since that starry night in Bethlehem when the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

Like most families, we enjoyed our Christmas Day the more because we had guests—friends and members of our large Catholic Worker family who live elsewhere—to share the joy with. We were certainly glad that Dorothy Day could spend the better part of Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with us. Arthur Lacey came out for the weekend. Jean Walsh drove over to the farm colony and brought back Mrs. Hattie James, who stayed with us a while last Fall, to spend the holiday weekend with us. Jonas arrived Christmas Eve bringing honey and the hard-crusted loaves of delicious Lithuanian bread, and some herring and blessed unleavened bread which Lithuanians eat at the evening meal on Christmas Eve. Beverley and her three little girls arrived early Christmas Day bringing the delectable mince pies which she had baked for our Christmas dessert though Almee and Michele were dessert enough for Stanley. In spite of icy roads, Beth and Francis managed to get out, about noon, gift-laden and with a large box of home-made cookies without which no Christmas is complete. Mike Dumansky made it in time for dinner. Theodore and Anne Upshaw, who had sent us a wonderful gift of apples—we seldom have enough fruit at the farm—arrived almost in ecstasies over the beauty of the countryside. Ed Turner and Mary Hughes came over with Dorothy from the beach house. Since Hans cooked Christmas dinner, it was of course a banquet. Anne Marie Stokes arrived late for dinner but sauced her leftover turkey with a glowing account of the caroling before the Women's House of Detention the night before. This custom of singing carols to women

prisoners was started by Judith Malina and Dorothy Day after Judith, Dorothy, and I had served thirty days in the women's jail for taking part in the Civil Defense Protest Demonstration a few years ago. It is a beautiful custom I think, and I hope the group of carollers will grow larger and more tuneful every year as long as there are women prisoners and a women's jail. The thought of those prisoners and of what lies behind those grim walls on Greenwich Avenue was a reminder to me of what a great gift freedom is and how we who have it should thank God and pray for all who are deprived of freedom. To Dorothy it was a reminder of the many prisoners to whom the Catholic Worker is sent and to whom she had been writing special Christmas letters.

As to food, we were bountifully supplied, thanks to the many donations. Bernie, our butcher in Pleasant Plains sent us a turkey. A Mr. Boyle, who had sent us turkey and all the trimmings for Thanksgiving repeated the gift for Christmas. Msgr. Dolan sent us money to buy turkey with. There were crates of fruits and vegetables which Dorothy brought out from Chrystie Street late Saturday night. Ralph Madsen's family sent us oranges from Florida. There were gifts of candy and fruit cake and even the tropical luxury of fresh pineapple.

There was more than enough for us and the Hughes family, too. As for bread, I had made cinnamon raisin bread, raisin bread and herb-onion bread, using four kinds of flour—whole wheat, rye, soy, and white—and using liberal amounts of powdered eggs and milk which are given us, and wheat germ and brewer's yeast in addition to the regular yeast for high vitamin content. For me the best Christmas present was that the eye operation I underwent in December improved my vision, though it is still very limited, so that I could see well enough to do some baking. We had a Christmas tree, too, which was set up in the day-room and decorated by Classie Mae and Lucille, while Brenda Fay and David, their babies, crowded with delight. And in the window of the same room there hangs a beautiful stained glass crucifix made by Ralph Madsen, which reminds us even more than the crib set out on the table, of the total meaning of the day. Deo gratias.

As for the farm family, almost everyone has some complaints since the onset of more inclement weather. Hans Tunnesen, Joe Roach, and Joe Cotter suffer from varying degrees and kinds of arthritis. All are glad to have Larry Doyle's help in the kitchen. Molly and Agnes are careful not to venture outside the house in icy weather, but never neglect their household duties, and are always in attendance at rosary which we now say in the house. Albert and Shorty rave their ups and downs but keep cheerful most of the time. Tom is not very strong but is always on hand to lead the rosary. Slim, as always, is in excellent health and spirits, and never seems to slacken in dishwashing and floor mopping; he keeps up with the New York Times, and often engages in controversy with Paul Lerner over the relative merits of Civil War generals, or enters

CULTURE VATION ::

Highlander's Property Confiscated

The State of Tennessee has revoked the charter of the Highlander Folk School of Monteagle, Tennessee, and is in the process of confiscating the buildings, land and equipment of the school (including the library and Myles Horton's home), without compensation. This is the first time in its history that the State of Tennessee has taken such action. The U.S. Supreme Court has refused to review the case against Highlander, and no other appeal is possible.

Myles Horton and the staff and directors of Highlander, refusing to permit this action of the state to stop their work in the South, have already set up and obtained another charter, for the Highlander Research and Education Center, at 1625 Riverside Drive, Knoxville, Tenn. There they will continue, as far as possible, to carry on the program of Highlander Folk School, a program so remarkably effective that it has brought on itself this unprecedented persecution, so largely unnoticed in the Northern press. That the state government can legally confiscate the property of the school without compensation, and that this should be beneath the notice of the Supreme Court and of the U. S. Justice Dept., is an awful commentary on our legal system and on the sincerity of the Administration. The officials of the Justice Dept. have said they will do whatever they can for improved race relations in the South, and they fear outbursts of violence and even of non-violence! Yet in this case they have invoked a technicality of jurisdiction, saying that there is no federal issue involved, and thus permitted Tennessee's courts to destroy a school that for thirty years has probably made a greater contribution to the improvement of race relations than any other in the country.

J. G.

Into a lighter kind of raillery with Classie Mae and Lucille so that the house shakes with laughter. The only member of our family who is now in the hospital is John Filliger who was taken seriously ill the day after Christmas and had to be taken to St. Vincent's Hospital on Staten Island; we miss John very much and hope he will be with us again soon; he is better but still undergoing tests and will have to remain in the hospital for another week or so. We are also very sorry that Fr. Mailleux of the Marist Fathers, who has said Mass in our chapel so often, should also be in the same hospital suffering from a heart condition and the after effects of a car accident which occurred a few weeks ago. Now that hospital and clinic visits must be made in inclement weather, we are certainly grateful for the 1951 Chevrolet in excellent condition which was given us early in December by an old friend of the Catholic Worker — Mr. John Sheehan of New Jersey. It is beginning to seem rather luxurious — after the vicissitudes of traveling in our former jalopy — to ride in a car with windows and seats intact.

In general our life at the farm goes on at a somewhat slower, more peaceful tempo. We have guests, but not so many or so frequently. Mary Madsen, Terry Lampropoulos, and Ellen Paulson sometimes come out on Sundays and bring some of the children from the tenements near Chrystie Street with them. On New Year's Eve, Miss Joan Hartman, a graduate student at Radcliffe, arrived with her father to spend the afternoon in talk with Dorothy Day, who was with us that day, and the rest of us about the work here at the farm; Miss Hartman is preparing an article for her school paper. Today another visitor — Mr. Bill Beauchamp — is with us to collect material for an article about the Catholic Worker for some Catholic periodical. Beverley and her children were here New Year's Day; and in the afternoon went ice skating on our little pond while our geese and adopted wild duck — the duck adopted us — stood on the bank gabbling snidely about their own superiority in such diversions. I was also delighted to have Robert Grant, his wife, and their two beautiful daughters come visiting on the last Saturday of December. Robert Grant is the author of The

Important Thing, a novel published by Random House early last year, and can also be listed among our Catholic Worker writers. The Grants live in El Rito, New Mexico, where they try to put into practice some of the back-to-the-land ideas which some of us at the Catholic Worker are sometimes better at talking about than practicing. Whatever our failures — and they are many in many areas — we are glad that there should be such widespread interest in Catholic Worker ideas, and that we should continue to have visitors from far and near. May our friends and readers pray for us that we may learn to practice better what we preach throughout this coming year and all the years to come. And may God grant us all that inner peace without which we cannot hope to have a true and lasting peace in community, nation, or our now unpeaceful world. *Dona nobis pacem.*

A New House!

5514 Laverne Ave.
Oakland 5, Calif.

Dear Dorothy,

Just a few lines to let you know St. Elijah House of Hospitality is on its way — \$16.50 in the bank and people collecting clothing. We've located an area, a Negro/Spanish speaking district about two blocks from St. Joseph's Church (Portuguese). All we have to do now is rent a place. The specific store front is on a corner — next door and two doors from that are Negro Gospel Missions. I took Mary Lathrop by there last Sunday; she spent the day with us and met Russell La Plaza who is helping me while unemployed. He has four children and he and his wife, Mickey, are close friends of Brother Antoninus. I'm also receiving help from Bruce Graham, who will live in the House when he gets off a U.S. Coast & Geo. Survey ship the first week of February. The House is not far from St. Patrick's where Fr. Dreyer is stationed.

Our main hospitality will consist of coffee, a clothing room and round-table discussions to begin with. I'm trying to get Fr. McCollough who is now at St. Ambrose



Worker-Scholar Weekend

The scholar has told the bourgeois that a worker is a man for all that. But the bourgeois has told the scholar that a worker is a commodity for all that. Because the scholar has a vision, the bourgeois calls him a visionary. So the bourgeois laughs at the scholar's vision and the worker is left without vision. And the worker left by the scholar without vision talks about liquidating both the bourgeois and the scholar. The scholars must tell the workers what is wrong with things as they are. The scholars must tell the workers how a path can be made from the things as they are to the things as they should be. The scholars must collaborate with the workers in making a path from the things as they are to things as they should be. The scholars must become workers so the workers may be scholars.

Peter Maurin

In the past we have had a tradition at the Catholic Worker of occasionally having "Worker-Scholar weekends" during which people interested in the CW could work, pray and talk together. Though it has been quite a while since the last weekend of this sort the next one is scheduled for the third weekend in February, beginning with the Friday night meeting, February 16th. Dorothy Day will speak at this meeting on "Work." After Mass Saturday morning the members of this "weekend community" will spend the day working in the Siloe House — painting walls, building and installing better heating equipment. Following Supper and Compline the group will leave for the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island to spend the night and the next day, following prime and Mass, we will have a number of round table discussions on work, voluntary poverty, houses and hospitality and individual responsibility.

Any interested in participating in the "Worker-Scholar Weekend" are asked to contact us as soon as possible so that we may make arrangements for sleeping space and blankets both for Friday night in New York and Saturday night at the farm.

in Berkeley and Kay Brickey from Christo Rey. We visited her this summer and took some clothing and books.

We chose the name Elijah instead of Elias because the Negroes are more familiar with that pronunciation and spelling. One favor — we do want to have the Catholic Worker over us — may we use the name? The CW is well-

known and we are all in accord with your work and aims. Also could you possibly mention the opening of St. Elijah in the paper? We won't ask for an appeal, but we do need clothing, money for rent and utilities, canned goods, furniture, dishes and just anything your good readers can spare.

In Christ,
Joan Abrams

Turn Toward Peace

(Continued from page 1)

because the time is right for this next step." He went on to point out the tremendous effect events of the last five months have had on the American people — the Berlin Crisis, the resumption of tests by the Soviets and the explosion of the 50 megaton bomb, the threat of, and now considered certain, resumption of atmospheric testing by the U.S., all topped off by the tremendous governmental drive to get a fallout shelter program in full swing.

The initial effort TTP is making is the circulation of a Roster containing a statement of conscience, several requests to concerned people who agree to sign the form and send it in. The Roster is aimed at reaching those who previously have not been involved with any existing peace organization and have developed, as Sanford Gottlieb described it, "an immunity to peace action and action groups."

As Turn Toward Peace is organizationally simply a working coalition, the program it offers is very general and is concerned only in bringing people into contact with its cooperating groups. As a result TTP's ideas are very basic and general, being summed up in the flyer's "Declaration of Conscience and Responsibility." The declaration states:

- 1) there is a serious drift toward war which, if allowed to continue, cannot help but end in war.
- 2) that we must not react just to the threats and promises of the Soviet Union but strengthen commitments to freedom and democracy through measures consistent with its ideals.
- 3) that we must work for total and complete disarmament, strengthen the United Nations, develop world law, establish non-military solutions to international conflict and take the initiative for peace.

Those who assent to these principles and join in the Turn Toward Peace agree to write the President a letter expressing their concern and asking for a change in policy, agree to take part in the program of at least one of the cooperating organizations, to encourage local groups to join with Turn Toward Peace and, if possible, to contribute to TTP financially as it is not subsidized by any other organization and depends on the voluntary help of those concerned.

Shortly after an individual signs the Roster TTP will forward his name and address to the cooperating peace organizations which will, in turn, send information about their programs to the interested person. Not only will new people be able to find what is most suitable for themselves, but they will also be fairly well grounded in what is being done by others. The cooperating organizations now number 28 and include the American Friends Service Committee, The Catholic Worker, The Committee for Non-Violent Action, The Fellowship of Reconciliation, The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, The Student Peace Union and The War Resisters League.

First signers of the Declaration of Conscience were Eleanor Roosevelt, Clarence E. Pickett, Edwin Dahlberg, Martin Luther King, Jr., Walter Reuther and the Editor of The Catholic Worker, Dorothy Day. The same declaration has now been circulated to 200,000 Americans with orders continuing to pour in. Stewart Meacham, a member of the TTP Steering Committee, has said it would be conservative to expect in the next few months, 150,000 responses to come in.

At a luncheon Press Conference held in New York shortly before Christmas several spokesmen for TTP stressed the reasons for Turn Toward Peace followed by suggestions which might be fruitful in reducing present tensions.

(Continued on page 7)

BOOK REVIEWS

The Russian Revolt

Terrorism and Communism by Leon Trotsky. U. of Michigan Press. Ann Arbor; paperback. \$1.95.

The Russian Revolution by Nicholas Berdyaev. U. of Michigan Press. Ann Arbor; paperback. \$1.75.

Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy

Karl Kautsky had written a book on *Terrorism and Communism* and Trotsky answered it in the midst of his army career while defending the Soviet Union against the Germans, and then the Allies. Kautsky took a middle of the road position in World War I, neither opposing it or lending it full support, but upon the overthrow of the Czar he violently opposed the Bolsheviks, mainly on the ground that they did not use democratic measures. Kautsky was a recognized Marxian scholar who took the position that Socialism could only come in the most economically advanced countries, and then very gradually and without much violence. In a preface written in 1936 Trotsky opposed Stalin's bureaucratic despotism as the wrong method of advancing Socialism, contrasting it to Hitler's desperate defense of capitalism, both of whom used dictatorial methods.

Trotsky realized the truth that he wins "who gets there fastest with the mostest," knowing that there is no room in a revolution against all the capitalist opposition to use the term democracy to fool the masses into thinking that they are running affairs, when in fact all that happens is grist to the mill of the oppressor. Trotsky also pointed out that the failure of the Paris Commune in 1870 was just because they vacillated and would not use force when they had the opportunity. He sneers at Buddha, Gandhi, Tolstoy, vegetarians and Quakers because of their unrealistic attitude in time of war, and truly points to religion being used by the clergy and the capitalist as "opium for the people." Engels and Lenin are quoted as to the withering away of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the emergence of a free, stateless society. Trotsky puts it this way, "Just as a lamp, before going out, shoots up a brilliant flame, so the State, before disappearing, assumes the form of the dictatorship of the proletariat, i.e., the most ruthless form of the State, which embraces the life of the citizens authoritatively in every direction."

I have read and reviewed most of Berdyaev's books and a biography of him, and I would call him an unorthodox, Russian Greek Orthodox, who appreciates the anarchist position toward life. He is, however, very difficult to understand in the English translation. His opinion of Trotsky is that he "is not a genuine Communist, a Communist through and through. He still admits the possibility of individual opinion, individual criticism, individual initiative; he believes in the part to be played by heroic revolutionary personalities and counts himself, of course, among their number . . . The Russian Communist Revolution has nothing of those fine theatrical gestures and splendid feats of rhetoric that marked the great French Revolution . . . Trotsky seems to be the one and only man in the Russian Revolution who is fond of fine gestures and theatrical effect, and wants to preserve the beauty which the figure of a revolutionary inspires."

He thinks that "the so-called Russian Mensheviks (Social Democrats) are also Marxists, and more consequent ones for that matter. But their Marxism does not save them; it has not the character of a religious creed, it is not capable of engendering an inverted theocracy."

Marr's Original Sin. "He be-

lieves in an original sin lying at the basis of human society, the sin of one man's exploiting another, which always takes the place of class exploiting class . . . His proletarian Communism is a secularized form of the ancient Jewish chiliasm. A Chosen Class takes the place of a chosen people . . . the elect of the messianic Communist faith are unable to bear sin and repentance; evil is entirely attributed to an evil god which is called either 'the world-wide bourgeoisie,' or 'world-wide imperialism,' or 'world-wide counter-revolution,' etc."

"The anti-religious psychology of Communism is a religious psychology turned inside-out . . . the great difference between the service of God and the service of an idol is that a man who serves God is spiritually nourished by grace, whereas the servant of an idol has no such nourishment . . . Communism in its sinister and Godless form, is the fate of so-called 'Christian' societies and at the same time a reminder, the judgment which those societies did not want to pass on themselves and which will therefore be passed upon them." But if Christians do not obtain grace how great is their desolation!

Religious who are brought up by professors and priests to nullify the Sermon on the Mount in the name of Him who spoke on that Mount; to emphasize justice which they spell by the two words Capital Punishment; to daily pray, "Savior of the world, save Russia," while calling all those to the left of center Communists; to pray for peace, which means to them, "better dead than Red"; and to defend themselves with machineguns in a bomb shelter—all these are not to blame for they have had the plain words of the Golden Rule twisted into its very opposite meaning. Despite the fact that Popes and Bishops have issued declarations favoring social justice and peace the truth is that in this country only half a dozen Bishops could be called even progressive; the largest Catholic papers being for the right of the lonely migrant to stand alone and fight the National Association of Manufacturers: they name this hybrid *The Right to Work Law*.

Berdyaev says, "There is nothing more opposed to the spirit of Christianity than the spirit of a capitalist society. It is not by mere chance that the epoch of capitalism has coincided with abandonment of Christianity and a weakening of Christian spiritual idealism."

The Church teaches that it is a mortal sin to miss Mass on Sunday. Catholic politicians ask for federal funds for their parochial schools, thus embarrassing the first Catholic President of the U. S. The clergy are successful in collecting billions of dollars for these schools in which they have failed to bring the kernel of truth brought by Christ; feeding students only the dry husks of mediocre theology. Baptism and Communion are the sacraments by which a Catholic is supposed to lose his carnal nature and put on the "new man": the divine nature. Berdyaev states it clearly: "It is nothing but a hypocritical fallacy when conservative bourgeois Christianity argues that to transfigure and improve human society and introduce greater justice into it is impossible, because of the sinfulness of human nature."

"The strength of Communism lies in its having a complete design for reconstructing the world's life, in which theory and practice, thought and will are one. And in that respect it resembles the theocratic design of the Middle Ages . . . Its criticism of the falsehood of bourgeois capitalist civilization, of its contradictions and diseases. Then there is the truth of its denouncement of a degenerate, deca-



dent pseudo Christianity, adapted to the interests of the bourgeois epoch of history . . . Communism is right when it declares that man should not exploit man and class exploit class."

How to oppose Communism. "It cannot be opposed by any sort of Restoration, by the capitalist society and bourgeois civilization of the 19th and 20th centuries . . . The only thing to pit against integral Communism, materialistic Communism, is integral Christianity: not rhetorical, tattered, decadent Christianity, but renaissance Christianity, working out its eternal truth towards consistent life, consistent culture, consistent social justice."

But for the Christians who consistently put Caesar above Christ, who place obedience to stupid and mistaken superiors above conscience, and to all those who disagree with them devoid of conscience and full of "self-will," is to come with unclean hands in their criticism of atheistic Communism.

Nihilism. The author devotes much space to the history of Nihilism in Russia, saying, "Nihilism at its sources and in its purest form, is asceticism without grace; asceticism not in the name of God, but in the name of the future welfare of mankind, in the name of a perfect society . . . Russian atheism rejected every kind of God, because to admit God was to justify evil, injustice and suffering and give in to them. Evil was considered above all as suffering . . . Mikhailovsky gave up fighting for his own rights and cried out, 'the peasant is whipped, let me be whipped too' . . . He did not understand the meaning of the Cross; he suffered but did not bear the Cross."

"They went lightheartedly to prison, to forced labor, to the scaffold, without the consolation of belief in an eternal life hereafter . . . they were people who held earthly good and happiness to be the only object in life, and yet they were prepared to make sacrifices and undergo suffering in order to further that end, which they personally had no hopes of attaining in their life time . . . the greater mass of decadent

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Killers of the Dream

Killers of the Dream, by Lillian Smith, W. W. Norton & Co., revised and enlarged ed., 1961. Reviewed by Judith Gregory.

It is fortunate that this book, published originally in 1949, has been reissued, for it is as important as ever to understand how the conscious and unconscious attitudes of white Southerners have been formed, and to realize that all of us to some extent share them. For in one way or another, all of us live in a "segregated" society. This condition has, however, permeated Southern life to an unusual degree, and has been experienced there with peculiar intensity.

Lillian Smith is a white Southerner, born and brought up in the deep South. She has traveled widely, but has continued to make her home in Georgia. In *Killers of the Dream* (which is not a novel as some people seem to think) she writes of the experience of white Southerners, to some extent historically, but most importantly in terms of individual growth—of the infancy, childhood, and maturity (or more often failure to achieve maturity) of white people in a racially segregated society.

Though Miss Smith is clearly very much aware of the work of psychologists and sociologists, she writes as neither of these. She writes rather as a person who knows what she tells from an experience so direct and so painful, from memories and knowledge of people and places she so clearly loves, that her writing carries immense conviction. She is unmistakably telling the truth. She is unusually sensitive, compassionate and honest, and the fact that she and some others have lived through such experiences and can now see them and be articulate about them, becomes more remarkable to the reader as he gets further into the book.

She tells of an episode from her childhood, from which she learned the mystery of color in a particularly painful way; of the knowledge white children have in the South of the meaning of Christ's words (though she does not quote them): "He who loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." She writes of the profound and terrible intertwining of race and sex and sin in the Southern conscience and unconscious. In a chapter called "Three Ghost Stories" she tells of the relationships between white men and Negro women; of the rejection of the children born of them; of the relationships between white children and their Negro nurses, which so greatly complicated adult life and contributed so much to tearing the Southern Christian conscience to pieces.

James Baldwin, in his recent book *Nobody Knows My Name*, makes the following comment, which Lillian Smith illuminates from an experience Baldwin himself could scarcely know so well:

"As far as the color problem is concerned, there is but one great difference between the Southern white and the Northerner: the Southerner remembers, historically and in his own psyche, a kind of Eden in which he loved black people and they loved him. Historically, the flaming sword laid across this Eden is the Civil War. Personally, it is the Southerner's sexual coming of age, when, without any warning, unbreakable taboos are set up between himself and his past. Everything, thereafter, is permitted him except the love he remembers and has never ceased to need. The resulting, indescribable torment affects every Southern mind and is the basis of the Southern hysteria."

All of these things and more that Lillian Smith writes of are the killers of man's dream. "Segregation . . . a word full of meaning for every person on earth. A

word that is both symbol and symptom of our modern, fragmented world. We, the earth people, have shattered our dreams, yes; we have shattered our own lives, too, and our world." "Man is a broken creature, yes; it is his nature as a human being to be so; but it is also his nature to create relationships that can span the brokenness. This is his first responsibility; when he fails, he is inevitably destroyed."

Miss Smith nonetheless believes that through outspoken statements against segregation it is possible to appeal to the conscience of white Southerners, and that this will not always arouse fear and hatred and violence as the racists claim, despite the greater value that the pioneer-planter culture of the South gave to skills of violence than to those of work, and despite the terribly twisted conscience of most Southerners. She does also believe, however, that "we have lost a vision of man." "We are still defending old worn-out systems, pitting them against each other. We know, our minds know, that the Twentieth Century dialogue has to do with relationships not systems; but we have not confessed it . . . Perhaps we feel too insecure about the status of the human being."

Miss Smith clearly wonders whether the white people of the South will respond to the gentleness, gaiety and determination of the Negroes who have undertaken boycotts, sit-ins and freedom rides.

"What will quicken us? What will illumine our minds? What can be said or done that will compel us to slough off inertia and complacency and take our stand for the human being against his unnumbered enemies? If only we could see the brokenness in each of us and the necessity for relationships; if we could realize our talent for bridging chasms that have always been and always will be. If only we could rise up against the killers of man's dream. But, sometimes, that killer of dreams is in us and we do not know how to rid ourselves of it." Still, she says, if we have the desire, we can do it, in the South and in the whole world.

William Faulkner

"He made the earth first and peopled it with dumb creatures, and then He created man to be His overseer on the earth and to hold suzerainty over the earth and the animals on it in His name, not to hold for himself and his descendants inviolable title forever, generation after generation, to the oblongs and squares of the earth, but to hold the earth mutual and intact in the communal anonymity of brotherhood, and all the fee he asked was pity and humility and sufferance and endurance and the sweat of his face for bread."

Calendar

1962 Calendars are now available from the War Resisters League; as in past years they have the most convenient and interesting calendars we've seen. This year's edition contains a short biographical sketch of a peace hero or leader for each week of the year—including Gandhi, Kropotkin, St. Maximilian, St. Thomas More, Dorothy Day, and Sacco and Vanzetti. Quotations follow most of the biographies. Each calendar is \$1.25, the size of a small book, five by eight inches, printed in two colors.

Order from:
War Resister League
5 Beekman Street
New York 38, N. Y.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

tifully furry and Rex, the dog with long ears, beautiful affectionate eyes, a combination of brown beagle and cocker spaniel. He loves everybody, and sleeps with Eric and Hilaire, his head on their pillow. He has found food for himself up in the woods, a dead deer, and yesterday he dragged a leg up the driveway.

Today we are snowed in. "What shall we feed thirteen people for dinner," Tamar muses, and then remembers the 4 lbs. of ground deer-meat, which a hunter sent her for holding his stray dog until he returned for it. There are two sacks of potatoes, plenty of squash, pumpkin, turnip, onions, bread and cake. There are two jars of hard candies, and some apples. All the home made cider has turned to vinegar.

One can only try to keep the kitchen orderly, and find a quiet corner to read, write, tease or card some wool for a comforter.

A goodly amount of spun silk, and a great deal of cotton thread for the loom had come in at Chrystie Street and Tamar wove a silk scarf, and is going to set up the loom in cotton to make some material, which she can afterwards dye. Weaving is her "tranquilizer."

Knitting generally is mine, tho I never get beyond scarves. I have made socks for the children, and once in a while achieved a good pair for an adult. One monstrosity I made which would match nothing and was due to be ripped out was seized by Anne Marie as an amusing gift (together with one of her own perfect ones) for a Worker Priest. I hope by now some friendly soul has re-knit it for him.

A friend who is married to a Japanese says that in Japan, knitted sweaters and socks are un-knit, steamed and re-knit to freshen them and prolong their life. In New York, the Italians who had brought woolen mattresses and comforters from the other side, take them apart and clean and recard them before they re-cover them. Wool is a live and healthy warmth.

As I washed and teased wool for the comforter I had finished last month, during the days I had visitors at the beach house, I thought of God's goodness and the sacramentality of things.

Our pastor said in his Christmas sermon—"On the one hand, Shepherds, Sheepherders, and on the other hand, angels." (Ammon has an old shepherd living in the Joe Hill house of hospitality in Utah.)

Reading this month, Martin Buber:

"The way is shown by God in his 'direction', the Torah. This God directs, that is, he teaches us to distinguish between the true way and the false ways. His direction, his teaching of the distinction, is given to us. But it is not enough to accept it. We must 'delight' in it, we must cling to it with passion more exalted than all the passions of the wicked. Nor is it enough to learn it passively. We must again and again 'mutter' it, we must repeat its living word after it, with our speaking we must enter into the word's spokenness,

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The General Strike for Peace

(Continued from page 1)

the Iron Curtain participate in the strike" . . . "employers to close their businesses, employees not to work, shopkeepers to keep their stores shut, students to stay home from school," and that "the public refrain during this week from all activities not absolutely essential to its welfare." The release also goes on to ask for citizens everywhere to join in "peaceful demonstrations in their cities to further impress upon their governments the urgency of the plea."

From the first the Becks were handicapped by a lack of previous experience in organization, and, in spite of their reluctance as philosophical anarchists, were pressured to form the New York Committee for the General Strike for Peace. The Committee includes as provisional members besides Julian and Judith, painter Elaine de Kooning, playwright-poet Jackson MacLow, photographer Karl Bissinger, Mary Sharmat, housewife and organizer for the Women's Strike for Peace, commercial artist Douglas Gorsline, Frank Hayes, a white-collar worker, dancer Julie Marlowe, James Spicer, general manager of the Living Theatre, Ralph Di Gia, Secretary of the War Resisters League, and Dorothy Day, founder and editor of the *Catholic Worker*. Other famous people in the international peace movement have come forward in support of the strike. The Rev. A. J. Muste has lent aid in the name of the Committee for Nonviolent Action and also has made the mailing list of that group available for distribution of strike information. Lord Bertrand Russell has asked the Committee of 100 to give full backing to the strike and said in his letter to the New York Committee, "it will be an exceedingly great step towards what we are trying to do—possibly a decisive step." Dorothy Day has given her support through the *Catholic Worker* paper and radio broadcasts. The War Resisters League in cooperation with the Committee for Nonviolent Action are planning to hold a rally in support the second day of the

strike, January 30, the anniversary of the assassination of Gandhi.

The December 16 Progress Report lists besides the abovementioned the following as sponsors—Ashley Montagu, Rockwell Kent, Paul Goodman, Dr. Pitirim Sorokin, Bayard Rustin, Dave McReynolds, and Ralph Di Gia. There are, besides the New York Committee, over 15 local committees scattered over the United States and six foreign committees in formation now in Paris, West Berlin, London, Tokyo, Sidney, and Nigeria.

Towards the end of our interview Judith gave us quite a few insights into her own personal feelings on such a venture as a general strike for peace. "If someone begins to support it," she said, "even just a little, their own thoughts and feelings are bound to be strengthened." She then went on to describe her first civil disobedience at City Hall Park during the last Civil Defense Air Raid Drill in which she was arrested along with Julian, Dorothy Day, Ammon Hennacy, Ralph Di Gia, A. J. Muste, Bayard Rustin, Orle Pell and others. As a result of her first decision to act she began to really meditate on all aspects of her action. We also compare notes on our mutual experiences on the picket lines, especially the initial reaction of embarrassment and the humiliating experience of making a 'public fool' of oneself. The calling of the General Strike itself has given Julian and Judith both the old feeling of the 'public fool.' In Judith's own words, "a strike against this absurdity of thermonuclear war is considered the greatest absurdity of all." That we may have an increase in those willing to be "foolish" in the great absurdity of peace we all most fervently hope.

We of the *Catholic Worker* call on all peoples everywhere to join us in support of the General Strike for Peace in whatever manner possible to them. We feel that only by the "insanity" of this protest of love for mankind can we hope to avoid the "sanity" of war and nuclear annihilation.



Turn Toward Peace

(Continued from page 5)

sions. All were suggestions of things the United States could do without any previous agreement with the Soviet Union:

- 1) that the U.S. invite the U.S.S.R. to "plug in" on the DEWLINE radar net which rims the Arctic and serves as the "first line of defense" for the U.S.
- 2) that Ft. Detrick, Md., be converted from a bacteriological weapon center to a World Health Center for the United Nations.
- 3) that the Army Corps of Engineers assist in opening harbors and building bridges for countries in need of this type of assistance.

These steps were spoken of as examples of the type of action that would immediately win favor from the millions of people caught between the "two great powers" and be really convincing demonstrations of the desire for peace on the part of Americans.

In ending the press conference discussion, Sanford Gottlieb stated, "The major purpose of the Turn Toward Peace campaign is to encourage discussion of a series of American initiatives—acts not dependent on prior Communist agreement—which would be the first steps toward a disarmed world."

(Among the rather amusing things that were mentioned in the conference was news of Professor Libby, the well-known atomic scientist and co-worker of Dr. Edward Teller, whose fallout shelter burned with his home in a recent brush fire north of Los Angeles).

The TTP Flyer and other publications are available upon request from several sources. P. O. Box 407, New York 3, N.Y., or 245 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C., or, on the West Coast, 1730 Grove Street, Berkeley 9, California.

St. Stephen's

St. Stephen's House
164 W. Oak St.
Chicago 10, Ill.

Dear Dorothy,

Yesterday evening, I had one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. Our food supply and funds were running low and the snow was so deep it was very hard to ask anyone to go out to look for food; so I went out in the alleys myself to scavenge some food. On the first round I found a cabbage behind the Sure-Save Market on State Street and brought it home under my coat. On the second round, about 10:00 when the Gold Coast markets had just closed for the Christmas weekend, I collected half a case of apples, eleven eggs, a bag of walnuts, several oranges, a grapefruit, a large onion, two green peppers, two cucumbers, many pears and a large supply of celery, all very edible and all from the garbage cans. I returned triumphantly from my first venture in alley picking with a large carton of food on my back.

See you soon,
Love,
Karl Meyer
Nov. 5, 1961

The Sky Grows Darker

The Russians are testing new nuclear weapons. Also the United States. Other nations may follow suit. This planet is becoming an amazingly insecure place for living creatures to inhabit, and it seems no one really knows what to do about it. When Chesterton wrote

"I tell you naught for your comfort,
Yea, naught for your desire,
Save that the sky grows darker yet
And the seas rise higher . . ."

he prophesied more fearfully than he knew.

I think it is true that in Christendom we need now, in a deeper sense than at Lepanto, "swords about the Cross," toughened swords of the spirit about that durable wood. For it is not too late to fight the good fight, as of old. It never really was. It is and will be right to fight for the destruction of idolatries, tyrannies, genocidal weapons. Of course, this fight is simply a first step, never an end in itself. The end is conformity to God's will. "La sua voluntade e nostra pace." We might ask ourselves, Are we as Christians ready to follow our Captain all along the line: gay enough to rejoice with Him, compassionate enough to grieve, thirsty enough to drink from His cup, if necessary die for Him? The Christian victory comes the hard way, but it is the only citadel worth storming.

"Where is the battle love cannot win? The power he cannot out-match?" If Sophocles divined this truth in pagan times, how should we fail, 2,000 years after the Incarnation, to wield it in these terrible and decisive days? If Christians have not hearts of oak in the way of mercy, of justice, of non-violence, as stalwart as the hearts of soldiers in chivalrous days; and if we are not ready instantly to surrender our lives and property at the call of our Captain, the Prince of Peace; then I think it would be more honest to recant our merely verbal Christianity, and accept our orders and our rations from the princes of this world.

Christian soldiers are under orders. They fight for right reason, for the love of God and men. They can choose to take their stand under the unique flag of the Man who was defeated and victorious. The God of truth and mercy mild. They can dare to say, His will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Dennis Knight.

General Strike

The time has come for a general strike.

A worldwide general strike is the direct action by which people can convince the governments that we want peace and will not allow nuclear testing to continue.

A general strike is a form of protest in keeping with the principles of non-violence. It consists of a work stoppage and of a refusal to participate in the normal functions of the community, except for those absolutely necessary for health and sanitation. This strike will last a week:

FROM MONDAY, JANUARY 29th
THROUGH SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1962.

If necessary, this will be the first in a series of general strikes. Such a series will continue until we can live in peace, free from further increase in the terrible effects of fallout, and free from the threat of a war that might annihilate most, if not all, human beings.

We call on all the people of the world, in all countries, and of all political convictions, to join us in this strike. We beseech those in power to stop testing nuclear arms. We ask them to begin immediate serious negotiations toward settling present differences, and to reopen negotiations for total disarmament. We urge each nation in the world to disarm immediately and unilaterally.

Stopping the tests, negotiations, and unilateral disarmament are practical actions that will both pacify the present situation and help men move toward universal peace. In striking, we demand these actions.

Strike Schedule

January 15, 1 P.M.—Demonstration at White House, Wash., D.C. Reserved train leaves Penn. Sta. 8 A.M. A demonstration will be held at the same time at U.N. Plaza in New York For Women.
Mon., Jan. 29
A.M.—Individual action; picket where you work.

Noon—59th St. and 5th Ave.: Meeting and march down 5th Ave. to Washington Sq. where 9 torches will be lit and taken to 9 points of week-long vigil, which are: A.E.C. (Houston & Hudson Sts.); U.S. Mission to U.N. (U.N. Plaza); U.S.S.R. Mission to U.N. (680 Park Ave.); French Mission to U.N. (4 E. 79); U.K. Mission to U.N. (99 Park); Bureau of Internal Revenue (45th & Lex.); Civil Defense Headquarters (55th & Lex.); Army Recruiting Booth (Times Sq.).
8:30 P.M.—Rally (for further information call CH 3-4463).

Tues., Jan. 30
10 A.M.—2 P.M.—Mass picketing at A.E.C. (Houston & Hudson).
3:30 P.M.—41st St. opposite Bryant Park: Commemoration ceremony, Gandhi's assassination, followed by walk to U.N. Plaza.
Wed., Jan. 31
9-11 A.M.—Mass picketing, U.S.S.R. Mission to U.N. (680 Park).
12-6 P.M.—Mass picketing, U.N. Plaza.

Thurs., Feb. 1
All Day—Supported Sq.: Women's Vigil, followed by a walk by men around the Sq.

12-2 P.M.—Mass picketing of Stock Exchange by men (11 Wall St.).
8-11:30 P.M.—Mass picketing Army Recruiting Booth (Times Sq.).

Fri., Feb. 2
9-11 A.M.—Mass picketing, U.S. Mission (U.N. Plaza).
12-2 P.M.—Mass picketing, Civil Defense Headquarters (55th & Lex.).
3-6 P.M.—Mass picketing, French Mission (4 E. 79th) or U.K. Mission (99 Park).

Sat., Feb. 3
11 A.M.—Student's Rally, Columbia Univ. Mall.
Afternoon — Community walks (Harlem, Tompkins Sq., Greenwich Village; for further information call CH 3-4463).

Sun., Feb. 4
A.M.—Prayers for peace.
2:30 P.M.—Children's walk; Rockefeller Plaza to Central Park Zoo.
8 P.M.—Declaration of Peace (for further information call CH 3-4463).

Also recommended for picketing anytime during week: fallout shelter at Grand Central Sta.; Ham-macher-Schlemmer (445 E. 57th); Ebasco Services (161 E. 42nd); Time & Life Bldg. (6th Ave. & 50th St.).

CHRYSTIE STREET

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

This year we had the biggest group yet singing at the Women's House of Detention in the Village. Nelson, Judith, and Bob Steed went over early with signs to get more people to join. It was 28 degrees with wind and snow. Still, about 60 people were there for an hour and a half. The women responded with shouts and by waving rags at the windows. At 10 PM the group broke up for coffee and Mass.

Gifts

Sisters Thomas More, Mary Imo, and Maria Socorro and Warde Howley from St. Mary High School, Greenwich, Conn. brought us a whole station wagon of Christmas gifts, enough for town and farm. Our gifts were opened Christmas Eve after supper. Millie said she had a beautiful time. Her overshoes didn't fit, but they were fine for Jim Forest.

The first and second floors are decorated beautifully thanks to Jean Morton. The tree is at the windows on the second floor with a table of ivy in front and the manger scene. A lady angel hovers over the stable. Walter and Ed cooked Christmas dinner for the men, a full meal for 150. Ham with sweet and sour sauce was the main attraction with ice cream dessert donated by John Bruehl. At supper we had two turkeys, one given by Mr. and Mrs. Neighbor and the other by Carmen Mathews.

Helpers

It is always a joy to see how people come and help at the C. W. Mary Jamison from Brooklyn comes every few weeks with several college friends. One day they cleaned all the toilets and another they chopped up several cases of fresh pineapple for desert.

Arthur Lacey, also known as the "roaming bishop of Georgia," runs errands to the farm and beach house any hour of day at a moment's notice. George Johnson, also known as Sherlock, managed to get a lost young man who spoke no English back to his home in Chile. He obtained the plane ticket by donation but forgot to take it to Idlewild. Fortunately they issued a duplicate. I thank George and he always says, "Don't thank me, thank God," as he rushes on another errand.

Sister Grace Maureen and Sister Grace Eucharis came one afternoon from Brooklyn and sorted the tremendous gift of men's clothes that Maryknoll sent. They gave out some women's clothing, filed paid bills, and said rosary with us. When I asked if they would rather talk or work they right away chose to work. Talk went on over work which is the best way.

Ed Gerlock of Maryknoll brought us two truckloads of clothes and food; 500 pounds of potatoes, great boxes of men's clothes, ham for a whole meal, sacks of cranberries, and lots of shave cream, a luxury we especially like. Speaking of luxury—St. Jeanne d'Arc Home sent us a whole case of real butter. In addition, many other gifts have come. May God deeply bless all these givers.

Joe

Joe who used to be with us at Spring St. has come back. He came up to the third floor one afternoon about 4 PM very quiet with sort of a floating peace. His one concern was that we shouldn't believe what people said about his taking something. The back of his hand had a great mound of dried blood on it and something sticking out like a tube. It was a long time persuading him to go to the hospital and he only consented because Ed Forand was right there with the car. Joe was in the hospital two weeks. He had been in a fight at 10 PM the night before he came to us. It was a razor cut and the artery was what we saw sticking up. So it was 10 PM till 4 PM the next day he walked with that.

We have started AA meetings at Chrystie St. and Mary and Neil come each Thursday night at 8PM. German George makes extra coffee.

At each meeting two more alcoholics tell their stories. They are happy people, grateful to be part of AA and through it once more in control of their lives. One man had been in jail 125 times and one girl under 20 had been in a mental hospital for over a year.

"I'll bet I was the first one up this morning, 5 AM," said one speaker, showing her new found self-control. "What do you mean," challenged Rockie, "I was up all night." Another speaker was reviewing the suffering coming from that first drink ending in a hospital bed. Josephine summed up, "One drink puts you in a box." The power of the bottle is known, but little is known of the greater Power in AA. As one lady said in a shy voice, "I don't know what it is, but something is keeping me sober."

Friday Nights

Carmen Mathews came the Friday before Christmas and read the story of little Cosette from *Les Miserables*. It is a story of a poor girl, a doll, the false charity of her step-parents and the mercy of a stranger. All of us felt the beauty of it. Eddie Egan, who is teaching at Mt. Mercy in Pennsylvania, was here for the holiday and spoke on aesthetics. Carolyn Hester and her husband, friends of Judith, came for folk singing on a Wednesday night.

On Dec. 8th Miss Day spoke on farming communes and what we mean by them. She said we do not mean all family farms, or everybody a farmer, or no machines. We realize that the family farm can't compete. The Kibbutz in Israel and the experiments of Vinoba in India are examples of what we mean. They are voluntary as opposed to the coercion in Russia. If we do not set up cooperation on the land voluntarily it will be done by others by force. The forced combination of private and communal agriculture in Russia produce a lot of food. Voluntary cooperation on the land requires much thought, planning, and capital, but it must be done. She mentioned again Martin Buber's *Paths to Utopia* as the best beginning in this study.

Gerontius

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fectured by Carissimi, Scarlati, Handel and Bach.

St. Philip Neri had brought the idea from Florence where a group called the Camerata were trying to revive Greek drama with musical accompaniments. They followed Aristoxenus' thesis that speech should be the model for song. Each speech should be mirrored in song in the mood and accent of the speaker. This was the origin of opera and this in turn influenced the oratorio which stayed on religious subjects. The Passion of Christ became the central theme of the oratorios. The music was written for individual voices, a chorus and full orchestration.

Elgar's reputation was to be made through this Oratorio. For eight long years he had meditated the poem. He would sit in the choir loft of St. George's in Worcester, England, soaking up the great Church music. His father was organist there for thirty-seven years. The result of Elgar's brooding was the incomparable Oratorio. Some have said the Demon's Chorus is the last word in musical audacity.

The first performance in Italy took place, strangely enough, just before the death of Pope Pius XII and in his presence. He was greatly moved. Barbirolli was the conductor. The Oratorio had actually circled the world before being played in the country which had given birth to the concept of the oratorio.



Revolution

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Christians of the 19th century gave little proof of capacity for self-sacrifice; they clung to the good things of this world and consoled themselves with those of the next . . . A justice that was away out into heaven seemed a hindrance to the realization of justice on earth. The Christian martyrs, saints and ascetics were forgotten; they were far away in the remote past. The unworthiness and sinfulness of Christians became a victorious argument against Christianity itself.

Anarchism. "The anarchist revolt against the false contemporary world, which called itself Christian, came from men of the upper aristocratic class of the Russian nobility. Such is the anarchism of Bakunin, of Prince Kropotkin, and the peculiar religious Anarchism of Count Leo Tolstoy . . . Tolstoy, though no atheist, was a kind of religious Russian Nihilist. The pathos of Marx is, above all, one of power. The essence of anarchism is given by the Catholic Lord Acton who said, "Power corrupts and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely." The anarchist criticism of the Russian Revolution is that all of its leaders were and are corrupted by power. The essence of the anarchist view is that any revolution to be successful must be violent, and the leaders of this violence are reluctant to step down. Gandhi and Martin Luther King have achieved much but the lasting success of their aim is only as effective as the one-man-revolution in the hearts of their followers, many of whom acted from mixed motives. Thus Christian anarchism today in this gluttonous age of fear is necessarily founded upon that self-sacrifice of the early Christians, and of the atheistic revolutionists before 1917 in Russia. The marches for peace, picketing military bases, Freedom Riders, and the struggle to expose the false air raid shelter program brings this asceticism to the fore. Many come to these movements for vain glory or with a hunger for the loaves and fishes rather than with the realization of the continued betrayal and suffering which must come as each of us bears his cross. We live in a world where "truth is forever on the scaffold; error forever on the throne," and to expect wholesale betterment while accepting the fleshpots of Mammon is a delusion.

"Worship is the radical and deliberate cult of revolution . . . The will which has met its god confronts the world with new tables of the law . . . An honest religion is thus the natural ally of an honest revolution."

William Ernest Hocking

ON PILGRIMAGE

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so that it is spoken anew by us in our biological situation of today—and so on and on in eternal actuality. He who in his own activity serves the God who reveals Himself—even though he may by nature be sprung from a mean earthly realm—is transplanted by the streams of water of the Direction. Only now can his own being thrive, ripen and bring forth fruit, and the law by which seasons of greenness and seasons of withering succeed one another in the life of the living being, no longer holds for him—his sap circulates continually in undiminished freshness."

Today Tamar wove another spun silk scarf. The thread is so fine that one bobbinful of thread made 14 inches on the small loom. I teased wool and made one quarter of a comforter. (I fill 4 gauze rectangles of the wool for the comforter and combine them and then cover with cheap calico which can be removed and washed.)

Eric and Nickie got sleeping bags from Sears Roebuck for Christmas and now all the children want them in this around zero climate where they sleep in unheated rooms upstairs in their old rambling house. It is simple for the juniors, Mary, Maggie, Martha and Hilaire, but the two girls need full size ones. Every now and then sleeping bags (army surplus) "come in" and what a welcome they get.

I must get this report finished before setting out for New York on Saturday. The first week in January I must speak at Albright College in Scanton, at St. Vincent's, Latrobe; Seton Hall, Greensburgh; St. Francis, Loretto; Mt. Mercy, Pittsburgh, all in Pennsylvania, and during the second week in Chicago, at our St. Stephen's House of Hospitality, 164 W. Oak; at the Calvert Club of the University of Chicago, and at the Good Samaritan's Council meeting on January 15. Then back to New York again.

Back in New York

Arthur Lacey brought my mail down to the beach at nine-thirty after he had "paid the men in" on the Bowery. Charles Butterworth who has charge of the house in N.Y. and its finances gives him the money, and the cost is ninety cents or a dollar a night. We patronize the Salvation Army hotel, the Majestic, the Sunshine, the Cunard and Uncle Sam's (where Peter Maurin used to stay before we had a house of hospitality). The Alabama is the only one which will take in Negroes.

The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists sent down a Puerto Rican last night who brought up to 14 the men put up. Always more than ten dollars a night, three hundred dollars a month, not to speak of our rents in apartments and furnished rooms which make up our decentralized house of hospitality.

When I count all the violations on the buildings we are occupying, I am appalled at the corruption, blindness, partiality, bureaucracy of the building department of New York.

Arthur J. Lacey, or "dear soul" as we like to call him because he once had the maddening habit of saying tenderly to those he was trying to help—"have you a problem, dear soul?" does indeed help a great deal. He gives out men's clothes whenever we have clothes to give, and runs innumerable errands between farm and city, and beach and city, dropping little tidbits of gossip on the way. He is the grapevine of the CW right now. I scolded him for coming out so late, but do certainly appreciate him coming out with mail and messages as he does several times a week.

Hospital Workers

As I am traveling West (right now I am in Greensburgh, Pa.) I read a story in the New York Times about one hundred pickets in front of Flower and Fifth Avenue hospitals in a labor dispute involving Local 1199 Drug and Hospital Employees Union. The union contends they were locked out of their kitchen and maintenance jobs when the work was turned over to outside contractors. The picketing began around six a.m. and at 7:40 a.m. there was a conflict between eleven police and the pickets who were trying to prevent a "scab" from entering the hospital.

The hospital workers are the poorest paid in the city. Leon Davis, president of the local, charged the police with "indiscriminate clubbing, shoving, and pushing peaceful pickets." Police Commissioner Michael Murphy said the charges were "false and unfounded and maliciously inspired."

Decazeville

In France, 850 coal miners have been sitting at the bottom of a coal mine since December 19, according to an almost unbelievable account in the January 5 *Times*. The pit miners with 1400 other workers are on strike because the government has decided to close the mines progressively, saying they are no longer economic to exploit. The government has promised three months pay free of trimming and a guarantee of 90% of their present wages for two years.

But the men don't trust the government, evidently, and they feel their damaged health, due to life in the mines, has unfit them for other jobs. Reporters toured the pits and found the men sitting around in the damp and gloomy corridors, "playing checkers, listening to hand-cranked phonographs, talking and singing the International and the Marseillaise."

The desperation that leads 850 men to endure such a sit-down strike is attracting, finally, the attention of the country.

Recently, I have read Orwell's "Road to Wigan Pier" which describes the conditions under which the coal miners of Wales work.

Here in Western Pennsylvania, the mines which have supported many a small town have shut down and it is an area of such misery and unemployment. Men are despised for being permanently on relief; there are no jobs open for older men, and they are oppressed by a sense of hopelessness and futility.

Our biggest domestic problem is automation and the resulting unemployment. Calling the reserves back into service and increased defense spending is an artificial and indeed a bad way to try to solve this problem.

We talked of this last night at dinner and Bill Callahan spoke of all the needed-to-be-done work found during the depression which could be found again today. Yes, this is the same William M. Callahan who used to edit *The Catholic Worker* in the late thirties and lived with us on Charles Street and Mott Street for many years. He is now editor of *Accent*, the paper of the Greensburgh diocese, which runs a column by Helene Iswolsky each week. We had dinner with him, Helene and I, last night in his home at Latrobe. He and Louise are not changed, but it is hard to realize they have four children, ages seven to seventeen.

Tonight, I speak at Seton Hill, tomorrow at Loretto, Tuesday at Mt. Mercy and Duquesne and I am hoping this clear weather will hold out until I get out of the hills of western Pennsylvania and am on my way to Chicago. It has been like spring this first week in January.