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EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

BLOWING THE DYNAMITE

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

THE DUTY OF HOSPITALITY

People who are in need and are not afraid to beg give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake. Modern society calls the beggar bum and panhandler and gives him the bum's rush. But the Greeks used to say that people in need are the Ambassadors of the Gods. Although you may be called bums and panhandlers you are in fact the Ambassadors of God. As God's Ambassadors you should be given food, clothing and shelter by those who are able to give it. Mahometan teachers tell us

that God commands hospitality, and hospitality is still practiced in Mahometan countries. But the duty of hospitality is neither taught nor practiced in Christian countries.

WHY NOT BE A BEGGAR?

What we give to the poor for Christ's sake is what we carry with us When we die.

As Jean Jacques Rousseau says:

"When a man dies he carries in his clutched hands only that which he has given away."

FEEDING THE POOR

In the first centuries Of Christianity the hungry were fed at a personal sacrifice, the naked were clothed at a personal sacrifice, the homeless were sheltered at a personal sacrifice. And because the poor were fed, clothed and sheltered at a personal sacrifice, the pagans used to say, about the Christians, "See how they love each other." In our own day the poor are no longer fed, clothed and sheltered at a personal sacrifice, but at the expense of the taxpayers. And because the poor are no longer fed, clothed and sheltered the pagans say about the Christians "See how they pass the buck!"

I WAS TOLD

I was told by a younga Puerto Rican that the president of his school study club was a Communist, and that in the meetings of the school study club

the Communist president did most of the talking and that the school teacher was an interested listener to the Communist president of the school study club. I was told by the dean of a Catholic college that the Catholic professors of Catholic colleges have neither the knowledge nor the courage to bring Catholic social thought to the man in the street.

LOOKING FOR LIGHT

So while Catholic professors of Catholic colleges do not have enough knowledge or courage to bring Catholic social thought to the man in the street,

(Continued on page 8)

Louis Lecoin

"The long-awaited statute legalizing conscientious objection in France may become law in May this year. This is the confident forecast of Louis Lecoin in the current issue of *Liberte*, following new initiatives last month in the four-year-old campaign for French COs.

"Lecoin launched a new appeal to de Gaulle and to the French Prime Minister a few weeks ago. At the same time he threatened to renew his fast and to maintain it until death if no definite action had been taken by the Government by next June.

"The appeal was signed by 150 French writers, journalists, religious leaders of various denominations, university professors and other prominent intellectuals and personalities. They include Andre Maurois, Francois Mauriac, Simone de Beauvoir, Abbe Pierre, Claude Autant-Lara, Simone Signoret, Yves Montand, Claude Bourdet and George Montaron, director of *Terraviva Chretien*.

"The appeal recalls that last

(Continued on page 8)

Pacem In Terris And American Action

By JAMES W. DOUGLASS

At first one experiences a deep joy at the almost universal agreement and praise which the world has given *Pacem In Terris*. Pope John's great testimony to the human spirit has succeeded in accomplishing for at least a few moments what most men wish could become an enduring fact—a drawing of the human family into its intended state of harmony. Moscow's *Izvestia* and the U. S. State Department were equally warm in their comments. Time reported that an American diplomat in Rome exulted: "It embodies everything the U.S. has been working for. We couldn't agree with it more." U.N. Secretary General U. Thant seems to have spoken for everyone when he paid tribute to the Pope for "his great wisdom, and courage."

But the courage of Pope John is not outstanding if all he has written something to which everyone in the world could offer assent. That he did only that, is not, of course, the case. *Pacem In Terris* has been more praised than read. Western commentators have pointed out rightly how the Communists managed to agree with the Encyclical by focusing on such themes as the liberation of the working classes and anti-colonialism, while ignoring the Pope's rejection of totalitarianism. A point to which the West itself has not given much attention is Pope John's rejection of both Soviet and Western methods of defense. The text is quite explicit on this point. The translation issued by the Vatican Press Office reads: "It is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice." The Latin text is even stronger: "aetate hac nostra, quae vi atomica gloriatur, alienum est a ratione, bellum iam aptum esse ad violata iura

sarcienda." According to *Pacem In Terris*, war is ruled out as an instrument of justice in the atomic era.

This raises an immediate question. If Pope John can see no possible just use for nuclear weapons, why doesn't he advocate complete unilateral disarmament? The answer suggested by the section on disarmament is that, unlike most of us, he has good reasons for believing that the Soviet Union will disarm with us, provided that the continuing paralysis of disarmament negotiations can be broken by the gradual substitution in these negotiations of the principle of equality of arms bases on fear: "If this (the reduction and abolition of armaments) is to come about, the fundamental principle on which our present peace depends must be replaced by another, which declares that the true and solid peace of nations consists not in equality of arms, but in mutual trust alone. We believe that this can be brought to pass . . ." The Pope refers again to the need for a fundamental change on the level of negotiations, this time in terms of "fear" and "love":

"There is reason to hope, however, that by meeting and negotiating, men may come to discover better the bonds that unite them together, deriving from the human nature which they have in common. And that they may also come to discover that one of the most profound requirements of their common nature is this: that between them and their respective peoples it is not fear which should reign but love, a love which tends to express itself in a collaboration that is loyal, manifold in form and productive of many benefits."

Our present, precarious peace (Continued on page 6)

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Low Sunday, Rome, Italy.

What are we here for, why did we come, we fifty or more women from all countries, of all religious affiliations, and many without any particular belief, of many nationalities? It is a pilgrimage of course, a true pilgrimage, to the Holy City of Rome, to the head of the Church, and for us Catholics, to the representative of Christ on Earth, to present ourselves as though a first fruits of his great encyclical *Pacem in terra*, to thank him, to pledge ourselves to work for peace, and to ask for a more radical condemnation of the instruments of modern warfare. We are to be part of a large general audience on Wednesday, a meeting of groups and of single pilgrims.

Someone wrote in, "Might not the money for pilgrim fares have been better spent to serve the poor?" But that was the question asked our Lord when He was snubbed by Mary Magdalene just before he was betrayed.

My passage was paid for one way by a friend in Chicago and my return by another in Connecticut and in some places living in Rome is cheap. A Yale student I met last night said he was paying sixty cents a night for his bed in a hospice for pilgrims. Vincent MacAloon who runs the Notre Dame Club at Margot Brancaccio 82, is the one to get in touch with if you are going to Rome. Another Notre Dame student said Vincent had been a guardian angel to many.

We women are staying at the Pacis Domus, two miles from the Vatican, a great hospice on a slight hill, many buildings set up in a delightful garden full of singing birds. One tall cage has mourning doves crooning to each other, and also some very active turtles. There are pines and palms and primroses, beds of flowers in bloom and many trees just coming into leaf. Wisteria is in bloom and the air is fragrant. In San Sebastian House Marguerite Harris and I share a narrow little room with two beds, a wardrobe and a washbowl. There is not room for two to dress at the same time. But there are meeting rooms, and I am working in a room over the chapel, with French windows wide open on the fading light of evening.

Our breakfast is coffee with milk, and a roll and jam. Supper is soup, salad and bread and an apple. The menu has not varied. It is pilgrims' fare and is costs three dollars a day for room and meals. The hospice is filled with students from schools in England, France, Germany, and one table near us was labeled Louvain. Young men, boys with priests, young women and girls with nuns, the students in uniform and with busses to take them to see the wonders of Rome. But now Easter week is over and they all leave tomorrow morning and the place will be very quiet. Even conventions of men use the place, and they make just as much noise. There is a bar, where both drinks and coffee can be purchased and if you do not want the tiny cup

of coffee with sugar, bitter and strong, you ask for Capuccino and get it with foaming milk, very good. Only the coffee bar is not always open. It has been closed all afternoon.

Friends

As usual with a diary, one works backward. David Kirk who is studying at Boda College met us at the boat in Naples and we had supper together at Santa Lucia. It was coal and grey yet clear, and it was beautiful to sit by the sea and eat spaghetti and return to the hotel by swaying street car. David left us to take the boat to Ischia where he was joining some other seminarians for their Easter holiday, living with some fishermen, and Marguerite and I went to the Church of Santa Brigitta named for St. Brigid of Sweden. There were many people in the church, and after praying at the shrine of the saint, we went to see the miraculous crucifix which had changed in the night from the crucified Christ to a glorified Christ the King, resplendent in robes and beautiful and serene of countenance. I prayed for our Lucille at the shrine of St. Lucy of course, and I am praying daily for all of the readers and writers of the Catholic Worker, and all who eat with us at our tables, all whom we encounter daily.

Mrs. Vaccaro, our land lady on Kenmare street will be pleased to know that I went to Mass at the Cathedral of San Gennaro, in a little chapel to the right of the main altar (if one is facing it) where everything was beautiful, stones, walls, altar with its sculptures and carvings. It is as though no one in Italy were unemployed, as though all they did was decorate everything with a keen sense of beauty and dedication.

Bus Travel

When we bought our bus tickets next morning we thought we were going to travel on a regular bus. They say no one travels by bus in Italy, the trains are so cheap. But we found ourselves on a tour with some of the boat passengers, with a scheduled two-hour stop at Monte Cassino. It is a most terrifying trip with many hair pin turns up a narrow highway, so close to the mountain's edge that I could not bear to look down at the vast valley below, every inch cultivated. The monastery, destroyed by Saracens, Lombards, earthquake and the Americans in the Second World War, has been completely rebuilt. Nothing is ever as we have pictured it in our minds. I had expected an isolation like that of Mt. Athos or Sinai. Instead, the mountains are crowned with stone villages, ever so many miles apart and where the guide told of their destruction, she pointed out the completely new rebuilt town at the foot of the mountain on the plain. Even on Monte Cassino there are villas and gardens, terraced with olive trees and vineyards and at the foot of the mountain, the rebuilt town of Cassino.

What impressed me most was the (Continued on page 6)

Christ and the Shape of Mankind

By PHILIP BERRIGAN, SSJ, and DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.

NOTE: This article forms a chapter in a forthcoming book that Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan have been preparing for publication by the Macmillan Company.

The general Christian gaze at mankind today has a kind of incomprehension about it, an unhealthy pessimism, and even a quiet, unformulated panic. Strangers to the world that we are expected to redeem, we look about us 'unknowing and unwinking' out of our depth and element as perhaps never before in history. For us, the future has largely lost its exhilaration and opportunity. It appears now as a cloud of threats; the loss of Latin America, general persecution of the Church, rejection by the Colored peoples, atomic war, the collapse of Western civilization. Yet, in the personal change, purification and development required of Christians by the stress of these questions, — the personal, courageous reply awaited by our world, — it is in regard to these that we are found ignorant and afraid. We have taken pains to keep the agony of mankind remote from us, we have little desire to understand it and even less to share it. In such a situation, a Christian relapse into



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

passivity, indifference and resentment is inevitable.

We see the Church, like a new Jewish Diaspora, reduced more and more to a minority by the biological eruption of the non-Christian world. We see that awesome phenomenon, a positive science that has outdistanced our morality. We view Communism with an unresolved guilt complex and terror, since its secularism is more logical and unfettered than the practical Godlessness that the West has chosen. And we wonder, with something like despair, if we have the vitality to regain that supremely Christian quality which is the historic mark of its being, the quality of consistency between principles and action. We see the headlong struggle of the peoples of Africa and the East for their share of creation, for those things that will make life more liveable and the possession of truth more possible. We see new tools of secular redemption on every side, many of them unfamiliar to us, many of them designed exactly to save man in this world. And with all this before us, we begin almost instinctively the long retreat to conservative ramparts. As Fr. Dondeyne observes, "The Current Christian is a conservative by vocation... his belief in God leading either to a dogmatic intolerance or a conservative fixation, or an ethic of resignation and inaction." With growing alarm, we sense ourselves as members of an ingrown society, whose right to existence is being increasingly challenged. And our response ranges from a mass inferiority complex through an arrogant intransigence to a progressive loss of faith in the God of history and in the integrity of man. Meanwhile in this Body which is

meant by nature to be expansive, retreat into the corporate self goes on. The trivial increasingly occupies the Christian consciousness and imperceptible assaults of fear dim the meaning and demands of life. Christianity these days moves in a new costume. It is no longer the cult of the valiant, or the creed of entrepreneurs who feared only "him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell." (Mt. 10,28) The transcendent intelligence and virility that were an irresistible credential of our religion in its best days have been adulterated to an effeminacy and childishness dedicated to solidifying themselves in the security of adolescence. We are marked by the territorial jealousy of the well-to-do son, who, in the shadow of his mother, defends his possessions from the envy of the ostracized and the poor. And the shadow we flee to is one of position and security and a curious equivocation of speech, a rewriting of dogma in order that the faith may justify personal sterility, a harmonizing of morality until it becomes a vehicle of convenience. As Mounier says so well, "More often than one likes to admit, one meets under the name of Christianity a code of moral and religious propriety whose chief concern seems to be to discourage outbursts of feeling, to fill up all chasms, to apologize for audacity, to do away with suffering, to bring down the appeals of the Infinite to the level of domestic conversation, and to tame the anguish of our state."

Our present sensibility is a measure of what we have made of the transcendent, Catholic, Christ. We have our own heresies these days, and the main one centers on Him. In the lives of many Catholics, one must admit to a distortion of sacred reality, to an image of the Savior whose dimensions are our own fear and cowardice. Humanized and domestic, our Christ is a projection of ourselves, — the feminine, adult figure whose heart and arms invite us to a love which demands no return; the 'Friend' in the tabernacle who silently waits upon the crumbs of our affection. According to the gospel of our distortion, Christ becomes the Great Advocate of childishness, the Great Sanctuary from the harsh world and the intolerable neighbor, the Great Pleader for comfort and company. "Unless you become as little children"; "Come to Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened"; "He that comes to Me, I will not cast out." The words are taken out of context, as is the Person, and new versions of the gospel appear, the Codes of fearful men. The reality of the Son of God is diminished beyond recognition. He exists as the sanction of an aberrant self that rejects anything which threatens human safety. By a consequent logic, in the minds of Christians, mankind becomes an enemy because it is exigent of our energies, or hostile to our unfulfilled promises, and our history is a blank page because we have immobilized time into a static, pseudo-eternity.

An analysis of the Christ of modern Christians, His features, His speech, His asceticism, would possibly invite us to consider the following historical events. Luther and the Reformers carried the diminished Renaissance Christian message to its fateful extreme, inviting the reform hope, unkillable, unstructured and undisciplined, into open revolt. Christian suspicion of scientific effort from Galileo's time, not only allowed materialism to take root in the dark corners of society, but gave creation and its processes over to materialistic scientism for pseudo-redemption. In time, the national revolutions toppled the old orders in France, Italy and Germany; almost invariably, these staggering changes occurred over the protest of the Church and without involvement

of Christians; we severely anathematized and feared and were silent, in the midst of a process which was at least potentially Christian, and in cold fact, irreversible. And because Christians were absent or actively in opposition to the hopes of man, it was inevitable that the revolutions took on a bitterly anti-Catholic character; and that the creation of modern man, industrialized and politically emancipated, occurred at distance from believers and apart from the Church. This is the tragedy of which Pius XI was to speak with so bitter an insight.

And now Communism is upon us, the most vicious, relentless and messianic of all the 'isms' of history; and we fall generally to see that our secularism is its secret and unacknowledged ally; that the redemption Communism promises man sounds with logic and lucidity in the vacuum of tired Christian energies, gospel lip service, and pharasaic moralism.

Historic Christianity teaches that the Incarnation of the Son of God is the great axis that divides time into two periods; one of long preparation, the other a period of progressive development in Christ. In the earliest Christian preaching, these were the classical divisions of history (Acts 17, 30), and by the gift of God, we modern Christians are partners to the second phase. We are tending toward that sublime moment when, "God the Father, having made of His enemies a footstool for His Son, the Son Himself in His human nature, shall be subject to the Father Who subjected all things to Him, (that God may be all in all." (I Cor. 15, 28) The Incarnation then, is the central historic moment of the universe, of man and of time. Everything finds its reason in the Word Made Flesh, everything converges toward Him. The Church of Paul, the Fathers and the Christian Middle Ages had a far more profound idea of this than ourselves; the realization made their preaching relevant and full-bodied and humanistic. For them, the universe was gathered into its microcosm, man, through whom it reaches identity, purpose and destiny. Man not only reflected the vast spectrum of life, being a composite of the elements of the universe; he contained the cosmos within himself by his spiritual grasp of it, by his intellectual assertion of its nature. And as crown of this comprehension of the universe, stood the Truth that is Christ, the Revelation of God by the Word of God. "Christ is the image of the unseen God, firstborn before every creature. For in Him all things created in Heaven and on earth, things seen and things unseen, whether Thrones or Dominations or Principalities or Powers, all creation is through Him and unto Him. And He Himself is prior to all, and in Him all things hold together." (Col. 1, 15-17).

Our Lord, then, as the Word, is the Architect of the universe. — He is the Divine Thought Who brought into existence the vast and complex variety of life. "All things were made by Him and without Him was made nothing that was made." (Ja. 1, 3) But in regard to all creatures He is more than this; to the Seraphim and the choirs of angels, to every man born into this world, to all sensitive and vegetative life down to the most insignificant one-celled being, to rocks and minerals and metals, to all these He is the central point and focus, the center about which all being revolves, the tendency and attractive force toward Whom all things are drawn. The cycle of existence began with Him, and within all natures lie the potent seeds of return, first to Him and through Him to the Father. The Redemption therefore, is the first stage in a return interrupted by (Continued on page 7)

from To New York
By LEOPOLD SEDAR SENGHOR
President of Senegal

Behold the time for signs and accounts
New York! Here comes the time of manna and hyssop.
Just listen to God's trombones, thy heart beating
to the rhythm of the blood of thy blood.
I saw Harlems buzzing with the noises of solemn colors
and flamboyant odors
—It's ten-time for the druggist's delivery boy—
I saw the setting for the Feast of Night at the escape of day.
I proclaim Night more voracious than day,
This is the pure hour where in the streets God lets
anti-memory life germinate
All the amphibious elements as radiant as sun.
Harlem, Harlem. This is what I have seen, Harlems, Harlems!
A green wheat breeze gushing from the pavements ploughed
by the Danse dancers naked feet
Silken waved cruppers and lance-head breasts,
water-lilies and fabulous masks ballets.
Love mangoes rolling from basement, at the police horses' heads.
And I saw along the sidewalks, streams of white rum
black milk streams in the blue fog of cigars
Evenings, I saw the sky snow cotton flowers and seraphim wings
and sorcerers' tufts.
Listen, New York! O listen to thy male brass voice
Thy vibrating oboe voice, the plugged anguish of thy tears
falling in great blood clefts
Mark in the distance thy nocturnal heart beating, rhythm and
blood of the tom-tom, tom-tom blood and tom-tom.

Translated by ANNE TAILLEFER

JOE HILL HOUSE

By AMMON HENNACY

Francis Gorgen came from San Francisco on Easter Sunday. I had gone to Buddhist services in the Japanese Church nearby and found that this was the birthday of Buddha. Here Swami Krishnanand from Baroda, India, a Buddhist monk who is traveling over the world for years "without touching money," spoke. He was accompanied by a Mormon family with whom he was staying. That evening Francis and I visited him at the home of these Mormons. He was an associate of Vinoba Bhave, and was pleased to meet two American vegetarians.

On the Road

Leaving early the next morning I was soon in Pocatello, Idaho where I met my teacher friends, Obermayer, Dorn and Kelly. College classes had just begun the next morning and I spoke in one of them and visited over the campus, and left for Butte. In the bus I sat next to a young man, born in Wales, but for ten years past living in Tasmania, Australia. At present he is teaching in an Indian school in Alberta, and had made an Easter vacation trip to visit Salt Lake City to see the Mormons. He was glad to read my chapter on the Mormons as we went along. He had marched with the pacifists in London against nuclear warfare.

That evening from 7 to 11 p.m. I visited with my old friend Ed Heustis from Anaconda, where Catholic John Birchers held forth mightily. The Irish priest whom I knew was out of town. Father Mackin of Carroll College in Helena had been there the night before, and if it had not been Easter vacation I would have spoken there. I'll have to make a quick trip from Salt Lake City up there sometime. Ed has one daughter who is a nun, and a son who will be a priest next year, and another son studying to be a priest. The older boy heard me at his seminary a few years ago.

I spoke for a few minutes at The House of Charity in Spokane. They have a Chapel and six cottages built on their 500 acre refuge 35 miles north of the city. I had walked over that beautiful wooded area there years ago with Brother Martin when he had first bought it. About the only permanent method of rehabilitating drunks is to get them away from their drinking friends among the bars in the city, and so far away from a tavern that they find it difficult to go there. Then give them something to do in the fresh air and let them live their lives and not be overly bossed by anyone. There is Antelope Island in the western part of Great Salt Lake where it is rumored Brigham Young banished recalcitrants in the old days. I tell fellows just getting over a drunk at Joe Hill House that I ought to ship them to Antelope Island to sober up. I am writing this account in Portland where Al Riley runs

the Blanchet House. I ate in the line yesterday with 700 others. They have a farm 35 miles away and not near any tavern where some of the drunks sober up for weeks at a time. A Protestant lumber company gave Al credit for \$10,000 to build a shop center where the men could be occupied while out to the farm. Some "Bible-bangers" were singing to the captive line yesterday while they stood waiting for their turn to eat. It is a free country and you couldn't stop them from shouting their tedious message, as Joe Hill would have said, while he made up a parody, such as his famous chorus:
"Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die."

Meetings

In Seattle Isabel MacRae met me at the bus. I had meetings at the homes of friends each night, and a fine one at Seattle U. The Spectator, the student paper said on the front page "Catholic Anarchist" to Lead Discussion. They decried the suppression of freedom of speech at Catholic U, Notre Dame, and in Los Angeles where Hans Kung was not allowed to speak. He had had a rousing meeting at Seattle U. After my meeting where Father Axer of the Young Christian Students had presided some students went to the home of a Quaker who had invited me over. I learned that in Los Angeles the Young Christian Students had lectures, at one of which the right-to-work-law was denounced. This caused their whole group to be disbanded by the hierarchy whose line is to work with the rich Catholic employers rather than with the Catholic braceros, as Ted LeBerthon so eloquently told us some years ago. One other night I spoke to an assortment of radicals who lived in a suburb in a housing co-op at the home of Louise Gosho, widow of my CO Japanese friend, Louis Gosho. Her two beautiful daughters, Heidi and Phoebe, were a joy to meet. And I spoke on the FM radio.

Here in Portland I stayed at the home of Mike Jones. I had known his folks in Phoenix and some years ago his mother Helen had planned meetings for me here. We went to a Quaker meeting in the afternoon and met friends, and at night had a meeting at his house. The State Senate passed a bill abolishing capital punishment with only three dissenting votes, but the House has not yet acted on it. Two girls had been brought up in reform schools and had become lesbians. And they had murdered two children of one of them. One girl turned state's evidence and got life and the other one, Janice Freeman, is up for execution. Arthur Koestler and others of note over the world have written against her execution. Many ask for the

(Continued on page 8)

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

The day of the great Staten Island fire—the worst in the history of New York, according to some radio reports—was Agnes' birthday, a day that she and we are not likely to forget. The winds were blowing with such impetuous fierceness that morning, as Charles and I drove to Mass at St. Thomas Church, that I felt apprehensive and worried, knowing how tinder-dry the woods, fields, and buildings were, and how April, that "cruellest month," had brought us, not much needed, seed-nourishing rain, but wild windy weather that might have come right out of the March Hare's mouth and, in consequence, a rash of brush fires that had kept the fire engines clanging up and down our roads almost every day. I suggested to Charles that we should start saying a Htany novena for rain, and he agreed. Shortly after our return to the farm, I heard the first fire engine go by, and someone said the fire did not seem to be too near. The winds swirled and screeched like demons at play so that the flames leapt from place to place with no predictable pattern. More fire engines went clanging by. Finally I braved the winds to go to the chapel to pray. After a bit Charles came in and said he thought we should say that Htany now. We said a Htany of Our Lady. Then Charles went out to help the other men take what measures they could against the fiery enemy.

When the dinner bell rang I walked out into winds that were even more angrily berserk. The air had filled with the acrid smell of smoke. Most of us did not feel much like eating; Agnes did not eat at all. Stanley tried to relieve the tension with a few jokes, but his jokes sounded more like whistling in the dark; and no one felt much like laughing. I wondered why so many firemen with so much equipment had not been able to stem the fires which were now threatening to encircle us. Then Charles told me there was no water. Not one drop in the taps in our house. Not one drop in the fire hydrants in our vicinity. Charles said that Agnes and I should stay down stairs and be ready to leave at any moment. Neither of us wanted to go, but we knew we could be of little use in fire fighting. As I walked out of the house toward the car in the driveway, I felt the full demonic fury of the wind, blowing with such scorching impact that I had an immediate visual impression of that hot, heavy, spark-filled smoke mass, like an amorphous dragon spewing fiery deluge on all in its path.

Confrontation with life's harsher realities sometimes leaves one a little numb. This numbness was for me a kind of blessing since it dulled the edge of anxiety which I felt about the others at the farm while Hans, Agnes, and I were sitting in the car which Charles had left parked in front of Levinson's fruit and vegetable store in Pleasant Plains. Charles promised to return for us as soon as possible, then dashed back to the farm to try to help the other men save the farm buildings, Hans who had been suffering from arthritis so that he had not been able to get up and dress himself, was a little surprised and embarrassed to find himself out in public clad only in his pajamas. Agnes, who had not been in a car for more than two years, settled back calmly after her initial concern about getting in, and looked at the scene about her with as much interest as she observes the passing scene from her bedroom window. I found the touch of my rosary reassuring, and remembered to say a prayer between talk and worry. We had not been sitting there long, though it seemed longer, when Frank Crocitto, who had been home with his family for a week's visit, stopped by on his way from the train. He bought us a cool drink, then went on to fight the fire. The

talk from passers-by floated in to us, talk that became more excited, more filled with facts and rumors of disaster as the afternoon wore on. We learned that there were fires in other areas of the Island. Someone said that all Tottenville was ablaze. Another that there were big fires in Huguenot and Annadale. I began to worry about Marge Hughes and her family and our beach houses on the Annadale beach. Some worried persons had been away from home when the fire started and now did not know whether they could get back—since so many roads were blocked—or whether they would find their home when they got there. Someone said Mt. Loretto was in danger;



ST. ANTHONY

another that they were evacuating everyone from the hill. The hill would include Peter Maurin Farm. I wondered where the others were being taken. At times the billowing clouds of smoke, about which Hans and Agnes kept me informed, seemed to threaten the village of Pleasant Plains itself. Some of the shopkeepers were obviously concerned. As the anxious hours passed, Hans, Agnes and I sat in the car and waited. I said another prayer while the talk about me sounded louder and louder, like headlines of disaster.

Meanwhile at the farm, as I learned later, the men — John Filliger, Stanley Vishniewski, Joe Cotter, Andy Spillane, Frank Crocitto, Jim Canovan, Leonard Robinson, Joe Ferry, John Barry, and Charles Butterworth — kept struggling valiantly to beat out the flames springing up in nearby brush and grasses. Buckets of water were carried from our little pond and the roofs of the men's cottages moistened; tubfuls of water were placed at strategic points, and all the fire extinguishers placed in readiness. Charles offered the water from our pond to the firemen, but they said their engines could never get down to the pond, and went clanging dolefully away, leaving our neighbors' houses blazing in the April afternoon without a fireman's nozzle lifted in protest. The police evacuated others from the farm, taking some to Drumgoole Boulevard, others to St. Louis Academy where the Red Cross and Salvation Army had set up emergency stations. At one point Charles himself was evacuated under protest, but he went to the rectory, found a priest to drive down to our chapel for the Blessed Sacrament, and so returned almost immediately to his

fire fighting. There is no doubt that the special providence of God was with us that day, but I think He made use of the strange caprice of those tempestuous winds which blew where they listed, and of the unflagging vigilance and effort of all those men—not the firemen—but the men of Peter Maurin Farm who battled the flames that fiery Saturday of Easter week.

By the time Charles finally came for Agnes, Hans, and me—it must have been about five—I was beginning to feel that I had learned a little of what it is like to be a refugee. Since Bloomingdale Road was still blocked to traffic, we had to return by a back road, and so came by Sharott where Hans, Agnes, and Charles exclaimed about house after house that had burned completely down leaving only charred debris or a chimney standing lone amid the ashed ruins of a home. Round about us were scorched fields and fire-ruined woodlands. I felt as though I were passing through a war-devastated area. I was deeply grieved for those who had suffered such losses, and indignation rose in me at the thought of the criminal negligence of those responsible for the lack of water pressure in this area, that precious water which might have saved some of these homes. I wondered, too, why chemical fire fighting equipment had not been used. But there was no salve for my indignation, only the harsh acrid smoke that rasped in my throat and nostrils.

When we drove into our own driveway, where our house and buildings were still standing, I went first to the chapel to pray. I had more to thank God for than I knew at the moment; for as I learned the next morning, Marge and her children and our beach houses were safe. I prayed for those who had suffered in the fire, and I prayed for rain. Small fires were still smoldering in the woods nearby; any spark could start another conflagration. It was a strange evening. No telephone. No electricity. No water until much later in the evening. Larry Doyle managed to prepare supper. Then after supper, Charles and Lucille put candles on a birthday cake, which Lucille had baked the night before, and there was a small procession to Agnes' room and a happy birthday song. Whatever Agnes may have thought of this particular birthday—her eighty-second—there is no doubt that it was for us all unforgettable.

That night there was a fire watch. Frank Crocitto and Lorraine Frenza, who had come out to visit the farm Saturday afternoon and been enlisted almost immediately as an aid to volunteer firemen, kept watch the first part of the night. Phyllis Masek and Joe Maurer, who when they could not reach us by telephone, came on out and kept watch all night as did also Andy Spillane. The thing that struck me most the next morning was the absence of bird song. I heard a lone robin singing with a kind of cheerless bewilderment his familiar cheer-up cadences. When I went downstairs to go to Mass, Andy told me that just before dawn, he had heard a whippoorwill, lonely, with sad song grieving over the desolate embers of his woodland home.

In contrast with this fiery Saturday, the day of the funeral of Tom Cain and Molly Powers was like one stolen from a pastoral idyll. It was Thursday of Easter week, only two days before the fire, a day softly warm and beautiful, fragrant with cherry blossom, sweet with bird song, just such a day as Tom and Molly would have loved. The funeral Mass, which was said by Fr. Riordan in St. Joseph's Church where the farm family always goes to Sunday Mass, had the solemn beauty which a requiem Mass ought to have. Msgr. Dolan read the prayers at the graveside in nearby St. Joseph's

(Continued on page 4)

CHRYSTIE STREET

By EDGAR FORAND

Art work by ANN LEGGETT

Writing "Chrystie St." for our 30th anniversary issue, I look upon as a privilege but at the same I can't forget the frightening aspects that go along with it. We have a tremendous responsibility to all of our people; both to those of our large family and to those who come to visit us. I can remember reading Dorothy Day years ago in the CW when she wrote of how people in the House felt their failures in judgment and charity many times daily—and how I thought she must be exaggerating. I have since found out she wasn't at all. You don't have to be around the Catholic Worker very long before you find out how utterly helpless one very often is before great hardship and suffering. Our biggest failures are probably due to a lack of courage—a refusal to give ourselves to others for we know what it will cost us. Money is not hard to give for the sake of charity—or time either—but the constant giving of one's self to others with constant demands is truly a test of one's love of God and of our brothers.

Around the House

I know that down through the years the CW has had many hard times—but we couldn't help but feel the past few weeks that we, at this time, had our share of them. In fact Rocky, who has been around the House for many years, said he never saw a three week period when we had so much trouble. Be that as it may, when you have men in the soup line waiting their turn to get into the House for their soup and tea and the police come along in their wagon to pick them up because their quotas are not yet filled, you feel that you have almost reached a point of no-return.

It all began when one morning we found the House had been broken into during the night. Luckily nothing was stolen—we have such treasures—but because of the locks we have on all our doors, we had quite a mix-up for a while. It is all a great mystery to us—except that during the evening of the breaking four young men, two of whom looked like they had revolvers, came in our front door, looked around the first floor and then calmly walked out again. If these were the same men who haven't the slightest idea what they were looking for.

The next incident was a very explosive and at the same time discouraging one as it involved one of our young people. You read and hear about the horrible effects of narcotics on people—but when you see someone you know quite well turn from a quiet and cooperative person into one who threatens to smash the whole place up—who flashes a big knife and threatens to kill a few of us, then you see something that approaches the diabolical. Certainly those who traffic are playing with the devil—for what they are doing with many of our young people is ghastly. This young man first of all smashed in the window of our front door—and after we had repaired that came back later to smash in the whole door. It is true we have a responsibility for these young people and we should try to help them in every way possible—but at the same time we have just as heavy a responsibility for the many others in the House too. In cases like this when one can be a great danger, especially to the older people, our only alternative is to keep him out until he is in a better condition. It would seem at this time that the ideal treatment for drug-addicts is that being given by the Synanon communities in group-therapy. But them, as in the case with alcoholics, one has to want to be treated or cured.

Easter Sunday morning I awoke with Charlie Keefe banging on our door saving, "Get over to the House, all the windows in the place have been smashed." Well, if I was full of joy and good spirits from the vigil and beautiful midnight Mass of Easter, I sure lost all of it for

one sickening moment. The thing that struck me and stayed with me all day long, was the tremendous violence of it all—and all for what?—as this young man who broke the windows had a few days previously been helping us with the paper. What could have been going on in his mind to resort to such bitterness? But, Charlie was being poetical as only five of the eight windows were broken. The two large ones on the ground floor,



MRS. HRISTOFF

the side window on the second floor—and the side and big window of the top floor. This was done at around three in the morning when this fellow decided to start heaving rocks and heave he did until the place was a shambles of glass. That morning we were picking rocks out of the corners of our office on the top floor, from Dorothy Day's office on the ground floor and from underneath the tables on the second floor.

Again, here is the question of responsibility—where does it end with one and begin with the others in a community? I mention this because another young person in the House said that we should not be interested in the broken glass but in the person of the young man. True, but we have to consider what could happen to others in the house if he or anyone goes berserk—and this means taking measures to stop them before someone is hurt or killed.

If this wasn't enough the Board



SMOKEY JOE

of Health paid us a visit at the request of a woman using a pseudonym. By the time we get through with them it is going to cost us a pretty penny. New faucets, a cover and vent for the stove, a heater for the sink etc. I do hope she will be happy when all the work is completed. She also sent the Building Inspector down to see us. So far we don't know what they expect of us—but we can be sure that if they want to get tough with us it will be only a question of time before we have to close up shop here. The old Chrystie St. House cost the CW 28,000 dollars before it all ended. At this stage of the game we are wondering just where the Holy Ghost is leading us!

The Expressway Again

Last December when the Mayor of NY City and the Board of Estimate voted down the Lower Manhattan Expressway, we, as well as people all over the country, thought that this was truly a victory of, by, and for the people within a community fighting for something which they believed in. The remarkable thing about it was that the Committee was made up of very diverse groups, political, religious, social and otherwise—all with one aim—to stop the Expressway not only for moral and ethical reasons, but for very real, practical and common-sense reasons.

First of all we were promised that it would be taken off the state arterial system—but when

that fell through, we at least expected it to be de-mapped by the city. But power, in the person of Moses, and money speak loudly and with authority. The planning commission has not as yet given us their decision—but last week at a public hearing, Moses had a powerful array of people and organizations fighting to keep the Expressway from being de-mapped. If the commission goes over the head of Mayor Wagner and the Board of Estimate and refuses to de-map the Expressway, then it will be just one more example of people being crushed by powerful authority and money.

But, with all of our bad news, thanks be to God for Holy Week culminating in the wonderful Easter Vigil and midnight Mass. We are very fortunate in that we have many churches around here to choose from; this made it easy to attend services during the week no matter what the hours and duties were around the House. During that weekend too, we stood watches with the Quakers at Times Square in a silent vigil for peace. They impress us so much with their quiet ways, their gentleness and their calmness. Tom, Ann, Arthur, Walter, Joe, Phyllis and myself



JOSEPHINE

went up at various times from Good-Friday to Easter morning.

We are also grateful to the convents for all the staples they supply us with; to St. Mary's in Conn. for the truckloads of things they bring us; and for the wonderful young people that the Riverside Baptist Church sent down to help us one Saturday. And always and always we can't thank enough those whose help is indispensable in keeping the House going. For Arthur Lacey and Ann Marie in the clothing rooms; for Phyllis Masek in the clothing room and in the office;



JIMMY JONES

for Walter Kerell in keeping the office going; for Tom Cornell going hither and yon to speak for our cause; for Joe Mower's help in the kitchen, on the farm and for holding up our end of the Liturgy; for Walter Wlatrowski on the paper and for his tremendous help around the House; for Charlie Keefe, Dennis Ward and Paul in the kitchen; for Bob Stuart on all the pickups; for Smokey Joe, Marie, Millie, Mike and Tom and all the waiters. If I have forgotten anyone it is purely unintentional—and everyone knows that all of our people are in our hearts and in our prayers.

Polaris Action

Michele Gloor, who had been staying with us on Chrystie Street, is now residing in the Montville State Jail in Connecticut. She went (Continued on page 8)

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

As we stood there beside the graves of the Catholic Worker plot, I could hear birds singing not far away. I thought that though we did not have a high Mass, these were the very choristers Tom would have chosen to sing him into Paradise.

Yet these deaths coming so soon after the death of Joe Roche, who died late in March and whose death was reported by Dorothy Day in her column in the March Catholic Worker, came as quite a shock to the farm family. Molly Powers will be remembered by many friends of the Catholic Worker. I have often heard her tell of how she first came to the Catholic Worker. It was a cold day and she was cold and hungry. She walked into the Catholic Worker, then located on Mott Street, walked up to the stove and asked if she could warm herself. Tom Sullivan, who was then in charge, welcomed her with that warmth and love which Tom always had for the poor. Since that day, Molly was very much a part of the CW family. From Mott Street she went to Maryfarm at Newburgh, then to the former Chrystie Street house, then finally to Peter Maurin Farm. She was a forthright person who liked straightforward answers and no nonsense. She had many ailments—asthma, high blood pressure, an enlarged heart, and finally diabetes—and was in consequence sometimes irritable and quick of temper. She was deeply affectionate by nature, loved life, good food, laughter, Irish melodies, young people and children. She went to Mass and communion frequently, and was always faithful to rosary and compline here at the Farm. She was a woman who had not only suffered much but had worked hard all her life. As long as she was able she always tried to do her share of the work at the farm. During the summer months she liked to sit in the shade back of the house and snap beans or prepare other vegetables for Joe Colter to can. Early last fall Molly fell and broke her hip and had to be taken to the hospital, from which she was transferred to a nursing home, then to the Farm Colony, from which she was sent to Bellevue for cataract operations on both eyes. She bore her sufferings with amazing fortitude and cheerfulness; the eye operations were successful; she had been learning better use of her limbs. We all expected her back at Peter Maurin Farm soon. But God had another home in mind for her. She was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia to which she was always very susceptible. She died in St. Vincent's Hospital on Staten Island after having received Extreme Unction, on Holy Saturday night, so that she might be ready to share in the Easter morning Resurrection of Our Lord.

Although Tom Cain was not with the Catholic Worker as long as Molly Powers, he was associated with our group and family for a number of years. He began at the old Chrystie Street house where he did a fine series of articles on Catholic Worker positions—one of which is reprinted in this issue. After a period of hospitalization for tuberculosis, he came to live at Peter Maurin Farm. He was a scholarly man, with much learning in many fields. During his first summer at the farm, he constructed a wigwam in the woods which he used as a kind of hermitage; he also built bridges across the little streams and cleared paths through the woods over which he conducted many visitors in guided tours. He was a naturalist, and knew the fauna and flora of our area intimately, and kept me informed about any interesting developments. He was also an amateur astronomer, and many of our visitors enjoyed looking through Tom's telescope and hearing him talk about the stars. But he was first of all a fervent Catholic, and when he was young had attended minor seminary with Msgr. Dolan, our pastor. He acted

as our sacristan and served Mass usually whenever a priest came to say Mass in our chapel. He also worked in the parish, attending Holy Name Society meetings and helping with the choir at St. Joseph's as long as he was able. But he was a man of strong and resolute will and resisted to the end any suggestion of hospitalization or medical treatment. Moreover, though he favored the strictest observance in matters liturgical, he cared little for conventional usage in matters of personal hygiene and cleanliness, and preferred to live in a room that was a shambles. But he was faithful to rosary and compline even in his last illness. He died early Tuesday morning, where he would have preferred to die in his own room above the chapel, at the beginning of Easter week, the week of Resurrection.

In the midst of fire and death, our daily life has had to go on, with all the usual problems and frictions which accompany daily community living. In the absence of Jean Walsh who is visiting her family in Florida, Charles Butterworth, who is in charge, has had to bear the full brunt of the burden. Since he also looks after financial matters for the Catholic Worker, he has had also the onerous task of trying to pay bills and taxes without enough money. He, too, has to handle our difficulties with bureaucratic officialdom, most recently those arising from visits of the health inspector. We are understaffed, and are always grateful to all who come to help, particularly at present to those who helped in our emergencies—Joe Maurer, Phyllis Masek, Terry Becker, and Anne Marie Stokes who kept solitary fire watch on the Sunday night following the fire when the winds were still blowing high and the fires still smoldering in the woodlands. There is a possibility that some good may come out of this disastrous fire. More effort is being made for cooperation among neighbors. Charles attended a meeting at Tottenville of residents trying to work out plans for getting more water for this part of the island. There is always money for grandiose super-highways that devour the homes of the poor, but no money for something so practical and necessary as water. Charles also offered shelter to any victims of the fire who might need it. Some of the younger members of our community—John Barry, John Zicca, Paul, Bobby, and Beatrice—have also helped in debris clearing from some of the Tottenville burned-out homes. We have also had much company during these past weeks, particularly if we count the student peace marchers who numbered from 150 to 200 and who spent Good Friday night with us before going on to make their mass demonstration at the United Nations. Perhaps the pleasantest event of recent weeks was the confirmation of Classie Mae and Lucille Holman which took place at Mt. Loretto on the last Saturday of April. We were particularly happy since Classie Mae and Lucille were converted and baptized while they were staying at the farm; we were happy, too, that they could bring the babies and spend the weekend with us. We have finally had a rain, though not enough. John continues his planting. He ought to have enough help with all the men staying here now, so many that I sometimes feel I have inadvertently stumbled into a men's barracks. But lilacs and wisteria are blooming in front of the house; and Peggy Conklin, who is staying with us now, has gathered violets for the table from under the apple trees.

Dorothy Day is on peace pilgrimage and praying for us at the shrine of St. Francis of Assisi. This morning I heard the ecstatic song of the brown thrasher, and knew that life and love and hope spring eternally from the scorched earth of disaster.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE HAZARDS OF HOLINESS.
By BROTHER ANTONINUS;
Poems, 1957-1960: 94 pages;
Doubleday, 1962. Reviewed by
JEAN FOREST.

One complaint I have encountered concerning his work is that its content is squeezed into "religiosity." I don't think it matters much what a poet writes about, what matters is if it comes across naturally, honestly and movingly. God's quest for man and man's quest for God comprises the subject matter of Br. Antoninus' work and I think it comes across as naturally, honestly and movingly as anything can. He doesn't hold back with sophistications or subtleties to make his work more palatable to contemporary taste. The reader can't hold back either without suffering an estrangement from the poetry. Undoubtedly, much of the essence of Br. Antoninus, poems is pretty foreign to the experience of most of us and perhaps even somewhat embarrassing in its openness toward the great truths. Br. Antoninus is fearless in his touching of "sacred things" and requires a certain fearlessness of his reader to follow without being thrown.

The Forward to the Hazards of Holiness centers around what is essential to poetry and art in general. "—objectification of inner experience becomes the most efficacious of all acts of relief, except prayer." Br. Antoninus describes the "demon" within the poet which demands exposure through expression and the poet's victory which follows the "exorcism." "The victories I seek, those of appeasement, and absolution, and something very near to annihilation are one and all victories over myself, the unremitting attempt to exorcise the demon." He feels this is the first consideration of poetry and communication secondary. In his dealing with form, he gropes between "shapelessness" and "rigidity" and strives for the "indefinable whole" in between but in this he does not expect perfection. "My poem can never be 'perfect' because I cannot be." He speaks of language as an instrument not an end. "... the struggle with language is the struggle to make myself comprehensible to myself, to orient my inner and outer being."

In this second book of poetry, Br. Antoninus writes particularly about the "demon" or aridity in mystical experience and the hope of ultimate liberation. "For there is one death to be earned, a martyrdom beyond the most grandiose formulations of the conceptual mind, with its masochistic engrossment and its ludicrous falsification of the real; and I crave and fear it with a rapacity and a terror I never believed possible. In its realization all the disparate attributes of the self, and all its irrelevances, will suck into the Absolute on which everything is gauged, and I will grope down to it, as the wader moves by instinct into torrents insuperable to the mind, and is swept away. That death is God. It will come to me, correct the errors, liberate the imperative evocations, cancel the admonitions, and all the gangling stumps of truncated endeavor—those victories, my failures, which I seized up and love."

Although these poems deal to a large extent with a soul in separation and aridity, there is also a strong affirmation of all life in its immediacy. This is beautifully done in the dream parable which opens "Jacob and the Angel." A drowning man transcends himself and his fate through an existential affirmation of the fullness of life over death. "... as I go down it is as if the very extremity has somehow purged and transformed the energies within me, endowing there a core of absolute existence, which is pure, and over which, I know, the waters can have no final power." This effectively contrasts the Christian existential attitude of "affirmation" toward death as against the Camus agnostic existential attitude of "scorn." This

is again depicted in the poem following the parable.

"The man has won. Standing at last alone
He staggers on the twisted thew,
if not
Invincible at least undaunted.
This anguish
In the sinew is his sign, his final liberation,
Seal of the smiling God, the serene benediction."

From the above excerpt, one also realizes an element of agreement between christian and atheistic existentialism—man's victory over himself and his fate is an "intangible" one in any context.

Brother Antoninus' poetry is fantastically rich and alive in its use of words, symbols, and imagery. He is especially faithful and vivid in his use of birds as images of humanity and omens of events. This is done very specifically in the poem, "What Birds Were There." Sparrows become the common man in his preoccupation with the necessary and the trivial.

"Sparrows, to be sure, scratching about in the street offal,
Yes, curb-brawlers, common as fleas,
Picking right and left for barley seed in the horse manure."

The raven becomes the prophet—"The mountain raven, malevolent prophet,
Utterer of virulent indictive oaths,
Imperious from the lodgepole pine,
Damnation drawn down out of the black beak inexorable."

The vulture becomes the exploiter, the hypocrite, the "professional" mourner—
"Say most significantly
That grim gliding keeper of appointments, that dark Ceremonial purist the vulture, a frown on the sky,
Methodical as an undertaker, adaptative
And deferential as the old woman of griefs
Who wraps up the dead."

The love-play between God and man is like the love-play between men and women. God in his plea for recognition from men becomes the "dog-woman."

"I am your dog-woman.
I grieve a man down,
Moan till he melts."

"I am dog in that I follow.
Woman in that I love.
Seek me!"

The soul seeks comfort from the God-lover in its sleepless night.
"Grant thy rescease.
Toy me no more, Lord.
Lord of the midnight wrestlings
Keep the peace!"

The mystic becomes the bride and experiences the unity and ecstasy of intercourse and abandonment in God, the lover.
"Call Him the Lover and call me the Bride.
Lapsing from the couch of His repose
I heard the elemental waters rise,
Divide and close."

"Born and reborn we will be groped, be clenched
On ecstasies that shudder toward crude birth,
When His great Godhead peels its stripping strength
In my red earth."

Sexuality lives fully in all its power, diversity, pain and joy within Br. Antoninus' mystical vision.

"Certain capacities of human nature seem to have taken the back seat while others have been nurturing; powers of intuition, of moral imagination, of natural feeling need to be recalled into the tissues of our physical and social body. Hunger is rising in men for these pastures; hunger will lead us. It is a powerful signal." M. C. Richards. Institution, moral imagination and natural feeling are uppermost in this poetry. Brother Antoninus' hunger for and consequent use of these powers are representative of what can be done to resist contemporary society's

anemic replacements for reality. He is a "signal" of wholeness in flesh and spirit..

NEDJMA A novel of Algeria by Kateb Yacine, translated from the French by R. Howard. Published by George Brazillier. \$4.00 Reviewed by ANNE TAILLEFER.

Ainsi, l'Oiseau aveugle
Et doublement captif
Dont la voix se cultive
Au coeur des Assassins.

Such as the blind bird
And thus doubly captive
Whose voice finds its pitch
At the Assassins' heart.

This quatrain, taken from an article in *Esprit* (Jardin parmi les flammes, Nov. 1, 1962) brings to life the whole personality of Kateb Yacine, perhaps Algeria's greatest writer! Here is an Arab, whose very name, Kateb, means writer, who weilds French more as a captor than a captive, transfiguring it by the Arabic use of time, circular rather than linear, to the extent that its grammar expresses this dimension, introduced to Westerners, for somewhat different reasons, by William Faulkner. In Yacine it is infinitely more enfolded and convoluting.

In the *Esprit* essay Yacine has written a parallel between the domination of his proper language learnt from his delightful mother and the fascination of the French tongue tied to his betrayal—as it seemed—of the former two; for his mother spoke only Arabic and at seven he was, in a way, separated



BR. ANTONINUS

from her and involved in a first love of his pretty French teacher. He tells of the guilty feeling he experienced coming home to find his mother struggling to decipher a French newspaper:

"I never ceased, even on successful days with the teacher, to feel deep inside, this second rupture of the umbilical cord, this interior exile that brought together the child and mother only to tear them asunder, each time a little more, from the murmur of blood, from the reproving tremors of a language banished, secretly, by common accord, broken as quickly as accepted ... Thus I had, at the same time, lost my mother and her language, the only inalienable treasures—alienated yet!"

The impact of the French teacher and language can be found in nearly the same form in Nedjma, haunting the childhood of one of the heroes. The book tells the story of Nedjma, an elusive, enticing, maddening woman, who sets the men who love and woo her at each others throats, be they brothers, and over whose origin looms a mystery. This mystery, four men, four friends—Richard, Lakhdar, Mourad, and Mustapha—will discover in their own turn; it leads them to the revelation of a drama worthy of the Oresteia, akin to Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom*: the union in all ignorance of brothers and sisters.

The perspective reader will long before have realized that Nedjma is Algeria, with its passionate conflicts, its complicated relationships, its shadowy origins. We meet the unsavory colons at the horrendous wedding party of Monsieur Richard and Suzy; we hear of the coveted, nameless French woman and mother, France itself; we bear the burdens of political prisoners, Nomads and deserters, of the Harkis, Arabs that remained with the French, and Fellaghas, soldiers of the Liberation. Over them presides Si

Alabama Integration Walk

Hammonville, Alabama, May 3.

After they had walked approximately fifty feet across the Alabama-Georgia state line into Alabama this afternoon, ten Negro and White Freedom Walkers were arrested by police here. Also arrested were James Forman, executive secretary of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and Landy McNair, a SNCC field-secretary, after police questioned them in their car, about "aiding and assisting" the walkers.

All twelve are being held now in Dekalb County Jail in Fort Paine, Alabama. The ten walkers were charged with "breach of the peace" and Forman and McNair with "disturbing the peace."

The ten marchers came from Chattanooga, Tennessee, where they began their memorial walk three days ago, for white integrationist William Moore, shot to death on April 23. The walkers, five Negro men and five white men, half from SNCC and half from the Congress of Racial Equality, walked through crowds of hostile whites who threw eggs, soda bottles and stones at them. At the Alabama line about four hundred white persons gathered. Alabama police prevented newsmen from crossing the line with billy clubs, and let only the walkers through.

The first young man to cross the Alabama line was Sam Shirah, 20, a white man from Alabama. Shirah had wired Alabama governor George C. Wallace two hours before saying:

"My name is Sam Shirah. I am a native of Alabama. You were once the superintendent of the Sunday school in the church where my father was the pastor. In less than two hours I shall lead a group of ten people across the state line in memory of the death of William Moore. As a native Alabamian and a citizen of the United States I know I have the right to walk on the public highways of Alabama. I know my friends have the right to walk with me. We do not intend to breach the peace. But we appeal to your conscience to uphold the Constitution of the United States."

Robert Zellner, 24, a white SNCC field secretary from Alabama and Eric Weinberger, 31, white CORE worker from New York, lay down on the highway when told they were under arrest and had to be carried into waiting police wagons.

Newsmen reported that those who lay down on the road and refused to move were prodded with electric cattle shockers, used to drive steers. Weinberger and Zellner were held by policemen as other officials jabbed them with the shockers, causing their bodies to jump and writhe.

At the line itself, hundreds of white people watched police wave billy clubs in the faces of newsmen. One columnist was kicked by a white man who latter tried to, attack another reporter.

The crowd, held back by police, finally burst through a fence and ran through a field and over a hill to see the actual arrests.

Mohktar who is a kind of Father Karamazov, the cause of many sins. Past and present, here and then surround us in a mad but logical manner as do our secret thoughts blended to our actions. The beautiful, tortured land, its lure, strife and complications, unresolved yesterday, today and tomorrow winds back and forth from history into legend and back into history again trailing its scent of orange blossoms and blood.

"What does it matter that Hippone is disgraced, Carthage buried, Cirta ruined, and Nedjma deflowered . . . The city flourishes, the blood dissolves, appeased, only at the moment of the fall: Carthage vanished, Hippone resuscitated, Cirta between heaven and earth; the triple wreck restored to the setting sun, the land of the Maghreb."

Nedjma and her wooers have coveted France but discriminated against others; this is beautifully described in the episode of the black man adoring Nedjma with his gae whilst she ignores him or then screams with fear and then Yacine calls for wider love:

"... The blood savagely accumulated by the leaders and the Nomads separated from their caravan . . . marrying only one another's woman, each family keeping its sons and daughters inexorably pared off like an Egyptian yoke . . . one of those noble vagabonds . . . proceeds to North Africa, the land of the setting sun, where, sterile and fatal, Nedjma was born. Nedjma, our loss and our ruin, the evil star of our clan."

The most magnificent pages are those describing the mythic birth of Algeria or its salvation with the two girls, the small one borne away by an eagle, her older sister dying to recover her—another symbol of Algeria's sacrifices in utter purity.

Nedjma is never to reach the highmountain Nadhor, the seat of unaltered tradition. She will accomplish her destiny in a less pure way. Her sufferings and those of the men around her will have developed another outlook. In what way? In the two last lines of the book, Lakhkar and Rachid separate, each takes a different way: "The two shadows faded on the road."

The book was published in France in 1956, thus it could not have an ending at the time. There is a subtle understanding of human

values and shades of heroism as well as of compromises to survive. Written at the height of the conflict, no hatred or bitterness comes to mar the books ardent and fatalistic serenity. Algeria is there for always and belongs to all those who, in a true sense, have forgotten it.

As with all unconventional ventures with time, the reader will be put to a difficult task. The excellent translation from the borrowed French by the Arabic pen will slowly force the reader to "colonize" his understanding before he can clearly see his way, but the reward is worth the pains. Like Leopold Senghor, Kateb Yacine has tamed what would have enslaved him with the redoubtable arms of the poet who reaches revelation without explanation. And for a long time historians will rack their brains and politicians quarrel while the cymbals and tambourines will only sing!

Poems

The years retreat
But, advancing, I grow thin.
The time I gain
Consumes me as I run
Yet is there peace to be won.
The peace of God
Outrages understanding.
Childhood is
Strenuously shed.
I am my own
Man.
But my gait's the gait
Of a skeleton.
Yet is there peace to be won.
The peace of God
Outrages understanding.

Flesh and blood
Would if it could
Be remade
In some finer mode
And each man tries to ask this
Of his neighbor.

We are as we are
And yet a doting
Or a doubtful stare
Will seem to
Turn what is
To air.

It is our hard labor
To hold the shape we're given
As best we can
And to look to no man—
Look to heaven—
For grace.

By BARBARA DEMING

Pacem In Terris

(Continued from page 1)

depends upon the principle of equality of arms. The principle of equality of arms must be replaced gradually by the principle of mutual trust alone. The law of fear must be replaced finally by the bond of love, as realized on the diplomatic level by meeting and negotiating. The ultimate goal of negotiations—and let the political realists ponder this well—is therefore love, a love among peoples founded on an understanding of their common nature. Moreover, Pope John believes that this can be brought to pass.

A second question which the Encyclical's rejection of war raises is that of immediate defense. How is the United States to respond to a crisis bearing with it the threat of Soviet nuclear attack?

The answer is, by negotiation: "Men are becoming more and more convinced that disputes which arise between states should not be resolved by recourse to arms, but rather by negotiation." From the context it is obvious that the Pope's viewpoint is here the same as that of "men." Negotiation, not arms, is the way of resolving international disputes.

But the question can be pressed further. How could we possibly respond to outright Soviet nuclear attack by negotiation? The answer given by Pacem in Terris, an answer so obviously wrong to our sense of the situation that Western commentators haven't even noticed it, is that the situation posed here is only theoretical—in actual fact the Soviet Union has no intention of attacking us:

"Nevertheless, unfortunately the law of fear still reigns among peoples, and it forces them to spend fabulous sums for armaments; not for aggression, they affirm — and there is no reason for not believing them—but to dissuade others from aggression." (emphasis added).

The point is made diplomatically but precisely. "They" refers to the principal parties in the arms race without distinction, the United States and the Soviet Union. There is no reason for believing that either is insincere in its claim that its weapons are for deterrent purposes only. The fundamental reason for the arms race is, therefore, fear—a fear on both sides which does not conform to the reality on the other but which nevertheless encourages the ultimate creation of a first-strike reality arising from a more and more desperate fear. The Soviet Union doesn't want nuclear war and, as shown by last Fall's crisis, is willing to take the steps to avoid it. But with 30 American nuclear bases surrounding her, she is impelled by fear into desperate moves like the attempt to put her own missile bases on Cuba. Pacem in Terris recognizes that it is fear, the fear that is the root of the arms race, which more than any other factor can destroy the world. This recognition lies behind the Pope's express concern over the growing possibility of accidental war, which stands in contrast to his discounting the likelihood of a first-strike intention on either side.

If as the Pope indicates, neither side wants to plot a first-strike policy, there is further reason for thinking that a shift can be made in negotiations from a virtually terror-stricken embrace by both powers of the principle of equality (or superiority) of arms, in the direction of the principle of mutual trust. The reason for this shift would be an understanding that since a policy of nuclear aggression is rejected by both sides, there is no foundation for the fear that negotiations will be used to gain a strategic advantage for a first strike. This shift toward mutual trust would not mean the exclusion of inspection arrangements. But it would mean a recognition that there can never be a fool-proof monitoring or inspection system and that the risks we take in insisting upon absolute security in test-ban negotiations, and in thereby forcing a continuation of the arms race, are enormous and far

greater than the risk that the monitoring safeguards we have now would be circumvented to any great strategic disadvantage.

These principles of Pacem in Terris can be applied directly to the future course of American foreign policy. The moral principles set forth by the Encyclical in regard to the arms race can be summarized in four main points: (1) War is ruled out as an instrument of justice in the atomic era. (2) All disputes which arise between states must be resolved by negotiation. (3) The law of fear which is at the root of the arms race must be replaced by the bond of love. (4) The principle of our present, precarious peace, equality of arms, must be replaced gradually by the principle of mutual trust.

A first application of these principles renders unjustifiable a nation's employment of power tactics involving thermonuclear force, such as the action taken by the United States in the Cuban Crisis of last fall. The following paragraph from Pacem in Terris should be read with reference to our readiness then to bomb Soviet missile sites in Cuba:

"Not only can it happen but it actually does happen that the advantages and conveniences which nations strive to acquire for themselves become objects of contention. Nevertheless, the resulting disagreements must be settled, not by force, nor by deceit or trickery, but rather in the only manner which is worthy of the dignity of man, i.e., by a mutual assessment of the reasons on both sides of the dispute, by a mature and objective investigation of the situation, and by an equitable reconciliation of differences of opinion."

The United States achieved the withdrawal of Soviet missiles not by a willingness to negotiate but rather by the threat of thermonuclear force. The fact that we succeeded in achieving our objective, the peaceful removal of the missiles, is no justification of the way in which we achieved it, which could easily have resulted in the unimaginable suffering and death of several hundred million people. The alternative indicated by Pope John, negotiation and an equitable reconciliation of differences of opinion, would have required that we be willing to exchange one or two of our 30 bases around the Soviet Union for their single base in Cuba. We rejected the alternative and chose instead the threat of force and the risk of global destruction, successfully, it must be said, but not justifiably. By refusing to negotiate on an issue which involved the very future of the human race, we came close to becoming the greatest war criminals in the history of the world.

Secondly, the principles of Pacem in Terris demand that a test-ban agreement be concluded swiftly and that we begin to recognize mutual trust as a principle which must gradually replace equality of arms in preserving world peace. An initial agreement of this sort would be a step in the direction of the ideal world order envisaged by the Pope, a world community presided over by a public authority "set up by common accord and not imposed by force." Common accord on the establishing of a public authority can hardly be achieved without a termination of the arms race through an increasing recognition of the principle of mutual trust. A test-ban agreement would be ideal for exploring the possibilities of this principle without jeopardizing the security of either power. Each side has one overriding fear that has marked test-ban negotiations. The United States fears clandestine testing; the Soviet Union fears inspection as a cover for espionage. If an agreement were to be concluded now, each fear could be shown groundless by the other side. If either nation were to act according to the other's fear, it would risk being expected to the world's scorn and an unparalleled propaganda defeat. On the other hand, the United States would suffer no

great strategic loss through a few underground tests of small Soviet weapons. We now have the power to "overkill" the Soviet Union at least 25 times. This seems an adequate deterrent. Nor would the Soviet Union undergo a significant strategic loss by the espionage that could be accomplished during two or three on-site inspections. Either deceit would involve great risks before world opinion and would offer little reward.

Finally, to give further impetus to an increase of mutual trust we should follow the test ban agreement by a significant unilateral step in disarmament with an invitation to the Soviet Union to reciprocate. The possibilities of a significant but "safe" (in terms of our own fear) disarmament measure for a country whose nuclear stockpile exceeds 30,000 megatons (the Hiroshima bomb was 1/40th of one megaton) are almost countless.

If measures like these are utopian and cannot "be brought to



pass" — if in short Pope John is wrong in his political assessment that neither side is a potential nuclear aggressor, at least not in intention, then his moral principle of the absolute injustice of nuclear war reasserts itself with a new and more dreadful significance: disarmament in the face of unbending Soviet power. That the American people would ever choose such an agonizing course is unbelievable. It will be the only moral choice left us, however, if we refuse the less hazardous horizons of gradual mutual trust and of disengagement from the arms race which are outlined by Pacem in Terris. Pope John has confronted the terrifying nature of the problem and has responded truly to it with a deeply hopeful answer. Unfortunately his answer is not one which "embodies everything the U.S. has been working for," and our pride in thinking that it does threaten an undreamed-of guilt.

Three Prayers

1.
Give us this day
Our daily breath
Deliver us from
Our daily death

Amen

2.
Our Father who art hidden,
Hollow for us is the word with
which we try to speak Your
name,
Your kingdom dim, Your will un-
known,
Earthly comforts all we know of
have.
Are you in fact our daily bread?
We forget it, as others forget us
when we are out of reach.
Lead us not by the light alone of
our own vision, for we overlook
familiar marvels. Remind us of
Your power and Your glory over
and over again.

Amen

3.
Now to break from sleep I try
I pray the Lord my soul to shake
I pray the Lord my dreams to
wreck
I would wake before I die

Amen

By BARBARA DEMING

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

people. It is spring, and there has been a hard winter and today the sun shone and everyone worked in the fields. They worked in groups, in little knots of three or four, not scattered over the field as we do. It was as though they held each other up, bore each other's fatigue, sustained each other. White oxen drew the ploughs, men and women dug around the fruit trees, the olive trees, the grape vines, and every twig and stem and pruning was garnered, and every blade of grass clipped for the cattle. Great round bolls of twigs were nested in the trees, off the ground, and women carried great loads of fresh cut grass on their heads.

Domus Pacis

We arrived at Rome at the end of the day, having avoided the Throughway all day, and settled ourselves at the Domus Pacis. The next day Hildegarde Goss Mayr and her husband Jean Goss arrived. They had been speaking in Milan and Turin and had been all night on the train, which was crowded, due the elections coming at the end of this week. They said that as in the times of Joseph and Mary, people had to go to their home towns to vote, and the government paid their fare. Which meant crowded coaches. It is interesting to see the freedom of Italy, compared to our own country. When we landed in Naples, we saw a delegation of students with placards marching around the municipal square and distributing leaflets and shouting slogans. They were Communists. The Socialist billboards also displayed the hammer and cycle. There are any number of parties, eight perhaps, and at the Galleria in Naples, candidates were listed one after another on the bill boards with all their slogans.

While the Gosses rested, Marguerite and I went to the center of Rome, she to her dear Brigitta nuns and I to see our Catholic Worker friend and writer, Jim Douglas who lives with his wife on Gian Battista Belzoni street, up one flight, windows of the four room apartment looking out east and west over the city. There is a balcony where their two children, Billy and Peter can play. We had supper, and a Yale student came in who had worked in Mexico for the last two years. He is studying at Freiburg and will return for another year at Notre Dame.

I talked over the phone with Patrick O'Reilly Persechetti, a brilliant young pacifist anarchist, who, with Jim had prepared sheets of quotations from the Pope's on war, translated in to German, Italian and English, thirty of each so that our women on pilgrimage, who are not Catholic can be briefed on the Papacy's efforts for peace and also the Catholic teaching on conditions for a just war. This pilgrimage is both pacifist and ecumenical.

Persechetti has translated Peter Maurin's essays into Italian and is going to do the same in Gaelic when he has time. He is manager of the Goldoni theater and we are going to have a meeting there, one for the women to show Peace films and later one for me, so I can speak to the American seminarians in Rome. Already I have received requests for meetings from students of the Divine Word Seminary Holy Cross Seminary, and the American College. I had not thought I would be speaking in Rome.

There are many I must see, once our audience has taken place; Joe Calderon, one of our first friends in New York; Fr. Urban, Trappist from Gethesemane, who can speak and move about freely here in Rome.

I have had many requests from friends to visit other countries on this trip abroad, but I wish to remain in Italy a month and then return to my much loved little Italy in New York, stopping perhaps only at Lourdes on the way.

It is Monday, April 22, and we women have had preliminary meet-

ings to get acquainted. There are two women from South America and I can practice my Spanish with them. There is a beautiful young woman, from Hiroshima, and women from Canada, England, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria and the United States. There are two colored women, one from Jackson, Mississippi, active in civil rights and in Church work, and one from New Jersey who was brought up a Muslim and is now working with evangelists, for and with adolescents among them many delinquents.

Virginia Naeve sparked the trip with the aid of Mary Pollard of New Hampshire and Hermine Evans of Chicago.

Postscript

Today the Mothers for Peace, a group made up of Catholic Workers, members of Pax, Women Strike for Peace, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and others, women from Hiroshima, South America (Peru and Colombia), the United States (the majority), Austria, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, France and Italy! We were all received by the Holy Father in one of those vast audiences in St. Peter's together with groups from schools from many countries. We were at first disappointed (especially the non-Catholics) that we did not have an opportunity each one to speak to Pope John, but it was a perfect setting for the message he delivered on Peace, addressing us women, thanking us for our Peace Pilgrimage and message, and saying it brought comfort to his heart and blessing us, to return home to our labor for Peace. The speech was translated into French, German, Spanish and English at once, before he left the papal throne.

What an atmosphere of fatherly love and serenity he makes around him. And what a joyful pilgrimage this has been! I prayed again at Saint Peter's tomb, where I was fortunate enough to have a complete view of the entire scene, and there, sitting between a young scholarship student of voice from Nicaragua and a young Roman girl, a restorer of paintings, I prayed for you all, and received the Pope's blessing, which he said was for all our dear ones, and you are that to me, fortunate pilgrim that I am.

Continued next month.

Richness in Giving

In the sphere of material things giving means being rich. Not he who has much is rich, but he who gives much. The hoarder who is anxiously worried about losing something is, psychologically speaking, the poor, impoverished man, regardless of how much he has. Whoever is capable of giving of himself is rich. He experiences himself as one who can confer of himself to others. Only one who is deprived of all that goes beyond the barest necessities for subsistence would be incapable of enjoying the act of giving material things. But daily experience shows that what a person considers the minimal necessities depends as much on his character as it depends on his actual possessions. It is well known that the poor are more willing to give than the rich. Nevertheless, poverty beyond a certain point may make it impossible to give, and is so degrading, not only because of the suffering it causes directly, but because of the fact that it deprives the poor of the joy of giving.

Erich Fromm
The Art of Loving
Harper & Brothers

Christ and the Shape of Mankind

(Continued from page 2)

sin, and at the same time, an assured fact and a final accomplishment. "When I be lifted up, I will draw all things to Myself." (Jn. 12, 32)

"I went into the Higher part of myself, and higher still I found the Kingdom of the Word. Impelled by curiosity to explore still further, I descended deep into myself, and yet I found Him deeper still. I looked outside and met Him far beyond everything exterior to me. I looked within; He is more inward than I myself. And I recognized the truth of what I had read, that we live and move and have our being in Him." St. Bernard knew that man has definition and identity only in Christ, that the human person is finally known by the grace of Christ within him,—that Christ is in man as a second self, that He and man are two in one Spirit. As Gabriel Marcel so accurately remarks, "There is no unique subject; no personality without otherness; no consciousness turned in upon itself; no real being without intersubjectivity." And no man without Christ. His Redemption, incessantly at work within us, is the assumption of our manhood into His, that we might be one being with God. He Who is Being "has the countenance of a Person," and He has chosen to identify Himself with the imperfection that we are. "Abide in Me," He said, "and I will abide in you." (Jn. 15, 4)

So Our Lord effected our Redemption by living our life; in the process, He gave us also the Universal Life, for He is the Universal Man, as St. Augustine loved to call Him. From Bethlehem to the garden of His victory, He gave us the pattern of a Life, the only type worth living; and the sublime majesty of His human life has entered into and conquered time to the extent that He is as relevant to modern man as He was to the poor peasants of Galilee. An invitation comes to every man, and a response is awaited. "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." (Jn. 15, 16) "And He sent his servants to call them that were invited to the marriage." (Mt. 22, 4) "A certain man had two sons; and coming to the first, he said: Son, go work today in my vineyard." (Mt. 21, 28) "And Peter, making answer said: Lord, if it be You, bid me come to you upon the waters. And Christ said: Come!" (Mt. 14, 28) "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathers not with Me, scatters." (Mt. 12, 30) "He who has ears to hear, let him hear." (Mt. 16, 24) "Take up My yoke upon you and learn of Me, because I am meek; and humble of heart; and you shall find rest to your souls." (Mt. 11, 29) "Amen, amen I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, it remains alone. But if it die, it brings forth much fruit." (Jn. 12, 24) "For if you love them who love you, what reward will you have? Do not even the publicans do this?" (Mt. 5, 46) "A new commandment I give you, that you love one another as I have loved you." (Jn. 15, 12) "Amen, I say to you: the servant is not greater than his lord, neither is the apostle greater than he that sent him." (Jn. 13, 16)

And resemblance grows to union. "In that day, you shall know that I am in My Father; and you in Me and I in you." (Jn. 14, 20) "If anyone love Me, he will keep My word. And My Father will love him and we will come to him and will make our abode with him." (Jn. 14, 23) "He that sees Me, sees the Father also." (Jn. 14, 9) "He that abides in Me and I in him, the same bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing." (Jn. 15, 5) "That they may be one, as You, Father, in Me and I in you; that they may be one in Us." (Jn. 17, 21) The personality of Christ cuts through the complexities of modern life, conquers

over the affectations of men, renews the humdrum and tedium of existence with a fresh and organic power. "Now you are clean by reason of the word that I have spoken to you." (Jn. 15, 3) It matters little that we are weak and sinful, vacillating and treacherous, 'competing ingeniously with one another in guarding ourselves against Him,' as Yves Congar says. We are His by creation and conquest, and what He did for us once, the Church continues with the same solicitude and sovereign power.

It is undoubtedly the responsibility of those within the Church to announce the Christ of history to the men of their times, to recast the problems of their own age in terms which are at once more radically valid and less immediate than those of diplomacy, sociology or science. All these sciences and modes of thought, valid in themselves, necessarily imply a limitation of thought, terminology and action. They can deal adequately with aspects of being, but they cannot announce the inner substance of history or point the direction of its term. Only Christians can do this. The relationship of man to Christ must therefore be dramatized before the world, by fervent, intelligent believers, who are men of their times, skilled in their vocation within the Church, men who live habitually and instinctively according to the mind of Christ. Such Christians are by definition, mediators between their Lord and the world, a world which will fulfill itself only in Him, through a continuing Christian Incarnation. Failing this effort, creation becomes a source of suspicion and scandal to the introverted believer; it tends to remain inert and incomplete, incapable of growing or offering material for human growth. And in time, as history continues to show us, creation passes over to other, more skilled and dedicated hands than ours.

Another aspect of the relationship between the living Christ and the believer reminds us that we attain unity with Our Lord through unity with one another. In fact, it is impossible for man to order or rule the organic world, unless he serves the world of persons. He who does not know his neighbor is a dangerous man with the things of nature. In these terms, therefore, the impersonalism of Western man is not only the measure of our loss of Christ through the loss of one another,—it is the source of our hesitancy and fear with which we regard the works of our own hands.

Men live in the shadow of mischance, haunted by the dread of atomic miscalculation. And Catholics, quite generally, are allowing the questions of peace and conscience and nuclear development to be bypassed, or to be discussed by others. Either this, or when they do speak, they revert commonly to historic formulas or major premises about just war whose relevance to our stalemate is at best questionable. It would seem, that on this score alone, contemporary events are forcing all men into a corner. As the question of atomic annihilation mushrooms in our consciousness, the implication of Christ in His universe grows not only clearer, but more exigent every hour. Events are making Christians the keepers of their brothers in an altogether new way; the keepers of their minds and hearts, the guardians of their sense of history, the stewards of the souls of men. They alone can grasp, and help others to grasp "this ladder let down to them from on high, the ladder of Christ's Body, Which is the Body of the Saviour Himself, giving Himself lovingly to all." (Yves Congar).

To the perceptive, the choices thrust upon us by our age, are in fact, similar in many respects to

(Continued on page 8)

SEARCH FOR PEACE

By ARCHBISHOP ROBERTS, S.J.

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Archbishop Roberts was appointed to the Archdiocese of Bombay in 1937, where his pastoral devotion and enlightenment are remembered. He saw long before others the need for an Indian shepherd of the flock for that great Indian city and diocese. Incredible as it may sound today, his determination to promote this self-sacrificing change earned him exile and persecution. Eventual retirement in favor of his friend and auxiliary bishop, the present Cardinal Gracias, gave him the leisure to take up important, if often unpopular, causes in which he wholeheartedly believed: the immorality of modern weapons of war; the defense of conscientious objection; the primacy of justice for the individual person, however humble, in ecclesiastical courts; the right of appeal against ecclesiastical decrees and censures, and so on. It is of some interest today to recall that Cardinal Ottaviani himself in 1947 wrote that war must be altogether forbidden... "The conditions that theoretically make it justifiable



and permissible are never present... Nowhere can there be a cause in proportion to so much evil, slaughter and destruction and such denial of religious and moral values."

In recent years, Archbishop Roberts has given courses of lectures in America and lately as one of the Fathers of the Council he has been devoting his energies to promoting those wider moral-social causes, especially in connection with the problem of modern warfare, which perhaps even more than ecclesiastical theological, liturgical, etc., reforms will impress the world with the spiritual and moral force of the Catholic Church.

Michael de la Bedoyere

The news of Pope John's General Council reached me about the time when I was asked to share in undenominational discussion on war at Spokane, USA. I then proposed a petition to the Holy See for a pre-conciliar Commission which should collate with the traditions of Christian morality the findings of experts in science, strategy, medicine and economics—above all, perhaps, in international law. All this in conditions calculated to insulate the consultants from influences, nationalistic or economic.

The petition was translated and widely circulated in other countries. Many centers of research have also been set up, independently.

But in the four years which have elapsed since the first (American) petitions were sent to Rome I have never been able to give any petitioner any sign of reaction,

even of acknowledgment. A personal visit to Rome in December, 1960, revealed what may have been the reason for such silence: the accusation had been sent, on high authority, to several departments in Rome that my proposition had:

1. revealed secrets to be discussed at the Council; and
2. impugned the good faith of a whole hierarchy.

Among those whom I saw on that occasion at Rome was Cardinal Bea, already head of the Pope's Secretariat for Christian Unity. He has since declared publicly on at least two occasions his hope that questions proposed to Catholic authority on war would be discussed and would be a most important step toward Christian unity. So it would seem that the obsession with the need for secrecy has postponed for four years that search for truth in charity which might have generated much-needed light.

If any truth has emerged clearly from innumerable conferences held on disarmament it is the interdependence between moral principles and the technical facts to which the must be applied. The last series of conferences aimed to federate internationally just the groups which have stressed the importance of being "non-aligned." Most of these groups have links with the United Nations precisely because that element of non-alignment is so vital to that body.

Time and again during the first session of Vatican Council, bishops recorded their sense of frustration at time spent on matters very trivial compared to the problems of survival and salvation. Supposing, however, that we bishops had been asked to address ourselves in the first session to discover our Creator's will about the use of weapons involving the mass extermination of His children, would we have been ready for the task? It proved difficult enough for some 2,500 of us to reach decision on less important and less complicated issues.

But if a commission had been set up as was proposed four years ago; if the prestige of the Holy See and of the Council had been behind it; if membership had included not only Catholics, not only Christians, but experts chosen on the sole ground of competence and objectivity; supposing that such a commission had worked as openly as possible within the limits of discretion, seeking help in any likely quarter; supposing that the bishops had been kept up to date and, assembled in October, thoroughly briefed—then, surely, the world would have had evidence of a really serious search for peace in conditions likely to win attention and respect.

At least one hierarchy—the French—has been preparing for the Council for some years past on these very lines. It is not the least of the benefits conferred by the Council to have made the bishops of the universal Church—I have in mind especially the bishops of Asia and Africa—aware of this French contribution.

Already in 1950 that hierarchy had made a public declaration which is probably the clearest statement in modern times of the traditional Christian view of the just war. "As the Pope said two years ago, no one with a true sense of humanity can approve the use of modern weapons which strike indiscriminately at soldiers and civilians, and which blindly spread death over areas which daily grow wider and wider with man's increasing scientific knowledge.

"For our part we condemn them with all our strength as we had no hesitation in condemning the mass bombing during the last war which, in attacks on military objectives, killed old men, women and chil-

dren at the same time. We are convinced that mankind will be disgracing the intelligence God gave it, if it perverts to evil ends scientific knowledge which could be so fruitfully used for good..." Pastoral Letter of the French Cardinals and Archbishops, June 1950. Naturally enough, in view of the political situation in France, little has been made of it since then. However, not only is this declaration on record, but it stands to find its maximum usefulness in any such special commission, as has actually been proposed during the Council. Not only have some such proposals been published, but it is no secret that some of the 'separated brethren' observers have responded to Cardinal Bea's invitation to send concrete suggestions on peace for the Council.

Here is where all our 'searchers' may trim their lamps. Let priests and the laity recall that the leadership given in so many directions by French, German, Dutch, Belgian and Canadian bishops is the result of intensive cooperation between bishops, other clergy and laity.

The searcher must not be afraid of work nor of getting hurt in a fight for peace.

As a matter of tactics suggested by experience I would propose open letters in addition to private ones, whether addressed to local bishops or to Rome.

It has already been made public that several propositions have been made for discussion at the Council, under the heading of urgency, specially provided for in the commission presided over by the Cardinal Secretary of State.

To take only the one perhaps most widely circulated, Cardinal Suenens, Primate of Belgium, asks for a committee to consider peace and war with all the subjects closely related to it: the population explosion, the underdeveloped nations, social justice, etc. The Cardinal says that many of the Conciliar Fathers share his anxiety to see such a body set up. Most significant, perhaps, in the Cardinal's proposals, are his own position in the Pope's commission to prepare session two of the Council: his suggestion that the Council take a vote on the setting up of a secretariat for these urgent problems. The French bishops, as we have said, have been working on the same lines for a long time.

While associating myself with these suggestions, I have never made any secret of the urgent need to give Catholics guidance on the matter of conscientious abstention from courses regarded as immoral by individuals.

There had been little or no consideration given in practice to this matter until 1916 when England, introducing conscription, made explicit allowance for the rights of conscientious objection. The United States and other English-speaking nations have followed the English example—America half-heartedly. The fact that Catholic influences have nearly always been in favor of the kind of absolute obedience of which German under Hitler gives us the extreme example urgently needs examination. Professor Gordon Zahn has given irrefutable evidence of the lengths to which Catholic authority has gone in giving this blank cheque to the authors of an unjust war. It is tragic that essential human rights have been vindicated not by Catholic authority but by the secular judges of Nuremberg.

If, then, the Vatican Council declines to endorse such declarations as those of the French bishops, the duty of informing the individual conscience becomes all

(Continued on page 8)

CARYL W. CHESSMAN

In Memoriam May 2, 1960

Chessman's last letter to his lawyer, George T. Davis, the night before he was asphyxiated by the State of California.

Dear George:

Now my long struggle is over. Yours isn't. This barbarous senseless practice, capital punishment, will continue. In our society other men will go on taking that last walk to death until . . . when? Until the citizens of this State and this land are made aware of its futility. Until they recognize that retributive justice is no justice at all.

I die with the burning hope that my case and my death will contribute to this awareness, this realization. I know that you will personally do all in your power, as a citizen and lawyer, to convince your fellows that justice is not served, but confounded, by vengeance and executioners.

Good luck.

My best,
Caryl

Search for Peace

(Continued from page 7)

the more urgent. Freedom to enquire and discuss must be granted to the individual. Whether or not it is true that some recognition has been given to this principle of the rights of conscience behind the Iron Curtain, it is certainly true that some of the western countries have a lamentable record. France is a case in point under De Gaulle. Italy is another, with a very recent example of a public prosecutor asking for a heavy sentence for an objector just because he was a Catholic and should, presumably, have known better.

As with the search for the truth in Holy Scripture, so in these vital matters of life and death. The whole difference between the schema de fontibus revelationis as proposed by Cardinal Ottaviani and as desired by the majority of the Council Fathers was a difference between a search for truth by all Christians together in the spirit of truth in charity and, on the other hand, inquisitorial procedure in which all the emphasis is on fear of heresy, fear of open discussion, fear of criticism, above all, the fear inculcated by authority's habit of condemning in secret, without hearing the defence, without admitting any favourable interpretation.

The challenge to narrow conceptions of 'scandal' and 'secrecy' affects us all—not only all the bishops, divinely appointed to rule the Church with and under the Pope, but all preachers, writers, teachers, clerical and lay; the laity itself most intimately where it is a question of the conduct of marriage problems tribunals, both Roman and local.

Recently Cardinal Ottaviani has been quoted as warning a journalist not to confuse the Holy Office with the Inquisition. Maybe the Catholic Encyclopaedia was wrong in saying "according to Leitner, the name Inquisition was suppressed (in 1908, in order to shield this Congregation (The Holy Office) from the hatred inspired by that name."

Whatever the facts, it is certain that the serious doubts and questions of both Catholics and others about modern inquisitorial procedure should be clearly met. If only because the Holy Office so

often claims to commit the Vicar of Christ, it has a supreme claim to receive from a General Council a "sanctissima inquisitia."

Louis Lecoin

(Continued from page 1)

June Louis Lecoin fasted almost to the point of death to secure recognition for conscientious objectors and only called off his fast when specific assurances were given by General de Gaulle that a Statute would be introduced into the French Parliament in July. A bill was in fact introduced but was defeated by the Assembly. Since then it has not been re-introduced. The appeal states:

"A short-term debt was contracted by the French Government several months ago which, in spite of its solemn character, still remains unpaid. Soon the Parliament will have sat throughout the whole winter without the Government's having appeared to consider this undertaking which interests us all. Louis Lecoin should not have to recommence the dangerous fast which could be fatal for him this time, even if you cut it short by a favorable decision. Take this decision, straight away if possible . . . Like the United States, like Britain, like Germany, give a valid statute to the objectors who are now prisoners and to those who will later support the same beliefs."

"Several prominent Catholic prelates, in response to letters from Claude Courier, of Action Civique Non-Violent, have expressed their support for the efforts on behalf of COs. One of these is the French Cardinal Lienart, the Archbishop of Lyon, whose secretary wrote to Claude Courier:

"He (Cardinal Lienart) can only approve the idea that guides you and the direction of your steps on behalf of conscientious objectors and of a statute for them. However, as the problem passes the simple moral plane to the political plane it seems difficult to him for the Church, through its hierarchy, to take a position on this matter. This is the role of Christians, of the laity, who are fully conversant with the matter and who represent the Church no less authentically."

(From article in Peace News (London), March 8, 1963.)

Prayer

"Action should be something added to the life of prayer, not something taken away from it, because action unenlightened by contact with reality, uninspired and unguided, consequently is apt to be ineffective and even harmful."

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 4)

to New London to participate in a demonstration protesting the commissioning of the Lafayette polaris submarine, our deadliest yet. The demonstration was sponsored by the New England Committee for Non-Violent Action. Michele offered civil disobedience by trespassing upon the property of the Electric Boat Company where the Lafayette had been built and where it was then moored for the commissioning ceremonies. Michele was promptly arrested. She went limp and was carried to a police cruiser. Michele continued her non-cooperation in the court room, where she told Judge Reicher that she would stand out of respect for him as a person, but that she would not stand out of respect for the court, since she didn't have any. He gave her ten days for contempt, giving her time to "think it over." After her ten days for contempt, Michele will again be taken to the same court to be tried on the original trespassing charge. She plans to continue her non-cooperation. She has fasted since her arrest, taking only liquids.

At one point the judge engaged Michele in a conversation centering around the legal system and obedience to authority. The question of obedience to tyrannical rulers, such as Hitler was raised. The judge intimated that in such a situation the citizen had to go along, because the Nazi government was too powerful.

We feel very much with Michele at this moment. Szabo commenced a sympathy fast as soon as the news reached us. He will continue his fast until Michele is released. Marilen Babcock is also fasting indefinitely in sympathy with Michele.

Easy Essays

(Continued from page 1)

Communist propagandists yet in their teens find enough knowledge or courage to bring Communist social thought to the men of the school. The schools used to teach: "If you want peace prepare for war." We prepared for war and are still looking for peace. The schools used to teach: "If you want prosperity save your money." People saved their money and we are still looking for prosperity. The modern man looks for thought so he can have light, and is unable to find it in our modern schools.

SHOUTING WITH THE ROTARIANS

According to Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, "Schools reflect the environment, they do not create it." According to Professor Meiklejohn of the same University, students go to school not to be educated, but to be businessmen. Shortly after their graduation school graduates can be heard shouting with the Rotarians: "Compromise for profits, Time is money, Cash and carry, Beon smiling, Dealings to business, Watch your step, Run in the rush? Run on your machine out? Run in the world treating you? Who has the money and demand, Competition is the life of trade, Your dollar is your best friend." So's your old man!

JOE HILL HOUSE

(Continued from page 3)

State to realize it's complicity in this crime, for Janice is a product of state institutions, as Rivenburgh and Garcia were in Utah, when they killed a fellow homosexual in prison. Here is some picketing I could do if I didn't have to get back to Joe Hill House. Oregon also has passed a bill not allowing any picketing on farms unless the workers have worked for the farmer whom they are picketing for 15 days. This is to curtail any organizational activity on the part of unions.

Jacqueline Taylor of Eugene phoned me and met me after my meeting with Sister Anne at Mt. Angel where I met Mayanna Manion and had intelligent questions from the students. We drove to the U. of Oregon in Eugene where I met Mike McClosky who had written the fine article about the CW a few years ago; and also the young priest of the Newman Club. All kinds of students from the campus asked questions for hours and the student paper the next day gave a fair account of my message. I caught a bus sooner than I thought and got into San Francisco early. Mary, Vic, and four others were there to meet me. I spoke that night to seminarians at the Episcopal seminary in Berkeley, and the next night to a group at the home of the seminarians who had me come there. I met several couples from Salt Lake City and Mary and I had a very interesting evening with them. I spoke to the youngsters at the anarchist Walden School and to a class at Sacred Heart High School where the questions which the wide awake students asked were recorded along with my talk for those who could not attend this class. Mary had Thursday and Friday off so we stayed at the home of Bob and Susan Colgay and were picked up the next morning by Ray Van Cleeve of San Jose, a Quaker who had written to me. We looked up friends around Stanford University and I spoke that night at the San Jose Peace Center to Quakers, old time atheistic anarchists, and others. We visited for an hour with our Buddhist friend I had met in Salt Lake City. Mary's landlord and others from India ran cheap hotels and all of them were friends of Gandhi and Bhave. Around noon I spoke to three classes at different times at a high school in Oakland. The priest who invited me is the son of a tax man whose job was for years to get my taxes. These youngsters had never heard anything very radical and they were up in arms with scores of arguments. I spoke as usual on KPFA. For the first time I visited our old CW friend Josephine Gardner, and saw Pat Rusk in the Junipero Center library.

The CW Houses in Oakland I had a rousing meeting at St. Elijah's House at their new location, where Joan Abrams holds forth. This is not as big a place as they had before but in this section they are lucky to get anything. The new Peter Maurin House has a larger place and here I had a long and very interesting meeting to standing room only. Hugh is cook here and they are in a location where the state employment office will soon open up across the street and they will get more of the transient instead of the local customers. There were a lot of young folks at both of these meetings who have taken part in the picketing of missiles. Bob Callagy and two other men build houses or remodel them, somewhat like Bob Swann does in New England. This is a method whereby they do not have a withholding tax and where they cannot be fired by some patriotic employer. CNVA West is planning a picketing of all air raid shelters for May 12th.

St. Joan of Arc Mary painted a picture of St. Joan with a knowing smile as if to say, "I am not finished yet," as she put her mark, the sign of the cross, on the accusations where she was fooled into abjuring her voices. The mitred Bishop stands by her holding these accusations, which of themselves are the most dan-

ning words that could be said of her persecutors. Mary has this ability to produce a provocative thought that carries a message without saying it in so many words.

The People's World has an article of nearly a page today about Joe Hill House, giving a favorable description of what I am trying to do. They cut out the figure of Christ in their picture of Mary's mural, showing only that of Joe Hill in the chair as he was being shot, but the article mentioned Christ in the picture.

I am leaving now for Bakersfield to meet Father Gabriel, and then to Los Angeles to see my daughters, and to speak to the Commonwealth Club there, and the staff meeting of the Quakers in Pasadena. Francis writes that they had 69 on the floor the other night, which is a new record. I will get back to Salt Lake City May First.

Christ and The Shape of Mankind

(Continued from page 7)

the hard decisions imposed by God upon ancient Israel. Upon Jewish adherence to Him depended their continuance as a people,—to the Jew, life by the Covenant meant personal realization and the guarantee of a share in God's promise. "And you shall dwell in the land which I gave to your fathers; and you shall be my people and I will be your God." (Ezech. 35, 28) The covenant made by Christ with us in His Church is even more graphic in its demands; and Christian history, up to our own day, continues to spell out the price demanded of those who would live and act in fidelity to Christ's Body.

The charity demanded by human unity, "When you shall see one naked, cover him, and despise not your own flesh." (Is. 58, 7) is now a deeper need than ever; on its acceptance hinges the divine judgment, a judgment already implicit in our refusal or acceptance of man. "Lord, when did we see You hungry, or thirsty or a stranger, or naked or sick or in prison and did not minister to You . . . Amen, amen, I say to you, as long as you did not do it for one of these least ones, you did not do it for Me." (Mt. 25, 44-45).

The hopes of man, as Christian minds from Paul to Chardin agree, come to their unity in Christ. The cessation of nuclear testing, general disarmament, the chances for a peaceful reduction of communism, the acceptance of the emerging people into the hegemony of nations, progress toward international and world government, the checking of family decline, even the hopes and accomplishments of the Ecumenical Council,—in the final analysis, all of these depend in a generalized way, upon the believer's understanding of Christ as personal and cosmic Reality.

Such an assertion is not offered as an exercise in the simplicism that tosses both sacred and profane into a mental void, where nothing can be seen and dealt with in itself. The statement rather suggests that the Incarnation is a truth at once general and particular. The Incarnation looms so large in the human mind that all history must take it into account, consciously or no. It is at once a sacred center of faith, a nucleus of intellectual resonance, a coloration of mind, a way of regarding the world. And among believers it is perennially clear that historic events act as a ferment of faith vindicating and even developing the dogma, in the sense that events open up the ever larger implications of the Lord's coming. To speak of Catholics, events are requiring a fundamental, mature tide of intelligence and liberality as the condition of man's efforts to create his world community, and to make it inhabitable by men.

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 beverages. Everyone is invited.