November,
Month of
Remembrance

This month begins with the feast of All Saints, and the day following is the feast of All Souls. Because we are still here in the flesh, coming into this world with a cry and leaving it with a groan, we tend to think more of all souls than we think of all saints.

It is a month especially to pray for the dead whether we know they died "in the Lord" or not. Our Lord Jesus Christ told us not to judge, lest we be judged for that very judging. Which is a hard saying for anyone with a critical faculty and a conscience. How not to judge in the case of Emmitt Till, the fourteen-year-old boy murdered by white men in the South for a small boy's whistling.

How love the sinner? How love our enemies? Christianity proposes some terrible problems. That is the sword Christ came to bring that cuts deep into our hearts and bones. We are none of us Christians by such a standard. As Guardini wrote in The Lord we are only the process of becoming, and most of us do not want to pay the price.

There is a murderer who is writing to us at The Catholic Worker right now, lying month after month in a death cell in a nearby state, tried and found guilty by a jury who recommended the death penalty. His crime of murdering and dismembering a sailor is a particularly gruesome one. How to love him, how to cry out for mercy for him, here and now, to judge and jury as well as to his Maker. How to understand concerning those needy and those poor in any spiritual qualities, in any balance.

Well, the saints were those who did understand concerning the needy and the poor. All they could see was that Jesus Christ, true God and true man, came to this world where such horror exists, and died for each and every one, for the murderers of Emmitt Till, as well as for the murderer who writes to us, and offers us his furniture, his books, even his eyes if he is executed, to be transplanted in the head of someone who is a poor poet or nonconformist, he writes.

The saints are those who knew how to love, whose lives were transformed by love. The desire deep in the heart of everyone of us, to love, to love in such a way that all things become new, that there is a new song in our hearts, St. Augustine says we must learn to love everyone as though we loved him alone most particularly in all the world. St. Paul says we are all called to be saints. When we are praying for the poor souls, and they have progressed from their place of purgation to union with God and a place in heaven with the saints, with Whom there is no loneliness any more, but all love and joy and beauty, then they too become saints. If they are in heaven, they are saints, if they are so proclaimed by Holy Mother Church. These the Church celebrates day after day at the altar are "canonized saints." A rector of a seminary is for the one said to his students, "I want you all to be saints, but not canonized ones, because the process costs too much time and money."

The Church speaks of some as "blessed" or beatified, such as Martin de Porres, the Negro lay brother whose picture appears on this page. He is a South American saint, born in 1579 of a white father and a Negro mother in Peru, and he was one who saw evil in all its horror or greed and lust and yet could love the sinner, and want minister to him. The saints were in such harmony with all created things that the very animals loved them and loved to be with them. They shed around them an aura of love because they had put off the old man and put on Christ.

The saints and blessed go to death singing, but for those of us who are afraid at this severance of body and soul, the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom gives us a prayer which asks for a death painless, without blame and peaceful, and also there is sung each Sunday the definition of the blessed: Blessed are ye poor for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now: for you shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for you shall laugh. Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you, and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Be glad in that day and rejoice: for behold, your reward is great in heaven.

Blessed Martin de Porres
Our Fall Appeal

Dear Friends of the Catholic Worker:

In the light of our present difficulties it is necessary to restate our position and tell our readers again just what it is we are trying to do, work toward, and perform here. The purpose of the Catholic Worker is to perform the works of mercy, spiritual and corporal. The most important thing in the world to us is to grow in the love of God, to try to do His will in all that we do. This is the least we can do to the least we do to Him. St. Paul told us we are "members one of another, and that when the health of one member suffers, all the members suffer together." Here at the Catholic Worker, pool resources of money and abilities, so as to be able to take care of far more than just ourselves.

People have so far lost that sense of personal responsibility that our country is becoming a country of institutions and security, not of individuals and freedom. State responsibility has come to take the place of personal responsibility. Doctors at mental hospitals and veterans' hospitals have said that a tremendous number of patients could be cared for at home if their families would take the responsibility, and in the country as a whole, not in a few places, but in all places, smaller and smaller so that there is "no room at the inn." We are able to have fifty in our own home here at Chrystie street because it is a two old houses thrown into one, built at a time when people wanted space. When people come to us we cannot say "go, be thou filled," and refer them to an agency. So we are not organized as an institution of any kind and the city does not know how to classify us. We are not a multiple dwelling, a rest home, a convalescent home, a shelter, an organized community, poor house, or anything. The people who come into our home today, at the time when people wanted space, when people wanted space.

We believe not only in St. Thomas' doctrine of the common good, but feel it can be affected only if each one of us, really each one of us, sees clearly that it is his personal responsibility to love God and his brother. The Catholic Worker is working toward this end, that love for God must be shown in his love for his brother, and this love for God is a tremendous number of patients could be cared for at home if their families would take the responsibility, and in the country as a whole, not in a few places, but in all places, smaller and smaller so that there is "no room at the inn." We are able to have fifty in our own home here at Chrystie street because it is a two old houses thrown into one, built at a time when people wanted space. When people come to us we cannot say "go, be thou filled," and refer them to an agency. So we are not organized as an institution of any kind and the city does not know how to classify us. We are not a multiple dwelling, a rest home, a convalescent home, a shelter, an organized community, poor house, or anything. The people who come into our home today, at the time when people wanted space, when people wanted space.

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On the feast of St. Therese, the Little Flower, Fr. Paul Judge died, at nine-thirty in the morn­ ing, at the age of sixty-eight. He was a native of St. Paul, Minn., of cancer of the brain, and of a stroke. His life had been a simple, straightforward and holy one. In 1938 he had gone to Haiti, where there with three brothers and two sisters he had worked as a priest and served in little towns in that country. He had returned to the United States, and of the many men coming in off of the road, and yet some­ thing seemed to be the very essence of it. It would be the most important book you would ever write. Soon he would have to drop every­ thing else, and write that book.

Well, Fr. Paul is dead now. I say that, humanly speaking, because I all but wrote his panel. Of course he is not dead, he is alive.

How can we present the Mass for the Dead, "unto Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, and the flesh is made weak; and this earthly sojourn being dissolved, we are pre­ pared in Heaven."

There is not one of us who cannot say that there is need, and that we can send our petitions to God, and we have to write that book, let him pray that laborers be sent for the har­ vest here at Chrystie St., so that we will have the time to do it.

Archbishop York preached the Requiem Mass, and Fr. Hugo preached the sermon. There were many people present.

We had hoped to have a copy of the Mass before the sermon enfolding, to run in this issue of the Catholic Worker. It is not here on time, so we will save it for later.

Who can mount after hear­ ing that beautiful singing at St. Mary's. It is not possible. I should like to see the young monks led into paradise, pray­ ing: the martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and thou art to enter the holy city of Jerusalem. May thy soul rest in peace. Amen, these and may those have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was poor. Amen.

Missionary Needs Here

Dear Miss December Day,

This is to you most heart­ fully for your generosity in send­ ing me your nice paper. . . . I read it with increasing respect and admiration. It is my poor prayers every day particu­ larly at the holy altar. And how my heart turns towards the Good Lord. What joy is there, and may those have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was poor. Amen.

Robert Barrat

Nationalism and civil liberty have never been particularly compatible. A state has to maintain order, and in order to maintain order it is necessary to give the substance of power to the state and not to the individual. The whole state is the result of the passions it sustains, and the passions of the state are not necessarily in harmony with those of the individual. The state is not a person, it is an institution, and the individual is a part of the state.

The case in question is that of Francois Duvalier of Haiti, who died recently. He was a democratic leader, and a man of great courage, who was driven out of power by a combination of military and political forces. The situation in Haiti is now in the hands of a military junta, which is not necessarily a democratic or nationalist force. The junta is a product of the state, and not of the individual. The state is the result of the passions it sustains, and the passions of the state are not necessarily in harmony with those of the individual.

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ARCHPRIEST

REVERSE

Riches

By Eugene Hillman, C.S.Sp.


My father was sick to death of his work.

He was a poor man, but his heart was full of God.

He lived for God and his family.

He was a man of prayer, and he knew how to pray.

He never asked for anything for himself.

He gave everything to God.

And so, when he died, he was happy.

He was a saint.

And I believe that one day he will be in heaven.

And I will go to see him there.

I love my father.

I honor him.

And I will always remember him.

For he was a good man.

And he taught me how to be good.

I love him.

I wish he were still alive.

But he isn't.

And so, I will always think of him in my heart.

And I will always pray for him.

For he is in heaven.

And I believe that he is happy there.

And I will always be happy too.

For I know that someday I will be with him again.

I love him.

I will never forget him.

For he was my father.

And he will always be in my heart.
Story of Steve Nelson

This book tells in detail of the unbelievable rule of days in solitary confinement. Nelson had been having a look in the eye as if one wished to talk. One man who worked in the stockyard was given 9 days for eating one apple. Nelson was the Janitor of that stockyard and deputized as the Ancient Mariner who gave him what seemed an impossible task to get out a twist of material at a fast pace and keep on with the work of water. How many of us could get the knack of doing this and not get a moments notice? All this was an excuse to put him in solitary if he were found in the yard. Nelson had failed. 

Although not a pacifist Nelson tried to use the Gandhi method of non-violence and fairness. 

He did get into the solitary for 9 days for moving his lips at meal-time. His sense of humor with the other inmates of the at times three inches deep of seventeen cells and the supreme miserable conditions of the inner cells was omnipresent in a pamphlet. It is a lesson to all of us who work in factories and those who still think that in these modern days "these things don't happen.

In 1917, not a pacifist or a believer in religion, but a socialist believer in class warfare. Although I was believing in using violence in defense of the Body of Christ which St. Francis had and the hands of me wonderful earth and the hands of me alone rubber hunter and his family; a lone rubber hunter and his family; herd across a river; sex-in the lot of so many in this culture. It is a view of reality that is so hard to come by in the life lived at third remove that it is the lot of so many in this culture. This is not to imply that life among the "natives" of the urban-industrial collectives is less real than life in the green jungle or agrarian natural garden. This is the lot that the latter is also reality and many of your readers will find themselves in admiration and desire. There are good things there, and this is clearly evident, and becomes more so when one comes out not to experience all.

Studying this puts one immediately on the defensive; one feels the necessity to put oneself in the position of the destitute man against the charge of the romanist of suffering accepted all work is that it is a view of reality that is so hard to come by in the life lived at third remove that it is the lot of so many in this culture. This is not to imply that life among the "natives" of the urban-industrial collectives is less real than life in the green jungle or agrarian natural garden. This is the lot that the latter is also reality and many of your readers will find themselves in admiration and desire. There are good things there, and this is clearly evident, and becomes more so when one comes out not to experience all.

Miserability is the feeling of "presence" is made much of by the author. "A man who is present to another can be present in the real world, Circumstances will alter his promise or his readiness. To be present is to see someone at a 'you' rather than an 'It.' To be present is to be faithful, not to the abstraction of "common people but to the particular and character of the one." He claims that "there are four kinds of pressure which encourage the 'non-recognition, anonymity and loneliness' in our time: 'the reality of collective States, bourgeois isolation, the acceleration and overwhelming complexity of modern life' and "this perennial pressure of afflication." How do we create again a world where 'presence' is possible? Re-reading the words of Man Pietz and Kerouac, he makes a plea for silence. "The atmosphere of our world, the culture of silence, silence, is silence. We know that serious things have to be done in silence, because we do not have words to measure the intemecurable. In silence we have a chance of grasping what those who are among our encounters with those forces that are in action."

In the same respects, the author, though what he says is true enough and needs saying, is not entirely happy in accomplishing the fairy tale to his point of view; the resemblance of story parts to the corresponding ideas is not detailed. The comparisons are broadly made, which would have been more convincing in the book. Still, it is a good book, written with charm and eloquence.

"The Catholic Worker"

Page Five

BOO K REV IE WS

In Solence Men Love

"Green Magic" is a documentary film about a large patch of unspoiled earth of the earth and the hand of the Father. Nelson is steelworker union Matt Ctevic and given 20 years for eating one apple. Nelson was the Janitor of that stockyard and deputized as the Ancient Mariner who gave him what seemed an impossible task to get out a twist of material at a fast pace and keep on with the work of water. How many of us could get the knack of doing this and not get a moments notice? All this was an excuse to put him in solitary if he were found in the yard. Nelson had failed. 

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THE BRIDGE

One of the most interesting publications of the year, "The Bridge," has just been received. It is the first of a series of annual volumes published under the editorship of Father John Oestervelt for the Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies of Seton Hall University. This first Year-book is a collection of some twenty essays under the editorship of Father John Oestervelt, and it is a fine piece of work. We know that serious things have to be done in silence, because we do not have words to measure the intemecurable. In silence we have a chance of grasping what those who are among our encounters with those forces that are in action."

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Misery

Here is the sinewy strength of the destitute man that he knows himself for his wretchedness and, because of his wretchedness, those who will not share his suffering.

We cannot believe there is no misery in the world in spite of how we train our eyes to always search for it, so, to ignore a truth about ourselves.

If one slim second we forget our plan to never look we jolt to see that what once one has been facing us is always looking with large, all-knowing eyes.

We flinch at this mirror. Walk quick stepped pursued by a haunt of truth about ourselves.

Presently we come across a man who, by what manner of man He is, what manner of man we are.

MARY RYAN BOYD
THE CATHOLIC WORKER
November, 1955

DEATH ON THE LEVEE

By STANLEY BECKER

(We hope that we are not going to offend anyone by saying that the Jacksons were poor. Mr. Jackson, who wrote it, was staying with us two summers ago at the Petit Maurin Farm, and in between painting pictures of his wife, an old shack on the levee, and derelicts from the town, he had time to read his Bible and, after some conversations down the dark road, he wrote this story. I had asked him for it, since I was keen to know what the poor people of that section of New Orleans were like. 

The story itself is a cook book! It is a shape-changing tale, a little bit of the leprechaun, a little bit of the Mixing Master, a little bit of the Pope. ·

Mr. Jackson, a teacher by calling, was a small man, five feet eight, with high cheekbones, dimples, and white hair in a shock. His clothes were brown and his shoes, which had never been dulled, were kept as clean as those of a priest. His face was gaunt and lined but the eyes were deep. His was a narrow, strong face, and his voice was deep and resonant, like a church bell. He was a slightly built man, but his voice was full of power. He was a man of integrity, who lived his life by the rules of his faith, and who was always on duty. 

The Jacksons had been married for seven years. They had a daughter, aged four, and a son, aged two. They lived in an old shack on Jh e levee. 

Special permission was granted by the archbishop to carry out Mr. Jackson’s will to the letter. The next morning his body was taken to St. Louis Cathedral in a truck and his litter was carried into church, by pallbearers who were Catholic and Protestant. Some Jewish friends came for the services. The requiem was celebrated by a monsignor who came to New Orleans after Mass . Mr. Jackson’s body was taken to New Orleans most his­toric cemetery on the levee where his body was placed in an unmarked grave. And mocking birds sang in the trees. 

In his youth Mr. Jackson felt that showmanship was his calling and he was a successful showman for a while. His talents were many and varied. He was a good singer and also a dancer. He was a businessman operating popcorn and cotton-candy concessions. Sometimes his business ventures proved lucrative and sometimes they didn’t. He made $300 one time and he always gave his money away. Perhaps a fellow performer’s wife was homeless and he would give her $40. He was a wine drinker and needed cash to straighten out an old debt. Mr. Jackson was a man of his word. He gave what he felt. Being on the move always, he felt the need to have the money there and ready to spend. 

In his home there was a picture of a young man who worked with him in a knife-throwing act. They later married and wished for a large family. The Jacksons traveled the circuit from town to town calling no place their home, trying to be trapped by the delu­sion of security. But they did have a sense of being a family unit. 

The two young people, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, were staying with us two summers ago at the Petit Maurin Farm, and in between painting pictures of his wife, an old shack on the levee, and derelicts from the town, he had time to read his Bible and, after some conversations down the dark road, he wrote this story. I had asked him for it, since I was keen to know what the poor people of that section of New Orleans were like. 

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Mr. Jackson, a teacher by calling, was a small man, five feet eight, with high cheekbones, dimples, and white hair in a shock. His clothes were brown and his shoes, which had never been dulled, were kept as clean as those of a priest. His face was gaunt and lined but the eyes were deep. His was a narrow, strong face, and his voice was deep and resonant, like a church bell. He was a slightly built man, but his voice was full of power. He was a man of integrity, who lived his life by the rules of his faith, and who was always on duty. 

The Jacksons had been married for seven years. They had a daughter, aged four, and a son, aged two. They lived in an old shack on the levee. 

Special permission was granted by the archbishop to carry out Mr. Jackson’s will to the letter. The next morning his body was taken to St. Louis Cathedral in a truck and his litter was carried into church, by pallbearers who were Catholic and Protestant. Some Jewish friends came for the services. The requiem was celebrated by a monsignor who came to New Orleans after Mass. Mr. Jackson’s body was taken to New Orleans most historic cemetery on the levee where his body was placed in an unmarked grave. And mocking birds sang in the trees. 

In his youth Mr. Jackson felt that showmanship was his calling and he was a successful showman for a while. His talents were many and varied. He was a good singer and also a dancer. He was a businessman operating popcorn and cotton-candy concessions. Sometimes his business ventures proved lucrative and sometimes they didn’t. He made $300 one time and he always gave his money away. Perhaps a fellow performer’s wife was homeless and he would give her $40. He was a wine drinker and needed cash to straighten out an old debt. Mr. Jackson was a man of his word. He gave what he felt. Being on the move always, he felt the need to have the money there and ready to spend. 

In his home there was a picture of a young man who worked with him in a knife-throwing act. They later married and wished for a large family. The Jacksons traveled the circuit from town to town calling no place their home, trying to be trapped by the delusion of security. But they did have a sense of being a family unit. 

Across the map of America the Mississippi River system spreads like an infinite vine. (Truly Christ might have said, “You are the vine, and I am the perfec­tion of the vine.”) The Mississippi, which is the river of the plains, our great food supplier, our great water power producer, has the power today. And it was Parsons who said, “Caesar kept me awake till late at night with the noise of our drills.” And it was Parsons who said, “We can’t have a disposal of our office in the Square, in parks, on the main streets and back of our place.” Mr. Jackson’s body was taken to New Orleans most historic cemetery on the levee where his body was placed in an unmarked grave. And mocking birds sang in the trees.

The Jacksons were a sort of missionary to these people and as a true Catholic Mr. Jackson would give them the message of Christ. His answers were simple and direct and sometimes amazing. The audience loved his manner of delivery and his directness. He was a man of simple faith and was a man of simple life. He was a man of the people, and the people loved him.

What is God? For the public in November, 1955

Death on the levee

Mr. Jackson was with the Evidence Guild for many years after this story was written. He was not a specialist—unless you consider Catholic Action a specialty. For that heading covered the extent of his diversified talents. Besides being a revivalist—a man of word and deed and song and story—Mr. Jackson was a member of the Catholic Action of the South newspaper and also wrote for the Catholic Worker. Mr. Jackson was Third Order of St. Francis, he was more than a joiner. He was a man of action. He was closely, even to the point of growing a beard. In his heart he would have combined the work of the Evidence Guild with the Third Order, and would have devoted his time to the promotion of Catholic Action in the South. He was a man of action. He was a man of action. He was a man of action. He was a man of action.
The Condition of Labor

By Robert Slezek

This is the last in the series of a regular column on the present "condition of labor." Peter Maurine says, "Strikes don't strike me;Industrialism is a disease; I am a peasant, a medievalist. People are always telling me I can't go on an indefinite strike or go ahead. They are in a blind alley of industrialism and can't go anywhere. Just name some specially and a mad dash after money."

We agree with Peter as to the failure of the long strikers, which is why it seems that the system is here to stay. But we therefore one cannot ignore the injustices of the working man is subjected to and determined to go "back to the land." The making of other people just willing to accept this solution. So we have formed a club and will meet every Tuesday night to discuss the perfect solution of a national crisis.

Negroes Shot

Twelve Negroes were shot by federal troops in Los Angeles, Cal., while attending a union meeting on Oct. 22nd. None (thank God) of the Negroes had a hand in the shooting. The people have always had a "low bow to low bow." The feeling of workers is that America is still a country of Negroes and whites and usually goes out of his way to help his fellow Negro. This is especially visible in his relations with his fellow man. As a matter of fact, he will never be able to do anything to help a Negro, nor to his own dignity. If ever there was a case of a just violent revolution there is a case here. The problem is to save the Negro.

Kohler Strike

This strike is in its 16th month, the longest in the nation's history. The heroic Kohler workers have had to make capital investments and willingness to undergo hardship. The Kohler workers are on strike because in the face of the attacks of the labor leaders. The workers have been following the pattern as suggested by the local trade union. They have been fighting the strike with the company's opposition to a union shop. The situation is now at a point where the company is preparing to negotiate "in the shadow of fixed pickets and a strike." The Kohler Strike has become a symbol of the struggle of workers for a voice in their own defense. The Kohler Co. has a large capital investment. It is very much to the benefit of the company to have the workers fighting the strike with the company's opposition to a union shop. The situation is now at a point where the company is preparing to negotiate "in the shadow of fixed pickets and a strike." 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The Age of Chaos

We are now in the age of chaos.

In an age of chaos, people look for a new order.

What makes for chaos is lack of order.

Because people are becoming aware of this lack, they would like to be able to create order out of chaos.

The time to create order out of chaos is now.

The germ of the present situation and the germ of the future is in the present.

The thing to do is to give up old tricks and start to play new tricks.

Aims, Purposes, Positions

Peter Maurin used to quote Ibsen as saying, "The truth must be restated every twenty years." We keep trying to restate what THE CATHOLIC WORKER stands for, and this is that social movement first used by Bob Ludlouge, the second by Ammon Hennacy, and this, the third, by Tom Cain. Other statements will follow from time to time.

The general aim of the Catholic Worker movement is to realize in the individual and thereby in society the expressed and implied teachings of Christ regarding human relations.

And the more we believe, the more we believe he right human relations we must have right relations with God.

As Workers we believe that before we can have right human relations with God, with each other, formally we must right relations with our world.

There is a necessity for such a movement because the dominant economic-social-political systems of today, capitalism and communism, as well as all the alternative, are incompatible with natural and divine law, since as a consequence of their basic principles they either legally impose or economically sanction violations of justice and charity.

Capitalism, by the pressure of competition, economically produces a situation where the conquest of power prices so that only the largest and most invulnerable operators are in a position, if they choose, to meet its demands. By economic pressure the personnel of other spheres of action are constrained to serve the interests of the capitalist oligarchy.

Thus an initial maldistribution of wealth becomes accentuated, in that the immediate effect of the hungry and in the midst of giant construction there still is the-homless. It is use less to guarantee the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of perfection, if the means therein are withheld.

Communism differs structurally from capitalism only in the fact that its economically produces and formally a political oligarchy, with no need to mask its power. By the rigorous control necessary for its continued functioning (and, as its advocate claim, only as its political establishment), it directly deprives men of the liberty necessary for the pursuit of perfection according to their particular potential.

The underlying principles of both are the absolutist conception of ownership and authority, in whomsoever or whatsoever others be, of their proper and rational use.

We believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men, and the kingship of Christ, as we say in the two Great Commandments of love, upon their implementation, the natural promises of the first being fulfilled and the supernatural promises of the second, -which is a necessity for the multitude of discrete personal revolutions, which is a necessity for the realization of the natural brotherhood of men.

The Catholic Worker movement is based spiritually upon the two great Commandments of love, upon their implementation in the Golden Rule, upon their particular application in the Sermon on the Mount, and upon the whole Gospel of the Kingdom of God.

We believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men, and the kingship of Christ, as we say in the Nicene Creed: "I believe in one God, the Father almighty ... and in one Lord, Jesus Christ." Our Lord taught nonviolent resistance. He commanded us to love our enemies, to turn the other cheek, to return good for evil.

We believe that the Catholic Worker movement is based primarily upon the conclusions of Catholic philosophy regarding the nature of man, upon factual findings of the secular sciences of man, and upon the common prayer of the Church, is a mode of cooperation and of personal fulfillment, which is the only means whereby man can be man.

The new order brought about by the decisions will be functional, not idealistic.

We believe that the human spirit, which is the determinative element in his relations with his world, his God, and his fellow men, and which places upon his own shoulders the responsibility of rightly ordering the two Great Commandments of love, upon their implementation, the natural promises of the first being fulfilled and the supernatural promises of the second, -which is a necessity for the multitude of discrete personal revolutions, which is a necessity for the realization of the natural brotherhood of men, -which is the third restatement of our Positions. The first was by St. Francis of Assisi, the second by Leo XIII, the third by Tom Cain. Other statements will follow from time to time.

In the midst of an age of chaos there are more positive means.

We seek to implement charity through the corporal works of mercy by establishing Houses of Hospitality and other communities where in distributist fashion the relative need is met in and between individuals the peace of God, the common prayer of the Church, is a mode of cooperation and of personal fulfillment, which is the only means whereby man can be man.

The Age of Order

If we make the right decisions in the age of chaos, the effect of those decisions will be a better order.

The new order brought about by the decisions will be functional, not idealistic.

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Jailhouse

To my 27 companions in Celi Death-defiance against H Bomb Ale Raub Delka, H & A Bomb Test Explojons, the Boms Bombers, and War in general, and the Catholics in Chicago, New York, etc.

Jailhouse is a little bit of death.

Not the "little death" of consummation, when I, moving from within, say Thee to You, but Death bating penury on Living, Violence I-It inflicts on It.

Jailhouse is a blunted-toothed, purdy worm

Whose gnaw is boredom and whose teeth are screws;

They gnaw and gnaw and gnaw and eat you up;

Die a little.' You-It is good

That says You-It, that says You-It, that says You-It.

City Park, New York City.

MacLow,