

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXVIII No. 8

March, 1962

Subscriptions
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Reflections on the Fall of Adam

Now the serpent was more subtle than any of the beasts of the earth which the Lord God had made. And he said to the woman: Why hath God commanded you, that you should not eat of every

tree of paradise? And the woman answered him, saying: Of the fruit of the trees that are in paradise we do eat, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of paradise, God hath commanded us that

we should not eat; and that we should not touch it, lest perhaps we die. And that serpent said to the woman: No, you shall not die the death. For God doth know that in what day soever you shall eat

thereof, your eyes shall be opened: and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

And the woman saw that the tree was good to eat, and fair to the eyes, and delightful to behold; and she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave to her husband who did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened; and when they perceived themselves to be naked, they sewed together fig leaves, and made themselves aprons. And when they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in paradise at the afternoon air, Adam and his wife hid themselves from the face of the Lord God, amidst the trees of paradise. And the Lord God called Adam, and said to him: Where art thou? And he said: I heard thy voice in paradise; and I was afraid because I was naked, and I hid myself. And he said to him: And who hath told thee thou wast naked, but that thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat? And Adam said: The woman, whom thou gavest me to be my companion, gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the Lord God said to the woman: Why hast thou done this? And she answered: The serpent deceived me, and I did eat.

And the Lord God said to the serpent: Because thou hast done this thing, thou art cursed among all cattle and beasts of the earth. Upon thy breast shalt thou go, and earth shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.

I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head,

and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.

To the woman also he said: I will multiply thy sorrows, and thy conceptions. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee. And to Adam he said: Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work: with labour and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shalt it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herbs of the earth. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return. And Adam called the name of his wife Eve: because she was the mother of all the living.

And the Lord God made for Adam and his wife, garments of skins, and clothed them. And he said: Behold Adam is become as one of us, knowing good and evil: now, therefore, lest perhaps he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever. And the Lord God sent him out of the paradise of pleasure, to till the earth from which he was taken. And he cast out Adam; and placed before the paradise of pleasure Cherubims, and a flaming sword, turning every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

(Genesis, Chapt. 3)

Consequences

We go to war to avenge an offence, or to push an interest, or to secure a gain, or to cripple a hostile power, as if there were no God of Hosts. We do not ask ourselves the question whether it is God's will that there should be such a war. The whole action of diplomacy is as if there were no special providence, and as if God having retired from the management of the world, we must take up the reins which He has let fall from His wearied grasp.

Since the balance of power was substituted for the central unity of the Holy See, we have come more and more to act as if the world belonged to us and we had the management of it, and were accountable to none. On the most solemn subjects, even those of education, and religion, and the interests of the poor, how little of the tone and feeling of creatures is exhibited in debates in parliament, or in the leading articles of a newspaper. It would seem as if there were nothing we had not the right to do, because nothing we had not the power to do. With far less of intentional irreligion than would have seemed possible beforehand, there is an incalculable amount of forgetfulness that we are creatures. What else is our exaggerated lust of liberty? What else are even the vauntings of our patriotism? What else is the spirit of puerile self-laudation into which our national character seems in the hands of an anonymous press to have already degenerated, or to be fast degenerating?

—Father Faber

Remedy

"I suggest that we are thieves in a way. If I take anything that I do not need for my own immediate use, and keep it, I thieve it from somebody else. I venture to suggest that it is the fundamental law of Nature, without exception, that Nature produces enough for our wants from day-to-day, and if only everybody took enough for himself, and nothing more, there would be no pauperism in this world, there would be no man dying of starvation in this world. But so long as we have got this inequality so long we are thieving. I am no Socialist and I do not want to dispossess those who have got possessions; but I do say that, personally, those of us who want to see light out of darkness have to follow this rule. I do not want to dispossess anybody. I should then be departing from the rule of Ahimsa. If somebody else possesses more than I do, let him. But so far as my own life has to be regulated, I do say that I dare not possess anything I do not need.

—Gandhi



CATHOLIC WORKER

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

Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, EDGAR FORAND, JUDITH GREGORY,
WALTER KERELL, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, ARTHUR
SHEEHAN, ROBERT STEED, ANNE TAILLEFER, EDWARD TURNER.

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

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

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



Christian Ethics and Nuclear War

By THOMAS MERTON

When the preparations for the Second Vatican Council began to be discussed, a writer in *Realities* produced an article which was not lacking in astute intuitions. It was called "The Last Chance Council." Doubtless this provoking title was dismissed by most of us Catholics as the flippancy of an irreligious mind. One feels nevertheless that the present cold war crisis has brought home, at least obscurely, to many Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, a sense that the Church is now facing a test that may prove to be decisive and perhaps in some sense "final." Christianity may be on the point of being driven back into the catacombs and losing, in the process, millions of faithful.

Worse still, the possibility of the complete destruction of human society and even extinction of life on the planet might, if Christians themselves were deeply involved in responsibility for it, be in some sense on their part a disastrous failure and betrayal. Though these fears have generated a climate of wide-spread uneasiness and even of implicit desperation, they are not without certain correlative hopes. We believe that the Church could not be brought face to face with any desperate situation which did not at the same time contain a challenge and a promise. For Christians to come "under judgment" in a historical crisis implies not mere blind doom, but rather a difficult choice, a "temptation" if you like, and one in which the future of Christianity and of the whole world may hinge on the heroism and integrity of the faithful. In other words, we find ourselves confronting the possibility of nuclear war with more than the common and universal urgency, because we Christians are at least dimly aware that this is a matter of choice for us and that the future of Christianity on earth may depend on the moral quality of the decision we are making.

This is the climate in which all Christians are facing (or refusing to face) the most crucial moral and religious problem in twenty centuries of history.

It is doubtful whether for most Christians the real underlying religious issue is clearly visible. On the contrary, at least in America, the average priest and minister seems to react in much the same way as the average agnostic or atheist. The interests of the west, the NATO, and the Church are all confused with one another, and the possibility of defending the west with a nuclear first strike on Russia is accepted without too much hesitation as "necessary" and a "lesser evil." We assume without question that western society equals Christendom and Communism equals Antichrist. And we are ready to declare without hesitation that "no price is too high" to pay for our religious liberty. The clichés sound noble, perhaps, to those who are not shocked by its all too evident meaninglessness. The fact is that genocide is too high a price and

no one, not even Christians, not even for the highest ideals, has the right to take measures that may destroy millions of innocent non-combatants and even whole defenseless populations of neutral nations or unwilling allies. Note that some of these nations might be Christian, at least in principle. The bland assumption is always, of course that nuclear warheads, ICBM's and polaris submarines are dictated by "prudence," indeed by "Christian prudence." There seems to be very little awareness that this position is not only psychologically irresponsible, but plainly immoral according to all Christian standards and by that very fact supremely imprudent. Such thinking, or rather thoughtlessness, is due to the slow corruption of the Christian ethical sense by theorizing in a vacuum, juggling with moral clichés devoid of serious content, and the weakening of genuine human compassion. The scandalous consequence of this has been not only confusion, inertia, indecision and even culpable silence on the part of many Christian spokesmen, but worse still some Christian leaders have actively joined in the Cold War and call God Himself to justify the moral blindness and hubris of generals and industrialists, and to bless nuclear war as a holy and apocalyptic crusade. As C. Wright Mills has said, Priests and Ministers have fallen over one another to enlist in "the Swiss Guard of the power elite."

While this blindness and confusion are common to great numbers of Christians, nominal or otherwise, there are also strong and articulate movements against war. At this moment of crisis they are gaining in strength, in spite of the increasing pressure of suspicion and disapproval. For the unpleasant fact is that the Russians have succeeded in getting the cause of peace identified in the popular mind with the cause of the Soviet Bloc. Hence anyone who dared to stand up for peace and disarmament in the west, by that very fact runs the risk of being called a fellow traveler. This is one of the most disturbing aspects of the thoughtless passivity, the crude opportunism and astonishing lack of discernment which have become characteristic of western political thought in the cold war. But the fact that our politicians have let themselves be outmaneuvered by more subtle and better organized adversaries does not dispense us from promoting reasonable and persistent peace negotiation whether the position happens to be popular or not. It should be immediately clear to any objective observer that the western defender of peace and of disarmament, even if he has no special ideology at all, is plainly concerned with the survival of western freedom and democracy. This is especially true of Christian movements like Fellowship of Reconciliation. In Europe the FOR unites Catholics and Protestants. In America it is exclusively Protestant, not by

(Continued on page 7)

Catholic Pacifist Jailed in England

Father of Five Refuses
Civil Defense Tax
By ROBERT STEED

My friend Laurie Hissam, who resembles Ammon Hennacy in many ways, was recently sentenced to a term in jail for refusing to pay his Civil Defense rates. He served two months last year for taking part in the civil disobedience campaigns of the Committee of 100 which protested the British involvement in the nuclear arms race.

I was in court with Laurie in October of 1960 when he first appeared on this charge. When he put on his best suit, cranked up his car (a huge, old London taxi), which finally had to be pushed down a hill to get it started, and drove to town where other friends were waiting in court I was expecting fireworks but the magistrate put a damper on the proceedings and said he would allow no speech-making. He said a note would be made of the tax refusal, and went on to the next hearing. Laurie said the court would probably send someone around to the house and want to take away a table or a few chairs and auction them off for the amount owed (the former owner having the privilege of bidding for them too) and debated whether any kind of resistance should be offered and if so what kind. When I left a few days later nothing had happened and a month after that when we met at the Spode House PAX Conference it was still the same. And now more than a year later I have heard in a letter from Laurie's wife, Winifred, that he is serving time for the offense.

Lest I give the impression that Laurie became a radical in mid-life I should also say that he declined to serve in World War II and instead of showing up for his physical went off on a tour of England and Scotland selling anarchist literature for Freedom Press. When he got back to London after a year on the road the police picked him up but the army doctors found something wrong with one of his feet and rejected him.

In the intervening years he has become a Catholic, gotten married and moved to the Cotswolds in the west of England near Gloucester where he and his wife built their house with their own hands and are raising five beautiful daughters. The whole family is vegetarian.

Here is the text of Laurie's leaflet explaining his position which was distributed in the Stroud area:

Why I Am In Jail

I have just commenced serving a term of imprisonment imposed

(Continued on page 7)



Raise up in Thy Church
O Lord, the Spirit
wherewith our holy
Father Benedict, Abbot,
was animated: that
filled with the same,
we may strive to love
what he loved, and
practise what he taught.

Chrystie Street

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

The Catholic Worker weekend workcamp went very well. We had a discussion of community and work on Friday night and a hard day of labor Saturday. Siloe House was completely cleaned and the walls whitewashed. Figures and symbols were painted with lots of color on the walls. Two boys painted the ceiling of the office and the girls washed the walls by the steps on the second and third floors. The cement floor of the dining room was hosed and mopped for over an hour by five workers and Sampson. They finally had to stop when the drain got clogged up, but wanted to keep right on going and do the Siloe House floor too.

Sunday was conference time at the farm and Miss Day spoke. Some of those who came were: Joyce Richardson, Carmen Matthews, Bronnie Warskaskas, David Sherwood, Ted McNamara, Clair Connors, C. Cooper, Therese Bruneau, Judith St. Jean, Lorraine Frenza, Jean Amatneek, Judith Clark, Joyce Marich, Doreen Gordon, Tom Cornell, Robert Miller, Terry Lampropolis, and Carol Magenau who has a house of hospitality in Erie, Pa. with her husband.

Diane and Stuart have opened their home for children around the corner on Rivington St. They had a big party on opening day with lots of kids and food and a blessing of the storefront, called Siloam House, by Father Kohl. Diane is teaching in the fourth grade now and then is at Siloam House from 4 PM till about 9 PM. Stuart helps the children on their reading privately in the mornings and opens the House about 3 PM when school is out. The children love the place already and Diane and Stuart seem very happy in the work.

Peter Maurin said that people do not need to work for wages, they can offer their services as a gift. There is as always a lot of this quiet gift work at Chrystie St. Walt Wiatrowski has built the little front room on the ground floor for Miss Day and the store room in Siloe House. And each month he manages the mailing out of the paper and reminds me about the tobacco treat, the Brown Paper Co. order, and other necessary details. Italian Mike goes for bread, or phones for the truck to bring it from the 9th St. bakery and then treats the office to a gift of cheese cake. Jim Gosline has been a steady help in the cooking, often doing most of the work. Day in and day out Bill Harder does the lunch dishes and John Ross does the supper ones. Joe Ferry, Jim Canavan, Mike Sullivan, and Jim Lyons wait on the tables.

German George is at Triboro Hospital in Queens and Millie went up to see him last week. He may be there a long time. It's George Rehm, Triboro Hosp. 82nd St. and Parsons Blvd. Queens, L. I. George Johnson has left for Montreal on foot. He went with about a 60 pound pack on his back. I tried it on and almost fell over backwards. He took four pounds of the Maryknoll protein powder for food and two dollars from me. John Zicca took Pete the Indian to the train for Graymoor yesterday, he plays his guitar for the family and is always willing for any task needed, waiting table, unloading the Maryknoll truck, or whatever comes. John's guitar disappeared so there will be no music until another one appears. Dick who guards the door isn't paid in by us. He used to walk all the way to the Bronx every night. Ed Forand learned about this so now he gets his carfare.

Arthur Lacey gives out the men's clothes as usual. He says we need shoes, pants, socks, and underwear. People wear out the pants and send us the suit coat, so we nearly always need pants. In the confusion I'm afraid thank-yous often fail to be sent. We shall try to do better on that. But here and now we thank all who have sent clothes and in particular the man who

lends Eddie Gerlock at Maryknoll the truck he uses for us so often.

One Wednesday we had a visitor who reminded me a little bit of Mike Kovalak. He had an English accent and was born in S. Africa. Ferdinand de Jong is a great admirer of St. Benedict Joseph Labre and is writing a book on him. As a young man Mr. de Jong imitated this saint's wandering life in South Africa for 5 months and later was with the Carthusians for a year. He gave a very good talk and told how a widow saw Benedict standing in the rain and called him inside. She had many troubles and told them all to him. He just said, "You must be patient," and "You must trust in God." And she received strength. Many others had said the same words to her, but without any effect.

Peter Maurin Farm

BY
DEANE MOWRER

The leonine winds of March have come roaring in, bringing death and destruction to much of our Eastern seaboard. The winds of the "cold war" are blowing stronger too. With the practised balance of a political tightrope walker, our President has announced that we must resume atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons—unless, of course, the Russians agree to thus and so and thus so. Oh we need not be alarmed; there would not really be much danger from fallout. Nevertheless we do regret—oh we do regret that we must do this horrendous thing. He did not say horrendous. Oh no, not he. But murder will out. And on the streets of New York—while the lion roared—thousands gathered to protest the doing of such a deed which we would so regret. Some of the protesters—among them several of the young people who have done volunteer work at the Catholic Worker during recent months, and Judith Malina, the actress who spent thirty days in the Women's House of Detention with Dorothy Day, Joan Moses, and me in the summer of 1957 for refusing to take shelter in the air raid drill—carried their protest to the length of civil disobedience and are now awaiting trial and sentencing. Whatever one thinks of such drastic measures—those of us who took part in the Civil Defense protest demonstrations during the unpopular years when we were only a handful are not likely to forget the contempt, scorn, and derision with which the press and public, including many of our own friends, regarded our act of civil disobedience—I, for one, do not doubt that those who take them do so out of a sense of urgency, because they know that time is running out, that millions of unborn babies will never receive their Godgiven quotas of arms, legs, eyes, brains, indeed may never live at all unless someone sounds forth a cry, a protest loud enough, imperative with an aroused people's will to stop the frightful poisoning of the air and of our daily food and drink which is the inevitable consequence of nuclear weapons' testing. How can we cry—Peace—when we hide behind the mounting stockpiles of such monstrous weapons? Yet cry we must. For peace we must pray. And demonstrate. And pray. O God give us Your peace.

Although no one here at the farm has participated in these particular demonstrations for peace, we have all been involved with our interest and our prayers. Newspapers were eagerly awaited; radios kept turned to news. I was particularly impressed by WBAI's on-the-spot taping of the mass demonstration in Times Square;

(Continued on page 10)

VERY POPULAR among the faithful are the devotions of the Stations of the Cross. Since the days of the Crusades, representations of the holy places of Jerusalem have existed here and there in the West, and penitential processions have been held in imitation of the sorrowful journey of Christ to Calvary. Later the Franciscans, as "guardians of the Holy Sepulchre," obtained the privilege of erecting Stations of the Cross in suitable places, and numerous indulgences were attached to them by Supreme Pontiffs. The devotion of the Way of the Cross is especially suited to remind the faithful of the Passion of our Lord and excite in them a penitential disposition.

Catholic Liturgics, Stapper-Baier.

TRADITION asserts that the Blessed Virgin used to visit daily the scenes of Christ's Passion, and St. Jerome speaks of the crowds of pilgrims from all countries who used to visit the holy places in his day.

It may be safely asserted that there is no devotion more richly endowed with indulgences than the Way of the Cross, and none which enables us more literally to obey Christ's injunction to take up our cross and follow Him. A perusal of the prayers usually given for this devotion in any manual will show what abundant spiritual graces, apart from the indulgences, may be obtained through a right use of them, and the fact that the Stations may be made either publicly or privately in any church renders the devotion specially suitable for all.

Catholic Encyclopedia.



THE WAY OF THE CROSS



THESE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE STATIONS ARE THE WORK OF ADE DE BETHUNE.



I. Jesus Is Condemned to Death

LEAVING the house of Caiphas, where He had been blasphemed, and the house of Herod, where He had been mocked, Jesus is dragged before Pilate, His back torn with scourges, His Head crowned with thorns; and He, Who on the last day will judge the living and the dead, is Himself condemned to a disgraceful death.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.

Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.

(The above prayers are repeated after each Station)

II. Jesus Receives the Cross

A HEAVY cross is laid upon the bruised shoulders of Jesus. He receives it with meekness, nay, with a secret joy, for it is the instrument with which He is to redeem the world.

III. Jesus Falls the First Time

BOWED down under the weight of the cross, Jesus slowly sets forth on the way to Calvary, amidst the mockeries and insults of the crowd. His agony in the garden has exhausted His body; He is sore with blows and wounds; His strength fails Him; He falls to the ground under the cross.

IV. Jesus Is Met By His Blessed Mother

STILL burdened with His cross, and wounded yet more by His fall, Jesus proceeds on His way. He is met by His Mother. What a meeting that must have been! What a sword of anguish must have pierced that Mother's bosom! What must have been the compassion of that Son for His holy Mother!

V. Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus Carry the Cross

AS THE strength of Jesus fails, and He is unable to proceed, the executioners seize and compel Simon of Cyrene to carry His cross. The virtue of that cross changed his heart, and from a compulsory task it became a privilege and a joy.

VI. Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

AS JESUS proceeds on the way, covered with the sweat of death, a woman, moved with compassion, makes her way through the crowd, and wipes His face with a handkerchief. As a reward of her piety, the impression of His sacred countenance is miraculously imprinted upon the handkerchief.

VII. Jesus Falls a Second Time

THE PAIN of His wounds and the loss of blood increasing at every step of His way, again His strength fails Him, and Jesus falls to the ground a second time.

VIII. Women of Jerusalem Mourn for Our Lord

AT THE sight of the sufferings of Jesus some holy women in the crowd were so touched with sympathy that they openly bewailed and lamented Him. Jesus, knowing the things that were to come to pass upon Jerusalem because of their rejection of Him, turned to them and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

IX. Jesus Falls the Third Time

JESUS has now arrived almost at the summit of Calvary; but before He reaches the spot where He is to be crucified, His strength again fails Him, and He falls the third time, to be again dragged up and goaded onward by the brutal soldiers.

X. Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments

ARRIVED at last at the place of sacrifice, they prepare to crucify Him. His garments are torn from His bleeding body, and He, the Holy of Holies, now stands exposed to the vulgar gaze of the rude and scoffing multitude.

XI. Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross

THE CROSS is laid upon the ground, and Jesus is stretched upon His bed of death. At one and the same time He offers His bruised limbs to His Heavenly Father in behalf of sinful man, and to His fierce executioners to be nailed by them to the disgraceful wood. The blows are struck! The blood gushes forth!

XII. Jesus Dies Upon the Cross

FOR THREE hours has Jesus hung upon His transfixed hands; His blood has run in streams down His body, and bedewed the ground; and, in the midst of excruciating suffering; He has pardoned His murderers, promised the bliss of paradise to the good thief, and committed His blessed Mother and beloved disciple to each other's care. All is now consummated; and meekly bowing down His head, He gives up the ghost.

XIII. Jesus Is Taken Down From the Cross

THE MULTITUDE have left the heights of Calvary, and none remain save the beloved disciple and the holy women, who, at the foot of the cross, are striving to stem the grief of Christ's inconsolable Mother. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus take down the body of Her divine Son from the cross and deposit it in her arms.

XIV. Jesus Is Laid in the Sepulchre

THE BODY of her dearly beloved Son is taken from His Mother and laid by the disciples in the tomb. The tomb is closed, and there the lifeless body remains until the hour of its glorious resurrection.

Text from the St. Andrew's Missal.



+

+

+

LETTERS

+

+

+

Intentional Community

43 Barrett Road
New Plymouth, New Zealand
Dear Dorothy,

Good to have your letter with news of yourself and friends. We have certainly had many experiences since leaving Port Everglades on the Oranje last November. The ship included many Dutch and English immigrants to New Zealand and Australia, and we enjoyed hearing their hopes and plans. Our first stop was at Panama City, a dismal place in that it showed the worst effects of colonialism. Tahiti was a pleasant surprise as the Polynesians do not seem to have been greatly changed by the French. We took the children to the beaches and did some snorkelling in the coral gardens—in the warm Pacific water we discovered a whole new world of brilliant beauty. We borrowed an outrigger canoe for part of an afternoon and we wished that the ship was staying for a week instead of two days.

Another American on the Oranje, Gladney Oakley, was on his way to Australia for somewhat the same reasons we left our Vermont homestead. It is unlikely that New Zealand would be especially safe in the event of a nuclear war, but we came to the point where we felt the need to insure a few years for our children away from the constant barrage of civil defense and shelter program propaganda. Certainly New Zealand is a much less military-oriented country than the United States, and many people here are very critical of American foreign policy. Life is more relaxed here, less commercial and much less dominated by the advertising business. On the ship were two young American college students reading LEVEL 7, and we found that while there was little pacifism expressed by passengers there was a very real concern about the drift towards nuclear war.

After a day in Wellington we went on to Beeville Community which is located on a plain near Hamilton in excellent dairy country. An immediate impression here is that you can always see mountains, and you are never more than forty miles from the ocean. Beeville includes two locations—an acre near Orini with housing for three families and the welding and engineering shop. A mile away is the fifty acre farm where three other families live and a cement post factory and large honey processing house are located. We stayed with an American family, Elinor and Emery Jones, at the farm. Eventually, the whole community will be moved to the farm if possible.

We arrived at Beeville on a sunny afternoon and immediately felt at home. The vegetable gardens are excellent, providing the community needs as well as a surplus for a roadside stand. The three houses (one is a trailer) are well spaced and surrounded by orchards of apples, pears, peaches, plums and apricots as well as some walnuts and many small fruits like grapes, chinese gooseberries, and passion fruit. Even some lemon and orange trees grow there. We did not realize that deciduous fruit trees and citrus could live in the same climate.

Beeville is a wonderful place for children. There is plenty of room to play and lots of things to do. The community has built an octagonal swimming pool which is also enjoyed by neighbors. (In New Zealand you notice at once that almost every rural school has a tennis court and swimming pool.)

Beeville is known in New Zealand because several of its members have been very active in anti-war protests; some have spent months in prison as conscientious objectors. Members recently took part in protests in New Zealand's largest city, Auckland, against resumption of nuclear testing.

To us, Beeville Community seems to combine the best of communal sharing with a very strong belief in the necessity of meeting individual needs. Mutual aid does not mean forfeiting one's individual talents and uniqueness, in fact, it should enhance them. We will now quote from an "information sheet" which the community recently prepared.

Initial Information Sheet

This is intended as a brief summary of some of the facts about Beeville as response to inquiry received. This information may help you to decide if you wish to become more fully informed about Beeville. We are planning a brochure which will be available at a later date. We are:

1. A group of approximately 30 people at present (October, 1961) who voluntarily share our economic existence together on a pooled basis. Members draw no wages nor receive any arbitrary allocations.
2. Concerned with world unity which we see coming about through individual understanding and initiative.
3. Open to anyone who is concerned with living in a co-operative way without restriction or distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, colour, nationality, or age; with an association period of undetermined length, so that the person interested in community living may have the opportunity to examine relevant values and to arrive at a decision in common with the community. Most people come on experimental or quite non-committal visits. Anyone can withdraw at any time.
4. Attempting to be free and flexible in meeting individual and group needs, maintaining this attempt since our earliest beginnings some 30 years ago. To recognize needs, in order not to be caught up with mere wants and fancies, has been the basic criterion.
5. Sharing a common purse as a natural outcome of growing together in co-operative living. We see a competitive and exploitative existence predominating in our present world.
6. Free of debt in that the Beeville properties of one acre and 50 acres with buildings are paid for, accomplished through the economic enterprises of honey production, welding and engineering shop, concrete products, and farm produce.
7. Hesitant about placing ourselves in any category, but as a matter of personal background most of us are total objectors to military training or to participation in war. Some of us have come to our present position only

after being a member of one of the military forces. Some of us base our pacifism on religious grounds, others on humanitarian, philosophical or ethical grounds. All have brought with us our own particular backgrounds, religious or otherwise, but all are free to discover what is true, each in his own way.

8. About equally comprised of adults and children, men and women, and are composed of slightly over a half-dozen families and a half-dozen single adults.
9. Numerically greater than in our very small early beginnings, but do not regard numbers as necessarily a criterion of the soundness of the community. We feel that what really matters is full individual development and understanding, so that there may be relationship without fear. No person has status as a leader or head of the community.
10. Earnestly exploring all the possibilities of a community school which would not be restricted to Beeville children.
11. We are deeply interested in the organic method of farming, although as yet not all our produce is free from spray, and some chemical fertilizers are used. As a group we have maintained a non-meat diet although a number of us have used meat and the individual has freedom to choose.
12. Meeting individual and personal needs of a material nature by drawing from a common purse, and purchasing what we feel is necessary for our needs, with whatever degree of maturity of judgment each of us has. The Beeville Community Trust Board is rated as a non-taxable body.
13. Able to have some meals together as a group. Smaller kitchens are available and in use for those who wish to have some or all of their meals separate from the common dining areas, and for those, who, due to circumstances, have little alternative.
14. Of the opinion that the New Zealand Government's attitude toward us is respectful although at times guarded.

Those wishing more information about other groups may write to: The Fellowship of Intentional Communities, c/o Arthur Morgan, Yellow Springs, Ohio, U.S.A. The F.I.C. has information and addresses of all groups internationally.

The postal address of Beeville Community is R.D. 5, Morrinsville, New Zealand.

We have had feelings of guilt about leaving the United States, but from what we have read, perhaps protest from down here is as effective in changing the leaders in America in their policies as anything we could do at home. How maddening it is that the world possesses no statesman of integrity today—even Nehru has forfeited our respect and hopes. We have written letters to American politicians expressing our belief that it is not too late to make a moral decision and we hope to aid any efforts from here to prevent the resumption of testing on Christmas Island.

Most jobs were closed to us in the United States because we would not pay Federal income tax which goes so largely to prepare for nuclear war. Wanting to know more about New Zealand before making any definite plans for settlement, we decided to take a job as a relieving teacher in a sec-



John Brophy

902, Lincoln Ave.
Falls Church, Va.
January 20, 1962

Dear Dorothy,

I am inspired to write you this note after reading the article in the January issue of the *Catholic Worker* on the Dream of Gerontius. I liked the piece very much—as you may know Cardinal Newman is my favorite author and the Sheehan article revived memories of the great Cardinal. Thanks!

You may know that I retired from full-time employment some six months ago, but I do keep in touch with affairs representing the IUD union department in the health and welfare field. At the farewell party given me, a brochure had been prepared regarding some of my past activities for labor, and each one present had a copy before him. I am sending a copy, you might be interested.

For the last four years, we have been living in Falls Church, Va., just two blocks from my son's place. Thus we have a chance to grow up with our grandchildren, eight of them, seven girls and a boy. In age, they range from 16 to three months.

Anita and I live quietly. She keeps busy, does needle work and does some tutoring of the slow learners among the grand children. We both send our regards and wish you and your work every blessing. Drop in and see us when you visit Washington.

John Brophy
(Former vice president of CIO)

ondary school here in New Plymouth. We have rented a house just outside the city, a garden is already planted, we have a view of Mt. Egmont (8,260 feet) and many good friends already. The schools here emphasize the importance of Asia and the Pacific countries, and as I am teaching geography this fits our own concerns about the future of countries like India.

So far, living in a semi-socialist state has not been burdensome as far as red tape is concerned. There is no unemployment, and as far as we have seen, no slums. Extremes of poverty and wealth are not very evident, although a desire for a new American car and other gadgets seems to be fairly common. Due to import restrictions many of the cars on the road are pre-war (it takes me straight back to my high school days to see 1936 Fords and Chevies). New Zealand has lots of problems, of course. As far as we can see there is no radical or even leftist press despite the fact that the Labour Party was recently in office. Maori and pakeha (white) relations seem pretty superficial. But, we are learning a great deal—about this part of the world, about the way other people see the United States, and about ways humans can work and live together.

Love from
Bob and Ann Stowell

Coffins For Sale

8 Casey Court
Newport, R.I.
February 21, 1962

The Catholic Worker
175 Chrystie Street
New York City 2, N.Y.

Dear friends:

I wonder if you would carry an ad in your paper for plain wood coffins which I make. If so, how much do you charge for a two-inch one-column ad, and what is the deadline publication?

I started a small business over a year ago to be of service to people who could not afford an expensive casket, who were repelled by the fancy commercial ones, who wanted something simple and dignified, who were not afraid to be different and who had the courage of their convictions.

God bless you for your work and best wishes to all.

Very sincerely yours
James P. Casey

St. Elijah House

St. Elijah House of Hospitality
964 7th Street
Oakland 20, California
6 February, 1962

Dear Friends:

PAX

As you can see by the address, St. Elijah House has a home, a store-front in West Oakland. Our ideas about what the house will do are also a bit more settled now. The clothing room and canned goods are definitely in the plan. Also we are hoping to distribute coffee and bread—good Camaldolese heavy bread, to the men who gather at the Farm Labor Offices to be driven to the fields to pick whatever crop is in season. Some of them leave home very early to be at the office by four in the morning; some don't have any home so they sleep in the nearby alleys. It is doubtful whether any of them have breakfast or even lunch. There are many more things we hope to do which we will tell you about in our next letter.

After our first letter went out, the \$16.50 rose to over \$90—very surprising considering how close after Christmas it was. So we took the chance and rented a place. It has four small rooms (previously used as offices) and a large kitchen area. The rent began at \$67.50 but ended at \$60. We were surprised that the deposits for utilities would be so much: \$25 for gas and electricity, \$15 for water, and \$25 for the phone (TE 2-6193), which is listed under St. Elijah H of H.

So far, Elijah has been very good to his house, but soon the crosses will come. We are so afraid that once the novelty of a house in Oakland wears off, people will forget us. One way to avoid this is a plan the Camaldolese at Big Sur have started, that of promising to send a little each month. For those of you who can't send money, a few canned goods and/or used clothing are needed too. Whether you can send anything or not, if you have any spare time, you can come down and help us. Phone Bruce at TE 2-6193 (or Joan at KE 3-7813 if no one answers) and we can tell you what you can do.

Our cost per month will be a minimum of \$100 (rent, utilities, phone, etc.), which does not include food (in case of a soup kitchen) which we will beg. Please keep money, clothes, canned goods, prayers, and other help coming in. Telephone if you need directions. For those coming from San Francisco, take the Cypress Street exit and simply stay on the same street until you reach Seventh St. Then turn left.

Yours in Christ,

Joan Abrams, Russel LaPlaca,
Bruce Graham



BOOK REVIEWS

Rosa Luxemburg

The Russian Revolution and Leninism or Marxism? by Rosa Luxemburg, Ann Arbor Paper-back, The University of Michigan Press, 1961, \$1.65, 109 pp. Reviewed by Judith Gregory.

This book contains two of Rosa Luxemburg's pamphlets, with a fine introduction by Bertram D. Wolfe. The second of the pamphlets, *Leninism or Marxism?*, was written in 1904, and is a highly critical examination of Lenin's ideas on party organization, one of the principal issues of continuing disagreement between Lenin and Luxemburg. Lenin was always a strong believer in what she called "pitiless centralism." She admitted that "Generally speaking it is undeniable that a strong tendency toward centralization is inherent in the Social Democratic movement. This tendency springs from the economic makeup of capitalism which is essentially a centralizing factor." But, she said, "The Social Democratic movement is the first in the history of class societies which reckons, in all its phases and through its entire course, on the organization and the direct, independent action of the masses." Because of this, the achievement of centralism—of true party discipline—depended on the education, political training and self-discipline of the people. "What is there in common between the regulated docility of an oppressed class and the self-discipline and organization of a class struggling for its emancipation?" No rules, no statement of party regulations imposed by the iron will of a Lenin or anyone else, could have any beneficial effect. "A manual of regulations may master the life of a small sect or a private circle. An historic current, however, will pass through the mesh of the most subtly worded statutory paragraph."

Rosa Luxemburg's most striking trait is her extraordinary faith in the capacities of the masses of the people, and in the power of freedom to bring out these capacities. To her, politics was a continuing process. She was a Marxist and believed in the necessary historical evolution of socialism, in the necessity for violent revolution and in the "dictatorship of the proletariat," but she was completely convinced and always insistent that these must come about in freedom and through experiments of all kinds, necessarily involving many failures.

The other pamphlet, *The Russian Revolution*, was written while Luxemburg was in prison in Germany, and was based on conversations with visitors and newspaper accounts of the Revolution that were smuggled in to her. She was of course elated by the Revolution and eager for the success of the Bolsheviks. But however friendly she felt, she was quite simply a truthful person, and saw no reason to cast veils over the facts. She noted that the circumstances of the Russian Revolution were abnormal from a Marxist point of view, and difficult in the extreme from any point of view. How then could anyone pretend that every or any particular action or policy of the Bolsheviks should be the best possible, or even at all reasonable, far less a perfect action or policy to be set up as an ideal and imitated by all revolutionaries?

Her cool appraisal of the Revolution and of various Bolshevik policies, written when she must have been straining to be out in the midst of the struggle herself, is indeed remarkable. She continued to be extremely critical of the repression of freedom in Russia, and might well have ended this essay (which in fact was never finished) with the final remark of her essay of 1904: "Let us speak plainly. Historically, the errors

committed by a truly revolutionary movement are infinitely more fruitful than the infallibility of the cleverest Central Committee."

Luxemburg was released from prison in November, 1918 by the new democratic government in Germany. In January, 1919 her party (the Spartacus League) began a revolution in the streets, much against her will. She was correct in estimating that it would be a complete failure. She was seized by the police, murdered, and thrown into a canal.

In his introduction, Bertram Wolfe tells something about Rosa Luxemburg's personality and life. (He also cites a volume of her letters to Karl and Luise Kautsky published in New York in 1952, and a biography of her by Paul Froehlich, published by the Left Book Club in 1940.) She must have been an extraordinarily attractive person. Born in Poland in 1870, she fled from the police (about the only time she ever did this) when she was nineteen, lived in Switzerland and France and finally in Germany, where she soon became one of the leaders of the Social Democratic Party. She had doctorates in law and philosophy and was one of the most brilliant Marxist theoreticians of all time, as well as a great leader of people. She was crippled and frail, but "what people saw were her large, expressive eyes . . . glowing with compassion, sparkling with laughter, burning with combativeness, flashing with irony and scorn . . . Her voice was warm and vibrant (a good singing voice, too), her wit deadly, her arguments wide-ranging and addressed, as a rule, more to the intelligence than to the feelings of her auditors."

Finally this amazing woman, though she wanted to die in prison or in the streets, was all her life "tempted and tormented by longings to diminish her absorption in politics in order to develop to the full the many other capacities of her spirit. Unlike so many political figures, her inner life, as expressed in her letters, her activities, her enthusiasms, reveals a rounded human being. She drew and painted, read great literature in Russian, Polish, German, and French, wrote poetry in the first three of these, continued to be seduced by an interest in anthropology, history, botany, geology, and others of the arts and sciences into which the modern specialized intellect is fragmented. 'Interest' is but a cold word for the ardor with which she pursued her studies."

Though probably few of us now would agree with the ideas of the movement to which Rosa Luxemburg gave her life, that life ought to be far better known than it is, for it was altogether admirable and always interesting.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?

A MEMOIR OF MARY ANN by the Dominican Nuns who took care of her. Introduction by Flannery O'Connor. Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy, \$3.50, p. 134.

PERE JACQUES by Michel Carrouges translated from the French by Salvatore Attanasio. MacMillan, \$4.95, p. 269. Reviewed by Anne Taillefer.

Flannery O'Connor's admirable foreword (published in the March issue of *Jubilee*) introducing *A MEMOIR OF MARY ANN* could, with very few changes, serve as well for Pere Jacques. Each work depicts a saintly and heroic character, two kindred beings, though one was a child who died of cancer in a nursing home and the other

Schumann's Soliloquy

(at Schubert's grave)

I.

I wish you had a rose-tree like Beethoven's . . . But I am not a conjuror. "A rich possession, a still fairer hope" Engraved upon your tomb-stone pompously. Richness to nourish the rose-tree I shall bring: "Abandon hope," hope is not for musicians. Hope is for talent, dazzling despair for genius. Trust me, I'll plant it, Franz, it's little enough. Beethoven has one rose-tree, I have many, And you have none. There's the scale of irony for you. I'd play it with variations, with wit and grace,

To amuse you, if I had a piano. Here and now, in the snow.

II.

I have come a long way to bring you messages— One from Klara about your waltzes. Playing them one night, she pricked her finger Pausing to rearrange the bowl of roses She always keeps where other girls have candles At the end of the key-board. "Drops of blood drawn forth by roses!" Klara said. "They've nothing to do with pain, nor have our waltzes. Yet like the waltzes they reminisce of pain." I touched the sequins of blood with my lips And we forgot you, Franz, but not for long, And only provisionally, and you didn't mind. (Or did you? Perhaps you did. We might have been guilty of travesty after all, So what can you ever expect from the sleepy public!) Klara is my reason for not being a poet, If you want to know the reason, Being herself the poem, the broken heart, Your early death, denial and frustration, Set to music, arranging roses, making coffee For all the world. She is the charming landscape set between Fatality and me. The motive behind the rose-tree, even here.

III.

But death's extremity, like love's, I fear, Is fatuous. Even for us A common-place grotesque. Could even you, Franz, die with much distinction, Or I possess my wife with elegance? Not quite. In art one must be scrupulous To remain on the brink of every ultimate act— To talk of death as if it were far off, Of love as if to kiss were the whole story. Ah, Franz, beloved myth-maker, you and I And Heine and Chamisso are guilty here. We have written preludes to reality (What charming ones in your case) Because, I think, our taste is much too good Most of the time; our souls, alas, too subtle for our blood.

IV.

I'd like to play you some of my new things. And now I know the worst of death, of love Which never can be realized: the shutting out Of mutual knowledge, restless wondering whether The absent loved one could perhaps be pleased, Even brought back again, by these great changes, These treasures you did not suspect us of! For me, the Fantasies, for the girl Under the nut-tree mourning her faithless one A more naive allure, a new dress maybe. I mean, if only my pieces could bring you back! Or give to your imageless days an image or two To enchant your silence, shared with Mozart now.

Next time I come I mean to plant a rose-tree. Partly because of Beethoven's, more because A rose is music's semaphore, and yours. (The over-simplification of a critic Sick of his job sometimes, and like Lot's wife Casting a backward glance at poetry.)

You shall have roses to whisper in the silence Sempre dolce e ardamente, like God's voice. There are many tributes to immensity. Music will find a few, and love the rest.

Bette Richart

that horror that nailed a God on the Cross; the selflessness and simplicity of both narratives has something poignant, as if Dismas, the Good Thief, had himself, come down from his own cross to tell his tale.

When they spoke to Mary-Ann, the little girl who had one cheek like a peach and the other eaten away by a malignant tumor and who, for six years managed to bring joy and strength to her fellow-patients; and when they spoke of her acceptance not of an imaginary cross,—but stark and real, the nuns are also living the truth. There is no sentimentality in this truth they live. They have taken up a life in which beauty will have little place. Their eyes are trained to rest, with love, upon hideous sores, their ears to hear cries of pain, their relationships to be threatened by hopelessness and racked nerves. Every detail escapes sentimentality: the living doll, the real baby to nurse so much desired by Mary Ann does come one day to the hospital, but it is fated to die before its little mother, a still smaller holocaust. The child's own mother's suffering is little stressed, the facts speak for themselves. What destitution could have been that of a woman with no religious affiliation in giving up such a child in such a condition (for care of friends) to supposedly fanatic strangers in exotic garb. And later to consent to her Catholic baptism!

Pere Jacques, of the Carmelite Order illustrates what David Rousset has said in his great book about concentration camps: *The Concentrationary Universe*: In this hierarchy of bestiality and evil only the brute and the saint survive, keep their personality. Arrested for having harbored Jewish boys in his monastery, under the German Occupation of France, Pere Jacques saw his secret desire fulfilled, for he wanted to be a prisoner, to bring Christ to this desperate world.

As to his vow of poverty, he lived it to the full; difficult as it was to be more stripped than his tortured and starved companions, he managed to receive the blows in their stead and to give them nearly all his food, in spite of their loving efforts to spare him and to keep him alive, not only as a beloved friend but as the priest who gave them back their human dignity, and the spiritual reasons that made their martyrdom valid. He died, his mission accomplished, three days after the Liberation and his cause is being introduced. One of his companions has said of him: "We lived because we veiled our eyes, Pere Jacques could not continue to live because he did not veil his eyes. When one saw the human mass reduced to such a state, one said to one-self: these are no longer men. Pere Jacques did not see it as a crowd but saw each individual there as a man . . . His talks contained a vision of the Church as it should really be and, in the camp, he struggled to build a truly Christian society . . . Questioned as to where the S.S. guards would go after death, he said perhaps in heaven for they might be sick and not responsible. His companions found no fault with him, be they communists or Christians, for his virtues were of such a heroic mold; neither did Mary Ann's nurses, for her understanding of Christianity dazzled them. Perhaps, in their own lives all these witnesses had enough personal experience to fathom the courage and love it takes to never break down.

Stories like that of Mary-Ann ought to be told to delinquents, with enough love for them to make it sound true. Pere Jacques ought to have been brought up as a far-away witness at the Eichmann trial, he had certainly more than forgiven him. And very intellectual people ought to read these two books in a spirit of utter simplicity.

a Carmelite monk who died of voluntary poverty in one of the most hideous of the concentration camps.

What makes pious stories generally dull and unbearable, states Miss O'Connor: Is that generally they sound too good to be true. Human beings are not like that and Urs Von Balthazar in his book on Bernanos hazards that hagiography does not come alive because the saints are painted by mousy old canons who make them just like themselves.

Graham Greene has used this theme forcefully in the *Power and the Glory*. In the beginning the little boy yawns as his mother reads to him the edifying story of Christian martyrs harboring hunt-

ed priests in communist Mexico; but at the very end with his ears filled with the shots of an execution, the little boy opens the door to a hunted priest and kisses his hand with fervor. He is living the story.

Of no literary merit, in the second case poorly translated, these two stories have a close link: they are told, directly or indirectly by eye witnesses. It will in the first case be the Dominican Nuns of the Rose Hawthorne foundation, in Atlanta, Ga., who nursed the little girl; in the second the priest's companions in the concentration camp. This is what brings to light the mystery of Redemption that Miss O'Connor in another article in *America* (March, 1957) has called

WHAT IS TO BE DONE

By KARL MEYER

I came home from work this evening firmly determined to excommunicate from St. Stephen's House of Hospitality (to cut off from all communication with) one of those men who was among the first to come to us, an alcoholic, who has been with us on and off, mostly on, for over three years. Not to cut him off because it is the Christian thing to do, or the Catholic thing, or the redemptive thing, or the kind thing, but because it is a thing that must be done. It must be done because he hasn't gotten any better over the years with us. He has gotten much worse. He used to be amiable and pleasant; now he is bitter and often belligerent. He used to have some physical resilience; now he is groggy and confused. He was never sober enough to know the meaning of consideration for others, but he used to listen when you asked him to do a considerate thing. He used to have more control over the bladder when he slept on other peoples' beds without asking them, and sometimes he even took off his shoes.

It must be done because I haven't gotten any better over the years with him. In fact, I've gotten worse. I used to be gentle, sort of sentimental, now I've gotten hard nosed. I used to be patient (my friends will laugh), but I haven't much patience anymore. And then, I used to sleep in the back room where I couldn't hear him knocking on the front door at 3:00 AM, which he always did, and other people had to get up and let him in, or curse him and argue with him until he agreed to go away, which he used to do sometimes.

No, it must be done because he'll never go away and stay away until he knows that he doesn't have a chance here. Give him an inch, and he'll take a mile, or two, and I don't have it to give any more. Give him a cup of water and he'll take the kitchen sink, and the rest of us have to wash our hands there, and our shirts and our dishes, because it's the only sink we've got.

So I came home from work this evening, and there was a letter from Jim Forest, asking me to write about houses of hospitality and why there should be more of them and what they should be like and how you start one. So I have to take time away from other things and people and write quickly what I know.

In his book, WHAT IS TO BE DONE, Leo Tolstoy tells of taking the census of a slum district in Moscow, and of the comprehensive institutions and plans he envisioned for eliminating destitution in the city. While he was planning his old friend Sutaief came to his house for a visit:

"He sat immovable, dressed in his black-tanned sheepskin coat, which he, like other peasants, wore indoors as well as out. It seemed that he was not listening to us, but was thinking about something else. His small eyes gave no responding gleam, but seemed to be turned inward. Having spoken out to my satisfaction, I turned to him and asked him what he thought about it.

"The whole thing is superficial," he replied.

"Why?"

"The plan is an empty one and

no good will come of it," he repeated with conviction.

"How is it that nothing will come of it? Why is it a useless business, if we help thousands, or even hundreds, of unhappy ones? Is it a bad thing, according to the gospel, to clothe the naked, or to feed the hungry?"

"I know, I know; but what you are doing is not that: Is it possible to help thus? You are walking in the street; somebody asks you for a few kopeks; you give it to him. Is that charity? Do him some spiritual good: teach him—What you gave him merely says, 'Leave me alone.'

"No; but that is not what we were speaking of: we wish to become acquainted with the wants, and then help by money and deeds. We will try to find for the poor people some work to do."

"That would be no way of helping them."

"How then? Must they be left to die of starvation and cold?"

"Why left to die? How many are there of them?"

"How many?" said I, thinking that he took the matter so lightly from not knowing the great number of these men. "You are not aware, I dare say, that there are in Moscow about twenty thousand cold and hungry. And then think of those in St. Petersburg and other towns!"

"He smiled. 'Twenty thousand! And how many families are there in Russia alone? Would they amount to a million?'"

"What of that?" said he, with animation, and his eyes sparkled. "Let us unite them with ourselves; I am not rich myself, but will at once take two of them. You take a young fellow into your kitchen; I invite him into my family. If there were ten times as many, we should take them all into our families. You one, I another. We shall work together; those I take to live with me will see how I work; I will teach them to reap, and we shall eat out of one bowl, at one table; and they will hear a good word from me, and from you also. This is charity; but all this plan of yours is no good."

"These plain words made an impression on me. I could not help recognizing that this was true; but it seemed to me then, that, notwithstanding the justice of what he said, my proposed plan might, perhaps, also be useful."

"But the longer I was occupied with this affair, and the closer my intercourse with the poor, the oftener I recollected these words, and the greater meaning I found in them."

"I indeed go in an expensive fur coat, or drive in my own carriage, to a man who is in want of boots: he sees my house which costs two hundred rubles a month, or he notices that I give away, without thinking, five rubles, only because such is my fancy; he is then aware that, if I give away rubles in such a manner, it is because I have accumulated so many of them that I have a lot to spare, which I not only am never in the habit of giving to any one, but which I have, without compunction, taken away from others. What can he see in me but one of those persons who have become possessed of what should belong to him?" (end of quotation from Tolstoy).

I have my own Sutaief in Le-

mont who has been with me longer even than the alcoholic whom I mentioned above. I would not have you believe that all who come to a house of hospitality are a burden. Quite as many are a source of joy and strength. There are good men and kind men and gentle, poets and wise men, scholars and philosophers.

Lemont has long hair and a long beard and wears his black coat and gloves in the house and washes less than most, so that the respectable suppose that he is very strange and alien. But he is more kind and wise and scholarly than all the bourgeoisie I know. He loves that passage from Tolstoy, and he always counsels me not to try to do too much for too many, because just as we must all bear one another's burdens, so too any one of us can only bear the burdens of a few. But there are so few of us here and the needs of the poor press in upon us overwhelmingly, so that "never to be safe again is all our lives."

It isn't that the man I must excommunicate could not be helped, but that behind him stand ten thousand more, and I can not take them all, starting with him. If you open the door they will come in by hundreds; I have seen them with my own eyes. At one time we fed eighty men a night in a kitchen ten feet by ten feet. The first thing is to survive, the first year and the second and the third. If you don't survive yourself, you can't do anything for anyone. There have been houses of hospitality where the householders drove themselves to insanity. Lesson No. 1—Do not burden yourself beyond the limit of grace, humanity and survival.

We need more houses of hospitality where the strong will share the burdens of the weak. The more houses the better, because the more there are, the lighter will be the burdens in each house, and the lighter the burdens, the more the weak will be strengthened to walk. I am not saying that you should take alcoholics and psychotics into your house, because few can bear it or know what to do, but I am speaking of the sick and old and unemployed and orphans (so many of the alcoholics and psychotics were raised in orphanages).

I mentioned that I come home from work in the evening. Why am I not at home all day? I come home from work in the evening because I work all day to earn a living for my household. Dorothy and my good priest often tell me I should quit work and beg for our living, so that I could do more for the poor. But if I did more for the poor by begging money from people, the people would do less for the poor by paying me to do a bad job for them. You can have a real estate broker and an insurance broker, but you can't have a broker for your charity. If people gave me money they would not be able to take the poor into their own homes, nor would they be able to ask their boss for a reduction in salary so that the low paid workers in their hospital or restaurant or business could be paid more, nor would they be able to go into a high class restaurant and offer to pay double the check so that the 50c an hour dishwasher could be paid a decent wage, nor would they be able to cut their pay in

half so that the unemployed could be hired to share the piled up work that puts such pressures on the employed and often breaks up homes and ruins lives. I have to fight with my employer to keep from doing overtime and getting home even later in the evening. I tell him, "There are thousands unemployed. Go out and hire them to do the overtime."

Yes, if people were to give me money, we would have one big house of hospitality in every major city, and one hundred would be inside and ten thousand would be outside, and the people would say, "We have a house of hospitality in our city. Let the poor get themselves over there before it closes at 8:00 PM."

Now I hope no one will say, "Well, I was going to send you a dime, but I see you don't want my money so I'll go out and get an ice cream cone instead." In that case I'll take the dime; but it isn't the better way.

So that is why we need houses of hospitality, and why I work and have a small house of hospitality.

Now, when and how do you start a house of hospitality and what is it like?

I started my first Catholic Worker house in Washington, D.C. when I was nineteen years old and not even a Catholic. I was working as a messenger for Dean Acheson's law firm, one of the biggest, and most of our work was defending giant corporations in anti-trust suits. Not every anarchist starts out by being perfectly consistent.

I rented a store on the roughest street in the roughest neighborhood in town, on O St. between 6th and 7th, though I didn't know about it at the time. It was just where I happened to get a store. There were more murders around there than in any other precinct. I was the only white man in the block, and when I came home from meetings late at night the police used to stop me and warn me to get out of the neighborhood. My father wasn't in Congress yet; my parents were home in Vermont and my mother never really knew.

The store had a middle sized front room with a show window, a very small kitchen with a sink, and in the back, a larger room with no windows, and a small alcove with a toilet. The floor was of concrete and water used to come in and stand around in various spots in the back room. For this I paid \$50 a month, cash on the barrel-head, and I had not a grain of trouble renting it in spite of my age, its location and the strange purposes I proposed for it. I bought a stove, refrigerator and a gas heater in successive months. Instead of getting beds and chairs, I got \$50 worth of lumber and constructed six benches to do double service for sleeping in the back room and meetings in the front room. The neighbors, and also some cops, came in to see what all the hammering was about, and they wanted to know what kind of racket I was setting up, but I didn't say much. Some of them wanted to buy the benches then and there. I should have sold them. I had everything set up and was ready to receive my guests. But I sat there and sat there and nobody came. I started in June and for several months nobody came. Summer passed. In early autumn I

was walking along the street and I saw a man lying on the steps of a Protestant church. I awakened him with difficulty; he was loaded. I loaded him into a cab and brought him home. I was exultant.

In the January 1962 CW, I wrote of my exultation after my first venture in alley picking. It could not have compared with my joy in my first action of hospitality. But within three days my joy was to turn to desperation. My new guest was stone drunk, and if I had known anything about it I would have observed that he was absolutely punchy from years of drunkenness. But I immediately determined upon his redemption from wine. I put him to bed, or rather to bench. For the next two days I tried to sober him up, but what was my despair to discover that in the morning he was as drunk as the night before. Somehow he managed to elude me and to oil himself up frequently. I didn't get much sleep because he didn't seem to keep regular hours. All he could eat was sugar with coffee. By the morning of the third day I was exhausted and desperate.

I called my friend Jim Guinan of Friendship House (who was to become my Godfather at my baptism a few months later) and he told me to bring him over. As soon as the poor man was delivered into Jim's old hands, I went upstairs, lay down on a couch and cried for half an hour. After that I was all right. I had learned a lesson; Lesson #2—Don't demand prompt success from anyone else, or from yourself. After five months of operations and one three day guest, I closed my first house of hospitality. I would only mention that Jack Biddle drove me home once with Ammon Hennacy from a meeting where Ammon spoke, and they stopped and had a look at my place when they dropped me off. That was before Ammon knew me at all, but perhaps he remembers that house.

After all this I went to New York and, the following June, joined the Catholic Workers in their Civil Defense protest, and served my first thirty days in jail.

A year later, Ed Morin and I started St. Stephen's House (I got the store and he got the people), which has met with some success in its almost four years. I have written all of this preface so that you might say, "If such a fool as this can do it, perhaps I can too."

As my Washington experience illustrates, setting up house is easy; it's the hospitality that brings problems.

St. Stephen's House is located with a view to the major relevant factors. I am poor and I am taking the poor into my house, so we are going to be even poorer. Therefore we are set on the edge of a small slum pocket, a back pocket just three blocks away from Chicago's glittering Gold Coast. We are in a poor neighborhood because slum landlords are tolerant of poverty, slum tenants are tolerant of poverty, and police and building department officials are tolerant of poverty, in poor neighborhoods; we get along well with our neighbors. It is no crime to be poor here. Some houses have had to move time and again be-

(Continued on page 8)



Christian Ethics and Nuclear War

(Continued from page 2)

choice but due to unfortunate circumstances in this country. A Pax group, an offshoot of the English Pax movement, is now being formed to concentrate Catholic opposition to nuclear war in the U.S. and to articulate Christian policies for peace. Those who have joined fully expect to receive harsh criticism and opposition from their co-religionists but they feel that the crisis is too serious for them to remain silent and inactive without incurring moral guilt. The members of Pax are not necessarily pure pacifists. They are opposed however to all nuclear war.

The popular image of the Catholic Church, particularly of American Catholicism, does not readily admit such a possibility as this. Catholics are regarded as a monolithic mass, directed passively from above, without thoughts or feelings of their own. The outspoken hostility with which right wing Catholics have reacted to the Encyclical *Mater et Magistra* as socialist ought to warn the rest of men that the phenomenon of Catholic "passivity" is more complex than they realize.

Recent official statements of the American Catholic Bishops deplore the irresponsibility and secularism which affects Catholics as much as everybody else. This would suggest that the American Catholic tends to be a passive unit in the affluent mass society of the U.S.A. and that he consecrates the values of this secular society with a few authoritative formulas he has heard in the pulpit.

This is especially true in the matter of war. It is commonly said, even by Catholics, that "the Church has never condemned nuclear war," which is completely false. Of course the Pope has never pronounced an *ex cathedra* definition which would formally outlaw nuclear war. Why should he? Does every infima species of mortal sin need to be defined and denounced by the extraordinary magisterium? Do we now need an *ex cathedra* fulmination against adultery before Catholics will believe themselves bound in conscience to keep the 6th commandment? There is no need for nuclear war to be solemnly outlawed by an extraordinary definition. It should not even need to be condemned by the ordinary papal teaching. In fact, however, it has been so condemned.

The Christmas messages of Pope Pius XII during and after World War II became stronger and stronger in their denunciation of total war and all those policies by which the allies, with a "good conscience" forced the unconditional surrender of their enemies. Already in 1944, before Hiroshima, Pope Pius asserted that "the theory of war as an apt and proportionate means of solving international conflicts is now out of date" and declared that the duty of banning all wars of aggression was binding on all. This duty "brooks no delay, no procrastination, no hesitation, no subterfuge." Few, it seems, were listening. The saturation bombing of open cities was purely and simply mass murder by Christian moral standards and it is sophistry to argue that because this was "tolerated" the H bomb automatically becomes legitimate. Pope Pius II denounced nuclear annihilation bombing very clearly and without any possibility of being mistaken. He declared that from the moment a weapon was so large and so destructive that it wiped out everything and everyone indiscriminately, it could not be tolerated by Christian morality. Here are his words:

Should the evil consequences of adopting this method of warfare ever become so extensive as to pass utterly beyond the control of man, then indeed its use must be rejected as immoral. In that event it would no longer be a question of defense against injustice and necessary protection of legitimate possessions, but of the annihilation pure and simple

of all human life within the affected area. That is not lawful on any title.

(Address to the World Medical Association, Sept., 1954)

We must note that this applies equally to offensive and defensive war. While it is obligatory to defend one's nation against unjust aggression, only legitimate means can be taken for this. And if the destructive effect of war is far greater than the political injustice suffered, war is not legitimate. "If the damage caused by war is disproportionate to the injustice suffered, it may well be a matter of obligation to suffer the injustice" said Pope Pius XII to army doctors on October 19, 1953.

These are of course general statements of principle which are meant to be clarified by the Bishops, theologians, and clergy. The Pope does not make individual moral decisions for all the members of the Church, but enunciates and defines the norms according to which they should make their personal decisions for themselves. Unfortunately, statements like this one on nuclear war, though dutifully reported in the press and respectfully noted by the faithful are seldom really assimilated by them. That is why the serious moral implications of the measured Papal denunciations of nuclear war seem to have been overlooked.

The Popes have not merely been trying to say that nuclear war is not nice, but that it upsets traditional Catholic norms of the morality of war. In plain language this is an essentially new kind of war and one in which the old concept of the "just war" is irrelevant because the necessary conditions for such a war no longer exist. A war of total annihilation simply cannot be considered a "just war", no matter how good the cause for which it is undertaken.

Such is the view taken by no less authoritative a theologian than Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Holy Office. Writing before the development of the H bomb, Cardinal (then Monsignor) Ottaviani says this without ambiguity:

The war of our times is not the war of our experience . . . Principles derive from the very nature of things: the difference between war as it was and war as we know it is precisely one of nature . . . Modern wars can never fulfill the conditions which govern, theoretically, a just and lawful war. Moreover no conceivable cause could ever be sufficient justification for the evils, the slaughter, the moral and religious upheavals which war today entails.

Such is the thesis in an article entitled "war is to be forbidden entirely", published in Latin in his *Public Laws of the Church* (Rome 1947). Unfortunately such opinions have not been widely disseminated, although Bishop Fulton J. Sheen has publicly taken the same standpoint in this country. It must be said also that statements like this do not exclude the use of nuclear weapons in tactical warfare, assuming that such warfare can be "kept within limits," a possibility which hardly interests the military mind of 1962.

Perhaps the most cogent and articulate statements of Catholic opinion on nuclear war are now coming from Europe. A German Dominican, Fr. Franziskus Strattmann, has courageously broken through the conventional thought barriers to discover how, in the Middle Ages, the Gospel ethic was "supplemented—perhaps we must say stifled—by religiously neutral natural law," and from this developed the theory of just wars, whose elastic principles were to be stretched indefinitely by later casuistry until they have now reached the breaking point. He admits nevertheless that even the natural law clearly repudiates modern war. A recent collection of essays, *Nuclear Weapons and Christian Conscience* (Merlin Press London, 1961) frankly takes the

stand that the immoral hypotheses of "realists" who seek to justify nuclear war are "doing more from within to undermine western civilization than the enemy can do from the outside." These Catholic writers protest with all their strength against the "habitual moral squalor" of the prevailing opportunism, and remind the Christian who may have forgotten the Cross that in a situation like ours we may be forced to choose "the ultimate weapon of meaningful suffering" or deny the Christian faith itself. It is absurd and immoral to pretend that Christendom can be defended by the H bomb.

As St. Augustine would say, the weapon with which we would attempt to destroy the enemy would pass through our own heart to reach him. He would be annihilated morally and no doubt physically as well. The H bomb may possibly wipe out western society if it is used by Communists, but it will destroy Christendom spiritually if it used as a weapon of aggression by Christians.

It must be noted that those Catholic writers are not formal pacifists. They admit the traditional theory of the "just war" but feel that this concept is no



longer viable. At the same time they attack the extreme argument that Christianity must be by its very nature pacifistic. One of the writers blames this idealistic view for encouraging the opposite cynical extreme, "double think about double effect." The book questions the moral honesty of manufacturing and stockpiling nuclear weapons while "suspending the decision to use them." It questions the morality of using nuclear weapons even as a threat.

Another question: to what extent can the individual claim to remain uncommitted when his government pursues a policy that leads directly to nuclear war? One of the writers answers: "In modern warfare, responsibility for all that is not antecedently, clearly and publicly ruled out must be accepted by anyone who in any way participates in waging the war." This means that if you go to work for Boeing with the impression that you will not have to build bombers, or for Chrysler missiles with a mental reservation that you won't manufacture anything with a warhead, you remain partly responsible for the nuclear war which you have helped to prepare, even though you may have had good intentions and desired nothing but to make an "honest living."

Problems facing the individual conscience are doubtless crucially important, but it would be of little use for individuals to fold their arms with a sweet smile and a pure heart and refuse to take part in political life. The moral and

Marx and the Spirit of Anarchism

"There is a contradiction, an obvious, glaring contradiction, between Marx's analytic method and his conclusions. This is not surprising; he worked out the conclusions before the method. Hence Marxism's claim to be a science is rather amusing. Marx became a revolutionary in his youth, under the influence of noble sentiments; his ideal at this period was, indeed, humane, clear, conscious, reasoned, quite as much as—and even considerably more than—during the subsequent years of his life. Later, he tried to work out a method for studying human societies. His vigorous mind did not allow him to manufacture a mere caricature of a method; he saw, or at any rate glimpsed, an authentic method. Such are the two contributions he made to the history of thought: in his youth, he perceived a new formula for the social idea, and in his maturity, the new or partly new formula of a method for interpreting history. He thus gave double proof of genius. Unfortunately, loth, as all strong characters are, to allow two separate men to go on living in him—the revolutionary and the scientist; averse also to that sort of hypocrisy which adherence to an ideal unaccompanied by action implies; insufficiently scrupulous, moreover, in regard to his own thought, he insisted on making his method into an instrument for predicting a future in conformity with his desires. To achieve this, he was obliged to give a twist both to the method and to the ideal, to deform the one and the other. In the slackening of his thought which permitted such deformations, he allowed himself—he, the non-conformist—to be carried away into an unconscious conformity with the most ill-founded superstitions of his day, the cult of production, the cult of big industry, the blind belief in progress. He thus dealt a serious and lasting, maybe irreparable blow—at any rate one difficult to repair—both to the scientific and to the revolutionary spirit. I do not think that the workers' movement in this country will become something living again until it seeks, I will not say doctrines, but a source of inspiration, in what Marx and Marxists have fought against and very foolishly despised: in Proudhon, in the workers' groups of 1848, in the trade-union tradition, in the anarchist spirit. As for a doctrine, the future alone, at best, will perhaps be able to provide one; not the past."

Simone Weil

From "Fragments, 1933-1938" in
Oppression and Liberty, London, 1958

Catholic Pacifist Jailed in England

(Continued from page 2)

by the Stroud (Glos.) Magistrates, and I believe it is important that it should be clearly understood by the members of the community on whose behalf the Magistrates have officially acted, why this has happened.

For the past two years I have refused to pay the portion of the Local Rate (roughly 1 penny in the pound) allocated to "Civil Defense." My reasons are as follows:

1. There is not even any pretense of preparation to protect the people of Stroud in the event of war.
2. According to Government spokesmen, there is no known means of protecting the population against nuclear attack.
3. Even if "Civil Defense" could be effective (which I do not believe possible I would still feel bound to refuse to pay for it, since "Civil Defense" is an essential part of

political problems are inextricable from one another, and it is only by sane political action that we can fully satisfy the moral requirements that face us today as Christians. The clarification of the basic moral issue of nuclear war is an all important first step, but there is much to be done after that. What faces us all, Christians and non Christians alike, is the titanic labor of trying to change the world from a camp of warring barbarians into a peaceful international community from which war has been perpetually banned. Chances of success in this task seem almost ludicrously impossible. Yet if we fail to face this responsibility we will certainly lose everything.

The immediate responsibility of Christians is to contribute whatever they can to an atmosphere of sanity and trust in which negotiation and disarmament may eventually become feasible. But if they continue in ignorance, suspicion, resentment and hatred of Communism, forgetting that the Communist, whatever his failing, is also a human being who might conceivably want peace, they may do more than anyone else to foment the blind, unchristian, murderous rage which makes war inevitable.

the preparation for a war in which millions of innocent people would be brutally killed or maimed.

4. I believe that those who support "Civil Defense" have been deceived by the Government into believing that they are helping to save life and assist the injured, whereas in fact by their acceptance of the need for "Civil Defense," they have given their tacit agreement (in certain circumstances) to the waging of nuclear war and its unimaginably terrible suffering.

5. Worst of all is the hypocrisy attached to "Western" propaganda, which says, in effect, the Russians are the atheistic barbarians and we are good people trying to protect Christianity and democracy, whereas, in fact we and the U.S.A. are prepared to collaborate with the Russians in the ultimate blasphemy of destroying the whole of creation.

A so-called policy of which this is the logical result can never be justified, and I appeal to everyone who reads this statement to seriously consider his or her position. Examine your conscience and ask yourself the question: Am I willing to lend my support, either actively or (as the majority, unfortunately do) by my silence, to the preparation for nuclear war? (Remembering that "Civil Defense" is part of the insidious mental conditioning for war-acceptance.)

If we give our silent agreement to Lord Home's recent boast of our ability to annihilate all Russia's cities (even in revenge) we have committed murder in our hearts.

You can no longer remain silent and still hope to retain your integrity. I may be forcibly silenced for a time, but I ask you to speak out fearlessly against the crime which is being prepared by the world's leaders. Above all—speak out for the children and babies of the world who rely upon you for protection. You cannot give protection by preparing for war—a war in which there can be no defense—only revengeful slaughter on both sides.

Laurence Hislam,
Brownhill,
Stroud, Glos.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 2)

the sounds of policeman's clubs striking human flesh; the cries of those who were struck; the outraged cries of those who witnessed the brutal action of the police; the cries of the frightened women and children—these unmistakable sounds and the on-the-scene interviews with demonstrators who were struck or witnessed someone near them being struck left no doubt about the brutality of these mounted police who rode into a demonstration so massed that it was almost impossible to escape and made up in large part of women and children. I cannot approve the surprise sit-down demonstration which started the trouble; but it seems obvious that five dozen policemen could have removed a handful of sit-downers without so much as touching the large crowd of peaceful demonstrators who were not breaking any law at all. WBAI deserves much commendation for this excellent tape-reporting. Judith Malina's description of her husband, Julian Beck, lying in a hospital bed at Bellevue with a tube in his lung as a result of this same police brutality, was also most moving.

Weatherwise, here at the farm, we have also been outside the main stream of action. It is as though God had looked at us and said—"These are shorn lambs; I shall temper my winds—for a while." Yet we have heard the winds howl and felt the house shake. Perhaps the weather is devising a special penance to test the sackcloth and ashes we must wear during the long Lenten preparation for the great feast of the Resurrection of Our Lord. True most of us are winter weary, more subject, I suppose to tension and irritability, though not much more so than any family. We rejoice that we have survived the dreariest doldrums of February; and we know that March, for all its fierceness, is the month of St. Joseph and St. Patrick, and the tender womb of Spring.

We have of course had some enlivening occasions to help sustain us through the wintry weather. Sunday, February 18, when the work-camp group came out to hold the discussion part of their weekend with us, was such a day. This group, made up in part of students and in part of young people who had already started their work careers, had put in a hard day's work at Chrystie Street and had listened to some of the younger members of our staff discussing CATHOLIC WORKER aims and origins. Here at the farm, they heard Dorothy Day give an excellent talk on Peter Maurin and his philosophy of work. Dorothy illustrated her talk with anecdotes about Hans Tunnesen and his many work contributions during the long years and vicissitudes of Catholic Worker communities, and concluded by playing a record of Peter Maurin chanting his famous Easy Essay—When the Irish were Irish. Discussions and socializing continued throughout the day. We were glad that so many of our own young people could get out for this occasion, and that Bronnie Warskaskas of Boston and Tom Cornell of Connecticut, both friends and associates of several years standing, could also be with us. It always seems to me that Peter Maurin's ideas come through with more conviction when discussed here at the farm which bears his name, and which, for all its tendencies toward an institutionalized kind of "home," is nevertheless in some sense a kind of farming commune where Peter's ideas are—in part at least—honored as ideal, as aim, though far from achievement. Perhaps our failure will be the seed of someone's future success.

One should not forget, however, that such days mean considerable work for various members of our farm family. Hans Tunnesen, as usual on such special occasions,

cooked a delicious dinner. Joe Cotter prepared his famous baked beans for supper. Slim performed prodigies at dishwashing. Jean Walsh, Greta Mitchell, and Classie Mae Holman filled in at all kinds of work and kept things coordinated. Molly Powers and Agnes Sydney did some extra cleaning in preparation for the event. The faithfulness of many of our farm family to the daily routine of work is, I think, an indication that Peter Maurin's ideas on the subject are not totally lost. Whatever persons come and go in the official and onerous capacity of "running things," the day's work gets done. Larry Doyle, Joe Roach, Joe Cotter, and Hans do the principal work in the kitchen. Hans almost always has a building or repair job underway; he has recently constructed a special shed to house our coal supply since the inspector did not approve the coal bin in the basement. Joe Cotter, who takes care of the canning during the season, also fills in at electrical and plumbing repair work, and has kept the fire in the chapel going all winter so that we might keep warm while praying. John Filliger, our farmer, always has a greenhouse full of projects going through the winter. These are the workers, as Dorothy Day would say, and many scholars would do



well to understudy them for a while.

The visits most appreciated by our farm family are undoubtedly those of persons who once lived in one of our communities or did volunteer work in a CATHOLIC WORKER center. A visit that was like a shot-in-the-arm to me was that of Richard and Veronica Jones whom I first met at Maryfarm. As a matter of fact, Richard and Veronica also met at Maryfarm, became engaged there, and were married shortly after leaving there. They now live and work in Stamford, Connecticut. As always they came laden with gifts for the farm family, but the best gift of all was just the chance to see them and talk with them again. Just as they were leaving that Sunday evening, Joe Monroe, who will be remembered by so many Catholic Workers of the past ten years or so, arrived. Joe, Ralph Madsen—who is no longer with us but does come back for visits and we hope will continue to do so—Classie Mae, and Lucille put in a few hours singing folk songs and Negro spirituals to the delight of the rest of us whose ears were better than our voices. We look forward to another visit from Joe soon when he has promised to bring his lovely wife, Audrey. We were also surprised and delighted when Isidore Fazio arrived one evening with Billie Plunkett to spend the night with us. Ernest Lundren too has been able to drive over for several visits despite the weather. Beth and Frances have been out several times. Beverley and her children come frequently. Arthur Lacey makes flying visits. Jonas has come frequently bringing honey and Lithuanian bread. Charles Butterworth usually comes out for the weekend and helps drive the farm

family to Mass. Judith Gregory has likewise combined duty with pleasure—the pleasure was ours anyway—by arranging her visits to coincide with our clinic appointments so that she could act as chauffeur. Jim Forest has come out a number of times and spent much time reading to me out of Cross Currents and some of the pacifist periodicals so that I don't feel quite so left out of current intellectual trends and events. Jim is a young man of much energy and enthusiasm and is taking an active part in the work for peace; he is now awaiting sentence for his part in the sit-down demonstration before the AEC building.

Winter, I think, always seems longer when there is illness, and we have had our share this year. John Filliger had to return to the hospital for another three weeks in bed as a result of his racing heart. Peggy Conklin—Peggy and Howard have been staying with us since early in February—also had to spend three weeks in the hospital but is now home and better. As for me, the eye which seemed so much improved after the operation in December suddenly became worse so that I was again groping in darkness, as a result I have had to make many visits to the eye specialist; once again there is some improvement and alleviation of

What Is to Be Done

(Continued from page 6)

cause they kept moving into places where it was a crime to be poor.

Furnishings and food we get from the Gold Coast alleys. Fortunately, it evidently is not a crime to salvage the criminal wastes of these rich neighbors. They think us quaint, seeing us going about at late hours poking our heads in garbage pails or dragging bed springs through back streets.

We live in a store; on account of the marginal nature of small business in the slums, storefront properties offer more space for less rent than regular housing units. We have five rooms with steam heat for \$70 a month. The steam comes once a day, if it comes at all, but the kitchen oven warms the whole house. There are four floors of tenement flats above and at least once a month the plumbing breaks down above us and water pours from floor to floor on its way to the sea, but I haven't met a pipe I couldn't plug. In between the floods we are warm and dry and life is pleasant here.

In ten months of 1960 (I was in jail for two months) my expenses for the house and personal concerns totaled \$2102.56. Monthly expenses ranged from \$131.28 up to \$347.97. The basic monthly costs were approximately as follows:

Rent	\$ 70
Gas	10
Electricity	10
Phone	8
Laundry	12
Food	40
	\$150

Miscellaneous costs include the following:

Raincoats for an American Friends Service Committee peace vigil—\$18.48

Payment of a fine and costs to spring Ed Bodin from the city jail—\$29.00

Leaflets for the protest in behalf of Eroseanna Robinson—\$15.00

Travel to and from peace conferences and meetings—\$49.74

There were ten beds in the house, always taken, and occasionally extra people would sleep on the floor for several days, or even several weeks.

Around six or eight men came from outside each night for supper.

We had clothing for those who needed it, and bread for some of the families in our building.

Three of the men in the house lived here through the entire year, and I was able to claim them as dependents for non-tax purposes.

The meals were cooked and the house was kept by Joe Patrofsky, who worked seven days a week, because he was a working man "too old to work" and the work was there and who else did it, and all he got for it was sixty minutes an hour, as Richard says when he mops the floor. I realize

and ashes. But somewhere a bird is singing the first madrigal of Spring, somewhere a patch of grass is greener under the melting snow, somewhere a branch of forsythia is about to flower in a lambent Te Deum of hope. I like the story Tom Cain tells of the gusty first of March. Some quarrelsome crows, he said, were trying to make headway against the winds and having no success. Loudly they complained and tried again, and again were buffeted back. Then in the midst of their complaining, in between the loud gusts of wind, a large flock of redwinged blackbirds glided smoothly in, unruffled, unerringly headed straight for their Spring nesting home. Will He Who led these birds between the winds, who walled the waters for the Israelites to pass through, who sent His Son to die for love of us—will He not make for us some passage through the turbulence, some sure and secret way to peace? Do we forget? He is the Way.

now that we exploited him by not giving him more help, and my only excuse is that I worked as hard myself, though I took a day off whenever I pleased.

Well, what of these people to whom we offer hospitality. They are of every shape and sort, and every state of poverty and destitution. Three may be old or sick and "unemployable"; two may have mental illness or psychosis; one may be an alcoholic, or a wandering man of God, an indigent student or an unpaid peace worker, or simply an unemployed worker. We have had here a journalist, of the Jewish faith he always made clear, who was unemployed because the FBI kept going around and telling his employers that he had twice refused to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee about his activities in behalf of integration in the South. We have had here a poor rich young man who was doing alternative service as an orderly in a Catholic hospital and trying to meet the payments on a small sports car. We have had here a generous, kindly, handsome, strong, hardworking, young gentleman, who happened to be a Negro, and who didn't just happen to be unemployed except for occasional work as a porter in a cheap drug-store, and who happened to wind up in a penitentiary for attempting armed postal robbery. We have had connected with us Mr. Cable, a madman whose behavior was shocking by his own account. We have had here an inferior decorator, of checks that is; he didn't make a good living by it. There are only two of us who don't eat meat, but we managed at one time to keep two butchers unemployed. One of them has died now, but the other is still unemployed.

There are workers and scholars and non-workers and non-scholars. If a house is small and the people are different and individual, the strength of one gives help for the weakness of another. The house is a center of thought and action. It is a microcosm of the world. Many visitors come and take away more than they bring. The workers and the non-workers and the non-scholars hear the discussions among the scholars about peace and love and politics and sociology, and they become informed and aware by diffusion. The non-workers and the scholars see the workers at work, but I can't see that it does them much good.

I believe that a dying man is more alive here, and a living man is more alive still. We have here a community of need, where the first man who comes in need, is received, and a community of diversity, where all are welcome. We have a communion between the living and the dying in the natural order, and we are often dying unto ourselves in order to live unto others in the supernatural order, but I believe that we become more alive ourselves.

I have walked across the world from Chicago to Moscow, and the scene bored me much of the time. But I am not bored here. We don't walk past the world and its problems. The world comes in with its problems and sits down for a cup of coffee and a word of consolation.

Karl Meyer,
St. Stephen's House,
164 W. Oak St., Chicago

P.S. This year between August 18 and September 3, we will be hosts in our neighborhood to the Peacemakers Training Program, which will study the power of the ideals of non-violence, voluntary poverty and community to cope with the social and international crises of our society. We hope that Dorothy and Ammon will be able to be among the faculty, along with other leaders from the radical peace movement and communitarian movements. The April or May CW will carry a full description of the Program.