

CATHOLIC WORKER



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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

SIX ECONOMIES

1. In a Capitalist economy everybody is a coupon-clipper
2. In a Fascist economy everybody is a soldier
3. In a Bolshevik economy everybody is a State employee
4. In a Syndicalist economy everybody is a union man
5. In a Technocratic economy everybody is an applied scientist
6. In an Agronomic economy every scholar is a worker so every worker can be a scholar

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE IRISH FATHERS

When the Irish Fathers were leading the Irish people in the seventh century the Irish people were the most cultured people in Europe

When the Irish Fathers were leading the Irish people in the seventh century the Irish people established Round-Table Discussions where people could look for thought, so they could have light

When the Irish Fathers were leading the Irish people in the seventh century the Irish people established Free Guest Houses where people could receive Christian hospitality.

When the Irish Fathers were leading the Irish people

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On Pilgrimage

Today it is grey and cold, stone cold. There is no color in sky or pavement or buildings round about. We are deep in winter. The pavements are covered with ice so one cannot walk freely and one's muscles tense with cold already are further stiffened by the difficulty in walking. No chance to swing out freely and so warm up the body by a good walk. Teresita, who used to be a Protestant missionary in Japan, said to us once some years ago that this is the time when all things should be quiet and still and not much effort should be made about anything, just to keep going, to be quiet and peaceful, dull and quiet and grey like the weather knowing by faith that the plane trees in the park across the street will in a few months pulse with life and put forth their green.

Down in the country snow barely covers the yellow stubble of the fields and pine trees stand black against the sky. Cherry trees are black too, and pear trees lift up their branches high and narrow to the dull sky. Down at the foot of the fields of the Peter Maurin farm there is little brook which empties a mile away into Lemon creek before it pours into Raritan Bay.

One afternoon on a walk - stood there and listened to the crows and starlings and the chatter of the little brook over iced stones and grasses and had my fill of beauty for an hour before I had to go back to the city again.

What a hunger, what a need we have for beauty and happiness that

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Matt Talbot and the Dance Team

By FRANK SCULLY

What Father Brendan, editor of The Way, and former spiritual adviser of Tertiaries in the Los Angeles diocese, was saying to those being received into the Third Order of St. Francis, was that, obeying the will of God didn't mean the accumulation of medals until one was bogged down with the weight of their numbers. Neither

did it mean neglecting your housework to attend special services. Maybe the will of God would be better served caring and feeding others. Least of all did it mean chucking your job, if you had one, so that your dependents might go hungry while you went off to pray for their sustenance.

This sort of advice was right down my alley. I could be a Tertiary myself under these conditions. I was about to be received into the Los Angeles branch and had large sized doubts I could make the grade. I felt that St. Francis, like the draft boards, was really scraping the bottom of the barrel if he'd take the likes of me.

Fortunately little Alice was in on this, too. The mother of our five fond fleas from Heaven, she drew me into this holy circle and would, I feared, have to carry the spiritual load for both of us. "Her A and my F, I figured, would level us off at a C and maybe Father Kenneth, our new spiritual adviser who directs the Hour of St. Francis during Father Hugh's recuperation, would ask St. Francis to remember that we were kind to children as well as animals and recommend a passing grade.

On the way out of church we met old tertiaries like Ted LeBerthon and Gabrielle Zicari. They all congratulated us. Mrs. Zicari lived out our way and we asked her if we could drive her to Hollywood. She thanked us and said, "No, I have to go down to the Matt Talbot Canteen."

"Matt Talbot Canteen!" Alice and I repeated like a Greek chorus. The words suffused us with guilty feelings. Months before Dorothy Day had asked us to look into it. At the time the project was hardly old enough to have a baptism. It was started in October 1950. In

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SEVEN NEGROES MURDERED BY STATE OF VIRGINIA

It is Friday, February 2nd as this is written and it was at 8 o'clock this morning that the state of Virginia murdered four Negroes and on Monday the 5th the remaining three will be murdered. They were the Martinsville seven. They were accused of rape, tried by a picked jury of all whites, their conviction was a foregone conclusion.

The evidence against them was not too convincing, the woman in the case made an initial appearance and then vanished. But the crucial fact is this: All together 45 Negro men have been murdered by the courts in Virginia on this charge of rape. A comparable number of white men have also been convicted of rape in the state of Virginia. But not one white man has been sentenced to death for this crime whereas all of the colored men were murdered!

The Governor of Virginia was appealed to, he refused to intervene. The courts were appealed to, up and including the Supreme Court of the United States. They refused to intervene. The President of the United States was appealed to. Mr. Harry Truman refused to intervene. These are our agencies of government, these are those who take us into wars for the defense of democracy. These are those who made capital

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Freedom Assaulted

By ROBERT LUDLOW

The democracy of the United States, like the democracy of any other State, is a false democracy. It is a false democracy because it is not possible to have democracy within a State that claims sovereignty. A State that claims sovereignty claims to exist of its own right, to rule over the people, to be a law unto itself. The pseudo-democracy of our times merely substitutes for the absolutism of the monarch the absolutism of a fictitious entity conceived as being more than the people who compose it. And it is called the State.

The operation of the modern State, which is ever greedy for power, is seen clearly in the activities of the United States government in enforcing the McCarran Law. We now have an official police State. We now have federal agents melodramatically banging on doors at 2 o'clock in the morning (beginning Sunday, October 22, 1950) and dragging non-citizens from their families. People charged with no crime other than that they have not the permission of the State to live. For one needs the permission of the State these days to live. Mankind, to whom the earth was given that man might have the freedom to live wherever he desires, has allowed the commanding clique, which is the State, to dictate who shall live where, who shall be allowed access to the natural resources of the earth. At the present time more than 3,000 non-citizens are threatened with deportation and lifetime separation from their families and more than 1,200 naturalized citizens are threatened with revocation of their citizenship and eventual de-

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Sun Herald Appeal

Readers of The Catholic Worker already know something about The Sun Herald, the daily paper started by lay Catholics last October 10 in Kansas City, Mo. The most important things about the paper are that it is trying to tell the truth and that its staff depends on prayer for daily bread and daily guidance. The Sun Herald is a free newspaper—free from commitments to commercial interests, to secular philosophies, to economic or political factions.

The freedom of The Sun Herald is "a freedom based on sacrifice," as the paper said the other day in an appeal for help. The staff live in voluntary poverty and ask for support from all who love truth and know the vital link between truth and sacrifice.

This paper will cease publication in the next few days unless the staff can raise \$15,000 to meet debts and make the paper more widely known. Gifts should be sent to The Sun Herald at 702 E. 12th st. Subscriptions will help as much as donations. A year's subscription costs \$14, a month's \$1.25.

Story of Simone Weil

By ANTHONY ARATARI

Beauty and Truth and Justice Are One.

In 1934, a sickly Jewish girl in her twenties asked for a year's leave of absence from teaching school and took a job enlarging drill-holes in the Renault factory at Paris. Sensitive and delicate of constitution, an intellectual by training in a most real and scholarly way (at twenty-two, after an exceptional scholastic record, she was

Refuses to Register

qualified as an assistant professor of philosophy), she was unsuited for the daily grind of factory work. And coming from a French bourgeois family of comfortable means, she was not obliged to do it. Yet she lodged herself in a Parisian working-man's district and lived solely on a workingman's pay. A year later, she was forced to quit because of an attack of pleurisy.

She described her impressions of her first work-day in the factory in a letter to a friend: "... Everything is done on the run. There is a moving-belt line (it was the first time I had seen one and it sickened me) where, a worker told me, they have doubled the speed in four years. Today a foreman took one woman's place on the line and worked at top speed for ten minutes (which is easy enough to do if you rest afterwards) to show her that she could work faster."

In the same letter, we get an idea of her inner life and the motives impelling her: "Perhaps you wonder how I resist the temptation to escape, since no necessity forces me to suffer like this. And yet, even at those moments when I feel I can't stand it any longer, such a temptation hardly arises. For I don't experience suffering as my own but rather as part of the general agony of all workers, and

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Two Deaths

The mother of Fr. Louis Farina, who is dear to us for the many retreats we made under him at Oakmont, Pa., died last month. Her name was Angela Andreis Farina and she was 66 years old. She was a native of Austria and came to this country in 1896. She is survived by five sons and two daughters. A friend wrote of her death and burial:

Father Farina's mother was buried today at Latrobe, where her five sons will follow her. The cemetery is at St. Vincent's Seminary, where the boys received their education for the priesthood. She had been ill for a year and though we all knew she would not last through the winter, the end was sudden, as she had been a little better the day before. Three of her sons offering Mass at the moment of her death, our Father Louis being one of the privileged ones. They were presenting themselves to God in faith at the same moment that she was presenting herself to Him in person. The thought of that gives one faint idea of what it will mean for us all to be one in God. Thomas Merton writes beautifully of that in his "Seeds of Contemplation." The next time I read it it will be with new appreciation.

The Mass was very beautiful. Fr. Albert, the eldest of the sons, celebrated Solemn High Mass at the main altar of Holy Rosary Church with Fr. Louis as deacon and Fr. Joseph as sub deacon. At the same time at the two side altars the younger sons, Father Edward and Wilbert, celebrated low Mass. The Church is almost stark in its simplicity and so was the ceremony which moved quietly and with great dignity through the solemn ritual of the Requiem Mass. I don't think anyone present will forget the sight of these five sons, all on the altars together, offering themselves to God on behalf of their little Mother. There must have been great rejoicing in Heaven. We drove to Latrobe, a distance of forty miles, in a blizzard of snow, which, happily, was a warm snow and did not cause us any trouble. It seemed to fit in somehow. There was quite a long procession of cars in spite of the distance and the bad weather. The Farinas were quite close, especially to their mother, who had struggled as a widow to bring up her seven children. Her death is a heavy cross to them all. Pray for them.

Miss Gertrude Burke

Last month Miss Burke died at the House of Calvary, Featherbed Lane, the Bronx, and I was privileged to assist at the requiem Mass which was offered in the chapel of the hospital where she had lived for the last twelve years.

It was Miss Burke who had formerly owned the two tenements at 115 Mott street which were occupied by The Catholic Worker and St. Joseph's House of Hospitality for the past fourteen years, since May, 1936. Through her generosity and that of the House of Calvary to whom she had turned over the houses, we were permitted to live rent free in the rear house which

had twenty rooms, and use the two stores in front, which made up the offices and the diningroom and kitchen, and the basements for storage. When the house was threatened in 1938 because the fire escapes were not modern ones, Miss Burke saw to it that all the laws, new tenement house laws, some of which were nonsensical as far as we were concerned, were complied with, fire conditioning the halls, transforming the apartments, which had been two room affairs into four room apartments, each with its private toilet. Repairs were always expensive affairs on these old houses and we always hated to bother our generous benefactors.

Miss Burke was a shy and modest person and when she came in to see us, she slipped in and out unobtrusively, leaving clothes, food, money, as though she were not letting her right hand know what her left hand doeth.

We are sure she did not understand what the social aims that we wrote about in the paper were, but she did "understand concerning the needy and the poor." She was the kind of person that had to give, and that faithfully and with perseverance. She never ceased to befriend us, and there were many she helped besides us. The Ladies of Calvary, which is a Religious Institute, must be widows, and Miss Burke was not a widow, but she lived with them and helped them with all she had. For a long time big Dan Orr, who used to sell The Catholic Worker in front of Macy's, was her chauffeur and he was always driving her on works of mercy, to Philadelphia or Long Island or equally distant places. For a long time she sent a number of little colored children to our farm during the summer, and always she sent money to us to feed them with. Food, clothing, shelter, the warmth of human kindness expressed in these things! With what warmth and joy she may expect in that happy land of refreshment, light and peace!

Seven Negroes

(Continued from page 1)

out of the horrors of Nazi racism and told us we must go to war to prevent, among other things, racial discrimination. These are the people who could have stopped these murders and refused to do so!

These men were murdered, not because they did or did not commit rape. If rape in itself were the issue then the white men convicted of it would also have been executed. These men were murdered because their skin was darker than the skin of the judge who presided at their case, because their skin was darker than the all white jury who tried them. In this "democracy," in this land of liberty, in this State which is so concerned about the morality of other peoples that it must police the world to see that justice prevails, in this nation of "Christian" peoples seven men are murdered because their skin is darker than those who control the government.

R. L.

Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

During the Christmas holiday season the following scene frequently occurs in the homes of the poor. The poor mother collars the two oldest children and gives them a good scrubbing plus dressing them in their Sunday best clothing. The little ambassadors are instructed to travel across town for their yearly visit to a family of well-to-do relatives who never knew a day of want and always appeared to be well fortified with the necessities as well as the luxuries of life. The departure ceremonies consist of the mother laying down a manual of arms for behavior in the land of the rich. The instructions ran like these: take your rubbers and caps off before crossing the threshold, do not be seated until you are asked, do not stay for supper, do not accept money and presents too eagerly and be sure to thank your aunt at least twice. Smile frequently, while you are there and be sure and tell them how nice their home looks. Tell them about the fine report card you brought home from school, especially the excellent marks you received in religion. The children usually leave home with great misgivings at their seemingly professional role of the poor. They generally knew that the collection of cheap trinkets would be as bad as they were the year previously. The role of the poor was heart breaking enough the year round without having to act it out in slow motion before their penurious relations.

What does this bit of autobiographical material have to do with Chrystie street? Nothing, really, except it all flashed back one afternoon last week during another departure ceremony. A tall, thin, grey-haired man was taking leave of our company for a two-month visit to a non-tropical island in the East River. It was Bill this time. He had been arrested a few days ago for begging money along the streets of the lower east side. The cycle with Bill seldom varied. He would have a miserable, low-paying job in the capacity of a hospital attendant for a month or two and then he would be paid. He would settle his score with the most insistent of his creditors and then finally succumb to the lure of the taverns. The drinking bout would last as long as his money and sometimes a couple of days beyond. Sickness and sobering up period followed with the aid of a few dimes gleaned from a very few generous souls. Generally he would be arrested in this process of panhandling and sent to jail for a few weeks. Finally he would be released to roam the streets broke and none the better for this series of misfortunes. Nowhere in this change of events did he meet anyone who would help him. An alcoholic along the Bowery is usually considered a lost cause. This last arrest of Bill's took a different twist since the judge gave him a choice of a term at the pedestrian's jail on Rikers Island or a sixty-day sojourn in Hart's Island rehabilitation center for society's backwash.

Hart's Island

As Bill was leaving us for Hart's Island he, too, was well scrubbed and wearing his Sunday best, his only suit and overcoat. He was somewhat nervous and apprehensive towards the new ordeal. However, he kept reassuring us and himself that the rendezvous in the East River wouldn't be too bad. Faintheartedly we joined in with his none too convincing aspirations. He made the usual inane remarks that most of us give voice to upon parting with friends. In a rather hollow voice he said that he wouldn't be a bit surprised if it weren't just the thing he needed. After all it was a good distance from the Bowery, how well he knew. He ran his fingers up and down the lapel of his flimsy overcoat and sighed that he should really leave it here in our clothes-room for some needy person. He

thought aloud, after all the city would provide him with another as they promised but then again he decided that it wouldn't be quite honest. With a smile and a goodbye he left the house clutching his hat against a strong wind. It will be interesting to see the type of job the reconversion center does at Hart's Island.

Darkness at Noon

Fortunately for us, we were presented with tickets this past month for a play, "Darkness at Noon," and the opera "Faust." We enjoyed both programs in a strange fashion. The Metropolitan Opera House, with its elegant interior, was as impressive as we had always been informed. But listening to and with our eyes glued to the devil Mephistopheles for three hours was more of a terrifying ordeal than we had bargained for. At the outset the devil was quite amusing and quaint but as the opera progressed we began to question our previous laughs. That creature with his machinations took on lifelike reality and wasn't to be dismissed as a clown or a comedian. This could happen to you, we found ourselves repeating. Of all the depressing individuals we had to encounter on our first visit to the Met was the devil himself. You go to the opera thinking that you are going to get away from it all and relax for an evening. What happens—you come home with your teeth tap dancing, and you immediately spray your couch with holy water.

We fared little better during another evening engrossed with "Darkness at Noon." However, the play did not project things in such clear black and white colors as the opera did. It was a little bit more complicated. You witnessed a tragic love affair between a beautiful girl and an old man. Marriage is verboten since he had his work to do. He has his entire life all snarled up as he proclaims where he had started out in life with a group of unimpeachable principles and wound up realizing that the vicious means that he had used throughout had finally become the end. The major part of the play takes place in Russia. The man and girl are working for the Communist party. It is definitely an anti-Communist piece of propaganda. However I think that the play and the book by Arthur Koestler offer many criticisms that could be applied to numerous individuals of important rank in non-Communist countries.

A few people were dismayed last month because I failed to state the final disposal of our 1949 Ford coupe. However, it has all been taken out of our hands since then. At the time that we returned the car to New York we were informed that a very good friend was in dire need of a good inexpensive car. Now it so happened that we owed this friend three thousand dollars that we had borrowed last summer in order to acquire our present house and the Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island. Since we had no idea when we would be able to pay off that debt we asked our creditor if we couldn't apply the selling price to a portion of the debt, a part payment, but better than none. Our friend rebelled at this proposition and stated very sweetly that she had no such idea of forcing the payment as it were. We finally agreed to writing part of the debt off and accepting the other half of the car's value in cash.

One recent Saturday afternoon I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from a former army buddy and his lovely wife. He is working for some insurance company about two hundred miles from New York. We have seen each other three times during the past five post-war years. My thoughts race wistfully back to our close friendship in the army and how we thought we would be in very close contact with each other after it was all over. I am sure his wife must have been depressed by this reunion, since we spoke of prac-

tically nothing beyond former G.I. comrades and the chaotic conditions of the world. Both of us anguished over the apparent loss of peace that we thought we had spent three years in the South Pacific creating. The prospect of either one of us being returned to the armed forces was dismissed as absurd, since both of us with our incipient double chins felt older than our actual years.

The bell in our house just rang for the noonday rosary that we recite for world peace. There is another bell at 6:30 for compline and two others for meals. We couldn't help but smile one day when one of our guests rebelled at these bells, complaining that she was sick and tired of feeling like the dog in the Pavlov experiment. She said that her mouth began to water whenever a bell is rung. This incident also reminded me of our former friend who refused to have a clock in his home. He maintained that he did not intend to be a slave to any more mechanisms than he was forced to.

Our attention was diverted to the dining room a few minutes ago where we heard someone shouting. The shouting had died by the time we arrived there. However we were informed that one of the men serving the line had some difficulty in serving the soup to one of the men. This server is hard of hearing and can't speak to anyone without yelling—he is unable to judge the strength of his own voice. Another man in the house, who is also helping on the afternoon soup line, told the hard-of-hearing individual that he should refrain from screaming at the line, since all of those who come for help are ambassadors of Christ, and our Lord sent them to us for help. The corrected party grunted and indicated that he had never thought of that angle at all.

ALMS OVER ARMS

The Gospels record Our Lord's reply to the Pharisees who accused Him of casting out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils. "If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the Kingdom of God has come upon you. Or how can anyone enter the strong man's house, and plunder his goods, unless he first binds the strong man? Then he will plunder his house. He who is not with Me is against Me." (Matt. 12:28-30). "But if I cast out devils by the finger of God, then the Kingdom of God has come upon you. When the strong man, fully armed, guards his courtyard, his property is undisturbed. But if a stronger than he attacks and overcomes him, he will take away his whole armor on which he was depending, and will divide his spoils. He who is not with Me is against Me." (Luke 11:20-23).

In the Fourth Lesson of the Breviary for the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost, St. Augustine speaks of the devil as the strong man who trusted in his armament as the safeguard of his house and possessions. For Augustine, Christ is the One Who binds the strong, armed man after He has conquered his armament by the weapon of the Cross.

The Cross is a mysterious weapon which operates in a manner opposite to material arms. Material forces seek by violence to destroy the enemy. Cross power prevails by returning good for the evil which has been received from the enemy.

The victory of the Cross is achieved only by a voluntary victimhood. Hence, the ultimate triumph of the Cross and Resurrection is reflected in human relationships in varying degrees from martyrdom to mite giving.

Each time a person forgives an injury, bears patiently a wrong, smiles when inclined to be irritable, or denies self in any way for the love of God, there is a participation in the Passion of Christ, which defeats Satan the Strong, whose armament is our inherent selfishness.

Rev. Michael Déacy.

Peter Maurin Farm

First Day of Recollection

Father Francis N. Wendell, O.P., directed the first day of recollection at Peter Maurin Farm on Sexagesima Sunday, January 28. The day began with Mass at 8:00 o'clock, celebrated by Father Wendell and served by Father Cordes. The four inspiring and enlightening conferences on the subject of prayer were attended by about 35 persons, but as some arrived late and others had to leave early there were not quite that many here throughout the whole day. Vespers were said at 4:30 and the day ended with supper at 5:30.

This day of recollection was a happy and gratifying culmination of our efforts during the past five months to fix up this old farm house and our chapel so that retreatants could be accommodated here. The response to our invitation on a midwinter day is a good indication that we will have large groups in the warmer months, when retreatants will be able to roam about the twenty-two acres of Peter Maurin Farm and attend outdoor conferences under the trees.

Oven Is Ready at Last

Our big oven is now ready for the job of baking the bread to feed the hungry who come to St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street, and it only awaits the arrival of the first shipment of 1,000 pounds of whole wheat flour which Irene Naughton has ordered. Rita Riley, has tried it out by cooking some of the food for the retreatants and our family, and Albert baked the first six loaves of bread in it the day before the day of recollection. This oven was purchased for us from government surplus by Father Francis Meenan, C.S.Sp. It was made for use on a battleship, and is heated by a highly efficient oil burner. There are five shelves which should have a total capacity of 100 or 125 loaves. We have done the job of installation ourselves, in a small summer kitchen behind the house. This required the building of a stone, brick and cement foundation for the oven from the ground up to the floor level, about three feet high, and the placing of two fifty-six gallon oil tanks on a high trestle. We also had to install the electrical connections and oil line, insulate the little building with plaster board, and put in a sink, hot-water heating stove and tank. If rationing and other restrictions do not interfere, we will soon be able to bake all the bread needed by St. Joseph's House and Peter Maurin Farm.

Much Work Ahead

Hans Tunnesen has returned from Maryfarm, Newburgh, and has set up his carpenter shop in the garage. This is the third place that Hans has set up shop to work with us during the past seven years—first at Easton, then Maryfarm, Newburgh, and now at Peter Maurin Farm—and he says that this is the first place that he did not have to build a shop around his tools. We had to string wires 170 feet to supply electricity for the shop, and held our breath in trepidation until we threw the switch and found that our amateur efforts were successful. Hans has big jobs ahead of him—first the conversion of our two attics into dormitories, then alteration of the storm-damaged barn into a chapel. All of this work will require much material, and we have two obstacles to overcome in that connection—material shortages and money shortage. If any of our readers have some odd kegs of nails or other building materials lying around they can be put to good use right here. Why let them rust? (Our hardware dealer says we may have to go back to the use of wooden pegs instead of nails, but could not say when he will have a supply of them.)

Another urgent project which we are just beginning to work on is the installation of a laundry in

the cellar. We have, to start with, a dirt floor, second-hand laundry tubs costing two dollars, water supply and a lot of ambition, spurred on by the insistence of the laundering sex that they simply cannot continue to wash in the kitchen with our half-crippled old washing machine and the kitchen sink. So we must lay a 15-by-14-foot brick floor in the cellar, put in drains and install the tubs. Maybe, by the time this job is complete (and it must be done quickly), a washing machine with all its paddles intact and a wringer that works both ways will have turned up from somewhere.

The Tyrant Fire

What a tyrant fire is! I have been learning this fact the hard way during these winter months, with so much fire-tending to do that I have begun to feel like a fire worshipper. There was a story in the papers a few weeks ago about a machine developed by someone at the University of Illinois which can drive a person insane by repeating his own words through earphones a few seconds after he utters them, making him stutter and stammer and finally reducing him to the condition of a gibbering idiot if he persists in trying to talk more than a few minutes. Much the same result can be achieved, though it requires more time, by the triple combination of an improperly installed and defective steam-heating system, a big old house and the instantaneously changeable weather of Staten Island.

When you have four coal fires going—steam-heating boiler, hot-water heater, kitchen range and chapel stove—and an oil burner (with which you have only a nodding acquaintance) heating the bake oven, you begin to realize how truly fire-centered our lives are, and how capricious this tyrant fire is. It is clear that he is dissatisfied with the inadequate altars we have erected to serve him, and resentful because we try to eke a little comfort and use from them for ourselves. He will withdraw his grudging favor without a moment's warning, withdraw his hot breath and leave us with cold ashes on the grate, faced with the immediate and urgent task of kindling new coals. It is at such moments that we are filled with a deep longing for the coming of spring, when we will be able to revolt and depose this tyrant, or at least reduce him to the status of a limited monarch, and go out in the warm sunshine to tend our vegetables and flowers and asparagus beds.

David Mason

Pacifism

Can a Christian Be a Conscientious Objector? by Pierre Lorson, S. J. (French translator for some of Romano Guardini's books).

CHAPTER HEADINGS:

- I. Conscientious Objectors and their reasons for refusal.
- II. The State and conscientious objection.
- III. The theologians against conscientious objection.
- IV. The theologians favoring conscientious objection.
- V. Saints who were conscientious objectors.
- VI. The primacy of conscience.
- VII. The refusal of military service.
- VIII. Refusal to fight in the war to come.
- IX. Some cases of conscientious objection.
- X. A defense of legal status for conscientious objectors.

Conclusions: The tasks of Christian pacifism.

(This book which has not yet been translated may be ordered through Brentano's and the Adler Foreign Books Agency in New York City. Publishers: Aux Editions du Seuil, 27, rue Jacob, Paris-VIe.)



Maryfarm Retreats

March 9-11, 1951—The week-end which initiates the two weeks of Passion-tide. During these singular two weeks, the Church solemnly represents for the deepening and the strengthening of our love and knowledge, the Mysteries of man's Redemption on the Cross of our Saviour, her Spouse. That we may hearken "worthily, attentively and devoutly" to the lessons of these great weeks, we offer this week-end as a means to set our minds and wills to partake of this nourishment in spite of the distractions of the visible world which would tear us from it, especially during Holy Week.

March 30-April 1, 1951—The week-end with which the Octave of Easter closes. To celebrate the closing of the Feast of Easter, the schedule at Maryfarm for Low Sunday week-end will include a thorough preparation for the Sunday Mass, the praying of Matins Saturday evening, and discussions of the significance of Sunday for our lives, particularly as Sunday reminds us to live in the knowledge and hope we have because of the Resurrection. This is not a retreat, and it is offered for those who want the opportunity to do just these things, away from the enervating activity of their everyday lives.

We ask all who want to come to the Passiontide retreat, to make a special effort to be at Maryfarm for the opening Conference at 8:30. If we know about it, we can meet people who arrive in Newburgh after 5:15 and no later than 8 p.m. Local busses to Maryfarm leave Newburgh only at 5:15 and 9:15 p.m. The New York Central Railroad to Beacon, N. Y. then ferrying across the Hudson to Newburgh; and the Short Line Bus from Dixie Hotel, W. 42nd St., give the best connections. Write Jane O'Donnell, Maryfarm, R. 3, Newburgh, N. Y., if you want to come.

N. B.—The summer schedule for Maryfarm is being planned. Anyone desiring to reserve a week-end for a particular group would do well to write about it now.

Friday Night Speakers at the Catholic Worker, 223 Chrystie St.

Samuel Weiner—Feb. 9

Daniel Sullivan—Feb. 16

Dorothy Day—Feb. 23

FREEDOM ASSAULTED

(Continued from page 1)

portation. Testimony at deportation hearings reveal that the Justice Department engages in systematic introduction of undercover provocative agents and paid informers into organizations while they instigate acts and carry out secret instructions from the Justice Department.

Any Means

All of this is justified in the minds of those whose sole interest is in excluding from life all those who are not in agreement with the present American setup. Those who do not scruple to justify any means to get rid of those they regard as undesirable. God regards man's freedom as of more worth and importance than any so-called common good. For He permits the greatest of evils to exist (mortal sin) rather than interfere with man's freedom. This is not so however with the State or with those who justify the methods of the State. For here, in the name of a "common good"—a common good defined by those who wield the power—the State destroys the freedom of minority elements.

Many Catholics take a distressingly pragmatic view of these matters. If we are persecuted we will be great on the subject of civil liberties. If the Communists are persecuted we will maintain a dead silence. We have no devotion to liberty in itself. It is useful if it benefits us, it can be dispensed with if it doesn't.

It makes very little impression to point out that this is a short sighted policy, that the liberties we help to undermine today may be the liberties denied us tomorrow. We live for today and today the Church is flattered and courted and feared in this country. And we find it a comfortable position. It does not matter that Christ would be among the undesirables, that He would be a rabble rowser, that His voice would be raised in condemnation of American materialism and the practical atheism of our way of life. We are primarily concerned with questions of real estate and schools and million dollar enterprises. We are primarily concerned with maintaining the gains that we have and to destroy all those who would threaten those gains. Our moral indignation is reserved for movies that mention sex. Or for anyone not devoted to the "American way." I wonder how many of us would be morally indignant at Christ.

Respect

At any rate there is going to be a tough fight ahead for those of us who do not believe in restricting liberty, who believe that man's liberty is more precious than any demand of the "common good." Who believe indeed that the common good in reality demands this respect for liberty and who do not believe that sovereignty resides with a monarch or a president or a State or with the people. Rather that it resides with God and is expressed in rights having their origin in transcendental values which can be touched by no one.

Rights inherent in the nature of man—the common rights of humanity. Conferred by no one other than God. So that the attempt of a State or a monarch or a majority of the people to take away these rights is a violation of the eternal order. It is the province of no man or institution of man to judge. It is for man and the institutions of man to respect life, to respect liberty, to respect each one's search for happiness. "Judge not lest ye be judged" is the general principle laid down for us by Christ. We are to allow the wheat and the weeds to grow together till the harvest time when God will judge—until then we are to hold our peace. It must needs be that we judge of ideas and procedures and make our choice

on the basis of our findings. It must needs be that we judge of institutions and ideologies. But we have no commission to force these findings on anyone, to impose our way of life on anyone, to ferret out those who disagree with us and subject them to annoyance and persecution. To act in that way is to deny the foundations of the Faith, it is to claim a greater wisdom than God, it is to be atheistic. Indeed, in the concrete, it is to act in a worse manner than many a professed atheist.

Sacrifice

Any belief that we have, any ideology to which we adhere entails sacrifice in some form. To really believe in Catholicism means to really believe in the Sermon on the Mount. I am not here concerned with those who would deny this—I mean those who are professed "liberals" and who allow their irritation at "political Catholicism" to blind their judgment of Catholicism as a religion. To really believe in the Sermon on the Mount entails risks as far as one's personal safety is concerned. The safety of the body. For then we cannot use the same means of defense that our opponents do. We are at a disadvantage in this respect. To really believe in democracy, in the genuine sense, entails similar risks. It means that we are going to really respect and uphold freedom of the person, the press, speech. It means that we are going to defend these things at a risk. We are not going to "defend" democracy by undemocratic means such as the McCarran Bill. We are not going to value a so-called common good above man's freedom. For we will realize that an absolute respect for man's freedom is, in the long run, conducive to the common good because it is patterned on the respect which God Himself has for man's freedom. A great deal of misery and sin could be avoided if God did not make man in freedom. But then we would be automata, we would have no dignity. There would be no merit even to our worship of God. The whole conduct of our pseudo-democracies these days is based on the formula: we cannot allow an opposition because the opposition does not believe as we believe and if we are to maintain democracy we must rid ourselves of those who do not believe in it. And to rid ourselves of those who do not believe in it we have to use undemocratic means and so we end up undermining democracy anyway. The question now is not, will democracy survive but how will it be finally destroyed, how will the remnants of it that cling to our essentially undemocratic system be totally obliterated? Will it be by the activity of ideological totalitarians or will it be in the process of fighting these totalitarians? In any event the result will be the same. In fighting the totalitarians by the methods now used it is apparent that democracy is not really believed in by our government officials or by those who uphold them.

Of course real democracy is impossible within the State because the very premises of the State are opposed to it. The very fiction that the State is a person having rights and that the State is identical with the totality of the citizenry is in itself a falsehood that strikes at the roots of any democracy. Democracy as understood rightly in the I.W.W. and anarcho-syndicalist terms.

"The only way" the I.W.W. bulletin quotes from James Maxton "in which world peace can be secured is by the common people of the world stating in no uncertain terms their determination to have peace, their determination to end imperialism, their determination to construct new forms of social order which will not have the power ideal as their aim and object, but the ideal of human brotherhood and fraternity."

Open Letter to the Tax Collector

By AMMON HENNACY

Route 3, Box 227
Phoenix, Arizona
January 9, 1951

Collector of Internal Revenue,
U. S. Post Office Building,
Phoenix, Arizona.

Dear Sir:

I am refusing for the eighth consecutive year to pay my income tax. I am doing this because most of this tax goes for war and the bomb, and the remainder for the upkeep of an unholy and un-Christian social system. I am a non-church Christian Anarchist who, however, attends mass and prays for grace and wisdom.

Did you ever wonder why our society is based upon the return of evil for evil instead of the return of good for evil which Jesus commanded in His Sermon on the Mount? Tolstoy explains that the responsibility for this return of evil for transgression is divided among so many bureaucrats in legislatures, courts, prisons and executive departments that no one person actually feels responsible. Tolstoy lived under a Czar — an old-fashioned dictatorship. Under our form of government the evil we return to wrong-doers is initiated and authorized by the individual citizen, and so the responsibility of denying Christ falls on each one of us whether we like it or not.

You, as a tax collector, have your responsibility either of denying Christ or, as Dorothy Day, editor of "The Catholic Worker," recently wrote in "Commonweal": "... giving (up) all things as St. Matthew did and not going back to the tax office or money tables. St. Peter could go back to his nets but not St. Matthew to his money changing." These are hard words, but no harsher than those of Jesus when He chased the money changers from the temple. As a Christian I have nothing but a kindly feeling for the individual tax man. I picket the tax man because he is the visible symbol here in Phoenix of the warmakers in Washington. My criticism is against his occupation (we all do what we want to). I believe that all of us should give up jobs which "contribute to the social disorder which makes for war." But what is the general situation we face which leads me to renounce war, the payment of taxes, and belief in government? The tragic and fearful situation today did not just happen. This thing we call government formed supposedly to keep "order and tranquility" has developed through modern war into a Frankenstein which may soon destroy us.

Yesterday, in his State of the Union message to Congress, Truman blew harder than usual. It is the old story of the pickpocket crying "Stop thief!" Seeking to distract attention from his own blundering aggression, he calls Stalin an aggressor!

Our politicians tell us that Russia plans to attack and enslave us. Russian politicians tell their people that we have been aiding the enemies of Russia since 1920 when we sent troops to Siberia to defeat their revolution; that we are fascists who uphold Tito, Peron and Franco; and that again we wish to defeat their revolution by imposing capitalist imperialism upon them.

The fact is that the lying politicians of both countries wish to keep in power, and use the phrases "capitalist imperialism" and "freedom-loving nations" as bait to keep the workers of each country in fear.

The fact is that Stalin long ago relinquished the idea of workers' control and substituted a dictatorship which is not Communist, but only state-capitalist.

The fact is that Wilson, Roosevelt and Truman likewise relinquished the democratic principles of Jefferson, the founder of their party, and established a gloved dictatorship under the camouflage of

the New Freedom, the New Deal, and the Fair Deal, and have succeeded in bribing a majority of the people by means of pensions, subsidies, and special favors to pressure groups.

It is also a fact that McKinley, Teddy Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, Hoover, and "me-too" Dewey started, developed, or supported American imperialism in the islands of the Pacific and Caribbean, and in South and Central America. Current Republican criticism of Truman comes with poor grace, for they would out-Chiang and out-Franco the confused little man from Kansas City gangsterland himself.

Secretary of War Stimson said in his memoirs that Roosevelt told him on Nov. 27, 1941 (just ten days before Pearl Harbor) that our course was to maneuver the Japanese into attacking us. Our politicians have taken us into three wars in one generation. Is it not about time to cease following tricky politicians and inefficient generals?

Roosevelt said in Boston in 1940 when running for his third term: "I say to you fathers and mothers, and I say it again and again and again: your boys will not be sent into foreign wars."

Today Truman and other politicians tell us the lie that we are defending freedom throughout the world against Communist imperialism. The fact is that we tried to defend a corrupt government in South Korea and the property of the New Korea Company whose exploitation caused the Korean peasant to have the lowest standard of living among seventy countries (as reported by the United Nations). Likewise in Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies we have upheld the imperialism of the French and the Dutch. The only freedom our leaders are interested in is the freedom to exploit.

When will you cease to believe the promises of lying politicians?

Between wars the churches have been for peace, which is like being vegetarian between meals. With a few notable exceptions they have O. K'd war and thus denied the Prince of Peace who said: "Put up thy sword: he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." Cooperatives and unions have preached brotherhood and solidarity but in war time have bought bonds and made blood money cheerfully.

Is it not about time that you ceased to rely upon organizations that repeatedly fail you in a crisis? Why not organize yourself and depend upon whatever understanding you can gain from true religious and ethical teachers? "One on the side of God is a majority." If you wait until there is any other kind of a majority you will be sold out before you win—if you win.

Cease to be afraid of the enemy conjured up to keep you in a state of fear!

Nations which "get there fustest with the mostest" can win a war, but only for a time. These days no nation wins a war. Roosevelt and Truman have muddled around until this country is "damned if it does and damned if it doesn't" take most any action. We win a war, and then feed our allies and our enemies—not because we love them, but because we are suckers in believing that we can buy friendship. We have written a blank check to help any good or evil character who shouts that the Communists are about to get him and his country.

"The American Way of Life" has come to mean that about every third person is a bureaucrat, salesman, banker, lawyer, or parasite of some sort (of course the very worst being tax-men, policemen, the military, and the clergy, scientists, writers, and intelligentsia who warmonger). The worker may gain an increase in wages but he must keep up all these parasites. He can only buy back that amount of what he produces that he receives in wages. The surplus piles up in the hands

of capitalists so that under capitalism there must be depressions when goods are not produced or wars when there is a struggle over markets for this surplus.

The politician will not admit he is wrong. He will fight to the last drop of your blood and taxes. I have no illusion that enough people will be so sensible and courageous as to cease to die for the money bags, but for those who are ready for it I offer the following analysis and hope:

Much ado has been made by politicians and clerical warmongers about "defending the American Way of Life." We accuse the Communists of wishing to destroy Christianity when in fact we have already been worshipping the "Golden Calf" for generations. With our boasted high standard of living we feel "involuntarily poor" because we do not have the latest model or the most chromiuplated gadget. If we have wealth we growl about high taxes and envy those richer than we are — and want those who are poor to die defending our wealth. If we are poor we envy the rich and dream of pensions and something for nothing. We are not "free people." We are slaves to money. This way of life is not worth defending.

The basic idea of Socialists, Communists, Anarchists and radicals of all kinds is that there should be a society where each should give according to his ability and receive according to his need—where all should be brothers. When obliged to meet in secret, or when a persecuted minority, certain groups under pressure have lived this ideal. But in nearly every instance they were corrupted by prosperity — by the profit motive. The early Christians up until the time of Constantine lived as brothers where "none said that aught that he had was his own but all held everything in common." Such were the Doukhobors and Molokons in Russia until they moved to America and became commercialized. If the Hutterites in the Dakotas and Montana have not yet succumbed to materialism they are the exception. Some groups of Anarchists in Spain during the Civil War practiced this true democracy.

Robert Owen, Fourier, and countless radicals have started cooperative colonies which supposedly operated without capitalistic principles, but they all failed for the same reason the Russian revolution failed—because they based everything on economics and forgot that something more than a lack of capitalistic principles was needed to overcome selfishness and greed. In other words, they forgot the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

However, for those who are ready there is a basis upon which they can build lives of satisfaction without depending upon politicians or upon a majority believing as they do. Voluntary Poverty and Pacifism is the basis upon which such ideals must be built today. Look about you and wherever your income derives from rent, interest, profit, making munitions, being a part of government, or depends upon the weakness and vices of your fellow-men then gradually remove yourself from this activity. Individually or cooperatively produce most of what you need on the land. It is further necessary to refuse to fight in a war or to support it. And in every-day life, respect and love every man and return good for evil.

Three men who have greatly influenced the world have emphasized this "being rich in proportion to those things which I can do without." Thoreau said this in 1845 when he lived at Walden Pond and went to prison rather than pay taxes for slavery and the Mexican War. Later, from about 1875 until his death, in 1910, Tolstol—the Russian who found the Sermon on the Mount despite the Czar and the Greek Orthodox Church — worked in the fields with peasants and ate their simple food. He counseled disobedience to the Czar and

popularized that Christian Anarchism which he discovered in the writings of our own William Lloyd Garrison. He urged men to refuse to be soldiers and to refuse to pay taxes for war. In our own day the great Gandhi led his many pacifist civil disobedience campaigns, renounced his profession as a wealthy lawyer, and lived a life of poverty.

We cannot take Truman's deflated currency with us, so we might as well give up the idea right now and start on an honorable basis. If we practice a middle of the road policy, we will develop ulcers and get slapped from both sides. Many well-meaning people believe in ideals but feel that immoral means can be used to gain moral ends. And don't forget, war is immoral. Liberals can be depended upon to find a good reason for doing a bad thing, for using evil means for a good end. Gandhi has given an answer to this illusion:

"This means may be likened to a seed, and the end to a tree; and there is just that same inviolable connection between the means and the end as there is between the seed and the tree."

There are two groups in this country which live the pacifist-anarchist principle of reliance upon God rather than government. One group is the traditional Hopi Indians who have lived for a thousand years on high mesas near the Grand Canyon without a murder, without jails, and without courts and fines. They call their God 'Massau'u,' and He is a God of Peace. True Hopi refused to register for the draft and went to prison. The "Christian" Hopi went to war. The Hopi live simple agricultural lives when not corrupted by the Indian Bureau and white missionaries. The other group, which is based upon voluntary poverty, is the Catholic Worker.

There are also more than one hundred work communities, mainly in France, which reject rent, interest and profit, although they are not fully pacifist or anarchist.

I enclose my 1950 tax statement of income. I plan to picket your tax office on March 14, and also during the six days from August 6 to 11, at which time I will also fast in memory of and penance for the Sixth Anniversary of the bombing at Hiroshima. If at any other time my conscience causes me to picket, I will do so. Whenever the warmaking authority infringes upon "my territory of freedom" here, I will be obliged to picket you with my message.

Sincerely,

AMMON A. HENNACY.

P. S.—It might interest you to know that I resigned a civil service job in Milwaukee on April 27, 1942, after working for eleven years as a social worker, when I refused to register for World War II. In 1917 I also refused to register for World War I, for which I did time in Atlanta. Since 1942 when I first became subject to the income tax I have worked as a day laborer on farms where no withholding tax is taken from my pay. I make a true report of my income each year, but refuse to pay the tax. I lived on \$200 this past year, spent \$366 on propaganda for my Christian Anarchist ideas, and sent the remainder of my \$1,491 income to my younger daughter who attends a university.

BOOKS

On Pilgrimage
by
DOROTHY DAY
\$1

Order from

CATHOLIC WORKER
223 Chrystie Street
New York 2, N. Y.

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

in the seventh century the Irish people established Agronomic Universities where scholars became workers so workers could become scholars

When the Irish Fathers were leading the Irish people in the seventh century the Irish people were the Pathfinders of Europe

IDEALS

1. A scholar is a realizer of ideals
2. He teaches ideals by speech, by writing and by example
3. He gives what he has and you get what he gives
4. He is driving at your heart not at your pocketbook
5. The contact that he has with you is ideal and not commercial
6. What he gives to you is a gift as well as what you give to him.

GOD AND MAMMON

1. Christ says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you give."
2. The banker says "The dollar you have is the dollar you keep"
3. Christ says "You cannot serve two masters God and Mammon."
4. "You cannot? And all our civilization consists in trying to find out how we can," says Robert Louis Stevenson.
5. "The poor are the true children of the Church," says Bossuet
6. "Modern society has made the bank account the standard of values," says Charles Peguy.

RICH AND POOR

1. They say that the rich are getting richer and that the poor are getting poorer
2. And the rich like to get richer and the poor don't like to get poorer
3. So there is a rub between the rich who like to get richer and the poor who don't like to get poorer
4. Afraid of the poor who don't like to get poorer the rich who like to get richer look to the State for protection
5. But the State is not only the State of the rich who like to get richer it is also the State of the poor who don't like to get poorer
6. So the State sometimes choose to help the many poor who don't like to get poorer to the expense of the few rich who like to get richer.
7. Dissatisfied with the State the rich who like to get richer turn to the Church to save them from the poor who don't like to get poorer
8. But the Church can only tell the rich who like to get richer "Woe to you rich who like to get richer if you don't help the poor who don't like to get poorer"
9. It is the rich who try to become richer who make the poor dissatisfied to be poor
10. But it is the rich who try to become poor who make the poor satisfied to be poor
11. "The poor are the true children of the Church," says Bossuet
12. In the economy of the Church the poor come first and the rich come last

- ON THE FARMING COMMUNE
1. A Catholic Worker Farming Commune is a farm where Catholic Workers work in community
 2. To work on a Farming Commune is to cooperate with God in the production of food for the feeding of men
 3. Children and invalids cannot work but they must be fed
 4. Catholic workers

(Continued on page 5)

THE STORY OF SIMONE WEIL

(Continued from page 1)

whether I personally, endure it or not appears to me as an almost indifferent detail. The desire to know and understand brushes aside my own feelings . . ."

Seven Years Later

Seven years later, she was forced by anti-Jewish legislation under the German occupation to give up her teaching post. Now a woman in her thirties, still suffering from the after-effects of her pleurisy and plagued with constant headaches, the life-long malady which she said attacked her "at the meeting place of body and soul," she sought to become a common agricultural worker. In Marseilles, to where she had gone, she became friends with a Dominican priest, Pere Perrin, who was to later edit some of her writings. He introduced her through a letter to his friend, Gustave Thibon, who was to also edit some of her writings (she left her notebooks with others to use as they saw fit) a self-educated peasant philosopher and theologian, who in his books was evolving a new humanism based on a profound application of the Incarnation. Gustave Thibon, after some hesitation regarding her suitability since she was a highly educated Jewess, agreed to take her on as a farm worker. Starting off badly at their first meeting by her talking too much and by their not agreeing on anything, they became good friends. But she found the Thibon household too comfortable and eventually left to take work on an unknown farm, seeking to become "unknown among the unknown," straining during a grape-harvest for an equality in work with the peasants, refusing to quit working any earlier than they.

This action of hers for anonymity rings with even greater depth and feeling than her attempt at factory work. It is an heroic seizure of the concrete in an age when humanity is loved mostly in the abstract. It is an action revealing the unpredictable and mysterious depths of human personality, still the final miracle, other than a direct intervention by God, capable of breaking through the logic of an impaired finite nature and limited reason. And even her death in England in 1943, brought about at the early age of thirty-four by her refusal to eat any more than the French were getting under the German occupation, though it contains those elements which make her a controversial figure today, is a tribute to man's moral power.

A Controversial Figure

Three current periodicals—"The Dublin Review," "The Third Hour" and "Commentary"—are carrying articles about Simone Weil, the young Jewess who claimed that it was the Incarnation which established God's superiority over the ability of man to suffer, which would otherwise have been "a cosmic scandal." Yet in spite of her absolute identification with Christ, she wrote to Pere Perrin that it was her vocation to stay "on the threshold of the Church" and not to enter, to stand "at the intersection of Christianity and everything that is not Christianity."

She resembles Tolstoy and Gandhi, giving the impression as they did of having been through a dramatic death arrested in flight towards truth and goodness. Like them, her life is studded by what seemed to be contradictions. Helping the Loyalists in the Spanish civil war, she refused to bear arms. In 1937, she wrote that Germany and Russia were "more alike in structure than any other two nations, threaten each other with international crusades, and each discovers in his opponent the Apocalyptic Beast," but when the Russians were losing to the Germans she wanted to go to Russia and take part in the struggle. And she had an anti-Semitism all her own. She wrote that "Israel, it is utterly horrible and made foul—one would say, deliberately—ever since Abraham,

inclusively (we'll, save for a few prophets). As though to proclaim as clearly as possible—'Give heed! That is where evil is! Nation elect to be blinded! elect to be the executioner of Christ!'"

It is unfortunate that she did not live to read the beautiful chapter in Herbert Butterfield's "Christianity and History" which carefully describes and analyzes the profound religious experience of the ancient Hebrews and their original contribution to an adequate Christian conception of history. It seems to this writer analogous to what she did for the Greeks, who were one of her great loves, in her essay on "The Iliad."

She resembles Tolstoy and Gandhi in another aspect: there is a touch of the ridiculous about her. Leslie Fiedler in his very fine article on her in the Jewish magazine "Commentary" likens her to Don Quixote and calls her "a saint of the absurd." In Spain, he writes, with the Loyalists, for whom she would not use a gun, she "was hurt, not in combat, but in a trivial accident." "Concerned with the possibilities of combining participation and non-violence, pondering the eternal, she forgot the 'real' world of missteps and boiling water." At her first meeting with Gustave Thibon, she exhausted him with her "interminable conversation in an inflexible and monotonous voice."



According to Fiedler, on the surface, she was unattractive, nervous with "no common sense, no sense of humor, no discretion—only an immense, naive seriousness and a contempt for reality." Gustave Thibon, however, attests that she was a person who "gained enormously by being known in an atmosphere of intimacy."

The Problem of Force

In any case, her remarkable writings are pools of fresh thought and serene penetration, and their clarity and boldness are challenging many thinkers in Europe today. Only a few of her things have so far been translated into English. One, her essay, "The Iliad or, the Poem of Force" appeared last year in the English quarterly, "The Wind and the Rain" (Spring, 1950). It is one of the most rewarding pieces of writing this writer has ever read, and it is said to be quite representative of her thought. The very opening paragraph lifts one up into the realm of cosmic movements and final laws:

"The true hero, the true subject, the center of The Iliad is force. Force employed by man, force that enslaves man, force before which man's flesh shrinks away. In this work, at all times, the human spirit is shown modified by its relations

with force, as swept away, blinded, by the very force it imagined it could handle, as deformed by the weight of the force it submits to. For those dreamers who considered that force, thanks to progress, would soon be a thing of the past, 'The Iliad' could appear as an historical document; for others, whose powers of recognition are more acute and who perceive force, today as yesterday, at the very center of human history, The Iliad is the purest and the loveliest of mirrors."

Force is to her "that x that turns anybody who is subjected to it into a thing. Exercised to the limit, it turns man into a thing in the most literal sense: it makes a corpse out of him." She goes on to give numerous examples from the text of the poem illustrating the different manifestations of the force that kills and the force "that does not kill just yet." A third of the way in the article, she declares: "He that takes the sword, will perish by the sword. 'The Iliad' formulated the principle long before the Gospels did, and in almost the same terms: 'Ares is just, and kills those who kill.'"

One more passage must be quoted, a comment on the picture of continuous slaughter and "uniform horror, of which force is the sole hero" to be seen in the poem: "A monotonous desolation would

like water under the sun; there would not be enough 'I' in us to sacrifice that 'I' through love. Necessity is the screen placed between God and ourselves to enable us to subsist. It is for us to pierce that screen so as to cease to be." Gabriel Marcel, in an article about her in the July, 1949, issue of "The Month," questions the advisability of such a manner of expression, asserting that "a real metaphysical error lurked in the very form of words."

A Contrast to Berdyaev

The article in "The Third Hour," by Gerda Blumenthal also questions this thesis which is dramatized by one of the titles given to her books—"La Penstaur et la Grace," that is, "The Down-drag and Grace," which has not been translated into English. Like Gerda Blumenthal, this writer, encountering some of Simone Weil's more extreme statements quoted in the several articles about her, made a comparison of her insistence on the necessity of embracing necessity and passively waiting for the good as she says that God patiently waits for the good, His waiting being time; with Berdyaev's conception that "God demands creative newness from man; He awaits the works of human freedom."

Going back, however, to Berdyaev's "The Divine and the Human" one finds these statements: "Life is change and without the new there is no life. But change may be betrayal. The realization of human personality presupposes change and newness but it also presupposes the unchanging without which there is no personality. In the development of personality man must be true to himself; he must not betray himself; he must preserve his own features which are fore-ordained for eternity. It is a necessary thing in life that the process of change which leads to the new shall be combined with fidelity." And one must ask that if God waits for the good, from whom or what does He await it? The two conceptions seem very opposed, but a deeper concentration on Simone Weil's life and thought—they must be seen together (her becoming a factory worker and field-laborer)—may reveal areas of agreement which we now do not see.

Her Idea of Greatness

In her essay "Hitler and the Idea of Greatness" published in the July, 1950 issue of "Commentary," we get a real glimpse of what Gustave Thibon described as her "astounding purity." It brings to mind other French moralists: Pascal and the late Antoine de Saint-Exupery. In it, she states uncompromisingly, that a Hitler is possible because of a transmission of false greatness which is still going on. She affirms that there is a point where beauty and truth and justice are purely and mysteriously one. She wants us to admire only those whom we can love with our whole being. Asserting that "there is no greatness in talent as such," she goes on to say that "The love of good will never be kindled in all the hearts of a population, as is necessary for its salvation, so long as we go on thinking that greatness in any sphere is the result of anything other than goodness." And she concludes with: "Real greatness is the good fruit that grows on the good tree, and the good tree is a disposition of the soul that is close to sanctity. The other pretended kinds of greatness should be examined coldly as one examines natural curiosities."

Four other articles by Simone Weil were published in the now defunct magazine "Politics" in February and November of 1945 and in March and December of 1946. The two which this writer has read—"Words and War" and "Factory Work"—are rich in social analysis and delicately woven with descriptions and impressions and judgments. One feels, in reading writings like hers, that, apart from the Agony in the Garden, the weight

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 4)

must do more than their share so as to be able to feed the children and invalids

5. Gentlemen farmers and lady farmerettes are not workers they are shirkers.
 6. Time is the gift of God and must be used to serve God by serving men
 7. Gentlemen farmers don't live on the sweat of their brow
 8. Gentlemen farmers are neither gentlemen or farmers and lady farmerettes are not very useful on a Farming Commune.
- The philosophy of the capitalists with capital that is to say the bourgeois class is the philosophy of the fat belly
- And so the philosophy of the capitalists without capital that is to say the working class
- To the philosophy of the fat belly which is the philosophy of both the bourgeois class and the working class must be substituted the philosophy of Christian charity and Christian poverty
- Christian charity and Christian poverty will be brought to the common man through Round-Table Discussions Houses of Hospitality and Agronomic Universities
- We cannot do better in the twentieth century than to do what the Irish people did in the seventh century when they led the foundations of Medieval Europe under the leadership of the Irish Fathers
- This is what I try to point out in the "Easy Essays" running in the Catholic Worker.

and confusion of this world have never been felt with such excruciating keenness as in our time. But it is as she said: "He who does not realize to what extent shifting fortune and necessity hold in subjection every human spirit, cannot regard as fellow-creatures nor love as he loves himself those whom chance separated from him by an abyss. The variety of constraints pressing up on man give rise to the illusion of several distinct species that cannot communicate. Only he who has measured the dominion of force, and knows how not to respect it, is capable of love and justice."

There is a vehemence and extremity about her life, but no matter. They are the effects of an absolute, insatiable search for truth and goodness. And if you look closely, there are not lacking those "celestial moments" when her soul "contains no ambiguities, nothing complicated or turbid," but is full of "courage and love."

Spiritual Weapons

"Christ Our Lord, foreseeing the present state of things, definitely stated, in His sublime Sermon on the Mount, what are the real 'beatitudes' of man in the world; and thereby He may be said to have laid down the foundations of Christian philosophy . . . they form a most complete religious and moral system . . . this most important teaching of our Faith is overlooked by many, and by not a few it has been completely forgotten." (Benedict XV Ad Beatissimi.)

"They (the Apostles) prepared to subdue the whole world, not by arms stained with blood, but by the power of truth and charity. So it was that 'their cry went out into all lands, their words to the ends of the world.'" (Pius XII Easter Address 1940).

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

comes with beauty! When I have read about the Little Flower these last years (and I have read all the books I can find about her) I was suddenly struck by the intense happiness of her early life, the beauty and comfort of her home-life, the Sunday picnics and walks, the love of her father and sisters, the harmony and peace which reigned there. It was an oasis of joy in a world building up for conflict, girding itself for the struggle. It was a beautiful life, a joyous and well-ordered life. And yet the mother of Therese died of cancer in her early forties, she worked hard as a lace maker together with her husband even while she managed the cares of the household and many small children. She had the sorrow of seeing two of her little ones die, and one of them grow through a difficult youth. And yet the whole impression was of a happy life for all the children, and from the letters of the mother, a most happy and satisfying life of her own.

Once when I was talking to Peter Maurin about a man who lived with us who was often drunk and disorderly and neglected his family and I was either wondering what to do, or looking for consolation in discouragement, Peter said, "We must make the kind of society where it is easier for people to be good." It was a general principle which has often come to my mind since and made clear my path. Peter always dealt in principles not in specific issues, much to our irritation at times. When people appealed to him about some situation which had developed, some rivalry or antagonism, Peter used to give a little lecture "on the art of human contacts!"

But to make the kind of society in which it is easier to be good! One needs to be happy in order to be good, and one needs to be good in order to be happy. One needs Christians in order to make a Christian social order, and one needs a Christian social order in order to raise Christians. So it goes. "A vicious circle" is the term one usually hears, but this cannot be called vicious. Inevitable, perhaps, Christianities are so full of the paradoxes. Such as dying in order to live. No one pretends that it is a simple matter. It is all very hard to understand. For instance, St. Thomas said that a certain amount of goods is necessary to lead a good life, and we are always talking about voluntary poverty as necessary to happiness. We are always calling attention to poverty and yet urging people to be poor. The thing is people do not want to understand.

In a recent article in *Manas* I read: "While only a few hundred people are actually being lobotomized, a few million are in effect temporarily lobotomizing themselves with sedatives and alcohol. Tonight 10 million doses of sleeping medicine will be taken; this year 7.7 billion dollars or more will be spent on alcohol, most of which will be used to make the world bearable to the people who take it. All this expenditure for a chemical release from life as it is."

In addition to all this money being spent, there is money for cosmetics, cigarettes, movies, coffee, tea and many other things which we could do without. In order to send food and clothing and the warmth of brotherly love to sufferers abroad and at home. Certainly these days, when there is famine, pestilence and war raging in the world and one cannot open a paper without seeing pictures of starving and wailing children and homeless families, it is hard to think of happiness. In time one cannot be happy, but in eternity one can. And the Catholic must be living in both time and eternity, and it is the only way of solving the mystery of how to be happy today. It is living with the long view, and yet living most intensely in the moment.

Irene pointed out a phrase to

me recently of Ruskin's which appealed to us both. It was "the duty of delight." To reverence and be thankful for life itself, in a time when the world holds human life so lightly there is again joy. To be grateful is to be full of grace and grace is participation in the divine life, knowing that we are sons of God and heirs of the kingdom.

Happiness too means warmth after cold, peace after pain and satisfaction after hunger. These simple joys are good to remember, too, especially for a woman, the homemaker. The works of mercy deal in such joys. I was reading a story of Dorothy Canfield in which a woman was speaking of her empty arms. A woman's arms need never be empty. Nor hands idle. There are always sick, the old, the little children to be cared for. And with love. We must express it with sweetness, with tenderness. When I saw the altar boy kiss the cruet of water this morning at Mass, I felt how necessary ritual is to life. To kiss the earth, to lift the arms, to embrace the lonely.

It seems to me I have written these things so many times before, for my own instruction and consolation, too. But it is a good time of year for thinking of these things. The beginning of Lent—when we should rejoice to fast and pray and give alms.

St. Marcellus

Here is a lovely story of a Pope from the early Church in the time of persecution, St. Marcellus who was made keeper of the menagerie by the emperor and "he spent nine months there, fasting and praying and visiting by his letters the churches he could not visit in person. He was rescued by some clergy, harbored at Lucina's, in whose house he dedicated a church. When Maxentius heard this he ordered the beasts to be brought to the home of Lucina and Marcellus to be their keeper there. Sickened by the foul atmosphere and worn out by many hardships, he fell asleep in the Lord."

Since we have a friend who once had the job of taking care of all the animals at New York University hospital, we know just how bad a job that could be with the cries of the animals, the stench, the heavy, oppressive caged animal atmosphere.

Interruptions

One starts writing one's stint in peace and quiet and soon there are crazy people shouting in the hall, drunken people falling up and down stairs, poor people coming for clothes, two comparatively well dressed men asking for lunch, someone else in for carfare (and he gives you a careful list of all the hospitals and institutions he has tried already), telephone calls, students just finished with their examinations, and then the fellow workers who want to discuss Crasnow, Simone Weil, anarchism, and how can we live without the sacraments, come the red revolution, and so we had better oppose it violently. Needless to say all this interrupts one's train of thought.

One of our readers asked for some definite news in regard to myself and family, so I will report now that I had a beautiful Christmas with my daughter, son-in-law and four grandchildren in Westminster, Maryland, where David is working for the Newman bookshop. The family is living on the outskirts of the town and yet within walking distance of work and Church, but the icy weather prevented us from doing much recreational walking.

The children are angels, of course. They go to bed at seven, and get up at seven. Susie is a bit hilarious and Eric tries to keep up with her, but none of them come downstairs having once been put to bed. Tamar reads them a story before they go to bed and then comes downstairs to read or sew or crochet or knit or weave in those

delicious free hours when silence descends upon the house. The dishes may be stacked in the sink, clothes may need to be folded and put away, but there is always another day. Yes, they are angels, they play with each other's toys peaceably, they help pick up after themselves, and they try to help their mother. Becky, the oldest, who will be six on April 3, occasionally sits down after bringing in the clothes off the lines, and putting away the clothes pins, and feeding the goats and chickens and collecting the eggs, and sighs deeply and says, "I have worked too hard. I am always helping."

I would love to be there with them all the time. Then when I go to Maryfarm, Newburgh, for a weekend, I think how wonderful it is to be there all the time; and then it is the same way about Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island. And somehow or other one enjoys the city too, and the stimulus of people and meetings, and the never-ending work to be done, and the Church around the corner, and the Russian Choir on Sunday mornings. In these moods of physical health and content, one can say with St. Catherine, "All the way to Heaven is Heaven, because He says I am the way." There certainly are glimpses of it here and now, but in heaven we will be in eternity and there will be no barriers of space to separate us from our loved ones. We exercise the virtue of Hope in trusting we will get there.

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Third Hour

The Third Hour. The Third Hour Foundation, Inc., 221 East 70th St., New York. \$2.00.

Issue V of *The Third Hour* was published a short time ago and like the preceding issues is dedicated to a reaffirmation of spiritual values, the problems of social justice in the light of Christ's teachings and the relationship of the arts to Christianity. The "Call to Unity" is the thread which runs through the articles and binds them together in an autonomous whole, thus fulfilling both the purpose of the publication and the significance of its title.

This fifth volume contains many names which are familiar to readers of the previous four—Nicholas Berdyaev, Helene Iswolsky, Father Chrysostom Tarasewich, Dorothy Day, W. H. Auden, Denis de Rougemont and other spiritual leaders of our time, and the articles which compose the publication are as varied as the authors.

Two of the most interesting are concerned with Simone Weil and Edith Stein, both of whom took upon themselves the cross of their people and suffered hardship, privation and death in the name of Christ, though in totally different ways. Father Jean Danielous, S.J. writes movingly of the death of Emmanuel Mounier and his influence in the France of the present, and Father Jerome d'Souza, S.J. discusses the changing spirit of religion in India, the influence which Christianity has had in the change, and the impact of the personality and teachings of Gandhi.

The necessity of icons in the development of Russian spirituality is the theme of an article by Vladimir Ryabushinsky, and Father Tarasewich holds up the Benedictine ideal of life in the liturgy as the most efficacious means of unity with the Christian East. Poetry and criticism also make up a part of the volume, and there is a short play by Basil Yanovsky.

It is to be hoped that the publication will have a wide circulation and reach particularly those concerned with the spiritual crisis of the present century, with the ecumenical movement, and with personalism. A sampling from *The Third Hour* will surely lead to wider reading and to a subsequent deeper understanding of the great need for spirituality today.

The Flight in the Desert

By William Everson

The last settlement scragged out with a barbed wire fence And fell from sight. They crossed coyote country; Mesquite, sage, the bunch-grass knotted in patches; And there the prairie dog yapped in the valleys; And on the high plateaus the short-armed badger Delved his clay. But beyond that the desert, Raw, unslakable, its perjured dominion wholly contained In the sun's remorseless mandate, where the dim trail Died ahead in the watery horizon: God knows where.

And there the failures: skull of the ox, Where the animal terror trembled on in the hollowed eyes; The catastrophic wheel, split, sand-bedded; And the sad jawbone of a horse. These the denials Of the retributive tribes, fiercer than pestilence, Who's scrupulous realm this was.

Only the burro took no notice: the forefoot Placed with the nice particularity of one To whom the evil of the day is wholly sufficient. Even the jocular ears marked time.

But they, the man and the anxious woman, Who stared pinch-eyed into the settling sun, They went forward into its denseness All apprehensive, and would many a time have turned But for what they carried. That brought them on. In the gritty blanket they bore the world's great risk, And knew it, and kept it covered, near to the blind heart, That hugs in a bad hour its sweetest need, Possessed against the drawn night That comes now, over the dead arroyos, Cold and acrid and black.

This was the first of His goings forth into the wilderness of the world. There was much to follow: much of portent, much of dread. But what was so weak then and so mere, so slight and strengthless, (Too tender, almost, to be touched)—what they nervously guarded Guarded them. As we, each day, from the lifted chalice, That strengthless Bread the mildest tongue subsumes, To be taken out in the blatant kingdom, Where Herod sweats, and his deft henchmen Riffle the tabloids—that keeps us.

Over the campfire the desert moon Slivers the west, too chaste and cleanly To mean hard luck. The man rattles the skillet To take the raw edge off the silence; The woman lifts up her heart; the infant Knuckles the generous breast and feeds.

The Blessed Martin DePorres Hospice

38 Eye Street N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

"The Blessed Martin DePorres Hospice," in Washington, is very happy to wish its friends a very Happy and Holy New Year, and to thank them for their contributions and prayers during the past year. For it has been because of this help that I have been able to assist 316 of God's poor since I reopened the Hospice, May 7, 1950.

A number of people have sent to us donations of one kind or another and did not send any address. We hope very much that they will see this letter and know that we did receive their gifts, and that we are very grateful to them, and that we pray daily for their intentions.

Personally, I do not believe that our Lord is too much interested in figures. How many men I housed or how many meals I gave, but I do believe He expects me to do my job. Nevertheless, we human beings like to know the numbers, so for this reason I try to keep tab on some of the things we do then when someone asks me questions I can answer fairly intelligently.

Since we reopened in May, 316 men have passed through our house. Some have made return visits. We have given about 5,250 meals, 97 pairs of trousers, 48 pairs of shoes, 115 pairs of underwear, 9 overcoats, a lot of other things that I have no record of. Very often we have to clean up men so that they can be able to take a job.

Christmas was a very wonderful time for us, a new friend that we found just a few weeks before. Christmas gave us our entire dinner for Christmas. She sent us a very large ham, cooked all nice and brown, decorated with allspice and flavored with brown sugar and a raisin sauce; sweet potatoes, string beans, lettuce salad with plenty pickles, celery, and delicious ginger bread with a rich sauce. Enough for 30 men. She also gave us our Christmas tree with all the trimmings.

Each man received a mixed bag

of candy and nuts, a wash cloth, a cake of soap and a pair of socks as a present from Blessed Martin. We sang Christmas carols, and I read the story of the "Littlest Angel."

Some of the men had by some means gotten a few drinks, but they were very quiet, so I acted as if I did not notice it, trying to keep in the Christmas spirit.

We now have our hot water. Hot water is one of the musts in our house. The sink is up in the kitchen and bath has been fixed. So we are very happy over all the wonderful things the Christ child brought us over the holidays. These things have not been paid for yet, and today I received the bill from the plumber for \$138.70, but I never worry over the payment of the bills, I leave them to our Lord and Blessed Martin. I worry only till the thing is done.

Yes we are still praying for sheets. We did receive a few, but we have 22 beds that is at least 44 sheets. So we will just pray a little longer, we are so thankful for the things we did get it would be wrong to expect everything at once.

Again we want to thank all those who wish us well, and we will pray that they have many good things come to them during this new year.

Sincerely Yours in Christ,
LLEWELLYN J. SCOTT.

Lent

"Prayer and penance are the two patent inspirations sent to us at this time by God . . . But the people themselves are called upon to make up their minds to a definite choice; either entrust themselves to these benevolent and beneficent inspirations . . . or they hand over themselves and what little remains of happiness on earth to the enemy of God, to the spirit of vengeance and destruction." (Pius XI *Caritate Christi Com-*

Matt Talbot and the Dance Team

(Continued from page 1)

fact on two trips downtown we had cruised around and hadn't even been able to find that it existed at all.

We offered to drive Mrs. Zicari to the place, since she knew where it was and we wanted to get on with the order of the Day. We couldn't have picked a guide more in the know, or more respected. It turned out that without Mrs. Zicari there wouldn't have been any Matt Talbot Canteen at all. In fact her husband told us this. Everybody thinks he is the driving force behind the project but, as he said, "She could have insisted that I stay at my old work and support her. She could go down to the priest and say, 'This is wonderful but I didn't marry a lay apostle to split up our home.' But she didn't do anything of the sort. Our oldest boy was in the Air Force and his younger brother was a seminarian. That was all the children we had. So she embraced the opportunity to make a home away from home for God's children who had taken the wrong road and had landed on Skid Row instead of Malibu Beach. Now she is all over the canteen."

The reason we were not quite bright at first was because we didn't know that Gabrielle and Charles Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Zicari were one and the same couple. Gilbert is their name in show business, Zicari in private life. They had been a dance team. She is the cutest trick of the week and the holiest, I believe.

How they got into the unglamorous business of caring for and feeding the poor is one more proof of how impossible it is to predict what way God's will will go, and how necessary to salvation it is to follow it when He points it out to us.

Gabrielle felt a need of daily Mass. Charlie at times would fret about this. He thought she was overdoing it. One day he met a man with a son who was going blind, and he was asked to pray for this boy. So he, too, started going to Mass daily. He went to pray for the sight of this young boy. While praying he got ideas. Okay, call them "distractions." One of them was the plight of people on Skid Row. He didn't pay much attention to it at first, but once after Mass at the Cathedral in downtown Los Angeles he and his wife started walking east instead of west. They ran right into Skid Row—the heart of it, if it could be said at that time to have a heart. Charlie still didn't pay too much attention to his dismal surroundings.

Then, when they were home the telephone rang and a friend asked could they use fifteen pounds of soup bones? Fifteen pounds?

What in all world could they do with fifteen pounds of soup bones, he asked his wife.

It all sounded so incongruous. Then suddenly a light hit him. So he said, "Sure, I got just the place for fifteen pounds of soup bones." He and his wife made gallons and gallons of hot soup with the bones. Then they got some tin cups and bread to go with it and loaded it all in the car and set out for Skid Row. Their older son, Joel, went with them. They started handing out the soup. The men hanging around down there didn't know what to make of it. What in all world was this? What was the gimmick? Where were the strings? No gimmick, no strings. The cop on the beat was very confused too. The Zicar's were blocking traffic.

They'd have to find a permanent place, if they were to do this regularly. They looked around for a location. They found a place. It looked terrible. But it had walls and a roof and windows and a door and possibilities. The rent was \$150 a month. So they rented it. A lady friend advanced her savings and they paid six months rent in advance. The landlord had kitchen supplies and suggested they come and get things to equip their kitchen. On credit.

Well, that was mighty good faith

for a landlord to show them, for what kind of credit has a soup kitchen? So they moved in. With them moved people. They got two would-be seminarians who felt they'd be getting at the core of things in coming and donating their all to this cause. Joe Taylor and Larry Stafford were their names. Another asked if they'd mind if he conducted AA meetings there three times a week. Of course they wouldn't. His name was Jimmy Wood.

He did so well in this phase that so far 15 have been rehabilitated and now have jobs with Goodyear Rubber Company.

They were telling us some of this in a little cubby hole that passes for an office. Outside a line a block long was waiting patiently for the chow line to get moving. It was nearly dusk. The smog, fog and grog that is slowly making Los Angeles the Pittsburgh of the West was creeping into their bones. But they were patient. They knew they would not be turned away. They knew there would be no psalm singing, no gimmicks, no pitches.

Without saying it they all knew that "whatever you do to the least of these, my brethren, you do to Me" was back of all this and it didn't have to be harped on to be understood.

Outside the little office we heard a little unsteady violin playing while the men were eating. Mrs. Zicari said, "You have no idea how he is progressing with his violin." We looked out. He was pretty old and looked blind. But he kept on playing for the men.

Of course the battered old crib violates scores of city regulations. The Archbishop is still not free to give the canteen his sanction and official benediction, because how can he give it to something so completely illegal? But it will be coming.

The board of health was down raising a rumpus. The fire department too. But when you don't know really where the next meal is coming from who bothers about official rousts? They bank on Matt Talbot to square these raps. Matt Talbot comes through every time. That's why they named the canteen after him.

One time the fire chief came around and found everything but everything violating regulations. He finally stuck his head out the window and took a look at the fire escape. "Why it wouldn't even hold one man, let alone all the men you house here," he exclaimed. At that moment Matt Talbot—or somebody—caused a wind to blow. The window fell down, smack on the fire chief's head. That knocked some sense into him. It also must have knocked some grace into him because he gave them thirty days to eliminate the violations.

The place is full of miracles. One day there was no bread. Charlie went up to the Cathedral a block and a half away. He saw the statue of St. Anthony. That reminded him of the bread. He knew St. Anthony was famous for finding things. "Well, find me some bread," he asked.

He returned to the canteen first to see if everything was under control before going out to scrounge for bread. Just as he got there a big independent bakery truck pulled up and asked if the canteen could use a big load of day-old bread. "We're stuck with it and you'd be doing us a big favor if you took it off our hands," the driver explained.

We were invited into the kitchen. We met Chris, a tall, rather slender dark fellow with the most contagious smile. He was cooking. There were about four others in that kitchen. All smiling, friendly, happy looking, and the stew smelled so good. They showed us the dining room for the help. About 10 could jam themselves around a table in a space just wide enough not to break through the wall. But they were all happy, all cheerful, and everything looked clean. We took a big, slow elevator—a freight elevator—down to

the basement and looked at where they keep their supplies—pitifully little—a few crates of greens from the market. "We hope to put a chapel for ourselves here," said Joe Taylor. Then he took us up to the second floor where the help sleeps on cots. They are so close together they look like the widest bed in the world. It was Sunday and their one day of rest. Others take over for the regular staff on Sunday. All of them, of course, are volunteers.

Then the elevator went up to the next floor. They call it Heaven. It is one big room, as are the other floors. It had a covering of a variety of old rugs. They were clean but well worn. They sleep as many as they can on this floor. They feed 300 to 500 and sleep half of these somehow. And the men call it Heaven just as it is.

Every evening at 8 there is rosary for the staff. And that Sunday morning they had the biggest number of men going to Mass ever.

Coming out of the elevator we were introduced to a well dressed man. He looked as if he didn't belong down there at all except as a visitor. They told us he had been rehabilitated down there. They tell us the AA meetings really do things. And the rosary in the evening. They love that.

They are happy there. They have plans. They want to start canteens in other cities too. They are all going to be put under the patronage of Matt Talbot. Here in Los Angeles, the Franciscan Fathers help out. The same fathers who are chaplains in the jail. Father Rudolph O.F.M. is the spiritual director.

As we left, new faces were in the line. It still went as far as the corner, one hundred yards at least.

The men stood there patiently. Some of them talked low.

The Zicar's and Larry Stafford escorted us out. Once in a while they recognized somebody on the line and would ask him how things were. There was love, charity, respect and consideration in their exchange of friendly greetings. It was a wonderful spirit to behold.

It made you feel that Sunday is holier if you use the time for other things besides getting late to last Mass and leaving early because you've got a date in the country and want to make the most of your day off. It made you feel that helping at such a place was good, not only for the men's sake but more particularly for your own.



Refuses to Register

(Continued from page 1)

individual is most important in any society or state."

When he was asked if he believed he should follow only the laws he wanted to, he answered: "I feel any law which affronts me as a human being I have a right to break." Later, he said: "I think I have a right to break a law providing I do not run from punishment."

His family are understood to share his convictions. They are members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

.. Book Reviews ..

Credit for the Millions by Richard Giles, Harper & Bros., New York, \$3.50.

The Poor Man's Prayer by George C. Boyle, Harper & Bros., New York, \$3.50.

These two, recently published books are both concerned with credit unionism, its beginnings and history, and together form a balanced picture of the founding and growth of the credit union movement in North America. **The Poor Man's Prayer**, a fictionalized biography of Alphonse Desjardins, the Canadian founder of the North American credit unions, might possibly have a more popular appeal than **Credit for the Millions**, which inclines toward a description of actual credit union operation with accompanying statistical details, but both volumes could be considered valuable reading to one interested in the formation of a union.

Alphonse Desjardins from childhood was well acquainted with poverty and the difficulties of the poor in his native Quebec. His mother struggled valiantly to provide for and educate her children, always with a minimum of money and little to fall back on, and the children themselves knew what it meant to work hard for every meal. Madame Desjardins did not neglect to instill in her children a love for prayer and a sense of their dependence on the mercy of God, along with a respect for hard work, and these ingrained qualities were influential in directing young Alphonse toward his idealistic plan to help the poor in his beloved Canada.

The actual way in which he might be of use to them, however, did not take form until several years after his marriage, when stricken by a long illness, he was able to observe the extremities to which a man handicapped by lack of money might be driven. Desjardins was haunted by the thought of men losing their homes, land, all their personal possessions because of unexpected emergencies, and as he wrestled with the problem of what to do about it, some credit union literature on the movement in Europe fell into his hands. This, he felt, with some adaptations might be the answer in Canada and he began to conceive the idea of a *caisse populaire*, a little bank for the people who were unable to obtain money in time of need from any source other than loan sharks.

The account of the establishment of the first *caisse populaire* in Levis, its growth from the initial deposit of ten cents to a credit union handling thousands of dollars and helping countless people in the parish is an engrossing tale in itself; the spread of the unions throughout eastern Canada and the United States give ample evidence of the need for little banks and stands as a tribute to the men who made it possible, but Alphonse Desjardins emerges as a heroic figure, the spearhead of the movement, devoted unwaveringly to his ideal, despite discouragements, ill-health and opposition. His wife, Dorimene, too is portrayed as a fitting companion for a man so touched by the spirit of charity, for having once overcome her natural hesitations and fears for her family in embarking on such a perilous adventure, she too spent herself in working for the furtherance of the *caisse populaire*.

George Boyle has given us a very readable book in this biographical novel, and it is commendable indeed that he should have chosen as his subject a man so devoted to God's poor, that he himself lived and died a poor man, drawing even from his own limited income when necessary to help in the establishment of new unions.

Richard Giles in his **Credit for the Millions** has chosen to picture the spread of the credit unions in North America, with some emphasis on their operation, rather than concentrating on any one figure involved in the work. His account gives credit to Desjardins' beginnings in Canada and he speaks at

length of the success of the credit unions established in the Maritime Provinces, including the role which St. Francis Xavier University played in their development and encouragement. He tells us of the terrible abuse which men and women suffered from loan companies with their usurious interest rates, prior to the establishment of community credit unions, and even now of the difficulties encountered in enforcing the laws against usury. The stories he relates of men in literal bondage to loan companies in various parts of the country, particularly the South, and the shocking reminder of the round-up of the loan sharks in New York during the depression of the thirties, are strong arguments for the continued spread of credit unions.

Mr. Giles not only explains in detail the set-up and operation of a theoretical credit union, but gives us glimpses of several successful ones in operation. He uses a farmer's union in Williston, North Dakota, as a fine example of a rural bank, showing its tangible results in aiding the farmers financially and at the same time drawing them closer together in a community spirit, such as was exemplified in their use of the union to obtain rural electrification when the distance between farms ruled out its use in the area. He relates the stories of successful parish credit unions, of unions established in industrial companies for employees, and mentions briefly the differences which have to be considered in establishing unions in cities as opposed to opening them in rural areas or small communities. Mr. Giles also emphasizes the importance of loan insurance now being introduced into many credit unions, and gives a resume of some of the benefits which have followed its adoption.

The readability of the book is intensified by the personalities he introduces, not only those responsible for establishing and maintaining the credit unions, but also men who were instrumental in bringing the loan sharks to heel and forcing them to employ, at least, some legal rate of interest in the lending of money.

It is with the business of interest only that one might quarrel with Mr. Giles. Though the interest charged by credit unions is, without exception, comparatively low, still in cases where the union is able to pay dividends to its members, it seems as if it might be lower still or perhaps dispensed with. The credit unions after all, have a non-profit purpose, and though obviously in most cases there is some overhead expense which must be met, in a bank where dividends are regularly paid to depositors, it would seem logical to lower the rates of interest on loans, and keep only enough money to meet the expenses of the union and maintain a small reserve to cover potential bad loans.

Each of these books, well-written accounts that they are, have a contribution to make to a movement, which should, because of its nature as a service organization, have a popular literature to further acquaint the people with its function. And if a movement must have a hero, it is well to think that one of Alphonse Desjardins' stature should stand out, for he was not a man who depended on himself and his own ability, but one who sought spiritual direction and put his trust in God.

Betty Bartelme.

"It is not from outward pressure, it is not from the sword that deliverance comes to nations; the sword cannot breed peace, it can only impose terms of peace... experience shows it is but an empty dream to expect a real settlement to emerge at the moment when the conflagration of war has died down." (Pius XII Summi Pontificatus.)

+ From The Mail Bag +

Japan

Japan, Dec. 27.

Dear Miss Day:

Your Christmas card is on my desk as I start to type this. Maybe I had better put it in a drawer. Two different officers have glanced at it, then studied it, and asked me about it. I judge the lithograph or black crayon drawing is in part a reaction against all the saccharine, over-blown "religious" Christmas cards and, for that matter, worse, the secular Christmas cards. I didn't like it at first. Too stark. But then the more I looked at it, the more I liked it, so that I have reached the point now where it is probably the only Christmas card I will keep (aside from your lovely note, for which I would keep it anyway). The other officers liked it immediately, which shows they have a healthier taste than I. The Gaelic song is fine, fine, fine.

Your remark about war and the body reminded me of the sermon here at midnight Mass Christmas. Father Keany, a wonderful young priest who had his leg blasted with shrapnel a few weeks ago while with the Marines near the Manchurian border, gave the sermon. He pointed out that the body was the temple of the Holy Ghost and that in the age of atomic bombs we were forgetting that. He said that life today was cheaper than ever before, and that with mass conscriptions and armies we were losing sight of the individual body and soul behind the abstractions. It was a beautiful sermon.

There were 4,100 men in the fleet gymnasium at Mass. That is over one-third of the base. Many of the men listening attentively were in bathrobes and sitting with their crutches. They were patients—the wounded—from the hospital. They are very young. Their faces, many of them, were almost ascetic-looking from pain and sickness. Here and there a man had grown a beard. . . . The Mass was the most glorious that I can ever remember. The little Japanese girls from the convent here, dressed in bright kimono, sang the Gregorian chants. The contrast between those pure little voices singing Latin and the gymnasium, filled with a vast army of men in uniform, was something. . . . At the Communion it resembled Lourdes. Young men with canes limped up. Marines helped their disabled companions to the altar. . . . We have the finest young priests I have ever seen here in Japan. They are men of great quiet fervor. I think Our Lord must have been pleased with the Mass.

I have been side tracked from any sort of vital spiritual life by a frenzied interest in politics, and have written dozens of letters trying to resurrect what seemed to me a dying liberalism in the United States. It seemed to me that cynical realists—men who pride themselves on dealing in "facts" like bombs and military strategy and money—were at the reins in the United States. And what we needed in part was some

of that old time William Lloyd Garrison-Thoreau-Heywood Brown American liberalism. . . . I am beginning to feel we are far past the stage when that is significant enough to turn the balance. The decapitation of the American liberal (the Alger Hiss trial providing the coupe de grace) and its fatal intertwining with the Moscow line, whether a real or fictitious marriage, seems to me supra-rational, beyond historical explanation. I am beginning to believe that this may be God's will—to show people that even the "love of fellow man" of the real liberal is no longer enough when it is not accompanied with love of Almighty God and acknowledgement that without Him man's schemes for man, no matter how idealistic, are worthless. I think liberals like Koestler and Silone and Wright realize this now themselves, for instance, though they are still puzzled, and haven't reached the obvious conclusion.

At any rate, I have spent about a month and a half thinking, writing and talking politics (particularly about the Chinese situation, which seems to me a political tragedy, among other things, of the first magnitude) and I must conclude that this was all lost motion and misdirected energy. One prayer, I believe, is worth more than ten letters on worldly politics.

Well, the above may or may not be worth jotting down. I don't know.

You mentioned the missionaries turning Eastward. I can see why. Maybe someday a detachment of Catholic Worker people will come to Japan. This country would take to it in marvelous fashion. If the Japanese become a Catholic country, they will be the wonder of Christianity. They have a terrific innate discipline that is just plain alien to the Western temperament. We have to acquire it and fight to get it. They seem born with an inner discipline. That doesn't mean they're the caricature of the stony-faced, impenetrable Oriental. Quite the contrary, no people laugh more often nor have a more childlike delight in life—than the Japanese. They enjoy life. And though they haven't much money, they do their best to make life gay and happy. They get immense enjoyment out of their children. They dress their babies in kimono that are a riot of color. No country has a greater sense of color and design. The humblest peasant woman walks the street in a kimono with a fabric design that is wonderful, no matter how poor the garment itself may be. In a Japanese home if they have a yard or a bolt of cloth with a design they like, they'll take a section of it and tack it up on the wall—as we would a framed picture!

All is not milk and honey here, however. The Japanese have great humility now. It makes them wonderful and easy to deal with. A great part of the success of the occupation—the lack of friction and incidents, etc.—is due to the

fact that the Japanese have been made to feel a great sense of guilt because of the war. It is a blessed humility, I am sure, and makes them appear to be ten times the Christians than the American occupation forces are. . . . The only hitch here is that it makes them fair game for a bunch of American crack-pots who have descended on Japan since the end of the war, scurrying over here to "raise the backward East and give them the benefits of the West." There are Planned Parenthood Groups of American women who are active, there are many people dedicated to teaching the Japanese how to use contraceptives, (and these incredibly loathesome women even go into the rural areas to give chalk-talks), there are American and English women—so help me Pete on a bicycle—telling the women by lecture and word how to raise children (!!!), and lastly Newsweek a while ago had their feature article on a eugenics clinic in Tokyo, government sponsored apparently, which provided consultants for economically poor pregnant women and authorized



abortions. This charming story, written by Compton Pakenham, Tokyo Newsweek bureau chief, was more horrible than anything Aldous Huxley could have conceived in "Brave New World." The Japanese women listen attentively to what these great people from the lands of Democracy and Christianity have to say, and just how much effect it has I don't know. . . . Fortunately, the Japanese, though humble, are very human and aren't ready yet to twist the basic facts of life just because someone tells them its "PROGRESS!"

The occupation has been a mixture of things. By and large I think MacArthur, in terms of the basic situation, has done a fantastically fine job and one may, as an American, be proud of it. Whether there should have been an occupation at all, is of course another question. . . . Unfortunately, to the average Japanese, the main thing the occupation has brought in to Japan, is "bourgeois liberalism" or a lot of the evil fruits: sexual license and prostitution is so widespread and evident that its just a fact of life here, the breakdown of the home and family tradition, the boys who loaf and grease their hair ("like American movie stars") and smoke cigarettes, the girls dressed in cheap American clothes with lipstick piled on with a palette knife. And so on. . . . So we have brought good and evil. I have faith in the Japanese people, however, as they cling tenaciously to the best in their own heritage and culture (partly because they indeed have a terrific cultural heritage, and in small part, as a reaction against certain American things which are clear to any human being with eyes are no good).

Well, this is in haste. I indeed pray the Lord that I shall come out of this alive, as it is beginning to dawn on me that I have made a real mess of 25 years on earth, and that it would be nice to have 25 or more to serve Our Lord as we were meant to serve Him.

Thinking of you and Bob and

the Worker during this joyous season in Christendom, I wish you the grace of Our Lord for the coming year that you may continue your work which inspires many of us.

Sincerely, George Carlin

Rome

My Dear Tom:

It was nice to see you in New York on my way to Rome for the Holy Year and to have lunch at THE CATHOLIC WORKER. After I left you I boarded the Ile de France. The boat was sailing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In the stateroom to which I was assigned there were three other men. One a German who had a brother that killed in the War in Russia, and the man was returning to Germany to visit his bereaved father; another gentleman going to England to visit his mother; and a third, a Virginian, at one time a member of the Virginian legislature, an attorney, and a globe trotter. At table with me there was a German clock manufacturer and his wife and a French girl. The girl was a musician and she spoke German, English, and Italian.

The Ile de France has a beautiful chapel. On board there was a priest making a pilgrimage. He offered Holy Mass every morning, heard confessions, said the Rosary for peace in the evening, and kept the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the tabernacle. He spoke perfect French and perfect English. The roll of the ocean did not bother this priest any and he was as big as two ordinary curates. At Mass there were five nuns, five laymen, and five laywomen, and all received Holy Communion each morning. The chapel is in the first class section of the boat and in a way out of reach for the steward, the deck hand, the bell boy, the oller, and the crew in general.

I traveled tourist. This is the polite name for third class. Roughly the cost is \$25.00 per day tourist, \$50.00 cabin, and \$75.00 first class. First class is luxury beyond words.

In the compartment coming down on the train from Le Havre there was a girl from Cleveland, a librarian. She had a friend who took a course in atomic energy which was given by a government agency. The instructor would not let anyone in the class take notes. It appeared as if the instructor did not want to apprise the public of the destructive power of the atom bomb. She also knew a physicist who ran away from Germany to escape Hitler and found temporary asylum in the United States. This physicist wrote the Government protesting the atom bomb. In the reply he got back from the Government was the remark that criticism from a foreigner as to the means the United States should use to defend itself was out of order. The Cleveland girl thought the remark was very sharp because the physicist was just trying to do what he could to prevent the slaughter of innocent people.

Also on the train was a young man who boarded the Ile de France at Plymouth. He was a graduate from Princeton and was studying Russian history during the Czarist regimes at Oxford. He talked about the stupidity of the American people in ascribing to the unconditional surrender of Germany. Equally stupid were the American people he claimed because they did not end the War 30 days before V. J. day. (According to an article in the magazine LOOK, six months before V. J. day Japan tried to make peace through Rome but the State Department did not believe a peace coming through the Vatican would be acceptable to the American people.)

Also in the train there was a woman with her small daughter. She was on her way to visit her mother in France. At her table on

the boat there were some Russian communists. By means of the grape vine she learned that they were expelled from the United States. She observed them very sharply. She said they were very well disciplined. They did not speak to passengers. They spent their time in their stateroom. All day long the sat in silence and read.

What were these people carrying? The man going to England was carrying food. The girl from Cleveland was carrying 14 pairs of stockings for friends in Germany. She washed the stockings because washed clothing is not saleable and duty exempt. The lady visiting her mother in France was carrying clothing for relatives. I was carrying cigarettes for an Italian doctor.

On the train from Paris to Rome in the dining car I met a Mohammedan. He had been through Germany. He said the Americans and British bombed Germany without mercy. This gentleman was a graduate from Oxford and he spoke English fluently and several oriental languages. He said the havoc and destruction he witnessed in Germany made him very much ashamed of the British and American people because he had esteemed these nations and peoples most highly. In one place he asked a German girl how many people were killed in that city by bombing. The girl said about 25,000 and burst out crying. He observed that despair had taken hold of the German people and they seemed indifferent as to what would happen to Germany in the future. (Forty-seven per cent of the people of London were against bombing Germany.)

In Rome I made the Holy Year visits. Also attended the International Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis of which I am a member. I was at midnight Mass celebrated by the Pope Christmas Eve and was present at the closing of the Holy Door. The Pope is very popular. Also I assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion at the tomb of St. Benedict Joseph Labre. He is buried in Rome under one of the altars in the church Santa Maria del Monti.

Gerald Fitzgibbon.

Pope Pius XII On Capitalism And Communism

"Some show themselves no less timid and uncertain in the face of that economic system which is known as capitalism and of which the Church has not failed to denounce the grave consequences.

"The Church, in fact, has pointed out not only the abuses of capitalism and of the rights of property, which such a system promotes and defends, but has also taught that capital and property must be instruments of production for the advantage of all society and a means of supporting and defending liberty and the dignity of the human person.

"The errors of the two economic systems (communism and capitalism), and the damaging consequences which arise from them, must convince all, particularly priests, to remain faithful to the social doctrine of the church and to spread knowledge of its practical application. This doctrine, in fact, is the only one which can remedy the evils we have denounced and which are so unhappily widespread. It unites and perfects the demands of justice and the duties of charity and promotes a social order which does not oppress individuals or isolate them in blind egoism but draws all together in a bond of fraternal solidarity."

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