

CATHOLIC



WORKER

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Mott Street

The fiesta in honor of St. Rocco has come and gone during the past month of August. The gay music of the street bands and the procession did much to temper the severe heat of this summer, the heat which was a fairly good sample of hell. One night of the fiesta was given over to street dancing, with the music provided by a very poor orchestra, who were under the illusion that their specialty was hot music. But the teen-agers seemed to make the most of it with their jitterbugging dance, which never seemed so dated, jaded and inartistic. Truly it was a night of attempting to recapture the past dances and music of the late thirties and forties. It seems as though we have been caught in a period when no popular dance has really caught on, and we are simply rehashing the dances and music of the past decade. We are similar to infants learning to walk, who are terrified at that first step without a hand to lean on. No doubt this lack of creative music and dancing is a reflection of the entire confusion of our modern world, and there are none so uncreative and uninspired as a people who are in such a state of indecision as we are today. One of the brighter spectacles of the street dance was that of the two elderly women who waltzed on our sidewalks, oblivious to the tempo of the raucous music of the bandstand orchestra. And then there was the middle-aged woman visitor who cut her visit short when she heard the bands and processions bearing the statue of St. Rocco up the street. Some of the women in the parade were barefooted, and we winced when we thought of the glass and nails that are frequently seen in the streets. Anyway, our friend went off to join them as they made their way down Hester street, telling us that she was doing it out of gratitude for favors received. I haven't seen the woman since.

The other morning a friend of ours who lives on the Bowery (Continued on page 3)

ON DISCRIMINATION AT BREEZY POINT

(August 7 several members of CATHOLIC WORKER were guests of residents of Breezy Point; one of our members is Negro. A group of residents, the Rockaway Park Association, imposes upon all leasees an agreement that no guests of "undesirable" races be admitted. Eighty percent of the summer population of Breezy Point is Catholic.)

As was the custom in those days a multitude of the Children of God went up in the summer months to a place that is called Breezy Point.

This place is on a great island that lies on the Sea and by the Rivers and it was a place of refreshment where God made cool winds to blow and they were refreshed in body and spirit in this good place.

But this place which was on an island called Long was held from the people by a few rich men who called themselves a Corporation.

Now these Children of God rented villas by the Sea and they lived in comfort and they rested.

And they enjoyed these good things through the bounty of the fruits of the earth which God had delivered into their hands.

But before they could dwell in this good land they had to go before the elders of the people and denounce the race of their Messiah; to swear that they would not permit any man to enter into this Eden who was of the Sons of Abraham or of any of the tribes whose skin is dark.

And of all the people who lived in this Garden of Breezy Point eight out of every ten men and women and children were of the Children of God.

Of every ten, eight bore upon themselves the Mark of a Child of God.

They feasted upon the Body of their Savior and they drank His Blood and every Sabbath they saw the wonders which He worked in their Temple.

A priest was sent by God to min- (Continued on page 3)



MATER DOLOROSA
Mary Whelan

RESISTANCE

Collector of Internal Revenue:

I am writing this preliminary statement of my reasons for not paying my income tax ahead of time as I was recently informed by your office that I would be imprisoned for my constant refusal to pay taxes. Upon my arrest I will give you the correct report of my earnings to date in 1948.

My belief in the iniquity of government, which exists primarily to wage war, has been stated this last six years in my statement to your department when I refused to pay any tax, and also in articles in the CATHOLIC WORKER. To briefly sum them up again for your possible edification:

1. As a Christian Anarchist I refuse to support any government, for, first, as a Christian, all government denies the Sermon on the Mount by a return of evil for evil in legislatures, courts, prisons and war. As an anarchist I agree with Jefferson that "that government is best which governs least." Government is founded to perpetuate the exploitation of one class by another. In our case it is the exploitation of the poor by a parasitic owning class living on tariffs, subsidies, rent, interest and profit, and held in power by crooked politicians, subservient clergy, blinded educators and scientists, and a prostituted press, movie industry and radio.

2. Jesus said "Forgive seventy times seven." We make retroactive laws and hang our defeated enemies.

Jesus told His Disciples not to call down fire from heaven to destroy those who would not listen to his gospel. We have no concern with any gospel but the dollar and (Continued on page 4)

Now since men must live in a group, because they are not sufficient unto themselves to procure the necessities of life were they to remain solitary, it follows that a society will be the more perfect the more it is sufficient unto itself to procure the necessities of life.

—St. Thomas Aquinas.

HAVE YOU ANY OLD BOOKBINDING TOOLS?

Tony Aratari is going to make bookbinding an important craft for our New York group as soon as he is able to open a little shop for that purpose somewhere in the vicinity of Mott Street. Tony is now learning how to do the work in a craft school and plans to pass the knowledge of it along to others who are interested.

Bookbinding is a handcraft that will be especially useful in connection with our work because we are publishing our own books and it will enable us to supply them in better bindings to those readers who are willing to pay more for them, without incurring the much greater expense of comparable commercial binding for a whole edition. We are going to begin by holding a number of unbound copies of Peter Maurin's "Catholic Radicalism" until Tony is ready to go to work on them and bind them to order. Incidentally, that book is now in the hands of the commercial binder, who is a very "promising" man; he keeps promising to go to work on them right away, and we keep hoping he will live up to his promises, but so far we have hoped in vain, and must beg all the patient persons who have ordered the book to be patient just a little longer. We do feel certain that we will be able to start mailing the books this week.

Tony and his prospective fellow workers are going to need everything in the way of tools and equipment that a good bookbinder requires, so we are asking our readers who may have anything in that line to please send him whatever they have no use for, and for this we will be most grateful.

David Mason.

On Pilgrimage

"Everything happens here," three young Maryknoll students said as they left us after a two weeks visit. Births and deaths, the joys and sorrows that go with the crises of our daily life at Mott street. All our visitors were hoping that Majorie Hughes' baby would be born before they left, but Lois Schumacher from Chicago departed, and the three seminarians and various other guests, and still no baby. Then one Wednesday night, after a meeting in our courtyard where Bob Ludlow was speaking, after the crowd had dispersed and had wandered around to the "Muni" for coffee, and there was no one around to stay with the children while Joe accompanied Marge to the hospital, her time came. She left the house at eleven-thirty and the baby was born at twelve-thirty, a boy, eight-pounds, James Matthew by name. The hospital called it Thursday, but by God's time, not daylight saving, the child was born on the feast of St. Lawrence, always one of my favorite saints. When there was danger of the estates of the Church being confiscated by the State, he sold them all and gave them to the poor! A good example for our time.

Another Death

The birth of a baby is a joyful event so I write of that first. A week later, John Anthony Curran died. Many of our readers and correspondents will remember him as a most ardent disciple of Peter Maurin.

I had been visiting my daughter for a week down in West Virginia and returned home to find John very sick indeed. He had had several serious operations two years before and had been in a very weakened condition ever since. He and Cecilia his wife lived up one flight in the rear house at Mott street, in a two- (Continued on page 2)

Christian Anarchism

By ROBERT LUDLOW

In our temporal life here we are in need of a goal. As Christians we know what is our end. The end we have in God, the Beatific Vision, the light of glory. Inasmuch as we are in a state of grace we have already begun to live the life of glory. But in this matter of life on earth, on the management of temporal affairs, on the direction of our programs, on all these things there is confusion and great diversity of opinion. This is not an attempt to reconcile all differences, there are some differences that cannot be reconciled. It is an attempt to present a point of view that has not gained much headway among Christians. It is not an original point of view—it is what I believe the Catholic Worker Movement to stand for. And, as such, it derives from Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. And from those like Eric Gill, Belloc, Chesterton, Kropotkin and Bakunin who have pointed out the dangers inherent in the course we follow now and how there is great need for men who will set their faces against the growing power of the State.

Even within ourselves we are trying to pull in two directions. The one leading to State Socialism,

the other to Christian Anarchism. Consequently we both aid and oppose the State. The complexities of life sometimes make it inevitable, there are the pressing everyday problems of the poor and we cannot always be consistent in administering to a need that must be met at the moment. Nevertheless, if we forget the goal, or if we abandon the goal under pressure of the moment we will, in the long run, have betrayed ourselves and those for whom we would work. If we are not always aware that the redemptive powers of Christ can elevate human nature to the divine and that as we become more Christian just so much do we have need of less and less government—if we forget that it's possible to transcend original sin then indeed we will join forces with those who, however well intentioned, are leading the world into totalitarianisms where the State is all and all is contained within the State.

Disjointed

Max Picard has pointed out how we live in a disjointed world and how we find this an impossible condition so that we turn to temporal fixations to replace the permanent fixation in God which the world rejects. The State, conceived in terms of permanence and (Continued on page 2)

Modern Village

By IRENE NAUGHTON

In considering the goal of the Catholic Worker Land Movement, there are two extremes to be avoided, cooperation with our industrial capitalist economy, and primitivism. Grateful as we are to see the practical, immediate work of mercy of such groups as the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, announcing the good news that the family needs space, light, and air, we nevertheless cannot in conscience fail to make clear that there is a fundamental difference in our own program to bring space, light, and air to the family. If it were a matter of hair-splitting, the whole matter could be dropped, but we feel that it is precisely on this issue that the spiritual crisis in the temporal order will be resolved. We are interested not in debating victories, but in converting the NCRLC and all to what we firmly see as the truth.

Back in the summer of 1943, I joined the Women's Land Army, not to help the war effort by freeing men for the army, but to confront the people who kept saying to me, "This theory about going back to the land is all right, but just wait until you get a little taste of hard work." And also I wanted to find out for myself whether I

could stand the gaff as they say. But the story of that summer must wait another time. Now as a Pacifist, believing all war incompatible with the spirit of Christ (I had not faced that question at all then), I would not in any way cooperate to release men to kill their brothers or be killed by them.

Towards the end of that summer the National Catholic Rural Life Conference was holding one of its five day summer schools at Maryknoll Seminary, Ossining, N. Y. At Cherry Creek, we had just finished the haying and I took a week's leave from the farm near Jamestown, N. Y., to cross the state, and find out exactly what the NCRLC was advocating.

Father Schmiedler, in the course of the very interesting lectures, made a statement beginning, "since it looks as though mass production is here to stay—"

When the question period came around, I raised what was to me a vital issue, claiming it is impossible for a Christian to say, if mass production is here to stay; as a Christian we must say, if mass production is un-Christian, it must go. Several others came to my rescue, since I went on to assert that it was un-Christian. I remember particularly an army chaplain. Eventually (Continued on page 4)

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

room apartment, adjoining our clothes room and laundry. The only running water they had was that in the laundry and the noise and airlessness of the place was oppressive in the extreme heat this summer. John lay there Sunday morning and talked to me of Peter's sanctity. "I haven't got that sanctity," he said seriously, "I've got the intellectual appreciation for all that Peter taught me, and I certainly appreciate how much God has given me in letting me have the opportunity of knowing and working with such a man. But no, I haven't his sanctity."

And I thought, "what a variety of saints there are," looking around at John's poverty, voluntarily accepted, to be with the poor, to work with the poor, to talk to whoever would listen about the things of God as taught in the liturgy; and the things of the world, the history of things past, what to do now in order to make the future better.

St. Paul's

That Sunday morning John was very weak. But it was the day Jack English was to be "clothed" at St. Paul's Abbey, Newton, New Jersey, and the crowd of us were to go out there. It was a joyful occasion and we had a happy afternoon with Jack. Tom, Bob, Charles, Natalie, Irene and Agnes stayed for supper at the Abbey, but Catherine Odilivak and I hastened back on the bus, a beautiful trip, eating our supper of French fried potatoes, purchased at a roadside stand, by the way. It was a night of the fiesta, the eve of the feast of the Assumption, and street singers, men and women, with loud speakers to increase their already gargantuan voices, were on the band stand which is built for this feast each year, right across the street from us. We got back to find the concert in full blast, and Cecilia, John's wife, in despair because John could no longer move himself, and she could not help him. With the help of Kay Brinkworth, who has had experience at St. Francis home where she had to move patients many times the size of John, we got him moved, his bed and clothes changed, because it was a very hot night.

John did not mind the noise. He was in the rear building so the sound was not so piercing, deflected as it was by a five-story building directly in front of him. "There are other noise that are worse," Cecilia said. "The neighbors are always taking the clean clothes down at midnight and the sound of screeching pulleys is almost more than one can stand. This noise is a happy noise."

John could not eat, so we had to go over to the Hughes' for ice cubes to make lemonade. (They are luxuriating in a second hand gas-ice box this summer, purchased for \$20 and set up by Joe.)

It was fifteen years that John was in the work. He started to come to the meetings back on Charles street and moved in with us when we came to Mott street in 1936. He travelled with Peter,

he helped Frank O'Donnell and Carl Paulson build on St. Benedict's farm. It was the first stone work they had done, and he learned it from a book. He worked at Easton, at Alcuin, and at Mott street. He was critic as well as worker, New England perfectionist that he was, and in his forced inactivity the last years of his life, it was hard for him to see mistakes, or what he thought were mistakes, developments, defections, and the slowness with which things moved, the lack of accomplishment. Women working from day to day, from meal to meal, with the immediate, did not get discouraged as men did, I used to tell him. It was the men who had the vision, Peter used to say, and the women followed the men who had the vision, and helped them accomplish it. It was up to the men to keep the vision clear, but not much would be accomplished without the women, I always added. "Oh, women!" John would snort, because he was noted for his impatience with them. He was always quoting St. Paul at me, and he was still doing it the day he went to the hospital.

On the feast of the Assumption, Monday morning, the priest from Precious Blood Church around the corner, came in his robes through the street, barefooted and in sandals, and brought Viaticum. John confessed, received Holy Communion and was anointed. "And now, if I were to die today," he said happily, "I would go straight to heaven."

I remembered Fr. Reinhold's article on Extreme Unction which appeared in the Commonweal some years ago, and wished I had it to read to him. What beautiful emphasis he placed on the power of the Sacrament!

Those were the last words I had with John. In the afternoon the ambulance came and took him to the Veteran's hospital up on Kingsbridge road, and there he died, Wednesday night, August 17. Cecilia, Irene, Charlie, Julia and I took turns reading him the psalms. He was brought to Precious Blood Church for a requiem Mass which we all sang, and then his body was brought to Lewiston, Maine, where his mother and sister still live. As a young man he had gone to Annapolis but did not finish because of illness. He has served in the Coast Guard in the first World War, but since he had been with The Catholic Worker, he had been a pacifist. He was fifty-five years old when he died.

Retreats

I am writing now at the farm where we have been more crowded this summer than ever before. The youngest member of the community is Teddy Cizek, who is here with his four-year old brother while his mother has an operation in New York. This little family have been the guests of a couple of members of the YCW in New York who have an apartment above the headquarters. Now that we are taking care of some of their guests, they are taking care of one

of ours. It delights us to see this practice of hospitality. Oh, for a Christ-room in every home! Women and children, separated from husband and father, hundreds of them, at the Municipal Lodging house in New York, and on the other hand, empty buildings, boarded up buildings, buildings that could be made into apartments for these homeless people! Little interest is evinced in them. The Lodging house has become the Marshalsea of the present day, but we have not a Dickens to bring the plight of these families before the people.

Just this last month an apartment fell vacant across the street from us on Mott street. The janitor had lived in it, alone, and he suddenly died. We had the chance to rent it, buy the furniture for fifty dollars, and move in a family from the lodging house, a widow and four children. They are already considered to be on relief, so when they were moved into the newly painted clean apartment, with sufficient but meager furniture, they were automatically cared for by the city which is trying to do its share in this emergency. Holy Mother the City, Holy Mother the State,—both are tender and merciful to the poor. But the members of Holy Mother the Church are remiss. We are not doing our share.

Blue Prints

We have the land at Newburgh, and we have several men who would help build. Fr. Buckley, of the Brooklyn Catholic Charities office, says that he has a building group also who would come out and give a hand week ends, which means one day's work. We have the land and the labor. But we have no funds for building materials. As a matter of fact, we still have a bill for building materials not paid yet with a local dealer who is most patient. Pope Plus said in a talk to a group of nuns who were engaged in caring for the poor, "Never be afraid to run up bills for the Lord's work." An encouraging thought. But our bills are so high now, and there are so many long unpaid, that we wonder how we can get through the summer until our Fall appeal goes out. Only yesterday, the undertaker, Mr. Walsh, came around to remind me that the bill for Peter Maurin's funeral, \$650, was still unpaid. The humiliations of poverty! Tom, who has charge of the funds, has been hard pressed to pay butcher, baker, and grocer through the summer, feeding the living, caring for the line that increases at our door in Mott street, and for a family of thirty or so who are here at Maryfarm all the time. One cannot raise enough for all.

Bills

On various feasts I have rather timidly asked St. Anthony, St. Joseph, the Blessed Mother, and today St. Rose, to please move someone's heart to send us a sizable gift, that would get rid of some of our bills, so that we could breathe easier, take courage, gird our loins for the ever increasing struggle. Just a little reminder that the saints are with us. Maybe they want us to groan in our poverty. Maybe they want us to feel the same heavy, almost hopeless burden that the family does these days as bills pile up, doctor's bills, hospital bills, grocery bills, so that you never get out from under, you never draw a free breath but are always scheming and planning and wondering how to make ends meet.

Still, we keep on asking, "show me a token for good." St. Joseph sent us five-hundred dollars on his feast day through the will of one of our readers, once many years ago. But it seems to us we have had drops in the bucket for a long time now.

"Sow, and you will reap," Fr. Roy used to say. "If you are saving to pay a mortgage on the Church or school, and had only five hundred or five thousand in the bank, get rid of it all, sow it all, and you will be rewarded a hundred fold. God has promised it. It sounds

foolish, but if you need money, sow money. It will come back to you. Cast your bread on the waters."

So we sow all the time, whatever we have, and we beg our readers to do the same. Perhaps some reader will look at our broad fields here at Maryfarm and decide to sow a few houses on it, to take care of the few families, and what mansions in heaven they will receive in exchange!

Postscript

In the September issue of Blackfriars there is an article about Peter Maurin which I wrote at the request of Fr. Conrad Peplar the editor. Since I took part of a chapter I had written on the life of Peter and used that, it contains, I find, many more facts about Peter's life than I had given in the article which I wrote about him for our own paper. On my desk there are requests from several other magazines for articles about Peter Maurin and the Catholic Worker. There must be a great deal of repetition in writing articles such as these, but I like to remember how much Peter had to repeat over and over again to visitors, the basic ideas of the work, about voluntary poverty, manual labor, "being what you want the other fellow to be." We must repeat too, and remembering how many times St. Paul told his story, remembering the four gospels, will help in writing about Peter, the lay apostle of our times.

Thank You

While we were mailing out the July-August issue of the paper, I began to remember all the things we had not put in the paper. I had neglected to thank all our friends for their letters and condolences on the death of Peter, the Masses offered for him, the prayers of his friends. There were beautiful comments made in America, in Orate Fratres (his death was coupled with that of Cardinal Suhard of Paris), in the Commonweal, in Osservatore Romano, and other papers and magazines. Agnes Bird is making up a scrap book of all the clippings and letters received and it will be precious to us and interesting to all the visitors who come in to Mott street. We hope our readers will understand the pressure of work this summer which has made much letter writing impossible and excuse us for not being prompt in answering them. I always think of this column as a letter to our readers and hope that they too feel it as such.

D. D.

Christian Anarchism

(Continued from page 1)

underlying the changes in party and rule, takes the place of God in affording an absolute, in being a focal point to which disjointed secular man can give allegiance. "I am the Lord thy God" the State declares, "thou shalt not have strange gods before me." For the State is a jealous god and will stand no rival. But the State suffers from the same limitations that any temporal satisfaction will have—that it is but an instant in time and the pleasure of union with it is followed by all the dissatisfactions of union with the temporal. The psychology of man demands that he have a permanent reference point and if he misses the objectively eternal, who is God, he will transfer that need to a temporal entity. Be it sensuality or the State. In either case there is eventual disillusionment.

Caesar

As we become more Christian so will we have less and less need of the State. And if the State has nothing to offer us we have no call for continuing it in existence. "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's" but then we can unmake Caesar and there will be nothing to render him for he will have ceased to exist. And he will cease to exist to the extent that the supernatural will permeate society. The functions of Caesar can be better performed by lesser entities wherein the person of man will not be overwhelmed by the complexities and bureaucratism inherent in the centralized State. But if we are convinced of this, if it is evident to us that the Christian way of life will find fulfillment in a Stateless society, then our policies and our actions should be, as far as possible, in opposition to the growing power of the State and we will go the way of Christian anarchism rather than the popular road to State socialism. It is unfortunately true that many types of Catholic Action and Catholic Activity looks for a solution of our problems to the State. The State is upheld as a desirable form of government and the citizen is constantly reminded of his obligations to it so that there is prepared that tie-up between Church and State that always end so disastrously for the Faith.

Those who look to the State for temporal salvation do so, unconsciously perhaps out of despair of man. They despair of the realization of redemption in society and hold those who do not despair to be visionaries and utopians. And because they believe it to be impossible that the petition "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven" be realized, they turn to the State as being a necessary repressive agency to keep man in order. The Christian Anarchist outlook, on the contrary, is one of hope in that it takes into account the possibilities opened to man as redeemed in Christ, and society and nature as participating in that redemption. Despite the seemingly impossible obstacles to the realization of a Stateless society, yet to work towards it is to work in hope and to work in hope is the only way in which we can take seriously that prayer which we pray daily "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven."

Rejects State

What then is the Christian anarchist? He is one who rejects the State as a desirable vehicle of government. But before we go in to that let us consider the question of hierarchy. The fact that the Christian of necessity accepts a religious hierarchy and the Anarchist rejects a hierarchy. It is this, among other things, that makes the Christian say that one cannot be consistently Christian and anarchist and this is why the anarchist will state that anarchy and Christianity are incompatible. There is

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BOOKS

On Pilgrimage

by

DOROTHY DAY

\$1

Catholic Radicalism

by

PETER MAURIN

\$2

Order from

CATHOLIC WORKER

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New York 13, N. Y.

Mott Street

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brought in an awful looking picture of the Sacred Heart. He claimed that he found it on a junk heap over on Mulberry street and thought that it looked lonely and out of place there. I thought he should have left it where he found it, but I didn't tell him, since he wouldn't understand, and to him the rescue was an act of charity. And as soon as our backs were turned the picture was hung on the fence of our courtyard. Yesterday our one-man rescue squad came in beaming, since he observed his picture in our courtyard. We are ignorant of the identity of the individual who hung that picture as well as many others around the yard and office. It was probably the same party who has erected the American flag on the roof of our rear house, no doubt to prove that Christian anarchy and love of country are not opposed to each other.

Beggars

Our friend mentioned above, who rescued the picture from the refuse heap, related a sad saga that he had the major role in during the past month. It seems that a few weeks back he was forced to quit his dishwashing job due to diseased feet, and within a week his small reservoir was exhausted by his room rent and meals, plus cigarettes. Then he took to begging on the streets to enable him to acquire sufficient funds to pay his expenses, but this was an extremely precarious existence, since he was subject to arrest and would face a thirty-day jail sentence if he were caught. However, his law-breaking activity was curtailed when he could no longer walk more than a few steps, his feet were so bad. It was at that stage that he made his way over to us. While he was telling of his circumvention of the law, I couldn't help but reflect on the inconsistency of such a law with a country that is professedly Christian. After a fashion we could relieve our consciences if we could say that this particular law was inflicted on the country (it is in effect in practically every community in the country), by some powerful organization, if we did not fail to approve of it in our daily contact with the unfortunates who are driven to beg for a living. This approbation can be easily discerned when we turn our backs on street beggars or else we quicken our step in order to avoid them. Whenever we are "trapped" by these mendicants, we immediately justify our refusals to ourselves or to onlookers with long discourses, and in no time we can deceive ourselves into thinking that we are virtuous in these particular actions. Yet a Dominican priest was telling us one night that we are bound to give to those in apparent need, unless we are absolutely certain that such gifts would definitely contribute to the alms-seeker's spiritual disintegration. Of course, there is the apparently surface valid wall to these acts of charity when the donor sighs that there must be a limit to our giving, and ask when can we stop giving. The spiritual writers have supplied the answer to that query by stating that we may stop giving to others when God stops giving to us. It has been pointed out time and time again that the living of Christianity is folly in the eyes of the world, but that would not and should not deter us if we stop and consider that the eyes of the world are almost blinded with its own folly.

Wednesday Night Speakers

Our Wednesday night lectures are playing to full houses in our courtyard. About twenty percent of the audiences have standing room only, since there is never sufficient seats for all those who come. Some speakers are given but two or three days' notice before a scheduled talk, and still we have been having highly stimulating lectures and discussions each week. The past few speakers have been Robert Ludlow, on "Christian Anarchy"; Bayard Rustin, of Fellow-

ship of Reconciliation, on his experience with Jim Crow down south; Emile Antonucci, a student-artist, spoke on work, and Father Correia, a Holy Ghost Father from Duquesne University, compared the primitive culture of the African tribes that he had worked with to our own culture, we moderns suffered from the comparison.

Optimist

We received an inspiring letter recently from a seventy-four-year-old man. He paid for the renewal of his subscription to our paper, and complimented very highly on its excellence. Then he went on telling us that he is making a change of address, since he is out of work again, and is now searching for new opportunities for permanent employment. Such optimism is certainly staggering to the world-weary young ones in their twenties and thirties, and I think that this old man should be placed on exhibition for all of us to see.

Painting

A dear friend of ours donated fifteen gallons of paint to us for the badly needed decoration of our rear house. The painting is almost completed and all the rooms are quite cheerful with their new coats of yellow, white and blue. Most of the painting has been accomplished by Joe, George and Jack, with the aid of visitors. One of these visitors, Art Sullivan of Ohio, who has just left us for home, put in plenty of brush hours, along with Joe Blaber, of Brooklyn.

Without God

A couple of us here at the house were recently treated to the play that is certainly packing them in off Broadway, "Death of a Salesman." This play held our interest from the opening lines till the last curtain, and we could not remember when we were so completely fascinated by any other play that we had seen. We didn't even mind the fact that we had standing-room tickets; indeed, we were unaware of the standing until we left the theatre, when we realized that we were physically and emotionally exhausted. Since one tragedy after another throughout the play almost proved too much, especially the overall tragedy of the complete omission of God in so many lives of the characters on stage. One suicide was enacted in the play, and it was surprising that the entire cast failed to commit the same, since no one seemed to have a good reason for living through the hell that they were in. To me the overall effect of this play was a complete condemnation of the pagan lives that so many of us have chosen to lead, and if you see this play, you will automatically feel a sense of gratitude for whatever belief you may have in existence of God.

Retreats

We expect to terminate our summer retreats by a retreat given under the direction of Father Meenan of the Holy Ghost Fathers of Fern-dale, Conn. This retreat will be one of the best of the year, so we urge those of you who can to make this particular retreat. It is scheduled to begin Sept. 18 and run through the 24th. After this retreat there will be another for the year at Thanksgiving, and we expect Father Martin Carrabine, S.J., of Chicago, to be our Retreat Master over that holiday. All of the retreatants who made the June, '47, retreat under Father Carrabine were highly enthusiastic over that experience.

Tom Sullivan.



Discrimination

(Continued from page 1)

ister unto them, even in the hardness of their hearts, and they murmured against the anointed of God.

They said among themselves; This man disturbs our slumbers with the noise of the great new bell of the Temple:

We will go to the elders of the Corporation and have it written that this bell must hold its tongue.

And the bell was the voice of God.

There was a certain youth who had dedicated himself to the service of God since childhood; and his father before him.

And he was of the seed of the Queen of the South whom Solomon had loved and he was black all over.

He too was of the Children of God and he worshipped daily in the Temple, and every day he partook of the banquet of the Lord.

He fasted and prayed and gave what he had to the poor and was also poor among the poor.

Now on the second day of the fourth year of the Age of the Atom Bomb during the great heat he went to refresh himself in the Sea.

He had been invited to the home of two maidens who dwelt in that place called Breezy Point.

He journeyed from the neighboring island where he lived; a barren place covered all over with the Temples of Mammon whereon dwelt a vast multitude of peoples from all the corners of the Earth.

And he journeyed in swift chariots through tunnels under the earth and under the rivers, and in carts which sped across the surface of the earth, and in a boat which carried him on the top of the Sea.

He journeyed with companions, young men and maidens also Children of God, who were of the race of that great nation and whose skin was fair.

Arriving at this Garden by the Sea he saw that it was good and that here God had lavished all manner of wholesome delights for the Children of God.

And he and his companions were glad and they sang a canticle of praise to God on that spot.

They went down into the Sea to bathe themselves.

A multitude of the people was there and eight out of every ten was of the Children of God.

And each man glorified in his own body and he looked upon his neighbor's body and was pleased at its fairness of skin.

The fair-skinned lay upon the sands and anointed their bodies with oils and exposed them to the heat of the sun so that they might be burned dark.

But they saw there one man whose body was black and it glistened like ebony against the white froth of the green waters.

Like a thunder cloud it cast a shadow of darkness upon the whole vastness of that beach.

Each man was enraged within himself and scandalized by the man who was black.

Each man murmured to his neighbor and a roar of fury went up from those people which drowned the voice of the waves.

And the light went out of the sun and happiness from the hearts of men.

And this happened among the Children of God; but those of the Children of God who came from the neighboring island and who lived with this man did not see that his skin was black.

They saw the spirit of God upon him and the Mark of a Child of God upon his spirit and they loved him and he was their brother.

Whilst they supped in the house of the two maidens beheld a deputation came to demand that the black man be expelled from the community.

His heart was filled with sadness and he said within himself:

In what have I sinned against my neighbor that the Children of God rise up against me and seek to cast me out?

And his companions at table were made sad and blushed for the shame of the Children of God.

They waited until it was already

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Christian Anarchism

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incompatibility only if the Christian insists on transferring the authoritarian set-up of the Church into the temporal field or the anarchist insists on rejecting authority in religion. In both cases it comes from a confusion of the supernatural with the natural. In matters that transcend reason it is reasonable to accept authority. Christ taught "as one having authority." That authority to teach and to safeguard revelation He gave to His Church and it is eminently reasonable to accept authority in such matters. But in philosophy proper the appeal to authority is not valid—there the truth of a proposition depends upon the validity of the arguments for it. And since man can work out the business of his temporalities without imposed authority it is quite within the province of the Christian to advocate a non-hierarchical arrangement of society. According to St. Thomas the right to govern lies either with the people as a whole or with someone delegated by the people. It would be the contention of the Christian anarchist that the people should retain this authority and not delegate it in the sense in which it is now delegated to politicians of the State. That the State, as we know it in history, be dissolved and that decentralized autonomous co-operative units replace it.

But why then use the term "Christian Anarchist"? Would it not be as well to confine ourselves to being decentralists or distributists? The trouble there is that the anarchist position is the only one that is unmistakably opposed to the State and advocates its elimination.

On the other hand so prominent a distributist as Bellac ended up advocating monarchy as the best form of government. Nor are the decentralists any more reliable as outright opponents of the State. The term Christian anarchist then seems to be the most accurate descriptive term. Being Christian it is evident that there must be acceptance of authority in religion, being anarchist it is evident there must be a rejection of hierarchical authority in temporal society. Once that is comprehended the term becomes a lucid description of the position of those who believe that man, as he becomes thoroughly Christian, can dispense with governing bodies as we now know them. He can never dispense with the Church since she is divine as well as human and since she is the custodian of truths that transcend reason.

Supernatural and Natural

Does this mean that there is a rigid dividing line between the supernatural and the natural? In one sense it does inasmuch as man is quite incapable of ever arriving at certitude in supernatural truth without revelation and therefore without authority. Whereas there is the theoretical possibility that he can arrive at truth in the natural order without reference to revelation. In actuality there must be the attempt to synthesize in man both the natural and the supernatural. For the Christian this means that the supernatural takes precedence. That, if there are two procedures, the one proceeding from the natural and the other from the supernatural, the Christian will be bound to the supernatural. This can be seen in the case of war where, from natural morality a case can be made out for its justice, but from the supernatural, keeping in mind that Christ went beyond strict justice (eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth) war becomes an impossibility. In which case the Christian takes the pacifist way if he would conform to the teaching and example of Christ. As a matter of fact there has never existed an entity such as natural man. Our first parents, before the fall, possessed supernatural and preternatural gifts so that it was natural for them to live in the supernatural, they were used to it and when they fell it was not

that any intrinsic harm came to their human nature as such but that they lived without those supernatural gifts to which they had been used. Consequently the inclination to virtue of which St. Thomas writes as being natural to man was weakened. So they lived as fallen men, not as natural men. Since the redemption by Christ man lives either with supernatural grace, and thus is divinized, or he lives with an injured nature. So we still have no flesh and blood example of natural man. This has relevance in that it means there is a necessity for supernatural motivation to make Christian anarchism a possibility.

Original Sin

But there is the question as to whether original sin has not so vitiated man's nature that, taking this into account, it is criminal to hold out an ideal like Christian anarchism which is impossible of attainment because man is not equipped to attain it. It is well to recall again the teaching of St. Thomas on original sin. That the loss to man as a result of it is a loss of supernatural and preternatural gifts. That the lessening of the inclination to virtue comes because man had been used to living in the supernatural and though his nature remained intact yet it felt this loss in a lessening of the natural inclination to virtue. The thing to remember here is that St. Thomas does not speak of a natural inclination to evil but to virtue. That this has indeed been weakened but by no means destroyed. That the supernatural gifts have been restored to man by Christ and that in Christ it is possible to transcend nature and the effects of original sin to the very point of divinization. And as this is done man will have less and less need of government and law for he will have transcended it. This is the ideal and its realization is a definite possibility for which we pray daily in the prayer which Christ Himself gave us. Those who despair of man will despair of the realization of this prayer and will look to the State to hold in check the evils of man. But those who live yet in hope, who believe even though all appearances be against it, that Christ would not have deceived us and that He desires the reign of justice on earth will look, not to the State which exists from sin, but to grace which transcends nature and abolishes sin and leads to that liberty which in society will find its expression in Christian anarchism. And liberty is always the ideal, it is always the cornerstone upon which any temporal society that is informed by the supernatural must be built. It is so because God values it so highly that He allows the greatest evil to exist rather than interfere with man's liberty. The more Christians respect this liberty the more do they conform to the image of God. Very good prudential arguments can be made for the Inquisition, for union of Church and State, for military defense of religion or of Church property or the person of the Pope. But they all lead to a violation of that higher good which is freedom and which God values in man because without it there will be no acceptable worship of God and no merit to good deeds.

No Compulsion

You say that if there is a Christian anarchist society that means that all will be Christian. It is desirable that all peoples be Christian and Catholic—that there be one fold and one shepherd. Perhaps till this comes about a Christian anarchist society could not be. But neither will it be if, in trying to achieve this end, coercion and violence be used against any man or any man's conscience violated. A theocracy usually ends in being an abomination to God for it usually ends to trying to force a submission to God which He does not desire. For if men will not worship Him freely He would sooner dispense with that worship than do violence to that freedom with which He endowed man. We Cath-

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Modern Village

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ally a seminarian jumped up and said hotly to me, "That Eric Gill stuff is all right, but it isn't practical."

It was a radical difference then, and it is a radical, a far-reaching difference now. They don't think mass production is un-Christian. We do.

We of the Catholic Worker feel that Industrial-Capitalism builds an environment that makes the love of God practically impossible, and deprives God of the glory and love endlessly due Him, and makes life hell on earth or dulls into insensitivity most human beings. Remember the terrible remark of St. Vincent de Paul, in *Monsieur Vincent*, "Before we can save the souls of these unhappy people, we must give them a life they're conscious of." It is a question of a resurrection of all to a personal life.

Disintegration

Night work, split shifts, unemployment, and the fear of unemployment, increasing migrancy of workers, and hence of families, commuting, working mothers, crowded or non-existent housing, or housing projects ninety percent of whose apartments are for families of one, two, or at most three children, inhuman and impersonal work that almost nowhere uses a man's capacities, but uses him as a machine-watcher, the psychological tension and partial or complete breakdowns caused by noise, mechanical motion, danger, speed, traffic, anxiety and ugliness, the shameless manipulation of money, exploitation of minorities all over the world—there is an endless list of evils attendant on Industrial Capitalism. These have already almost completed the disintegration of the family and the disintegration of the free, responsible, and therefore creative person. The values of the person are values of spirit, expressed, or rather partially exteriorized in a job skillfully done, in prayer, in the works of mercy, in laughter, in study, in song, in language conditioned by freedom, in the creativeness of the family building a real and unique home.

Therefore we advise all to make a break with jobs in the system. Let prudence guide them, yes, but let it be a supernatural, not a worldly prudence. We do not believe that all should be farmers, but we do say that the ideal economic form is the village, made up of butcher, baker, candlestick maker, plumber, carpenter, cooperatives, miller, lumber mill, perhaps some such acceptable factory as a small sewing machine factory, and surrounding farms. The purpose is not picturesqueness but freedom, that word mouthed by all with little understanding that freedom is the necessary basis for holiness.

Despite this necessary break with technological dehumanism, we of the Catholic Worker do not advocate primitivism. We believe that there are machines both run by power and by hand that can and should be used by people going back to the land. The sewing machine with the foot treadle is a perfect example of the non-power machine. We have an excellent one here at Mott St., and the repairman remarked on its fine workmanship, far superior to the more recent machines, both non-power and electric. There could be many more such if the whole bent of mechanical invention had not taken the turn it did, a tool of predatory men out to use mankind as ruthlessly as possible for their own profit, machines invented to exploit human and natural resources, not to help build human and natural resources.

When the kitchen pump replaces a more difficult source of water, I

for one rejoice, and similarly I think that electricity should come to the aid of the decentralist-distributist movement. Steam power favored centralization in big cities; electricity favors decentralization, and I mean to the point where we do not need any central electric companies. Not that I think anyone should wait for electricity to go back to the land. To get a cheap farm, you must get one without it. Father Roy wired our whole farm at Easton, but the source of electricity was the city line which came out to our farm. Tamar Hennessy and I had an interesting discussion on the possibility of windmills as sources of power for generating electricity on a farm. Only eight miles of wind is needed, Tamar said, and practically every place has that. What we need now is an apostolic electrical engineer, and I know a very fine one. (Then if we could find some small capitalists who are eager to spend their mammon of iniquity to purchase for themselves everlasting dwellings we could electrify some small farms as a model).

Wind Mills

Duane Whelan, who is moving to land away out on Long Island, tells me that North Dakota is full of these wind mills. The firm that makes them is in Sioux City, Iowa, where Mary Whelan comes from; they are called Windchargers. They are like airplane propellers and are connected to generators. Each farm has its own. We all remember the difficulty of procuring gasoline during the war, showing that the farmer is again left at the mercy of a distant source of supply if he depends on a gasoline motor to generate electricity. Similarly oil illumination is dependent on a distant source of supply. But the wind blows everywhere and until the Day of Judgment, it would be safe to assume, and it is never diminished, as coal or oil. Keep your life lines open, was a watchword during the war; free men have their lifelines in their backyard, or not much further, at least for food, fuel and shelter.

Duane also said that they are investigating the possibility of solving their water supply problem by sinking a narrow pipe deep in the ground, and using one of these windmills to pump the water up into a tank, so that, blow high, blow low, they'll have water.

Another source of power of course is the current of even small streams. A cooperative dynamo could supply electricity for a whole village. What I'm trying to show is that we haven't even begun to use our ingenuity to support a way of life that would develop the person, the family, and freedom. At every step we call on the State, the "all-encroaching State," as the U. S. bishops, in their last statement called it, to encroach a little further.

The difficulties of transferring from the system to village life are not so much inherent difficulties as difficulties following on the fact that the goal of Catholic education is manifestly materialistic. Just as much as the Communists, Catholics' idea of social justice is better distribution of material goods, and that only. If the ideal of the Catholic Worker Land Movement were believed in, the practical difficulties would be overcome in a matter of from two to four years, by starting Catholic agricultural and carpentry schools, instead of business schools, instead of raising millions for more and more centralized and grandiose schools, in an effort to keep up with the world. In the ages when the faith was strong, as when Ireland, for instance, was the isle of saints and scholars, people started schools under a tree (try and stop them from starting schools) they had something to say and scholars came barefoot to the best scholar, not the building with the best gymnasium, or the teacher with the most degrees according to the world's measure of "credits." We are raising three million, we Catho-

lics, for some moving picture deal with Hollywood and Italy, but not a cent to buy land and housing for the disposed. We are up campaigning for the state to build more birth control housing projects, or else we are on the other side, crying the "liberties" of free enterprise, that are supposed to support the Catholic doctrine of "private property," when everybody knows well that nobody has any private property but people like Du Pont, our Catholic Henry Ford Junior, and their ilk. And their state in life somehow needs a few millions a year to keep up appearances.

One of the reasons I believe that primitivism is particularly to be avoided, although indeed most families have had to be content with all too much poverty to get back on the land at all, is that the situation facing a young couple going back on the land now is very different from that facing a young couple in previous centuries.

We must remember that the farmer today is terribly dependent on machines because all the people who formerly shared the burden of work on his farm are busy making the quantities of goods that are consumed by war and waste, and also by the endless quantities of clothes, and material things that our spirit of luxury demands. So that the modern farmer thinks with horror of the old days when the farmer was worked to the bone because he had no machines, when as a matter of fact, he had people instead, a big family of several generations, and apprentices. (There was of course also serfdom, and many other injustices, and that was not at all a model time.)

Household

The old farm family was a household, including as well as parents and children, grandparents, and unmarried aunts and uncles. They lived off the farm, but they did the work too, and gave the liveliness of a community to most homes. The normal community is made up of aged, those in their prime, and children, including orphans, and one of the monstrosities of our times is an old folks' home, center of concentrated despair, and an orphan asylum, center of lovelessness and infinite capacity to love. It would be advisable for families going back on the land to be more akin to this normal household, both because many need homes, and couples with young children need help and company.

Discrimination

(Continued from page 3)

night and in the darkness they stole out of that place with their companion who was black.

They sought to protect him from the fury of the Children of God and sorrowing they returned to their home.

And the God of the people of Breezy Point was a Jew and because He was a Jew could not dwell in their midst and He sorrowed upon the gibbet to which they had nailed Him.

And their eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood was as vultures contending over the carrion of His Mystical Body.

Of this great multitude eight out of every ten was a Child of God and bore upon him the Mark of God.

He came unto His own and His own received Him not.

CHARLES GEOGHEGAN.

NOTICE

The I.W.W. is initiating a series of symposiums and forums at Labor Temple (242 E. 14th St., N. Y. C.) this fall. The symposium to be held Sunday, September 11th at 3 p.m. will be on "World War III is coming! How can we stop it?" There will be a speaker from the I.W.W., the Independent Socialist League, the War Resister's League, and The Catholic Worker. The general public is invited.

Christian Anarchism

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olics have only too often forgotten this truth and have defended coercion and repression from a standpoint of prudential justice and at the expense of the higher virtue of liberty. Consequently we have naturalized Catholicism, have made it a culture which we would preserve by the weapons of the world of which we want it to be very much a part. We have played down the divine element in the Church to the point where men can scarcely distinguish it from some wise and crafty political organization—wise as the children of this world are wise. As we reassert and live the divine character of the Church so will we reassert the supremacy of man's freedom over policies dictated by prudence and political considerations. We will free ourselves (clergy and laity) from the world so that we be one with Christ and the Apostles of whom He said that they were indeed in the world but not of it. We will not condemn matter but we will include it in those things that partake of the redemption. But because we do not condemn matter that is not to be made the excuse for living sumptuously or of adding land to land, of accumulating wealth—of making the Church a palatial institution. Or of having the Church administer temporal society. Of taking over the government of the community. Consequently, if the ideal of Christian anarchism were to be accepted, the non-Catholic would have no fear of clericalism and would come to the Church, if he came at all, freely and in liberty. One reason (as St. Augustine points out), why God did not restore the preternatural gifts to man when Christ overcame original sin was that to do so would hamper man's freedom. In that baptism would take on the character of the miraculous and automatically grant exemption from death and freedom from disordered concupiscence. So that men would flock to baptism attracted by these advantages. Do we not see in all this the tremendous importance God places on freedom? And how the supernatural point of view respects the freedom of man to a much greater degree than does the prudential considerations of Aristotelians. Aristotelian prudential considerations form a great obstacle to the realization of Christian perfection within the Church. The adoption and baptism of Aristotelianism has

by no means been an unmixed blessing to us. In many cases it has meant the triumph of worldly wisdom over Divine wisdom. As can be seen especially in the matter of war. Or in innumerable other ways like displaying the flag in the sanctuary (to make sure that Catholics will be thought patriotic), when it is contrary to canon law or allowing the clergy to fight in the army (again for prudential reasons) when this is also against canon law. These are all examples of concessions to the world that offend against the spirit of Christ. Not necessarily because they offend against canon law but because they do so out of worldly prudence. The relevance of all this in regards the social order is that we must be quite reckless in this matter of freedom as God is reckless to the point of permitting the greatest evil possible (mortal sin) rather than interfere with man's freedom. And so we must rely on the pull of Truth itself, on Divine grace, to further the Faith and must treat with tolerance and love the person of all men. Only in that way can meritorious worship be given to God for it is in that manner He desires it.

Moral Basis

The fact that the position is described as Christian anarchist means that it has a moral basis. For the Christian must be opposed to all evil and in the field of government he must be opposed to all evil government and it is his contention that the State as we know it, the State as an historical entity, is an evil form of government. We must not confuse the State with the nation or with country. It is neither (as Randolph Bourne brings out in his treatise on the State), for the nation and country is based on common language and customs, common social expressions and habits. Whereas the State is a purely political entity which often rides roughshod over these considerations. The State can be abolished with no harm to the nation or country. Indeed it is the State which endeavors to impose a uniformity (such as campaigns for Americanism) which would abolish the national groups, in a colorless adherence to centrally imposed "culture." Christian cosmopolitanism stems from a reverence for our neighbor and our neighbor is every man—but it is not an imposed and artificial uniformity such as the State would have it.

Resistance

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with our atom bomb bring fire, not only to supposed enemies, but to whoever is in the way.

Jesus said "Put up thy sword for he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." In peace time we draft our boys and prepare for more terrible wars.

3. World War I did not make the world safe for democracy.

World War II did not build the Four Freedoms but nearly ruined them.

World War III, run by the same Big Brass, will destroy rather than save us. Every country which has depended upon conscription has drawn defeat to itself; a country prospers by justice and not by robbery and force.

4. Warmongers tell us that Russia will invade us. We invaded the Indians, Mexicans, Central and South America with our dollar diplomacy; Europe with block busters; Japan with the atom bomb. We should talk! Russia wants security. We need not fear Communism for it will fall by its own weight of Bureaucracy and Tyranny of Power.

5. In our Civil War no country openly helped either side. In the Spanish Civil War we refused to help the cause of Freedom, but today in China, Greece, and wherever the common people seek freedom we take the side of the Fascists—and do so with hypocritical mutterings of being a "peace-loving nation."

6. Capitalism is doomed. It cannot work. With man producing tenfold more at the machine than formerly when free land was available, it is now-increasingly impossible for the worker to buy back from what he receives in wages but a portion of the goods produced. Hence depression or the selling of goods on foreign markets ensues. But there are no markets so we have a Marshall giveaway plan to get rid of the surplus. Capitalism is doomed despite the erratic efforts of that demagogic Santa Claus in the White House with his bankers and generals bribing votes with subsidies, pensions and false promises. And, as in the days of Wallace, we destroy crops.

7. The remedy is clear, but the trend today is deeper and deeper in the mire of government paternalism and war and the distraction of the public by radio giveaway programs, bingo, witch hunts, and escapist Youth for Christ, World Government, and such delusions... Decentralization of society with each family unit or co-operative group living simply on the land! Self-government and individual responsibility! Mutual credit and free exchange! Freedom instead of government! A realization that you can't make people good by law and that the Sermon on the Mount surpasses all codes and dogmas!

Ammon A. Hennacy,