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Feed the Poor—Starve the Bankers

By PETER MAURIN

THE WISDOM OF GIVING

To give money to the poor
is to enable the poor to buy.
To enable the poor to buy
is to improve the market.
To improve the market
is to help business.
To help business
is to reduce unemployment.
To reduce unemployment
is to reduce crime.
To reduce crime
is to reduce taxation.
So why not give to the poor
for business sake,
for humanity's sake,
for God's sake?

SHARE YOUR WEALTH

God wants us
to be our brother's keeper.
To feed the hungry,
to clothe the naked,
to shelter the homeless
to instruct the ignorant,
at a personal sacrifice,
is what God
wants us to do.
What we give to the poor
for Christ's sake
is what we carry with us
when we die.
As Jean-Jacques Rousseau says:
"When man dies
he carries
in his clutched hands
only that which
he has given away."
WHY NOT BE A BEGGAR?
People who are in need
and are not afraid to beg
give to people not in need
the occasion to do good
for goodness' sake.
Modern society
calls the beggar
bum and panhandler
and gives him the bum's rush.
The Greeks used to say
that people in need
are the ambassadors of the gods.
We read in the Gospel:
"As long as you did it
to one of the least

of My brothers,
you did it to Me."
While modern society
calls the beggars
bums and panhandlers,
they are in fact
the Ambassadors of God.

To be God's Ambassador
is something
to be proud of.

MUNICIPAL LODGINGS

People who are in need
are not invited
to spend the night
in the homes of the rich.
There are guest rooms
in the homes of the rich
but they are not
for those who need them.
They are not
for those who need them
because those who need them
are no longer considered
as the Ambassadors of God.
So the duty of hospitality
is no longer considered
as a personal duty.
So people without a home
are sent to the city
where hospitality is given
at the taxpayer's expense.

BISHOP SHY

The Holy Father
appoints a man
named a Bishop
to a seat—a cathedra.
From that seat-cathedra
the Bishop
teaches the truth
to all men
so that the truth
may make them free.
But some people
are Bishop-shy.
They are Bishop-shy
because they are
hungry, shivering, or sleepy.
They must be
fed, clothed, and sheltered
before they will consent
to come to listen
to Christ's Bishop.
To feed, clothe, and shelter them.
at a personal sacrifice

is to participate
in the Bishop's apostolate.

PASSING THE BUCK

In the first centuries of Christianity
the poor were fed, clothed, and
sheltered
at a personal sacrifice
and the Pagans
said about the Christians:
"See how they love each other."
Today the poor are fed, clothed,
and sheltered
by the politicians
at the expense
of the taxpayers.
And because the poor
are no longer
fed, clothed, and sheltered
at a personal sacrifice
but at the expense
of the taxpayers
Pagans say about Christians:
"See how they pass the buck."

HOSPICES

We read in the Catholic Encyclopedia
that during the early ages
of Christianity
the Hospice
or House of Hospitality
was a shelter
for the sick, the poor,
the orphan, the old, the
traveller,
and the needy of every kind.
Originally the Hospices
were under the supervision
of the Bishops
who designated priests
to administer
the spiritual
and temporal affairs
of these charitable institutions.

HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

We need Houses of Hospitality
to give to the rich
the opportunity
to serve the poor.
We need Houses of Hospitality
to bring the scholars
to the workers
or the workers
to the scholars.
We need Houses of Hospitality

to bring back to institutions
the technique of institutions.
We need Houses of Hospitality
to show
what idealism looks like
when it is practiced.

SERVANTS OF THE POOR

In the seventeenth-century France
there was a priest
by the name of Father Vincent.
Father Vincent realized
that the country
was going to the dogs.
When something goes wrong
they say in France:
"Cherchez la femme—
look for the woman."
Looking for the woman
Father Vincent found out
that many women
were trying to be
the mistresses of the rich.
St. Vincent de Paul
gathered several women
and told them:
"If you want
to put the country on its feet
refuse to be
the mistresses of the rich
and choose to be
the servants of the poor."

SCHOLARS AND WORKERS

By living with the workers
in Houses of Hospitality
scholars will be able
to convey to the workers
why things are
what they are,
how things would be
if they were as they should be,
and how a path can be made
from things as they are
to things as they should be.
By living with the workers
in Houses of Hospitality
scholars will be able
to win the workers' sympathy
and therefore
keep the workers
from being influenced
by selfish demagogues.
By living with the workers
in Houses of Hospitality
scholars will be able
to become dynamic
and therefore

be the driving force
of a new social order.

SOCIAL WORKERS AND WORKERS

The training of social workers
enables them to help people
to adjust themselves
to the existing environment.
The training of social workers
does not enable them
to help people
to change the environment.
Social workers
must become social minded
before they can be
critics of the existing environment.
and free creative agents
of the new environment.
In the Houses of Hospitality
social workers can acquire
that art of human contacts
and that social-mindedness
or understanding of social forces
which will make them
critical of the existing environment
and free creative agents
of the new environment.

RICH AND POOR

Afraid of the poor
who don't like to get poorer,
the rich who like to get richer
turn to the State for protection.
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.
So the State sometimes chooses to
help
the many poor
who don't like to get poorer,
at the expense of the few rich
who like to get richer.
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.
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."

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors:

CHARLES McCORMACK

KERRAN DUGAN

ROBERT STEED

AMMON HENNACY

BETH ROGERS

Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY

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FALL APPEAL

OCTOBER, 1957

ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE

223 CHRYSTIE ST.

NEW YORK 2, N. Y.

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ:

Out in front of the house we have a beautiful statue of St. Joseph. Joe O'Connell of Minnesota is the sculptor. Men tip their hats to it as they pass by and sometimes old Italian women curtsy and kiss their fingers, and make the sign of the cross and show other physical signs of appreciation of his friendship to our House of Hospitality. One evening last week there was a man lying on the street pavement close up against our house, his knees up to his chest, his head on his arm. He was asleep. An Italian woman who could not speak English very well seized my arm as I came up. I could scarcely understand her, but she kept pointing to the man saying in turn, "Jesus Christ . . . my son, my heart is broken." He wasn't really her son, but she knew what she was talking about. He was Jesus Christ, shocking as it may seem, drunk as he was. That was part of the agony in the garden, when He took our sins, and all the sins that would be committed upon Himself. People are always seeing this truth for the first time: Gandhi saw it when he read "Unto This Last" on a train ride; Ruskin's rendering of the scriptural words, "unto the least of these." Salinger, the short story writer in *The New Yorker* recognized it when the young brother in his latest story chided his sister for using the Jesus prayer (famous in the Orthodox Church) for her own spiritual excitement, while she scoffed and scorned her neighbor. "Jesus," he tells her, "is the bourgeois fat lady on the porch in the rocking chair."

What does the *Catholic Worker* mean,—what is it?—people often ask. One may answer: voluntary poverty. Another says: an unjudging care for the destitute. Another says: mutual aid; still another: the family. Every House of Hospitality is a family with its faults and virtues, and above all, its love. We can all look at each other and say, "You are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," we are all members one of another, since all are members or potential members of the Body of Christ. Even those dread words, *pacifism* and *anarchism*, when you get down to it, mean that we try always to love, rather than coerce, "to be what we want the other fellow to be," to be the least, to have no authority over others, to begin with that microcosm *man*, or rather, with ourselves.

If we did not try conscientiously to begin with ourselves, to give ourselves, we could not send out this semi-annual appeal for your help. I write it in church, in quiet, with prayer. The printer will run it off, everyone in the house and visitors too will help send it out, the oldest and the youngest. Maybe Felicia's eight year old boy, who was born when she was fifteen, will come in to help. They live, three children, mother and father, in a filthy, rat-ridden and crumbling tenement and we are looking for another apartment for them, as well as for two other families. We are paying eighteen dollars a week at a Bowery Hotel for another family. It is expensive to be poor. No use telling them to go to a better place and pay less. They are the poor. The very sight of them is an offense, and of course they don't behave well sometimes. But this is our family and we wish we had more room. Since we haven't, more money to pay for rooms helps. Most of the money we get goes for heat, light, food. At least 600 meals are served each day. There are taxes to pay on the two pieces of property we own (People do not rent to such a family as ours, so we had to buy places).

We can each do so little physically. The best we can say is that it is very direct, very immediate. We keep passing on what we have as quickly as possible. We certainly can try to grow in love, and it is good practice, this giving what you've got, whether it is a cup of coffee or money to pay the grocery bill. We ask you in the name of St. Therese, on whose feast I write, and in the name of St. Francis, whose feast comes tomorrow. It is always a feast where love is, and where love is, God is.

In Christ, our brother,
Dorothy Day.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By Ammon Hennacy

A man bought a CW and handing me a package asked if thought it weighed three pounds. I thought it would be about a pound and a half which it proved to be when he got it weighed in a nearby store. He had bought the "bargain" of three pounds for a quarter of bananas at a truck parked nearby. We both agreed that a cop should not be called and that he should go to the banana merchant and ask for true weight minus the thumb on the scale. When the man saw him approaching he grinned and handed him an extra bunch of bananas without a word.

"Is your paper approved by the Church? If not I wouldn't want to read it for I just came from confession," said a woman to me as I was selling CW's on the street. I told her that it did not need to be approved by the Church if it was not a diocesan paper, but that we were members of the Catholic Press Association and had been going nearly twenty five years, and if we were not good Catholics we would have been found out before this. I told her I was here every Friday and she could read the paper and see me next week. She took the paper.

A lady got the recent issue of our paper and saw that we had been in jail and wrote back cancelling her subscription because we had been arrested, saying simply that "we wouldn't be any help at all in a war." She had I suppose been brought up to believe in fighting "for God and Country" when in fact God does not have any country, for we are all brothers and sons of God. Another man whose name had been sent in by a friend wrote, "please drop my name from your suspect list." In response to our appeal a man cancelled his sub. saying that if we needed money the best way was to save it by not sending him our too radical paper.

Meetings

Speaking to the Unitarians at Lancaster, Pa. under the auspices of Kitty Shenk I had an interesting meeting; questions about the Church and anarchism made the discussion lively afterwards. The next day we rode in the country among the Amish and saw "black-bumpers" which were autos with the chrome painted black by the Amish, as otherwise these quaint people would be regarded as "gay," the term for the outside world.

Each year I speak to the Nagus branch of the Socialist Party at a picnic on Long Island. Here I meet Earl Browder, Norman Thomas and other old friends. And I give each year the radical message of the CW which is in the tradition of Debs. I also spoke at a meeting in Newark greeting Elizabeth Gurley Flynn upon her release from prison as a Smith Act victim. I had known her in 1920 when we both belonged to the I.W.W. I had planned to attend the first meeting which greeted her but it was held on my birthday, July 24, when I was in jail on Hart Island. A singer sang Joe Hill's Rebel Girl which was written especially for Gurley. This was one meeting where The Star Spangled Banner was not sung, which has been usually the case. And neither did they sing the Red Flag I said to Gurley, and she agreed that the old time radical songs were an inspiration.

A visit to a class in sociology at Yale to speak about the Hopi Indians upon invitation of a Catholic professor provoked interesting questions from the students who had studied anthropology but who were now interested in the problems of the Hopi today. I received a letter from the Hopi saying that the State of Arizona had been robbing the Indians who sold jewelry, etc. by making them pay a sales tax. Now that the Govern-

(Continued on page 8)

The Russian Revolution —Quadragesimo Anno

"A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism." These words from the Communist Manifesto written by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels in 1848 have never before been more true; only now it is not only Europe but the whole world which is apprehensive, and rightly so. With two satellites circling the globe and a rocket to the moon set for the 7th of November the Soviet Union has proven its superiority in the scientific field.

It was interesting to note that the Spanish dictator, Generalissimo Franco, praised the Soviet system, indeed comparing it to his own, in these words: "The achievement of great exploits demands political unity and discipline." This should be no little embarrassment to some of the ecclesiastical supporters of "El Caudillo" but it seems quite an undisputable fact that all other things being equal (technical ingenuity and natural resources) a country with a planned economy, a country where months are not wasted in trying to get the necessary money allocated by Congress or Parliament, will arrive at the desired end before nations with less authoritarian regimes. Of course if those who control the money in this country had been willing to spend it, if the whole nation had really gotten behind the research program heart and soul, body and mind, then the Russians would not have won a psychological and military victory. But human nature does not work that way. The majority of people can only be shaken out of their complacency or lethargy when a gun is placed at their head, or when the bombs are literally exploding around them.

On the eve of the fortieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, after forty years of violence and intra-party struggle, there emerges the picture of the most terrifying system of exploitation in history. On the eve of the Revolution Lenin wrote in his book "The State and Revolution": "The Marxists aim at the complete destruction of the State . . . after the extinction of classes by a Socialist revolution." But instead of withering away the Russian State has become the beginning and the end of all things, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the anarchist Makhaisky who wrote a pamphlet a few years before the 1917 Revolution criticizing Marxism and predicting that the socialist movement would lead to a social order in which the intellectuals (managers, technicians, bureaucrats, politicians etc.) would become the new "capitalists," exploiting the working class.

Stalin answered this criticism of the State by saying that although within the Soviet Union the classless society had been achieved (it obviously has not) the State was necessary in order to protect this perfect society from the attacks of the capitalist nations around it. A clever dodge. Yet it is hard to believe that after the commissars have extended their "classless" society throughout the world, which is their admitted aim, that the military and political protectors of the people will step down and begin to mingle with the proletariat. Fallen man does not act in so angelic a fashion. Having lived on blood the lion does not turn vegetarian.

In the presence of so great a threat as Communism the "free" world is attempting to save itself by the same means employed by its enemies. The course of violence is hopeless from the military point of view because the dictatorship functions faster and more efficiently than the democratic state. And if we declare a state of emergency, curtail civil liberties and go full speed ahead with the arms race sooner or later war will result with the possible extinction of the race. Anything less than absolute pacifism is insanity.

Lenin began with a passion for justice using evil means and the result was injustice on a larger scale than ever before. The West is now fighting for survival but the means employed may bring complete destruction. For the Christian the only real solution was proposed by Pope Pius XI in the encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno" (Forty Years After): "Let us not permit the children of this world to seem wiser in their generation than we, who by God's goodness are children of light. We see men cunningly select and train resolute disciples, who spread their false doctrines daily more widely among men of every station and nation . . . let all those who wish to fight this good and peaceful fight of Christ strive to play their part in the Christian renewal of human society. Those who wish to be apostles among the Socialists (Communists) should preach the Christian truth whole and entire, openly and sincerely, without any connivance with error. If they wish in truth to be heralds of the Gospel, let their endeavor be to convince Socialists that their demands, in so far as they are just, are defended much more cogently by the principles of Christian faith . . . be thoroughly imbued with the charity of Christ, which alone has power to incline men's hearts and wills firmly and gently to the laws of equity and justice."

Dorothy Day has said that when confronted with all these problems the Christian can only turn to Christ in looking for a working solution. Although living in an occupied country He did not organize an underground resistance movement; at the news of Herod's murder of John the Baptist He did not collect signatures for a protest letter. He went through the land doing good; His very life and actions were a reproach to the wicked in high and low places; He was in the world and not of it; He seceded from society and created a society of His own; His life conformed to the law of God and so the laws of men had no meaning for Him; if they were good then His actions did not violate them, if they were bad then they did not exist for Him.

This should be, we think, the path for the Christian, a path of supernatural and natural anarchism. Confronted with the rampant materialism and the practical atheism of both Communism and Capitalism what other way is there but the personal revolution?

Jesus came that we might have an abundant life, a life as Pope Leo XIII said "of frugal comfort." A certain amount of comfort because without that the average man cannot easily turn his attention to the supernatural. Frugal so that limiting his preoccupation with material things he may have more time to give to the intellectual life and to the life of the spirit.

The whole radical movement previous to Marx and up to the present time has had as its principle aim the securing of an equitable distribution of material goods among the peoples of the world. This desire for justice, no matter how often it has linked itself with the enemies of religion, must be pleasing to God. If not for the scandal given by believers, the unfortunate collaboration of churchmen with the exploiting class, both favoring the organization rather than the individual, many of these indefatigable revolutionaries might have been saints. Lenin could have been a Saint Ignatius. This is the real tragedy of the October Revolution.

Robert Steed

THE ELEVATION OF MAN

By JOHN STANLEY

"Long Day's Journey . . ." is a little disappointing when you see it on stage. Of course, it's possible that nothing could have flown to the height of your expectation; they arranged quite a build up from the time of its original acclamation in Stockholm through carefully reported stages of preparation for local presentation and ending in the opening night laudations. Perhaps it shouldn't have been read first; it's darkly affective read alone late at night. At the performance you sit and admire the actors, their talent and their craft. The wonderfully ugly set seems to be just right. And although it's impossible to take a neutral position within hearing of this great river of American language that moves from sombre disquietude to mortal agony, it is also impossible to lose consciousness of self sitting in a plush seat in a theatre looking at a play by Eugene O'Neill and the audience becoming increasingly restive as the hours pass by; many seem to be straining to catch all of what is supposed to be coming across the drunken Irish tongue of Fredric March in the later scenes. You keep waiting for it to "happen"; it almost doesn't. Then there's a sort of delayed action depth charge that goes off after the curtain goes down. You have nothing to say to your companion while you are moving up the crowded, carpeted aisle to the irreverent—and irrelevant—street, where the hired Cadillacs pick up their theatre parties. While it was going on you were never taken in, somehow; but the shriek and clatter of the hungry night seem to force the formation of a brave and nourishing heart within your heart. The violent and barbaric emotions displayed led you to expect a Tennessee Williams type rabbit punch, a thrill. For this to happen it is necessary to identify with a hero or villain; here it was not possible; thank God.

The hope, dimly seen because it is imperfectly formed, is that we may no longer find it necessary to burn in effigy—not to mention at the stake—or provide diadems and watered silk for "heroes" and "villains." Perhaps we no longer need to have the good guys and the bad guys to build a drama, nor the spectacle of the fall of angels and kings—in concourse with a crisis in the class-war—to move us to a higher-than-prose-level of understanding, and then on to compassion.

There is a genius of the well-intentioned who like to quote the French aphorism about if you understand completely, then you can forgive all. And this has frequently given other groups a clammy feeling, because they hold that just because you know that your father handled you the way he did was because of the formation he received from his father—in addition to some crucial pressures from the social and economic complex—doesn't guarantee that possibly your day to day sentiments towards your father are what the professionally pious call "edifying." Most men don't really understand—at least not the more difficult things. (The proof of this is the entire history of human intercourse). Men haven't angelic minds; and some of the strata of the human spirit require delicate plumbing before the man can be expected to be informed by responsible attitudes. Perhaps not much more can be done than to fix a certain realization that each person is "groaning in travail." It is for no man to pardon another's "crimes," who can play God? This is something of what you get from "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

It is terrible, wracking to read in the papers that the sons of the poor are shooting down the sons of the poor—and to know that each one believes he is doing a good thing. The pitiable thing about the human condition—or at least one of the pitiable things—is that

each man is sent hurtling through time at such a stupefying speed that events and changes of atmosphere and the fellow-travelling of billions of other men in an almost infinite variety of rhythms and patterns of flight seems to prevent him from being able to attain to a situation adequate to the profitable contemplation of the facts of the life. The view—of necessity, almost—is limited.

But, he must do something. All the explosion and decay and pain within him and around him must have answer. So he goes about hacking away at the limbs and viscera of men as desperate as himself. Or he puts on a clean shirt and combs his hair and sits in a circus to watch a man in golden tights slay the black bull; or two beautiful young men—preferably a negro and a white—in naked torsoes punch each other bloody until one of them becomes the champion and can lick anybody in the world, and defend virgins and mothers and property and God. But the evil men must be slain, because this is how you drive evil from the world; if there's nothing better a bear-pit will do; this drive must be satisfied. It is, of course, at root, a hunger for justice.

Each one has his shadow walking beside him, a stranger, and therefore feared and hated, and therefore to be slain. Generally this shadow is not heroically evil, but despicably so—according to the knower. He cheats, not having the valor or energy for great robbery; he is not Don Juan, but only has most infrequent assignments under the most dreary circumstances—or maybe he only masturbates; he snarls at the bank clerk, but does not lead the hungry poor against the House of Morgan. An outlet must be found for all these captive aggressions and self-loathing. It can be done in as many ways as there are actions: from crushing with your thumb-nail the fear-crazed bed-bug as he is caught in the shocking glare of the frigid expanse of white bed-sheet that the blood soon stains in expiation, to the apparently endless seduction of war movies with cinema-scope-wide-screen close ups of carnage and the face of agony, to the vicious pandering to the worst in the centerfold of the New York Daily NEWS; Stanislavsky said that if you can kill a fly you can kill a man.

Not long ago The New York TIMES reported the case of an inexperienced purse-snatcher snatching the purse of a wealthy woman in the Westchester commuter section of Grand Central Station during the rush hour; he was quickly caught by the police in sight of the well dressed crowd who shouted almost to a man: Kill him, kill him!

Each one has a shadow, and each one—because of the transitory nature of his life, as Job so piercingly knew—feels himself to be a shadow altogether, and feels the necessity of convincing himself of his "real" existence. It is difficult, sometimes, not to get the impression that most men don't really believe in the existence, not to mention the importance, of the non-material: liberty, prayer, the intellectual life, and all the rest, and therefore in the efficacy of the expenditure of—and here it is impossible to avoid using a word that has acquired so many and varied and unfortunate colorations—"spiritual" energies. What, it is difficult not to wonder, is the real quantity and quality of, say, the prayer work of religious people? How many really believe? (And this is not to indulge in the favorite indoor sport of certain categories of liberal types who consider all religious people either hypocrites or feeble-minded or suffering from sort of psychic under-development). The same question can be asked of the poet and the actor and the intellectual, of course. It is simply that it is the experience of every man that it is hard to believe in that which is not immediately ap-

parent. Who thinks? Who listens?

It is true, of course, that we are not only spirits, but matter, too, bodies, and that this aspect of our nature must have an outward expression; and this cannot be denied. But it does seem worth noting that the pace of construction—leaving aside that matter of the hammering out of weapons—is almost frantic; buildings are so unceasingly raised to such heights in such enduring stone and iron. Will there never be time for the interior castle? This is not to berate, it is simply to suggest a clue for the non-existence of peace.

Montgomery, Alabama, never got the headlines Little Rock, Arkansas, did; but it's much more important in the history of the nation—and even the human race.

Dorothy Day once said that men

and needless to say the Greeks knew it; and before them all the races of man. But this has never actually been admitted. The world is full of shocking knowledge that almost no one will admit into himself.

Even more "positive" knowledge is not really conceded. For example, that manliness is required for the rigors of the spiritual combat in the arts or scholarship or the religious life. Even quite simple and unconscious people would not rationally question the point; but how about a general admission in depth of it? It is only disillusion with the evidence of slackness and fakery or confusion? Is it also an inadequate dramatization? Of course, it is so difficult to impressively play out quiet interior drama. Is it too facile to say that

and for which he feels he must punish himself; he knows he was meant to be whole and beautiful. And he afflicts his fellows for their wound—and for his wound. He is dangerous; he doesn't know what he is doing in his torment and his rage.

John Steinbeck created a splendid prototype of un-raised man in "Lennie"—in his play, "Of Mice and Men." Lennie didn't want to hurt anyone—let alone kill anyone. He loved rabbits, and all soft, gentle things. The difficulty was that he couldn't handle this love; he maimed and killed what he touched. That was because he was un-whole, un-realized. But the important thing is that you don't "take sides" against Lennie; that's because you're "filled in" on Lennie. And when Eugene O'Neill tells you about his family you see it's fruitless to place blame. Michael Gazzo makes the point most explicitly in his play, "Hatful of Rain": the father wants so badly to have someone to blame for the fact of his elder son's dope addiction.

Again, many would be constrained to admit these things in rational discussion; but they are afraid of the implications; they are afraid of going "soft"; they want spiritual and psychological "get tough" policies, instead. "Get a grip on yourself," they berate falterers. They neglect to remember the complex of fortuitous circumstances, interior and exterior, that enable the goal-reachers to claim their crowns. "What would happen to sin," they want to know; they are so worried about assigning guilt. But they should know that guilt, sin, requires responsibility, adulthood, control of the will—and such gross notions have they of the concept of free will! So frequently the impression is given that the will is like a muscle that can be built-up like the biceps the men in all those physical culture magazines display. To catch-hold of the will is like trying to catch-hold of a hummingbird, or an angel; it's so quick and elusive and strong. Too often it has flown past before it can be controlled; only by the trail it leaves can you trace its pattern and its rhythms.

Perhaps part of the difficulty is having an overly incarnate concept of the interior faculties; or nursing a too concrete and static notion of goals to be reached, not remembering the dizzy swiftness of movement inherent in all creation—even in matter. This is especially true in envisioning personal and social goals to be reached. Some of the fault here lies with the way history is taught: decades and periods, golden or decadent, all neatly sealed off from the others and made, in a sense, too solidly known, too palpable, too stationary. We long for everything to stop; we want to catch our breath and nail things down for inspection and redistribution—and retribution.

Then, too, among less important considerations, there are things like the perverse snobbery involved in willingly hanging on to an old tradition, no matter how meaningless or bad. It is related to the provincial attitude which refuses to know where Idaho is, or whether Minnesota is a city or a state. Everyone cultivates these little attitudes; you see yourself in a certain role, a certain character part which calls for some form of bright scarf or quaint hat. But in some applications it becomes dangerous; it cannot be plotted, and brings pain and death; it seems at times to have a poltergeist-like unpredictable malevolence: the twisting of a child's arm; the loud, cold-eyed mocking laugh; the quiet humiliation of a servant in front of strangers. It is difficult to locate the precise—probably because there is no one root. Is that why the Elizabethans built those elaborate mazes in their gardens?

The Tyrone family sat in their ugly living room in individual out-

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will never give up war as a way of life as long as it is such an attractive one, with its great prospects, and valiant actions and attitudes, and sweating sacrifice, with mountains to climb and oceans to cross—with men at the peak of their physical beauty and vitality. Who at nineteen can look forward to a life of fallow-skinned, slack-shouldered operation of IBM machines in life insurance offices, or selling shoes in department stores, or bending over acres of blue drawing boards under miles of fluorescent lights—under strictly carrot and whip conditions? Some, of course, say that this is all the slobs want, along with a few beers, a comfortable wife, and the fights on TV. No comment. Some might point out that all this being granted, the recruiting offices should be overwhelmed daily with aspirants, and that they are not in reply it may be said that things can be enjoyed vicariously as well as actually. Who plays baseball, or ice hockey? As Nan Fairbrother has pointed out, it is not necessary to sit in your garden to enjoy it; it is only necessary to know that it is there, and that one can step into it at any moment; and sometimes it is nice to sit in the window and look at it; a fortiori with this mesmerizing jungle of flame and shriek and blood and faces startled by death.

Not least among the uses of war is that it provides the older chiefs with the opportunity of honorably postponing the rise of the young braves who threaten, in the very glory of their virility and purity, a possible usurpation. O'Neill knew this, of course, about old Tyrone;

those leading lives of great interior toughness have little inner need to go around showing this in a mode that will be understandable to the man with another orientation or a less intense cultivation? On the other hand, some conscientious objectors couldn't stand the loneliness of standing on the outside of the main movement of their generation; and some celibate clerics feel the necessity of ripping off their collars from time to time to have a fist fight; some American Catholics and Jews feel compelled to demonstrate a sort of super-patriotism. This "proving" goes on all the time—to the increase of the universal misery. Probably for the great majority to be a man means having an abundance of physical power to subject other men to his will—and, of course, women.

But there is also this strong instinct for justice, so most men like to range themselves on the side of the good guys against the bad guys. Judgment can be passed. The ax can be let fall. Justice is done! Liberation! Satisfaction! Each interior god has been given his blood offering. The shadow is drowned in a sea of blood, the red sea. Liberation through propitiation. It is difficult not to wonder how many would like to see the H-bomb fall. How clean everything would be! A new start could be made. All the complications, the gordian knots, would be cleaved through with one classic stroke. The god of my interior judgment has been incensed, now rest and play.

And each one is wounded. That primeval catastrophe! Each one drags himself across the earth holding this wound which he hates,

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

On the feast of St. Francis and on Yom Kippur I attended 20 or so talks of the Conference on New Knowledge in Human values, held in Kresge Auditorium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology just across the Charles River basin from Boston proper. The auditorium rises like a mushroom from an unadorned newly planted acre or so of grass. On the four sides glass falls like a sheet of rain from the edge of the mushroom. Inside there is a little theater where the Yom Kippur services were held on Saturday, and upstairs an auditorium seating one thousand people, and not very comfortable seats at that for two all-day sessions. But these hundreds of people—and on the Saturday morning session when Eric Fromm spoke, the auditorium was filled—sat in complete and most attentive silence for those two days, listening to sociologists, philosophers, physicists, biologists, physiologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, anthropologists, economists, artists, statesmen, theologians and mystics, a most extraordinary concourse of human beings, giving the best they have, limiting themselves to thirty minute talks with fifteen minutes of questions, a discipline accepted and enforced.

They talked, these scientists, of man's loneliness, his fears, his needs and the meaning of value. "Is the sole value of human life self realization? Why ought I be healthy, normal? Who represents authority? By what authority do we impose on another or try to help another have self realization?" All kinds of questions were asked from the floor. All the speakers were men but one, Dorothy Lee, an anthropologist from Detroit and most of the questions were asked by the young men who attended the two day conference.

The conference was called by the Research Society for Creative Altruism, headed by Pitirim A. Sorokin, a man of vast knowledge and experience, a man of the east as well as of the west, since he lived the first half of his life in Russia, taught there, went through the revolution, was imprisoned, sentenced to death twice, and released perhaps because he himself contains some of this mysterious force he speaks and writes of and which he is trying to promote, this "unselfish, creative love, about which we still know very little, which potentially represents a tremendous power, provided we know how to produce it in abundance, how to accumulate it and how to use it."

"Six years of preliminary studies by the Center about the nature, knowledge, development and application of altruistic love" convinced Professor Sorokin and his associates "beyond any question of doubt that with 'notable increase of our knowledge of love, its potentialities can be used for the service of mankind in immeasurably greater proportions.'" All of which reminds me how Peter Maurin used to say that the truth has to be restated every twenty years.

One of the things that impressed me was the simplicity and sincerity of these men who came from all over the world to attend the conference. They did not fear being called fools in admitting their ignorance in this field, they who had surpassed others in their own scientific fields.

But the most impressive talk was made by Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki. In a brief biographical sketch in the program, it was stated that he was 87 years old, son of a physician; at eighteen he became a school master in a remote Japanese village, later he attended the university in Tokyo "but did not officially graduate." He spent his

spare time in this period as a novice in a Zen monastery and has for the rest of his life studied Zen Buddhism. He lived through both world wars in Tokyo, travelled widely in between, and for the last six years has lectured at Columbia.

In his talk he said that he had nothing objective or scientific to say, that he was just a layman trying to promote unselfish behavior. There was nothing new in all these things they were discussing, they were so old they seemed like new. We had talked these values into tatters so that they were old, dilapidated, worn out and had lost their freshness. He quoted a Japanese saying, "When alive be as a dead man and then act as you will." St. Augustine, he went on to say, rephrased this in his "Love God and do as you will." The first fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil killed us and we must eat of the second fruit. When he was asked what this second fruit was he said that each must find it for himself, and he added that these old ways were condemned by the program committee of the conference. No doubt it is the age of reason and technology, he went on, but they will not solve our problems. They are fiercely fanning the flames of war. We talk about disarmament while continuing our testing of nuclear weapons in spite of the danger to all human and living beings. To believe in rationality and science is the modern superstition. In 10,000 years knowledge has increased but are we better men and women? How did we behave before World War I and how now?

These talks will be reprinted but I do not think Suzuki's will be because it was a spontaneous talk and directed against the participants in the conference in a way. But he still thought it important enough to attend.

Erie, Pa.

I left Boston on an evening bus, after two refreshing nights with the Little Sisters of Jesus, who live in an apartment in a slum of Boston. I called up Archbishop Cushing who was most cordial and wished me well in my new vocation of going to jail. The bus was a scenercruiser and very comfortable, and I slept a good part of the way to Erie. In Erie I stayed with Nora Rothschild, an old friend who had made the retreat with us at Oakmont and Easton. She is now teaching at Gannon college. I spoke there one evening and to the students at Mercyhurst another evening. During the day I visited Mary Thornton on their farm near Springboro and saw their children, Mary Ann, 9; Timothy, 8; Elizabeth, 6; Paul, 4; Teresa, 2½; Peter Maurin Augustine 1½; and Magdalene, 3 months.

Jack's program begins with getting up at four a.m. milking five cows by hand, feeding 14 head of cattle, carrying the water, driving in to work in a steam shovel factory 32 miles away, getting there at seven, and coming home to more chores at four. Timothy already helps milk and he can milk a cow clean. But this is killing work for Jack. Mary pointed out that with a little capital, so that they could get some good milk cows, breed some good stock, they would be able to make the farm pay. Already they are selling some of their milk, and with chickens, pigs and truck garden they could begin to make ends meet. Why don't people invest in families? There certainly should be some of our readers who can and I wonder if some of our readers can help out here. When we put in an urgent appeal for money for a house for a family in community, relatives and friends came forward with the needed cash. Here are our brothers in need of help.

When Mary's last baby was born, Jack sent in an appeal for help but there were no available mothers helpers around, so at the last minute the guardian angels got to



work. Mary's sister took the three youngest, and a sixteen year old friend came for a week and baked and cleaned and ran the house for the three oldest. She was the oldest of the nine children of the Kalchthalers, who under the influence of Fr. Joseph Meenan went to the land some years ago, outside Butler, Pa.

Jack and Mary Thornton's farm has eighty five acres and cost them \$4,500. It is a beautiful place, on a good road, and though the house is old, it has good lines and plenty of room for a family. There are three great locust trees in front of the house, and a locust grove in the rear. Mary showed us around the little milk house; the barn full of hay and a granary full of oats. The corn had not done well and they were going to have to buy what they needed for the cows that winter. They had had to buy a hay cutter for \$345 and they would be paying that off for some time at the rate of thirty a month. And next year they would have to have a wagon which would probably cost \$400. They had been borrowing one long enough.

Need for Community

When you consider the equipment needed to run a farm one can see more and more the need of community, and most of the families admit this. The obstacles in the way are of course human ones. Mary said that she would not want to live in a community where there was television, that she was trying to protect her children from that. One of the things about the Protestant communities we know—they have already gotten past the hurdles of radio and television, smoking and drinking. They didn't want them and thought nothing of doing without them in order to have the more solid goods of life together on the land. I am so often amazed at the smallness of the obstacles in the way of the better life. But it is of course not things nor even desires, but men's wills. John Cort, in a current issue of *The Spiritual Life*, printed by the Carmelites and reprinted by the Catholic Messenger, talked of community and the Catholic Worker ideals about community and how impossible it had been to work out. Given a depression, brought about by disarmament, perhaps men may be forced to pool their resources and live together in community, even if they are like the "Hoover-villes" of the thirties.

Cleveland

In Avon, Ohio, there is Our Lady of the Wayside Farm where Dorothy and Bill Gauchat live. Bill works for the Edison people, and Dorothy runs what is in its little way a House of Hospitality on the land.

They have a beautiful old red brick house with about twelve rooms, and in addition to their own children, Anita, Helenmarie, Sue, Colette, Eric and David, they care

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CULT :: CULTIV

Thou Shalt Not Kill

By FATHER UDE

(Continued from last month)

We will conduct our examination of the 5th Commandment by presenting in the first part of our thesis the current teachings and views of the Christian moralists and theologians on the justification and non-justification of killing. "Thou shalt not kill" is a divine commandment and one would do better to say "Thou darrest not kill" or again "Kill not."

It is taught by Catholic moralists and theologians that the killing of enemies in the so-called "just war" (of defense) is permitted and in certain cases becomes a duty and is to be considered the will of God. Governments are ceded the right to inflict the death penalty for certain crimes. But war that is governed by no laws at all is condemned; duelling is forbidden and so are murder and suicide. The right of individuals, nations and races to live undisturbed is defended in certain cases by almost all physicians, is rejected as an offense against the rights of nature; it is the same with sterilization and the killing of incurables or undesirable.

In the second part of our treatise we will re-examine thoroughly all these teachings and viewpoints and will attempt to defend our own position which in some important areas is in direct opposition to the majority viewpoints. This demonstration will set out to prove the correctness of the following statement, made by the Catholic theologian Franz Keller* at the Convention of the Catholic Peace Society in September of 1928 in Munich: "If in spite of the official outlawing of war, armaments still play so enormous a part in modern international life, the cause is not only to be found in the fifteen or twenty power politicians who instigate wars but also in the sheep mentality, the uncritical thought patterns which accept as true coin, untested, the traditional shallow slogans of those in high places. This lazy and uncritical mentality which has plagued us for so long is the most pernicious and dangerous tool available to warmongers. This deadly opiate not only dulls the intellects and consciences of the masses, but even the representatives of religion and science, who are called to be leaders, are brought by it into a stage of blind obedience to the true warmongers. This way of thinking or perhaps we should say not thinking has unfortunately in the course of time even infected those authorized to promulgate Christian doctrine."

Those who believe the views defended by us to be erroneous should submit proof of error. We are willing to be taught. But we feel an obligation in conscience to do our share towards goading mankind out of its mental lethargy. People have forgotten how to think for themselves in many areas but especially in regard to war and all that is connected with it. The people of our time, especially those who have taken part in either of the two world conflicts and principally those who were actively engaged in the last disastrous war, should examine their consciences as to what extent they have furthered the generally prevalent attitude toward war and in so doing cooperated in the collapse of culture and civilization.

With the exception of industrialists, the leaders of nations ob-

essed with a lust for power and some other profiteers there is hardly anyone who will assert that the organized slaughter of masses of human beings in the two world wars was a benefit to the warring nations or a boost to culture or a step toward true peace.

Someone has to summon up the courage to throw out the old attitudes on the subject even at the risk of shocking. We risk this step because we are seeking the truth and because we desire to serve the truth. The ideas presented in this book are the result of forty years of teaching activity. During this time we lay aside other questions and grappled exclusively with the problems treated here.

Pentecost, 1944

* Then professor at the University of Freiburg.

(To be continued)

Chrystie Street

By Kegan Dugan

It sometimes seems that if you sit here in the Catholic Worker office long enough, the person you want to see will show up. Such a time was one day about a month ago when Jacek Wozniakowski came into the office. Wozniakowski is a resident of Cracow, Poland, where he edits the monthly *Znak* and the weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny* (he has also taught at the University and translated Graham Green into Polish). He had come to the United States to attend an international conference on housing at Harvard University and was on his way back to Cracow when he dropped in to see us. We were particularly happy to see him because for a long time the only news coming out of agonized Poland had been slanted through Pax, and Wozniakowski is one of the leaders of the Catholic intellectuals in Poland who are opposed to the Pax organization. Pax is a lap-dog of totalitarians, licking the hand of whatever regime is in power and wallowing in the security which is the tyrant's lap. When Wozniakowski's *Znak* was banned three days after Stalin's death in 1953 because it refused to eulogize the dead dictator, the Pax publications remained as the only "Catholic" voice coming out of Poland. Pax opposed the liberalization of the regime last year, but courageous students and workers had cracked the ice and popular pressure burst through with such force that the Stalinists could do nothing else but give way to Gomulka. Since the advent of Gomulka, *Znak* has been publishing again. Its editor Wozniakowski, sitting in our office, spoke about the Polish agony with a calm intensity that was accented by his gauntness, his high cheek-bones, and the scars running down one side of his face to meet at the corner of his mouth. He made two points with such force that they stick out in the memory. One was about the young people in Poland. "We older liberals," he said, "had given up hope for the youth. The years of Stalinist control seemed to have killed all spirit in them and left them cynical and apathetic. When, therefore, against all prohibitions and in the face of imminent retaliation, courageous student groups here and

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CULTURE ATION ::

Communism: A Christian Evaluation

By Father J. F. T. Prince

A Catholic bishop recently astonished his flock by declaring that they had been a little hysterical in the matter of the Red Menace. For Communism has long evoked an emotion rather than an opinion, and there is room for education, for a balanced judgment of what is good and what is bad in the movements which are going to shape the future.

Until a decade or two ago Communism distinguished itself from Socialism in that it dealt with distribution or consumption, whereas Socialism concerned the mode of production; and whereas Socialism was a theory of economics, the appeal of Communism was to sentiment, (one might even say to religion). Their common ground lay solely in a recognition of the equality of Man. But it was Communism that associated itself with the now century-old hope of the perfectibility of Man.

Historically Communism was forborne by such as the Essenes, whose economy of life was, however, inspired by the urge to escape (rather than repair) social ills. They are described by Philo: "None had his own house, but shared his dwelling with all. Living in colonies they threw open their doors to all their sect that came their way. They had a common storehouse, common expenditure, common garments, common food (syssitia). They gave what they earned to a common fund for the support of the unfit."

The Communist colonies of last century were ineffectual enough and are notable largely in that their origin was philanthropic and motivated, if not by pessimism, at least by the urge to escape.

As for Christian Communism, for the Communism of the Jerusalem Christians and the "communism" of monks and nuns, it is almost sufficient to say that it did not and does not seek to take from others, but to give to others. On the other hand, a Catholic priest may well ask why a rational organization of production need be associated with Atheism. "When I see seven bakers delivering bread in the same street, wasting their time . . . when I see miners' children frozen and starving because Europe has too much coal, or cotton workers going unclad because they have produced too much cotton, must I decry Satan in men who are advocating a saner organization of production or juster distribution? And when my Socialist friends are a little bitter to see that the first people to starve amidst overpopulation are the very people that produced the surplus, does Leviathan rear its head?"

It has been pointed out often enough that it is the negations and limitations of Communism which are anti-Christian. All that is positive, (and therefore good) in it, is to be found in the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ. There are many who have been scandalized when told to look to the teaching of Christ for recognition of the Marxist dialectic in human society and history, of the importance of the economic factor in human affairs.

There is much evidence of what has been termed "dialectical" in the mind of Jesus: the choice of disciples: His self-announcement in the words of Isaiah, "He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor," etc., "The first shall be last and the last first" (elaborated dialectically by St. Paul in

the first Epistle to the Corinthians). "Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled but woe unto you that are rich for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger"; and the parable of Dives and Lazarus: all these recognize the tension between classes and show the use Our Divine Lord made of the "Time reversal."

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

In recognizing however Marx's debt to the teaching of Jesus, we must not overlook the unconsciousness, the incompleteness of the Communist re-interpretation of the Gospel. For we realize that the dialectical evolution of humanity (which is all that the Communist sees) is purely of this world, has no sort of relation to the supernatural, to spiritual evolution or spiritual re-birth, and that in consequence the meaning of life is manifest only in terms of social development—and then only in view of the possible end of the process. We know only too well that to the historical materialists men are as yet merely animal units, that all history prior to the establishment of Communism (to quote the Communist) is pre-human; and we know that without the fullness of Christianity the structure of Communist thought is meaningless because incomplete. When, for instance, by a miracle there is accomplished in the rich man his election unto the Kingdom of Heaven, in the Bolshevik rationale there is no eligibility other than that which is necessary for membership in the community of mankind. To re-appropriate to ourselves the structure of Communist theory in so far as it is positive, is merely to realize the social message of Jesus Christ. Here we must turn (with a little shame it must be owned!) to the attitude of mind even of the truly spiritual man who apprehends God, and, after the vision, desires to build tabernacles and stay there, far from the madding crowd and sordidness of human existence. For there are many of us who in our daily return to action prescind from the universal struggle for bread, and finding the gaudy world all but bereft of wonder, bury ourselves in insecure catacombs, or in despair abandon ourselves to competition for power, and satisfaction in material terms. Many, again, shuddering at the thought of the dictatorship of the proletariat (or rule by Society), have little suspicion of the comparative rigor of self-rule, that is to say, the unprejudiced rule of the individual by the individual conscience, and the individual conscience by the authority delegated by God.

Education will make of us true economists. For it must not be supposed that the economist (I do not refer to the product of the Engels-Marx school on the one hand, nor to the Victorian political economists on the other) regards our social conditions purely as the result of commerce and politics. He penetrates these causes and attempts to discover moral motives, and the individual impulse which accounts for so much of the sum total of the misery and the joy of life.



Peter Maurin Farm

By Beth Rogers

From September 26-28, Peter Maurin Farm was host to the annual conference of the Fellowship of Intentional Communities. The FIC is a federation of community groups throughout the country, and meets once a year to discuss problems and ideas and hammer out the principles involved in community living. Those who came to the 1957 meeting were mostly from communities in the East—the Bruderhof at Rifton, N.Y. and Oak Lake, Penna.; St. Francis Acres, Glen Gardner, N.J.; Gould Farm, Great Barrington, Mass.; Macedonia, Georgia; Konionia of Georgia and Konionia of New Jersey. There was also a very large turnout of people not at present living in community but interested in the community idea, mostly from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

One of the youngest members of the FIC was baptized by Father McCoy at Nativity Church on September 30; Jack Pagano, the son of Lee and Vicky Pagano. Ammon was godfather and Janet Burwash godmother. Kerran, Beth, and the rest of the Pagano family formed the congregation, and afterwards had a baptismal feast of cheesecake and coffee at Chrystie Street.

The Feast of Christ the King is the anniversary of the blessing of Peter Maurin Farm, this year the seventh. Father Matthew Foley, of Sacred Heart parish in Brooklyn, came out with a group of married couples with their children. There were two conferences, then Benediction followed by supper and folk dancing. A contingent from Chrystie Street was also here—Ammon, Kerran, and Mary Gargan, who is visiting from Nova Scotia.

Dennis Happy and Jack Scanlon, on vacation from the Baroness de Hueck's Madonna House in Canada, spent a Friday night and Saturday with us. Stanley had met them both on his various visits to Combermere, but it was the first time for the rest of us. There is much the same spirit there as in the old Friendship House, and it was a real pleasure to have them around.

For several weeks we had on display at the Tottenville branch of the Public Library an exhibit of weaving. This included samples of material woven here and by Tamar, a set of cards, a table loom and a hand spindle. The exhibit, the librarians told us, aroused a great deal of interest, and it has now been put up at the library's branch at St. George, where it will stay for a while.

George and Mary Gulick and their three children, who have been frequent visitors to the Farm,

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BOOK REVIEWS

"THE LONG LONELINESS" IN GERMAN. Translated by Elizabeth Mayer. Herder Verlag, Freiburg, 1957. Reviewed by Helene Iswolsky.

It is interesting to follow the journey of Dorothy Day's book from country to country. This simply proves that space, and time, and the "language barrier," matter but little when it comes to the spread of spiritual values, especially those born from living experience. God has blessed Dorothy's writings as He has blessed her works of corporate mercy. He has given her well-known publishers and able translators. Some time ago we wrote about the French version of "The Long Loneliness," published by Editions du Cerf, the Dominican press in Paris. The French translation by F. Roret was excellent, and the French reviewers of the book have been most cordial, warm, enthusiastic. And now, that the German version has come out, the reactions in the German press have also been most appreciative and admiring. This translation, brought out by Herder, the important Catholic publishing house, has indeed reached a high level of achievement. It is so close to the English original, and at the same time so well geared as to reach the new readers with ease and directness. The only substantial change has been made in the title, replacing "The Long Loneliness" by "I Could Not Pass By." As we have been told, this title, recalling the good Samaritan, should offer the key of the entire book to readers not acquainted with the Catholic Worker. However, just as in the English original, the German edition gives the Mary Ward quotation about that "loneliness," which as the Germans would say, is the "Leitmotiv" of a life story. But no matter what the title, the English, French and German versions convey the same message. They do so each in its own way. Elizabeth Mayer's version is exactly what Dorothy Day would have liked to say in German. It tells the story in an accurate, quiet and yet deeply impressive style. It is both simple and distinguished. And this is no wonder, since Elizabeth Mayer is not only a great friend of Dorothy Day, and knows every aspect of the author's spiritual journey. She is also a very exceptional person, to whom the poet W. H. Auden, dedicated his great "Letter," "The Double Man."

And we would like to conclude this preview by quoting in extenso Archbishop Cushing's preface to the German translation:

"The Long Loneliness," written by one whom I have known and admired for over a quarter of a century, is the powerful and inspirational story of Dorothy Day, a controversial character to some, but to me a heroic example of one who dared to live the gospel of Christ the Lord in all its details. She and her kind are tremendously needed. Read this autobiography. Her name will be remembered when most of us are forgotten.

Richard J. Cushing
Archbishop of Boston

We hope that all further editions of Dorothy Day's book in all languages will carry these profound words.

MEMORIES OF A CATHOLIC GIRLHOOD by Mary McCarthy. Harcourt Brace & Co., N. Y., \$3.95. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme

One begins this book with a sense of curiosity and finishes it with profound compassion for the woman whose childhood was so seriously misshapen by an assortment of strange and unlovely relatives. But one also cannot escape impatience at this defiant figure who, shaking her fist at God, assumes purely emotional attitudes toward religion and accepts with-

out examination concepts which in other areas her sharp, incisive mind would reject instantly.

That Mary McCarthy's antagonism toward Catholicism is directly related to her upbringing is both recognizable and understandable. Orphaned at six, she and her three younger brothers were put in the charge of a pair of monsters, an aunt and uncle whose lack of love and understanding of children, was abysmal. Aside from being forced to live under a rigorous routine prescribed by Aunt Margaret, the children, in particular Mary and Kevin, were subjected to a series of experiences that certainly indicated a sadistic streak in Myers, Margaret's husband. It is pitiful to read of the small girl and boy periodically running away to find an "orphan asylum"—having discovered that asylum means a place of safety.

A more obvious refuge would seem to have been the home of their wealthy McCarthy grandparents, who, however, apparently wanted none of the responsibility of small children underfoot and discharged their obligation by paying the bills. Lizzie McCarthy, the grandmother, was, according to her granddaughter, the kind of woman to whom "the extermination of Protestantism, rather than spiritual perfection" mattered most. That she was rigid, bigoted and narrow-minded is amply demonstrated; she is the perennial religious individual whose biased views and absence of charity are a source of scandal in all religions. It is she whom Mary McCarthy has chosen as the archetype of lay Catholics, and it is at the laity—chiefly the feminine half of it—that her sharpest barbs are directed. (She is comparatively kind to nuns and priests though it is obvious that she considers them a bit stupid.)

Fortunately for her physical well being, Mary McCarthy was at last rescued by her Protestant grandfather and taken off to Seattle. There in the Sacred Heart convent her precocity took a flamboyant turn. She "decided" to lose her faith to gain attention. And having made up her mind nothing could shake her. This eleven-year-old child, so she tells us, confounded Jesuit and Sacred Heart nun alike. This is perhaps the least credible part of her story, but one which she sticks to unwaveringly.

But it is certainly credible that she needed attention. For in Seattle, she was psychologically no better off than she had been in Minneapolis. Her grandfather, a kind and intelligent man, spent his days in his law office, his evenings reading. Her grandmother, vain and unintelligent, made a cult of her body, and shut herself away in her room for hours each day. The Prestons did not entertain; no friends were invited to the house; even a dinner guest was taboo. The child, when she was not in one boarding school or another, spent her time wandering lonely, bored and restless around the house. When Mary escaped to Vassar it must have been an intolerable relief to her.

The portraits she has drawn of her various guardians are not pure acid. She acknowledges honestly that as a child she was relatively uncritical of them (with the exception of Myers and Margaret), but it is apparent that in retrospect their faults overbalance their virtues, and Mary McCarthy the writer is given neither to gentleness nor mercy.

She is hard on herself too. Perhaps this is why she is an artist of such distinction, and perhaps it is why she makes it so clear that she does not love herself. For there is no love in this book. There is exasperated affection, yes; occasional admiration for an individual, true. But no love. No one loves Mary, nor does she love anyone—even herself. This, I think, accounts for the atmosphere of inner confusion that pervades even the most objective of her recollections. It ac-

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Jail Story

By KERRAN DUGAN

(Continued from Oct. Issue)

Dormitory 11 . . .

. . . is filled with doubledecker beds and 140 men. Most of the men are new inmates, so that they have nothing to do between meals except line up to be counted again and again and again or listen for their names when an officer comes in with a list of transfers. The officer who usually comes in with the list is a young, fat, baby-faced man of apparently unmitigated arrogance who vents on the inmates whatever it is that is wrong inside of him. His every word is obscene, snarling, sneering, sarcastic, belittling of the inmate. When he so mauls a name that it is unrecognizable it takes a little time for the inmate wanted to come forward. The officer ridicules the inmate then for not knowing his own name. Once when there was no response after repeated calling of a name, the dormitory clerk tried to help by checking for the name in the files. "Is that Charles Brown?" he shouted from the rear of the dormitory. "Never mind the back-talk, you . . ." snarled the officer. "Just come up here." It took the clerk a while to make the officer understand that he was not "Charles Brown." This officer is shocking in the sense that it is hard to believe that he is real, that any man could allow himself to be such a gross caricature of all that is evil in his profession, to be such a neat archetype of the sadist and the man who would be dictator . . .

. . . Some men sit quietly on their beds, but in general there is great restlessness and milling-about in the dormitory. Open toilets are hard enough to get used to in themselves, but they are harder yet to get used to when there is a crowd of inmates loitering around them, as is usually the case here since the washroom is at the angle of the building where the two wings meet—a natural focal point. Some men do push-ups, sometimes for exercise, sometimes because they have lost a poker game. In some of the other dormitories Puerto Ricans improvise rhythm sections out of the bottoms of chairs and tin cans; the six or seven inmates who are of Chinese descent and who stick together have virtual tobacco factories by their beds, turning out cigarettes for the men who bring them packages of Bugler, Model and Bull Durham. There is no such activity in this dormitory. Some men walk the aisle of the dormitory ceaselessly from morning to night, like caged lions. Most of these have their eye out for cigarette butts, which are never on the floor more than a few seconds before someone pounces on them. These butts have very little tobacco in them, since they were crudely rolled in the first place and then smoked down until they burned the lips. But the walker picks up the butt, deposits it in an old can or in his pocket, and looks for more. Once he has enough to roll a cigarette with, his problem is to get a cigarette paper. When that problem is solved, he is faced with the problem of getting the cigarette lit. It is not uncommon to see six or seven men loitering with unlit cigarettes in hand or mouth, waiting for someone to strike a match. When a match is struck, it is never struck whole. The match is always ripped in half, the second half to be saved for a future light.

Commissary

One of the reasons for the scarcity of tobacco is the red tape involved in getting to commissary. We arrived here at Hart's Island on Saturday. When we inquired about commissary, we were told that the commissary slips had been passed around the day before, and that we would have to wait until next Friday before signing up for commissary. A week after that

would come commissary itself—two weeks after arrival.

The red tape of commissary also makes letter writing difficult. There was one letter I especially wanted to send out, and I asked the clerk on arrival here how I should go about doing it. "You can't get writing material except by buying it at commissary," he said. I wondered where on earth the people were whom I had expected to find doing the kind of work I had done in Washington. (It had been my job to ask each new inmate at the Federal jail if they wanted to get word to anyone on the outside.) "No other way?" I asked. "Well, you can put in a request to see the social worker." It took a little while for me to obtain the official request sheet. I filled it out and dropped it into some mysterious abyss.

. . . The dormitory has windows, and from mine I can look out on the maples and elms and sycamores of the island and on Long Island Sound with the seaplanes rising from it and landing on it and the sea gulls skirting the water and the yachts at anchor. I can also see the ferry that carried us here in its constant coming and going between this island and City Island.

It is a small red ferry, much smaller than the ones that go to Staten Island. I am told that its name is The Greenwich Village. It is probably one of those which used to dock at Christopher Street in the Village. A couple of times a week, I am also told, it carries over to this island in pine boxes wrapped in oil paper the bodies of the poor who have died in the city. Potter's field is on this island, and some of the inmates are detailed to dig the graves. These latter are long and deep trenches, in which the bodies are buried several in a row and several deep . . .

Confession

. . . This evening after supper there was a call for those who intended to go to Holy Communion in the morning. We gave our names and our bed numbers. This was followed by the announcement of confessions. Three of us presented ourselves for the trek to confession. We were led out of the dormitory and joined a small band which had been collected from other dormitories. The Catholic Church on the island is a neo-gothic structure with a long sloping roof coming down on both sides to meet a very short wall. It contrasts with most of the other buildings on the island, which are predominantly brick structures painted pink and white and built in a style similar to that of the castle-like, false-turreted buildings which one sees on Ellis Island. I did not tell the priest [Father Higgins, from Fordham University] that I was with the Catholic Worker group, but he seemed to sense it and after confession he came out to the pew I was kneeling in and said, "If you people down there get any extra old eye glasses in, we can use them here. Some of these poor old fellows here don't have anything. We try to do that kind of thing for them." He went into the sacristy and I realized that most of the men had come, not to go to confession, but to seek some other aid from the priest. They lined up outside the sacristy and went in one by one.

Communion

. . . Ammon and I were awakened at 4:15 this morning for breakfast, since we were going to Communion at the 8:00 o'clock mass. (This arrangement is spoken of as if it were an improvement on having communion breakfast after Mass.) We were escorted through the dark of night to the mess hall. Back in the dormitory after dawn, regular breakfast time came around and we were told we had to go back to the mess hall with the

others. This time, of course, we sat in the mess hall without eating. And, of course, an officer came over to us and asked us what in hell we were sitting there not eating for . . .

. . . This morning Julian, Sandy, Mike and I were given the job of shoveling human excrement from large open cesspools into a truck. The fecal matter is piped from the toilets to the cesspools, where it is allowed to lie in the sun for a time. Eventually it is used as fertilizer. Because we had to stand in the cesspool, our shoes became caked with filth. Most of it we scraped off immediately afterward, but the smell has remained, and noses turn away from us in the dormitory. The officer in charge of us during the project said that we would touch dirtier stuff in life, but my imagination fails to follow him . . .

Riley

. . . I met Riley the night we were in the bull-pen at Bronx County Jail, just after our sentencing. He was ushered into the bull-pen, a dapper man with sparse gray hair. He had been arrested for shoplifting at Macy's. An habitue of the Times Square area, he looks proud when he tells you that his favorite pastime is loitering on



the corner of Forty-second and Eighth Ave. Conversation revealed that he was an ex-convict about radical movements and had known the Wobblies very well. Riley has been to jail often, so that everyone here at Hart's Island knows him and he was welcomed back and given his old job in the laundry almost immediately. Because of his "connections", Riley is slightly better supplied with tobacco than most of us newcomers and does it out—moderately—to those who come a-begging. I resisted the temptation to ask him for any, since he was already overburdened by such requests. But someone must have told him that I had a pipe and no tobacco for it. Tonight we were permitted to recreate on the ball field (which, I might add for the benefit of anyone interested in knowing where the Third Avenue Elevated disappeared to, is bounded on one side by piles of old wooden elevated track ties). The whistle blew for us to return to our dormitories and we began to form ranks for the return when Riley came up to me all out of breath and said he had been looking for me all over and poured a few pipefuls of Bull Durham from his package into my hand . . .

. . . Today Julian, Mike, Sandy and myself were told that we would be transferred to City Prison, Manhattan, better known as "the Tombs" . . .

The Tombs

. . . are all metal and tile and cement and artificial air and glass brick windows that you can't see out of. The only sounds you can hear that let you know you are plunk in the midst of downtown

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Catherine Odzivak

OBITUARY

During the month of November we are supposed to remember our dead, and sometimes the month is a rainy and dreary one, and it is a sad and mournful duty and brings a pang of the heart, and other times, in the glories of Indian summer, the flowers and golden warmth of the day and the cold crisp nights when walking is good, and sleeping is good, we think not only how good this life is at this dying time of the year, but also how good God is in His promises and reminders of the life to come. We who are oppressed with the certainty of dying, are made hopeful by the assurance that "life is changed, not taken away." The trees after their radiant promise of the Fall, are dead as dead in appearance, and then in the spring, year after year, the tender buds come forth again. We have this promise repeated over and over again in nature, all the years of our lives, so how can we be sad?

Catherine Odzivak was one of our number who died this past year and I would like to write a little about her. We of the Catholic Worker met her during the days of the retreat at Oakmont, Pennsylvania—those glowing days when Fr. Hugo and Fr. Farina and Fr. Meenan and other priests of that diocese used to give retreats during the summer months, and members of our groups from all over the country used to gather there and be renewed by the vigor of this teaching. Oakmont is a little town near Pittsburgh, and after you got off the bus after the long ride from New York, you took another bus for an hour and at Oakmont got out to walk up a long road to St. Anthony's village, which was an orphanage for Italian children, headed by Fr. Louis Farina.

Nuns and children cheerfully co-operated with these retreats every summer, and both united to put on the best meals the Village could muster. There was a big vegetable garden in the back, and an herb garden, and during the week when retreatants kept a complete silence from Sunday night until Friday night or Saturday morning, I used to wander around the orphanage grounds, past the vegetable garden, and usually I filched a bit of basil to smell and to nibble. One of our non-Catholic retreatants who came with us said scornfully, "Here you are studying how to be detached from the things of this world, and meanwhile sitting down three times a day to the best meals I have ever eaten!"

We needed the comfort of those meals, the beauty of those surroundings, because in that great silence which descended upon us, many of us faced the life of the spirit for the first time, and in the resulting conversion of heart, were terrified at the prospect of what God might demand of us. Fr. Farina was especially good at describing the deserts, the tunnels, the depressions, the dark night of the soul which we might have to pass through, and perhaps it was his emphasis on St. John of the Cross that led us to accept with joy the de Montfort devotion to the Blessed Mother, feeling assured that in her hands, nothing too terrible could possibly befall us despite the grim picture we summoned up at Father Farina's words. One of the retreatants commented mournfully, "you'd think you have to practically go through a nervous breakdown before you achieve any heights in the spiritual life!"

The fact of the matter was that many had to face up to the kind of life they were leading—a life very much of this world, filled with love of self, perhaps even sinful, with strong attachments to the forbidden samples of love. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a living God." To others who lived in tragedy (I remember especially a mother with a mentally afflicted son who had tried to kill her and himself many a time) the retreat with its doctrine

of the Cross, "Take up your Cross and follow Me . . . For my Cross is easy and my burden light . . . And you will find rest for your souls." Meant that they went away consoled, finding the fulfillment of the promise.

With little Cathie, one sensed that there was never any struggle in the spiritual life. She accepted it as the bird does the air and the fish does the sea. It was no rarified atmosphere for her, this atmosphere of St. John of the Cross, this atmosphere of the Gospel and the lives of the saints. She never got the spiritual bends from too hasty a change from one atmosphere into another. One felt that she lived always in the presence of God. It is amazing how we got to know each other, during this week of silence, true silence—when the lips never moved except to recite prayers, to respond to the Mass, to confess one's sins, to recite the rosary.

We were supposed to keep the custody of the eyes too, another kind of silence and solitude, but one caught oneself gazing at this one or that. It was humanly impossible not to see those who sat at the table with one, or that knelt before one in chapel.

I can see Cathie especially there. When she came into Church she was never in haste, but moved slowly, quietly. I did not know then that it was a severe heart condition that made this necessary. Cathie would kneel down, bow her head with great reverence, and one could sense her consciousness of the Presence. One never forgets these things. I can remember how the girl who kept the pamphlet rack at the Paulist church, a Jewish Christian by the name of Helen, who at benediction bowed so low that her head all but touched the floor. Charles de Foucault was reconverted to the faith of his childhood by seeing Moslems at prayer. Such an attitude of Cathie's brought before the mind of those who witnessed it a sense of God's presence, His transcendence, His immanence. He was closer to us than the air we breathed.

I don't know when we all got really acquainted with Cathie. We made a number of those retreats over the years—perhaps five or more, and some time during that period Cathie got acquainted with *The Catholic Worker* and offered her services to us. She was the daughter of a Slovak miner of Pennsylvania, and in order to get her schooling, had had to hire herself out to a farmer some miles away from her home, at the age of twelve. She had done heavy farm labor all the years that she was going to school, and her hands still bore witness of it. Farm labor. Household labor. Scrubbing and washing clothes, bending that strong young back under burdens truly too heavy for her to bear. Because the fact of the matter was that her terrible heart condition meant she always in a way was living in the presence of death. She continued her schooling to learn shorthand and typing in order to be able to do lighter work, and it was in the capacity of stenographer that she offered herself to us.

We were living on Mott street at that time, and the rear house was devoted to men, all five floors, four rooms on a floor. In the stores of the front building we had our kitchen and dining room and the place for the breadline and also our offices. There still remained some of the Italian families who had lived in this house all their lives and they occupied the apartments on the second, third and fourth floors. We had all of the top floor and one apartment on the third. Here I had the front room. Next to me there was an old lady whose clothes were all held together with safety pins and who was a scavenger during the day. (We had a hard time detaching her from her hauls.) Then came Annabelle's little room and in back of that lit-

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On Pilgrimage

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for two little three-year-olds, one a spastic and the other a child three months' old mentally, and blind. The spastic is unusually bright, and has a radiant little face, responding to all the love showered on him by the other children. The other child responds only to music, and when Dorothy puts him on the couch in the living room and puts a symphony on the record player, he lies there with a happy expression of content on his face. Tod and Robin are treasured responsibilities at our Lady of the Wayside Farm. There are three grownup guests there at present and Dorothy has her hands full, though her daughters are a great help.

In back of the house there is a beautiful pond fed by a brook where there is swimming in summer and skating in winter and all around are acres of grape vineyards. Where Dorothy and Bill originally lived across the road and tried to farm, there are now 400 small houses in a project put up on the land which was sold for \$15,000. Each house was sold for about that but, of course, draining the land, and piping water, and utilities and a sewage system was part of the development. It is anything but a beautiful development, this bit of suburbia and Bill often looks down the road and wonders what Peter Maurin would have thought of such a community. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. I am always wondering where are the men of vision in the lay apostolate, to envision a farming commune and lay out the buildings, and invest in the barns and stock and machinery and figure out the financing on some cooperative plan, that will enable our young families to make a start in

some other style of community than a Levittown. Where are the builders of "the kind of society where it is easier for men to be good?"

Even if the "industry" which supports the community, comes under the title of a work of mercy, such as caring for the aged, for crippled children, for the mentally ill, all the families taking in the lame, the halt and the blind, it would financially, and humanly, support itself.

I am always hearing of the homes being started to care for the aged, or the mentally afflicted, and am aghast at the enormous sums spent for the buildings for this work. And the enormous charges made by these homes.

Detroit

The immediate occasion for this trip was the celebration of the 20th anniversary of the Detroit Houses of Hospitality, St. Francis House and Martha House, which are located in Holy Trinity parish. There are also in Fr. Kern's parish homes for the aged, both old men and women, supported cooperatively on their pensions. There is also a clinic, and a cooperative and a workers' school, and Fr. Kern's rectory is also a center for travelers.

Louis Murphy has been the head of the Catholic Worker group in Detroit from the start and has been faithful to his early inspiration to see Christ in the poor. He is a third order Franciscan and there is a statue of St. Francis on the table where the men sit down to eat. He has the enthusiasm and vitality to inspire others and has had whole hearted support from the men in the house, many of whom came back for the celebration of the anniversary which began with a solemn high Mass in the church, and went on to a communion breakfast afterward in the school cafeteria. In the evening there was a dinner at Martha House and an "at home" at St. Francis house from five to eight.

Asiatic flu was going the rounds by the time I got to Detroit, and Sheila and Kevan Murphy had already had their share of it and were able to be up and around and take their share in the doings. But Justine, Lou's wife, had to take to her bed, and Christine and Eileen were sick too. Everyone was praying little Bryan would not get it. He is their six year old invalid who had been lying in his bed since he was a month old and was stricken by some virus. Their new baby Bridget, was gay and charming in her carriage through all the celebration. What with the illnesses, I don't know what the Murphys would have done without nine year old Sheila, who answered the phone, the door bell, prepared bottles for the babies, fed the children and generally kept up the spirits of all. Kevan worked with his father just as responsibly, and served on the altar for the first time at the Mass.

The men's house is always full, and the breadline always goes on, year in and year out, and Louis thanks God for the employment office a friend of his set up in the house several mornings a week. It not only has served the men sympathetically for some years now but also has proved by its records how little turnover there has been in the men who have gotten employment, thus proving how unjust many of the criticisms are of the skid row men. Only that very week, Time magazine had another sneering criticism of the men they termed "panhandlers, who never had it so good."

Unemployment is a very real thing in Detroit, and auto plants have moved away, leaving thousands of men who have worked for them for eighteen and twenty years, idle and a little over age for jobs.

Now that there is unemployment in Detroit, families who came up from the south are returning home again, and there are more vacancies in apartments and houses, and

NOVEMBER 11

Most people think of what was formerly Armistice Day: the end of World War I, when this date is mentioned. With Sputnik, guided missiles, and with conscription a regular thing, all leading toward World War III, and with the spectre of 1984 coming closer, the patriots do not have the nerve to call November 11 Armistice Day, as formerly, but instead call it Veterans Day.

In reality this holiday of November 11 belongs to pacifist Catholics and to anarchists. It is the Feast Day of St. Martin of Tours, pacifist who refused to take a soldier's bonus from the Emperor, saying that he would appear before the enemy in the morning without sword or shield, defended only by God. The enemy surrendered without a fight in the morning and the fame of Martin, who later became Bishop of Tours, grew all over France. He died Nov. 11, 397.

In was on Nov. 11, 1887 that the anarchist Haymarket martyrs were hanged because of their advocacy of the 8-hour day in Chicago. The government never tried to capture Rudolph Schnaubel, who is supposed to have thrown the bomb, but in traditional fashion upheld the status of the employer, the International Harvester Company. Albert Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer and George Engel were hanged. Louis Lingg had either committed suicide a few days before or had been murdered by the police.

It was Spies who said on the scaffold: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today." And it was Parsons who was 500 miles away from the bombing, and who gave himself up to be tried with his comrades, who said, "Caesar kept me awake till late at night with the noise (music) of hammers and saws erecting his throne, my scaffold."

In November, 1937, Lucy Parsons, wife of Albert Parsons, spoke at the 50th anniversary meeting of the Haymarket, in Milwaukee. I was chairman of the meeting, and radicals of all groups spoke, and Catholic Workers were ushers.

And this was the day in 1919 when the American Legion brutally killed the veteran Wesley Everest at Centralia, Washington.

Daily at mass I pray for the souls of these martyrs, and of all others who have died for justice.

Ammon Hennacy.

there are not so many calls on Martha House to care for mothers and children. Louis and Justine live there with their children and there is always room for the single women or extra family who need emergency help.

In the phone book, and over the door, The Catholic Worker sign is used. There are any number of Houses of Hospitality in the country, but few now call themselves part of The Catholic Worker, what with the controversial nature of its message.

But Lou Murphy still feels with Peter Maurin that indoctrination, discussion, clarification of thought make up the beginnings of the green revolution, and that there is no revolution without a theory of revolution. I had not been in the house an hour when he was bringing books out on community and the lay apostolate, and as always in the Detroit Catholic Worker, the discussion went on until two in the morning. When I took the bus for Chicago, Louis himself was down with the flu, shivering with chills and fever, but by that time Justine was up again and had the family, the Martha House and the St. Francis House well in hand.

(To be continued)

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 4)

there plunged into free discussion, we were very surprised and very joyful." The second point was about the fundamental struggle in his country. "Most people in this country seem to think the fight in Poland is between materialists and Catholics. Actually, materialism has not taken root in Poland. It is not a factor in any struggle. The big struggle is between those who want totalitarianism and those who want freedom. Catholics are on both sides in this struggle."

Saints and Visitors

Three visitors came in one night recently. They were court stenographers attending a convention of their trade in the city. One was a young man and the other two were women, somewhat older than the man. One of the women was interested in the image above Dorothy's desk. "That's St. Peter," we told her, "done by Fritz Eichenberg. And that's Michael the Archangel..." At this point the other woman, very well dressed and wearing pince-nez glasses, burst into the conversation. "Oh, St. Michael," she said. "I love St. Michael. It's because I know he's watching over us that I'm not the least bit afraid and know nothing will happen to us while we're down here slumming."

Critic

One of the men who stays with us on and off is known more by the nick-name "A. A." than by his real name because he is so often either on his way to or his way from an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. He came back after a long absence as we were mailing out the paper last month. He wore denim obviously provided by the New York City department of corrections and was quick to confess that he had just come from a forced vacation on Hart's Island. A.A. joined all the other people in the library who were busily folding and wrapping the papers. After glancing through the issue from time to time he finally put aside his work on the folding altogether and, pencil in hand, conscientiously scrutinized a page of the paper, nodding or shaking his head from time to time, marking something with the pencil. John, who works on the early morning coffee line, was folding papers near A.A. and curiosity was getting the better of him. He went over to see. What he saw was that A.A. had the paper open to my article on Hart's Island and had the article all marked up: "Good... No Good... Good... Very Good."

Horizontal Men

Once in a while, if it is particularly gruesome, a crowd may gather around one of the regular automobile accidents at Stanton and Chrystie Streets and watch the police draw chalk marks around the broken and bloody body. But our neighborhood is so used to seeing men sprawled out on its sidewalks and streets that the prone figure on the concrete usually attracts no attention except to the extent that it has to be stepped over. Two weeks ago a man died on the sidewalk outside of Bunz' Restaurant on the corner of Houston and the Bowery. It was an hour before anyone called an ambulance and another hour before the ambulance finally arrived. One night last month Bob Steed came across a man lying in the middle of traffic on Houston Street. He helped him to the sidewalk, where the man took a couple of steps toward the subway (where he said he was headed) and fell again, crashing his head against the concrete sidewalk. Bob helped him to the subway stairs, where the man said he could maneuver by himself with the help of the railing. Bob let him go and the man went tumbling down the stairs and onto the first landing. Bob changed his mind about helping the man into the subway (remembering, perhaps, the instances of the remains of people in such condition having to be shoveled off the tracks) and got him back up into the street. He followed the man's stumbling route for an hour, fearful lest the

man kill himself by cracking his skull in a fall or getting in the way of a car. He asked police in squad cars a couple of times to help him but their help was rather grudging and short-lived. He finally ran back to the house and asked me to go out with him so that we could get the man into the house and out of danger for the night.

It is not so much that our neighborhood is callous to the sight of death as that passerbys assume that the man sprawled horizontally to public view is a drunk sleeping off his excess on the spot. But twice in one week recently I bothered to stop at a man lying on the sidewalk and in each instance I found that the man had not been drinking. One man was lying unconscious outside of Bunz'. I didn't know what was wrong with him, but I knew he wasn't drunk and came home and called an ambulance. The other man was half sitting, half lying at the top of the subway stairs around the corner from us. I sat with him a while and after a few minutes he was on his feet and on his way again. He had overalls on and his hands were dirty, so that all the people who had passed him before I did automatically (I presume) classed him as just another "Bowery drunk." As it turned out, he was a working man on his way home to his family. He had these crippling attacks from time to time he said.

The moral is that if you're going to have a heart attack, don't have it on the Bowery.

The Myth of Rehabilitation

More often than we relish, some visitor will come into the office and say, "All this that you do is very good, but what are you doing about rehabilitation?" At our answer, the visitor shakes his head, as though to say: "Don't you see that everything you do is going down the drain unless... We are therefore gratified to read, in *Subways Are For Sleeping*, the recently published book by Edmund Love (who was on Skid Row for three years), the following quotation from Father Dutch, "The Body Snatcher" (so called because he combed Hell's Kitchen to snatch up prone inebriates before the police could do so):

"The directors of the missions and the social workers are experts in the field of alcoholism... They are all earnest and sincere people. I talked with most of them and tried to learn from them, but I soon came to be conscious of something that I don't think they were conscious of themselves. They professed to want to help these men, but what they really wanted to do was reform them. Help and reform were synonymous. Whenever they came across a man who admitted that he was helpless, and who hoped to rejoin respectable society, the forces of charity would swoop down on him in legions. It was like a field army rushing in to break up a street corner altercation. There aren't very many alcoholics who really want to reform. Most of them are cynical... They just want to be left alone to die, and they make fun of people who try to help them because they want none of your reform. Any number of social workers have pointed out men to me as being beyond help, or not wanting help. What they really meant was that the man was beyond reform, or incorrigible. When I see a man lying on the sidewalk in the hot sun, I know he can be helped. He can be moved into the shade. When I see a man lying in the doorway on a bitter cold night, I know he can be helped. He can be moved to a warm place before he freezes to death. That much has nothing to do with reform."

Neither Father Dutch nor Edmund Love hit upon what is the cruel result of the myth of rehabilitation: those who are beyond reform are often automatically excluded also from help unless they become hypocritical, because help is not given unless the man fulfills the prerequisite of going through the motions of reform.

ERIC GILL

... we have got to recognize that the productive power of a nation is contributed to by every man, women & child in that nation and that therefore the total product belongs of right to the whole people and not merely to those whom we call capitalists—that is to say we have got to abolish the distinction between capitalist and proletarian. There is in fact no such thing as a 'proletarian'. He is a legal fiction, a fiction of the muddled-headed financial & legal system which supplanted feudalism at the end of the middle ages, when the traders routed the kings and princes.

There is no such thing as a proletarian—a person who owns nothing but his labour power.

We've got to recognize that the best thing to do with savings is to spend them. At present we are all obsessed with the idea that savings must be invested. We are all usurers. We all think of money as a thing to be lent at interest. We all hide behind the subterfuge that by investing money in business enterprise we become shareholders in the responsibilities and risks of the business. That may be true in fact and in law but it is not true in our minds. In our minds we are simply usurers—lending money at interest to those in need. We don't want the risks & responsibilities (we may not even know more than the name of the affair we've invested in). All we want is the dividend and the dividend is in our minds the same as interest—it is as much usury as the usury practised by the banks.

—Money & Morals

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)

ment has made the liquor legal to the Indians and they have the vote they have to pay with taxes. The illegal Tribal Council foisted upon the Hopi by the Indian Bureau is only supported by four out of eleven of the Hopi villages. I am to go back to Yale in the spring for three talks on the Hopi and other subjects.

The most enthusiastic meeting I have had in years was at La Salle College of the Christian Brothers in Philadelphia. Over 600 students greeted me, and the Brother who introduced me said that I had been "cleared" by those higher up and inferred that the students needed a jolt. I answered questions for four hours afterwards to many students, generally the same questions over and over again, for it was difficult for them to understand how the CW could be right and the whole practice of almost everyone else to uphold capitalism and war could be wrong. And how were we going to get our ideals? When the students asked what they could do I told them they might question their part in the R.O.T.C. In an editorial about my meeting the college paper said, "Hennacy and his kind tread a lonely path to remind us of the tremendous gap between the spiritual logic of the Sermon on the Mount and the asinine glamorization and folly of war."

Nightbeat

This is a television program from 11 to midnight where John Wingate interrogates two people for half an hour each. Dorothy was on August 6th and told of the terrible conditions in the woman's prison here. The program is not rehearsed. I was on October 23 as the Last Anarchist. A definition of anarchism as "chaos" from the dozen given in the dictionary there was given by Mr. Wingate, and a state-

ERIC GILL

The sex problem, the marriage problem, the birth control problem, the crime problem, the problem of armaments and international trade—all these problems could be solved if we would recognize the necessity of abolishing the trade in money, and especially the international trade in money, that is to say the usury, the legalized usury practiced by the banks under the protection of their charters with the support of all the so-called "orthodox" economists and with the connivance of moralists and theologians.

To whose interest is the present financial system? Is it to the interest of producers? God knows it is not. They can't sell the abundance they produce because the people cannot buy it. Is it to the interest of consumers? God knows it is not. They have no money to buy what they need out of the abundance offered for sale. To whose interest but that of bankers and money-lenders can it possibly be? And yet we go to them for advice to get us out of our trouble! Is it likely that Satan will cast out Satan?

—Money & Morals

ment from an anonymous theologian that a Catholic could not be an anarchist. My reply was that, "anarchism was voluntary cooperation for good with the right of secession, with the individual or the family as a unit rather than the state." And that I was baptized by an anarchist priest who is in good standing. A discussion of pacifism and of my use of the strongest weapon of defense which is spiritual, rather than the weaker weapon was next. Wingate suggested a description of my life in solitary in Atlanta and mention of my tax refusal and picketing the atomic tests in Nevada. I also spoke of my arrest for selling the CW on the street and of winning this case in the higher court. Of the cop near St. Patrick's who said he would arrest me until he wore me out and of my reply that I would wear him out. Unless we are ready to suffer, to die, we are not ready to live. I told of the vigilantes in Phoenix who came into the house to beat me up because they thought the CW and I were Communist. I told them if what we said was true and they killed me it would still be true, and if it wasn't true why should they worry about it. And then I asked the two larger men to sit down and invited the smaller one to beat me up. We parted as friends.

Because I said that in this country we were friends with the Communists against capitalism, even though we felt the enemy of the free worker in Russia, Hungary and the iron curtain countries was Communist bureaucracy, Mr. Wingate tried to pin the Communist label on the CW. I explained the difference between centralized Marxism with the state and the decentralized anarchism of Bakunin and Proudhon.

Mr. Wingate wanted to know how we were regarded by the hierarchy. My reply was that the Cardinal of our diocese was conservative and associated with those far to the right and that we were far to the left as it seemed possible to be, quoting Dorothy as printed in TIME magazine that the only place these two extremes could meet was at the Lord's table. I spoke of receiving Communion in Phoenix from a Spanish Fascist priest, but that we did not have to take our ideas from priests if they were in contradiction to our conscience enlightened by the Sermon on the Mount. While we had picketed the Cardinal in 1949 during the cemetery strike, he had great patience with us and had never picketed us.

Out of my many unorthodox ideas Mr. Wingate picked out my reliance upon fasting rather than medicine or blood transfusion as something to discuss. The purpose of these programs is to make them interesting and I feel that Mr. Wingate was courteous and appreciative of my ideas.

Seymour Eichel was released from Danbury prison October 16 after doing ten months of his one year term. I went to his home to greet him the other night where other pacifists met for the same purpose. He looked fine and in good spirit. His father Julius was one of the seven of us who had been in jail in World War One who refused to register for the draft in World War Two.

Jail Story

(Continued from page 6)

Manhattan are the pounding of a pile driver at some nearby building excavation and the chimes of City Hall. And there is maximum security—the cell blocks, the doors locked one after another, the bars, the razor that only the officer can unlock with his special key when the blade needs changing. None of the air and windows and trees of Hart's Island. And yet you feel less helpless, less cut off here than at Hart's.

Cell Block 9 . . .

. . . is where men on drug charges are held. This is where I am assigned to work, along with four other "tier men", from six in the morning to seven at night. One of these others is young Chico. No sooner had I entered the cell block for the first time than Chico took it upon himself to engage me in conversation and inquire, in his broken English, if I needed cigarettes. The uncommon generosity of this gesture could be appreciated only by someone who had just come from Hart's Island. He gave me the half pack he had in his pocket and continued to supply me with cigarettes until, after twelve days (it would have been longer, if a friend had not sent me a dollar), I was finally able to get to commissary, when Chico refused to accept any return of the cigarettes he had given me.

Last Day—August 5 (Monday)

Gave remaining cigarette papers to one of the prisoners, rolled blankets and sheets up. Helped clean floor after breakfast, shaved. Name called. To large dynamo room. Again like Abner Dean cartoon. Sat on benches after throwing our prison clothes on piles near door. First called to line against wall: those whose clothes had been taken away from them when they entered, and were destroyed as too ragged, lousy or dirty came away from the line with a new blue work shirt, a new blue cap, a new grey pair of cotton work trousers. Meantime at the counter in front of us, the officer announced that we should examine our restored clothes right at the counter and not to come back later saying something was missing. We were called in turn to receive each our bundle of clothes, wrapped around a strong hanger. To processing, same room we entered through—to pick up our property. This took a couple of hours. Then to the hot house next door to wait another hour and a half. In processing, had been given mail withheld by censor, which included the July-August issue of the paper, which we read while waiting. Finally, van, and long questioning to make sure wrong man was not climbing into it. At Bronx County Court, entered a block of large cells or bullpens filled with people all apparently waiting to get out. Karl Meyer was in one. One empty, and this all of us entered. The social worker had requested that Julian be permitted to meet Judith, so that all of us pacifists were taken care of first. Fingerprinted for the last time, offered a sandwich, and shown out the door by cordial man. Walked through garage, large doors of which slid open as we reached them, admitting us to the bright sidewalk, where Judith was waiting. We were free.

Book Review

(Continued from page 5)

counts for her obsessive and irrational dislike of Catholicism, the note of bravado she strikes toward God. This is the reason why, despite the flashes of humor, the amusing thrusts, this is a sad book. For maddening as Mary McCarthy can be, and impatient as one can become with the conclusions she draws, one can only say mea culpa in the name of those who neglected to teach her that the purpose of religion is not to make people good or smug or secure, but to teach them to love.

Catherine Odlivak

(Continued from page 6)

tle Cathie's. There was an extra bed in that room for the unforeseen guest. Cathie kept the place spotless. It was freshly painted, the beds were covered with white spreads, and many a time, at any hour of the night or day, I used to come upon Cathie, kneeling by her bed, praying, or reading her New Testament. It seemed to be more natural to her to kneel than to sit. She was earliest at Mass each morning, and most faithful about her duties. None ever heard her utter an unkind or a harsh word—she was all gentleness. There was no gloominess about her either, when she smiled or laughed her eyes crinkled up, and many a time during conferences, even in the chapel at Maryfarm or Peter Maurin farm, when the priest said anything startling or humorous, she used to laugh out loud delightedly. She made all our retreats and loved our conferences and what she got there was reflected in her life.

I can remember one of her works of mercy. We had a woman with us, very brilliant and lively, who was going through a mental breakdown. We were trying to get her to go to the hospital willingly but were meeting with much resistance. She had gotten to the stage when she was talking night and day and had all kinds of delusions. She insisted on being active, and in giving out clothes to the needy, she gave away her own, little Cathie's or any others she could get her hands on. Indeed she didn't hesitate to strip herself, take off her own dress, at the expense of modesty, in her attempt to clothe the naked. She had the extra bed next to little Cathie, and I can still hear Cathie's gentle quiet voice persuading her to go to sleep. How could we have done without her help! She was an example to us always. (The woman did go to the hospital, and did come out cured almost a year later, but this is not her story but Cathie's.)

The time came when our activities were too much for Catherine, and she had to find easier work and quieter living conditions. She needed, too, to follow a very strict diet because of her condition. So she moved around the corner from us on Hester street, to a little rear house with a two-room apartment one flight up, and there she painted and polished and made a little oasis of peace for herself, in the midst of that very noisy neighborhood. She had a half time job, and worked only enough to get the little she needed to pay her \$12 a month rent and the kind of food she needed. (She was fiercely independent, and was more apt to bring us food than take any from us.)

She was not alone in the world and had visitors from her family as well as from The Catholic Worker family she adopted. There were married sisters and her mother and father still lived on a little farm in southern Ohio. Sometimes she could go home to visit them. She worked for a time with the Legion of Mary in Transfiguration Parish, but soon that too was too much for her. Her condition, as she got older, was worse, and she had several periods in the hospital. At last the doctors said that it was necessary for her life, that she allow them to perform an operation, a very difficult and dangerous one. Her heart, they explained, due to

its faulty structure, had to work twice as hard as anyone else's, so that it were as though it was eighty years old already. She was getting progressively weaker and would become a complete invalid for the few remaining months of her life. So she consented to the operation. Everyone loved her, and wanted to help, so many from the parish and from The Catholic Worker went to the hospital to give their blood, but it was to no avail. She died under the operation. The last words she wrote were on a little tablet by her bed. "Be kind to the sick, and you are being kind to God." She asked to be buried in our plot in the fields in back of St. Joseph's Church in Rossville, near the Peter Maurin Farm, on Staten Island. The grave was dug by Mike Fitzgerald, Charles Butterworth, Stanley Vishnewsky and others, and there she rests beside little Charlie Smith and Philip Millions, a child whom she loved, and an old poor man, to whom she was always pitiful and kind. May she rest in peace, and pray for us, this little Cathie Odlivak who was so unspotted by the world.

D. D.

Farm

(Continued from page 5)

spent a week in Vermont with the Hennessys. They report that the house and the view are beautiful, the children very happy, and the whole family busy with wood chopping and apple picking and generally getting settled for the winter. We have had some snapshots from the new Hennessy abode, and they bear out all that has been reported by everyone who has been there.

The Petrillo family drove down from Newburgh for a day. They brought news of the crash of a jet plane from Sewart air base on the property which used to be Maryfarm. The plane came down in a plowed field back of where the outdoor Stations of the Cross used to be.

Elevation of Man

(Continued from page 3)

rage at one or the other's transgressions—which at first seemed truly flagitious. Then came each one's "case"; and through the mysterious alchemy that comes about when a fact, or a cluster of facts, is deeply seen and known—when you really "dig" it—there came a transfiguration. Dope addiction didn't become good, nor did drunkenness, no crippling stinginess nor any other tumor. But who can pass judgment on malignancies? Who can even prescribe for them? The others' wounds become shining lights to show each one his own poverty. And the variousness of the richness and the poverty distributed within this small collective balance out. There is some peace now as they sit there in the midst of the debris of crashed facades, with the raw brick showing.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

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