

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## The Enemy Within Us

For 20 years, Harry T. Moore had worked for National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Last December, he was continuing that work, concentrating on the case of the Lakeland County Negroes who had been accused of raping a white woman in 1949.

When Harry Moore was murdered by the explosion of a bomb underneath his cottage, the Lakeland case had already been simplified: one defendant had been lynched, another killed by a sheriff (in "escaping"), and the sole survivor seriously wounded.

When Harry Moore was murdered, Florida's racism was extending itself to religious hatred: Catholic Churches and Synagogues had been defaced.

When Harry Moore was murdered, the United States Government was announcing the construction of concentration camps for those subversive elements which a foreign power had working in this country.

Harry Moore died fighting an indigenous subversion — racial hatred. In less hysterical days perhaps it will be realized that he fought the more dangerous enemy — the enemy within us.

Requiescat in pace.

## Coal Miners Die In Illinois

The story of the mines in Illinois could be a story of exploitation — how the farmers sold all the mineral rights at low prices, and how the operators turned their colony into a bonanza of coal and oil.

The story of the mines in Illinois since 7:30 P.M. on December 21 has been death.

At that hour, Orient Number 2, a mine of the Chicago, Wilmington and Franklin Coal Company, exploded. When the dead had been taken from the debris, it was discovered that 119 miners had perished, — the worst disaster in 23 years, second worst in the history of Illinois — but separated by only a few scant years from the Centralia holocaust which took a toll of 111 men on March 25, 1947.

Who was responsible?

One week after the tragedy, Federal Investigators charged that the explosion had been caused by faulty ventilation, particularly in the way in which rock-dusting was carried out. On January 8, the Illinois investigators corroborated this analysis.

It was revealed that the company had turned down a Federal warning (Federal Bureau of Mines Inspectors cannot enforce their findings).

Illinois State Mine Director Eadie said that the matter was controversial — that perhaps the federal men were wrong. (Of course Eadie is a former employee of the mine operators; however it must be said for him that there was no evidence of political deals, shake-downs, etc., as at Centralia in 1947.)

UMW acting Safety Director Ferguson had complained of the conditions in a letter to company last summer after 31 violations of

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*O Sion, adorn thy bridal chamber, and welcome Christ the King: embrace Mary, for she who is the very gate of heaven, bringeth to Thee the glorious King of the new light. Remaining ever Virgin, in her arms she bears her Son be-*

*gotten before the day-star, whom Simeon, receiving into his arms, declared unto all peoples to be the Lord of life and death, and the Saviour of the World.*

(Antiphon from the Mass on the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.)

FEICHENBERG



# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## 119 Coal Miners Die in Illinois

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the code were found. At the same time, it is possible that John Lewis feuds with former Secretary of the Interior Krug had caused the UMW to go against a better mine safety conditions law after Centralia. (And Murray Kempton in the New York Post reported a strange apathy on the part of the UMW to press the charges against the company during the hearings after the West Frankfurt disaster.)

When the Price-Neely bill was introduced into Congress (to put teeth into mine regulations), John D. Battle, Executive Vice President of the mine operators group, opposed it—on the grounds that the individual states were making great progress in mine safety!

There are still investigations going on to fix the guilt.

There were investigations after Centralia. And four years later, Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman said of the tragedy at West Frankfurt:

"It need not have happened."

## Respect Insurance Pickets

The agents of the Prudential Insurance have been on strike for almost two months now. Never too tender when social issues are concerned, Prudential has remained true to its past—by truculence in bargaining and by using its funds (or rather the funds of the policyholders) for anti-labor ads in the newspapers.

At least 15,000 agents are out on strike (out of 18,000) and one of the main issues is an attempt by the company to keep pensions and retirement funds under the petty tyranny of company patronage and out of the hands of the agents who seek a legal claim to their pensions. Whatever criticisms one may have of the practices of insurance companies, this strike is legitimate and its picket lines should be respected.

## Gandhi Followers Meet in Italy

The anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi's death, January 30, was celebrated in Perugia, Italy, by an international gathering of followers of his way of non-violence. Under the leadership of Prof. Aldo Capitini of Perugia (jailed during the Fascist regime), the conference is open to members of all religious belief. There is hope that an international group will be organized at the meeting.

## "Plain Duty to Disobey Government"

—Bishop Ancel

Mgr. Ancel, Auxiliary Bishop of Lyon, wrote last month in Essor, the Lyons weekly, that if the French government should join the United States in a preventive war against Russia, "Catholics have a plain duty to disobey the Government."

He said, "Promoters of preventive war are war criminals and any Catholic who really wishes the Americans to engage in a preventive war against Russia flagrantly violates the Sixth Commandment."

(N. B. Msgr. Ottaviani, Assessor of the Holy Office at the Vatican, defines preventive war in his *Institutiones juris publici ecclesiastici*, paragraph 86, as any war which is declared and which is not a defense against an actual physical attack on the defending country's territory. And even in this case, the conditions for legitimate defense are such that, as Father Gaston Fessard reports in his recent *Paix ou Guerre*, many European Catholic theologians have concluded from Msgr. Ottaviani's work that no modern war is moral.)

## European Catholic Pacifists Meet

In order to unite Catholic pacifists in Europe, a meeting was held in Frankfurt, Germany, last November 17 and 18. The *Catholic Worker* has recently received a report on the conference from Kaspar Mayr, Austrian Catholic pacifist.

Originally, it was expected that only 25 or 30 people would be able to attend. One of the purposes of the group was to revive the Arbeitsgemeinschaftbund (A.d.K.) within the Internationalen Versöhnungsbund (a Catholic section within the International Fellowship of Reconciliation). The numbers were far in excess of expectations: about 100 people came to Frankfurt and at least 50 more expressed their willingness to come, but were detained, chiefly because of financial reasons.

### Priests Attend

Seven priests were in attendance. Father Lorson S.J. from France (author of *Un Chretien peut-il etre*

*un Objecteur de Conscience?*), Father Stratmann, O.P. (author of *The Church and War*), Father Manfred, leader of Pax Christi, one of the directors of Caritas, the director of the re-settlement movement in Germany, and two parish priests. From France, in addition to Father Lorson, came the fiancé of Jean de Sierde, an imprisoned objector. A letter of encouragement was received from Father Ocharde, one of the leaders of English Catholic opposition to war. During the two day conference, Kaspar Mary spoke on the History

## Pius XII: Prayer for the Apostolate

O Lord Jesus who has called us to the honor of making our humble contributions to the work of the hierarchical apostolate, Thou who has asked of the Heavenly Father not to remove us from the world but to preserve us from evil, grant us an abundance of Thy light and Thy grace that we may crush in ourselves the spirit of darkness and sin, so that aware of our duty and persevering in good, and inflamed by zeal for Thy cause, by the power of example, prayers, action and supernatural life, we may make ourselves every day more worthy of our Holy mission, more capable of establishing and promoting among men, who are brothers, Thy kingdom of justice, peace and love.

of the IFOR, and on theology and the problem of non-violence. Father Lorson described the Catholic Peace Movement in France, Hans Wirtz discussed remilitarization, Father Stratmann spoke on the Christian and the state, and Dr. Feber laid down the immediate practical tasks of the group.

### Results

As a result of the meeting, the A.d.K. (Catholic group) is firmly constituted within the IFOR, but not as a separate body since its members join their respective national branch of the FOR. It was decided to attempt to unite Catholic pacifists, especially in regard to a study of the relation of traditional theology to non-violence. The periodical "Der Christ in der Welt" was named the official organ of the group, and steps are being taken to publish 6 numbers a year. A program of future conferences was decided upon, under the leadership of a continuation committee. It was also hoped that the conferees could make contact with pacifist groups in France, Belgium, Switzerland, the United States, South America and England.

The Conference unanimously agreed upon sending a letter to the Pope and to the German Bishops, as well as to the Bonn Government. (English Catholic pacifists have recently addressed a letter to their hierarchy asking for more explicit statements on the subject of war.)

The *Catholic Worker* hopes to be able to maintain contact with European Catholic objectors in order to unify Catholic opposition to war. We are greatly encouraged by the efforts of the Frankfurt Conference and hope that it is only the beginning of an international attempt to place a Christian theology of non-violence before the Catholics of the world.

## EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

### WHAT THE CATHOLIC WORKER BELIEVES

1. The Catholic Worker believes in the gentle personalism of traditional Catholicism,
2. The Catholic Worker believes in the personal obligation of looking after the needs of our brother.
3. The Catholic Worker believes in the daily practice of the Works of Mercy.
4. The Catholic Worker believes in Houses of Hospitality for the immediate relief of those who are in need.
5. The Catholic Worker believes in the establishment of Farming Communes where each one works according to his capacity and gets according to his need.
6. The Catholic Worker believes in creating a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new.

(Reprint)

## Birth Control

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Liberal, tolerant non-Catholic friends of mine, who see great value in many of the stands which I take because I am a Catholic, will always say: but as to birth-control you are a reactionary without respect for the people, you seek to oppress by moral coercion.

I say: it is precisely because I am a Catholic and believe in the Church's philosophy of the family and condemnation of birth control that I must adopt a revolutionary attitude toward society.

### Wrong Emphasis

Critics of the Church are not without reason when they attack her stand on birth control—that is, we can understand why they do, not that they are correct. Catholics have too often presented the theology of birth in a vacuum. They have deduced their conclusions from revelation of apriori principles and let it go at that. They have not realized that their very belief in the sacramental character of marriage and the significance of birth obligates them to other positions.

If *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* had never been written, we should be able to come to most of their conclusions through considering this one fact we affirm life, we are opposed to birth control.

### The Family

When we oppose birth control, does this mean that we wish children to be born into starvation and involuntary poverty and ignorance? This is the charge of the planned parenthood. Have we answered it?

Since we are compelled, by the law and love of Christ, to be against the oppression of children, we must deny the charge. But then we must realize that if we are opposed to birth control we are then for the creation of a society in which the Catholic, the Christian, family can live its full life with dignity and peace.

It is a question of means. Faced with the problem of underprivilege and poverty for the child, we cannot advocate birth control because we believe that the solution destroys the very value it seeks to preserve. For in addition to opposing birth control on the grounds of theology, we are against it on the pragmatic grounds that it harms society. The disintegration and atomization of family life in the past few centuries is the result of complex causes, but we must certainly number among them divorce and birth control. (Significantly enough, the ranks of the planned parenthood groups are quite often filled with the bourgeoisie who can have children—and this is another symptom of middle class decadence.)

Then faced with a positive affirmation of life, it is necessary for us to work for the creation of a society in which that life can thrive. In so much as Catholics have emphasized the negative interdiction alone, they have merited the non-Catholic charge of social reaction. In so much as we oppose birth control we inevitably demand a transformation of society.

### The Implications

What are the implications of this stand?

First of all, that merely passing a law restricting the sale of contraceptives is a meaningless gesture. (I would be opposed to such a law on other grounds, but what I want to point out here is that these laws will be jokes—as they are in Massachusetts and Connecticut—unless there is a society in which the Christian can live a family life without being called on to exercise that extreme heroism which is the mark of great sanctity.)

Secondly, that we favor the transformation of the proletariat. The specific characteristic of the working masses is that they are propertyless. But as Catholic philosophers and theologians have pointed out for centuries (it is the point of Aquinas thesis on property), private ownership is a right because it is necessary for the de-

velopment of personality, for the life of the family. Confronted, then, with a society in which ownership is concentrated in the hands of a minority, our opposition to birth control demands that we change this society so that every family will have that private property which is necessary for their development in a Christian way.

Reactionary critics are forever claiming that the masses are shiftless, out for getting something for nothing. They propose this as a reason for keeping property concentrated in the hands of a few. But in so much as the masses do prefer the vulgar to the fine and the cheap to the beautiful and the soap opera to the round table, why is this so? Is it not precisely because they are brought up and conditioned in squalor and ugliness. Will they change unless their surroundings change? Shall we demand, by law or by sermon, that they live Christian family lives filled with an emphasis on spiritual values when their very existence is a negation of spiritual values? Shall we ask the crippled to run in races?

We call, then, for the deproletarianization of the masses, for widespread ownership, for the dignity of the worker. We are forced to this revolutionary position because we believe in the value of life.

### State Control

At the same time, our belief that the family is the basic unit of society, and that government does not exist for itself, makes us demand that this widespread ownership be under conditions which do not rob the family of the very freedom and development which we defend.

In the great encyclicals on fascism—*With Burning Sorrow* to the Germans, *Non Abbiamo* to the Italians—Plus XI insisted that state centralism could not abrogate the family and religious functions of society, the education of children. The family not only needs property so that it can develop in a Christian way; it also needs the freedom to develop this life without state interference.

In short, the Catholic teaching in its fullness is far from being reactionary, it is a call to the transformation of society. But as long as Catholics do not accept the implications of their belief, as long as they are against birth control, and not against a society which allows children to be born in circumstances of disease and squalor, we have nothing to say to Paul Blanshard or the Sangerites. We are reactionary.

### Manifesto

This one belief of ours, that life belongs to God, that marriage is sacramental and birth a significance not to be tampered with, is at the same time a manifesto calling for the Christianization of society. Because we believe this:

We oppose the capitalist system which concentrates wealth in the hands of the few and makes a dignified family life impossible;

We oppose the purely negative mis-representation which has been made of the Catholic position, which is against birth control, but not in favor of a society in which a Christian family life is possible;

We call for the deproletarianization of the masses, for homes owned and not rented, for space and not slums, for ownership and not for credit.

We demand that this be done in a way which recognizes the family as the basic unit of society, in a way consonant with freedom, and not through a substitution of state coercion, that a society must be created which will allow the family to freely achieve these values;

And finally, because we believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, we believe that these principles are not for America alone, but for the whole world, that this revolution must also take place in Asia, in Africa, in Europe, throughout all the colonial and oppressed lands.



# THE LONG LONELINESS

(The following is an excerpt from Dorothy Day's new book)

One of the great German Protestant-theologians said after the end of the last war that what the world needed was community and liturgy.

The desire for liturgy, and I suppose he meant sacrifice, worship, a sense of reverence, is being awakened in great masses of people throughout the world by the new revolutionary leaders. A sense of individual worth and dignity is the first result of the call made on them to enlist their physical and spiritual capacities in the struggle for a life more in keeping with the dignity of man. One might almost say that the need to worship grows in them with the sense of reverence, so that the sad result is giant sized posters of Lenin and Stalin, Tito and Mao. The dictator becomes divine.

We had a mad friend once, a Jewish worker from the East Side, who wore a Rosary around his neck and came to us reciting the Psalms in Hebrew. He stayed with us for weeks at a time, for although mad, he had the gentleness of St. Francis. He helped Hergenhan in our garden on Staten Island, and he liked to walk around in his bare feet. "I can feel things growing," he said. "I look at the little plants, and I draw them up out of the earth with the power of love in my eyes."

He sat at the table with us once and held up a piece of dark rye bread which he was eating. "It is the black bread of the poor. It is Russian Jewish bread. It is the flesh of Lenin. Lenin held bread up to the people and he said, 'This is my body, broken for you.' So they worship Lenin. He brought them bread."

There is nothing lukewarm about such worship, nothing tepid. It is the crying out of a great hunger. One thinks of the words in Ezekiel, condemning the shepherds who did not feed their sheep. I know that my college friend Rayna never heard the word of God preached and she never met a Christian. The failure is ours, and that of the shepherds.

Peter was not so much interested in labor as he was in work and community. He felt that as long as men sought jobs and wages, and accepted the assembly line and the material comforts the factory system brought, they would not think in terms of community, except for that which the union brought them. They might be gathered together in time of crisis, during strikes, but would they listen to what he said about the need for a ownership and responsibility?

Every talk of Peter's about the social order led to the land. He spoke always as a peasant, but as a practical one. He knew the craving of the human heart for a foothold on the land, for a home, but he also knew how impossible it was to attain it except through community, through men banding together in farming communes to live to a certain extent in common, work together, own machinery together, start schools together.

He held the collective farms in Palestine up for our consideration. Since Peter's death, Martin Buber's book, *Paths in Utopia*, has told of the experiments in Israel, and Thomas Sugrue has written a book, *Watch for the Morning*, on these great adventures in building up a place in the desert for a dispossessed people. Claire Huchet Bishop has written about the communities in Europe in her books, *France Alive* and *All Things Common*, showing how men can become owners of the means of production and build up a community of work together.

But these books were not written when Peter started to talk, and he knew that people were not ready to listen. He was a prophet and met the usual fate of the prophet. The work of the co-operatives in Nova Scotia had attracted the attention of the world, but Father Jimmy Tomkins said, "People must get down to rock bottom before they have the vision and the desperate courage to work along these lines and to overcome their natural individualism."

Community—that was the social answer to the long loneliness. That was one of the attractions of religious life and why couldn't lay people share in it? Not just the basic community of the family, but also a community of families, with a combination of private and communal property. This could be a farming commune, a continuation of the agronomic university Peter spoke of as a part of the program we were to work for. Peter had vision and we all delighted in these ideas.

"But not a five-year plan," he would say. He did not believe in blueprints or a planned economy. Things grow organically.

A parish priest in Canada, Father John McGoey, had a vision of a community of families. From a poor parish in Toronto, he inspired a number of families who were jobless and living on relief to band together and study the problems of getting back to the land. He secured a tract of land for them, obtained the co-operation of the city's relief bureau, and moved the families out of the slums. A school for the children was started, a weaving project set up, gardens put in, small animals cared for, and the families got on their feet again. With the ending of the depression and the beginning of preparations for war, some of them moved back to the factory neighborhoods again.

Monsignor Luigi Ligutti, head of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, did the same with a group of unemployed miners in Iowa. He obtained land and funds from the government, and the settlement he established has prospered. In both these cases government help was needed. Peter did not wish to turn to the government for funds. "He who is a pensioner of the state is a slave of the state," he felt. Neither Father McGoey nor Monsignor Ligutti felt enslaved, but they did admit there had been red tape and many headaches involved in getting the help needed.

Peter's plan was that groups should borrow from mutual-aid credit unions in the parish to start what he first liked to call agronomic universities, where the worker could become a scholar and the scholar a worker. Or he wanted people to give the land and money. He always spoke of giving. Those who had land and tools should give. Those who had capital should give. Those who had labor should give that. "Love is an exchange of gifts," St. Ignatius had said. It was in these simple, practical, down-to-earth ways that people could show their love for each other. If the love was not there in the beginning, but only the need, such gifts made love grow.

"To make love." Peter liked to study phrases, and to use them as



**THE LONG LONELINESS.** By Dorothy Day. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$3.50. By Michael Harrington.

Dorothy Day's new book was published last month by Harpers.

It is an autobiography, telling of her early life, the contacts with the saints through a childhood friend, the first intuition of religion. There is the history of her college days at Illinois, where she knew Rayna Prohme and first became conscious of the social problems.

Then there is the story of the days in New York with the Call, of the Socialist movement, the I.W.W., the New Masses, Leon Trotsky, Eugene O'Neill, the work in a hospital during the war (which she opposed from a revolutionary point of view). There is also the strange premonitions of Catholicism, Mass at St. Joseph's Church over on Sixth Avenue, and a rosary that a friend had given her.

Dorothy tells of her life on Staten Island, the birth of her child, and her decision to enter the Church which demanded the sacrifice of her own family life.

Then, in 1933, there is the description of the meeting with Peter Maurin—the meeting of the revolutionary who had always been instinctively Christian, and the Christian who had always been instinctively a revolutionary—and the founding of the Catholic Worker. In those days, Pius XI had been forced to remind the Church of the existence of a Catholic social philosophy in *Rerum Novarum*, and the Communists and other left-wing groups seemed to be alone in their cry for justice. Dorothy and Peter established their penny-newspaper to bring the teachings of the Church to the man on the street, and the first issue appeared on May Day, the traditional day of revolutionary dedication.

Dorothy describes the first harrowing days of the Worker's existence—the surge from 25,000 readers to 150,000. Then came the days of Franco and World War II, both of which the Worker opposed. Many readers who had known of the Worker's pacifism canceled their subscription, and during the war the young men in the army and C. O. camps, there was a grim struggle for existence.

Dorothy also writes of the ideas of the workers. Of community and how Peter Maurin spoke of it. Of the many failures, and of the successes. She includes her readings, from the Psalms, the New Testament, Francis, Ghandi, Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Martin Buber, and tells

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though they were newly discovered. (*Honest to God* was the title of one of his series of essays).

The strangeness of the phrase "to make love" strikes me now and reminds me of that aphorism of St. John of the Cross, "Where there is no love, put love and you will find love." I've thought of it and followed it many times these eighteen years of community life.

Peter set much store on labor as a prime requisite for a new order. "Work, not wages," that was an I.W.W. slogan and a Communist slogan too, and Peter liked it. During the days of the depression the Communists and our Catholic Workers often collided in street demonstrations. DOWN WITH CHIANG KAI-SHEK! said one of the posters, when they were demonstrating against evictions. WORK, NOT WAGES was another picket sign, when what the Communists were demanding was more relief, unemployment insurance, and every other benefit they could get from the state. Packed in that one tight little phrase is all the dynamite of revolution. Men wanted work more than they wanted bread, and they wanted to be responsible for their work, which means ownership.

I know that as this is read, it will be questioned. "This is how the people should be, but are they? Give them relief checks and they will sit back and do nothing for the rest of their days. When they do have jobs they see how much they can get away with in giving as little labor as possible for the highest pay they can get." One hears these complaints from householders and even from heads of religious orders, who complain that postulants enter without the slightest knowledge of any skills that will help the order. And girls do not know how to cook or sew or keep house. With the lack of knowledge of how to work has come a failure in physical strength too.

Peter was no dreamer but knew men as they were. That is why he spoke so much of the need for a philosophy of work. Once they had that, once their desires were changed, half the battle was won. To make men desire poverty and hard work, that was the problem. It would take example and the grace of God to do it.

The word philosophy is bandied around a great deal today. John Cogley, who formerly headed our house of hospitality in Chicago and is now an editor of *The Commonwealth*, told us about one of his professors at Fribourg who lectured on Russian philosophy. "In all their schools, whether of law, medicine, art, engineering or agriculture, philosophy is required study," he said. And that is right, because in order to achieve integration, the whole man, there must be an underlying philosophy that directs and lends meaning to his life.

During World War II, a French Communist wrote an article reprinted in the *New Masses* which emphasized the need for a Communist in the Sorbonne or any other college to teach history or science from a Communist point of view. The party never misses the dominant importance of philosophy.

Peter's Christian philosophy of work was this: God is our creator. God made us in His image and likeness. We become co-creators by our responsible acts, whether in bringing forth children, or producing food, furniture or clothing. The joy of creativeness should be ours.

But because of the Fall the curse is laid on us of having to earn our bread by the sweat of our brows, in labor. St. Paul said that since the Fall, nature itself travaileth and groaneth. So man has to contend with fallen nature in the beasts and in the earth as well as in himself. But when he overcomes the obstacles, he attains again to the joy of creativity. Work is not then all pain and drudgery.

All of us know these things instinctively, like Tom Sawyer whose example led others to covet his whitewashing job—or the workman, healthy tired, after a good day's toil like Levin reaping with the peasants in Anna Karenina.

Craftsman, not assembly line workers, know this physical, but not nervous fatigue and the joy of rest after labor. Peter was never a craftsman but he was an unskilled laborer who knew how to use an axe, a pick and a shovel, how to break rocks and mend roads.

Peter and his slogans! "Fire the bosses" meant "Call no man master, for all ye are brothers." It meant "Bear ye one another's burdens."

"Eat what you raise and raise what you eat" meant that you ate the things indigenous to the New York climate, such as tomatoes, not oranges; honey, not sugar, etc. We used to tease him because he drank coffee, chocolate or tea, but "he ate what was set before him." Had he been a young husband raising a family he would have done without tea, or coffee, as indeed such a disciple as Larry Heaney did. Larry was in charge of the Holy Family House in Milwaukee until he married and was able with another Catholic Worker family to buy a fine farm in Missouri.

Peter liked to talk about the four hour day. Four hours for work, four hours for study and discussion; but he didn't practice it. Knowing that people could not fit into neat categories he would seize upon them whenever he could for discussion and indoctrination.

Everyone, of course, wished to indoctrinate. They no sooner had a message than they wished to give it. Ideas which burst upon them like a flood of light made the young people want to get out and change the world.

We always had the war of worker and scholar when the former accused the latter of side-stepping work. The joke went around the country that the Catholic Worker crowd lived on lettuce one bright summer of discussion at Maryfarm when students from ten universities around the country arrived for long visits. One young politician active in public life in Ohio spent months with Peter and then returned to the Midwest to teach, eventually starting the Christ the King Center for Men at Herman, Pennsylvania.

Farms like ours began to dot the country. In Aptos, California, in Cape May, New Jersey, in Upton, Massachusetts, in Avon, Ohio, in South Lyon, Michigan—a dozen sprang up as Catholic Worker associates. Many others consisted of young married groups trying to restore the idea of community.

Some were started and abandoned as too isolated, or because of lack of water, lack of funds, lack of people who knew how to work. Men found out the reasons for cities and relief rolls when they ventured onto the land and sought to do manual labor. How to work in an industry so as not to compromise oneself and yet earn a living for a family?



# ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

My column is being written in New York instead of the snow-bound middle west because just as I was getting ready to leave, one grandchild, Eric, came down with pneumonia, Susie was suspected of having an attack of jaundice, Beekie had a cough and Mary and Nickie joined the chorus. At the same time I had laryngitis so I could not have talked anyway, and if I cannot talk, I cannot pay my fare from place to place. So the trip will begin February 11, a feast of our Lady.

Some days are so crowded with the care of invalids, so packed with one form or another of tragedy, and yet there can still be a sense of beauty and joy. It always amazes me, and I must write of it, because I am afraid that sometimes our readers get a sense that our lives are full, too full of the most sordid and all but futile endeavor to combat sin, and sickness. We can do our immediate job on the hunger and cold and by working through the outer man, reach the inner.

On this one day when Eric had to go to the hospital with pneumonia, and we found that David's insurance (some kind of insurance connected with his job) had not gone through, and Susie had to have a test to see if she had had an attack of jaundice, we felt pretty low financially and physically and spiritually. Eric had been driven to the hospital in the old car (1932 Chevrolet) with no windows in it, wrapped warmly in a blanket of course. Later we drove on down to the beach, and it was an extremely low tide, and Beekie and Susie and I walked on the sands and picked up shells and listened to the little waves and had a deep sense of enjoyment at the clear cold day and the beauty of sky and beach around us. Then Christie St. an enormous conk shell, with a great roar in it of the sea, and when Eric came home from the hospital we gave it to him for a present. It is half as big as he is, and he was so entranced with it that he sleeps with it beside him, rather a hard bed fellow.

Now Susie turns out to be all right, and can start school at St. Louis Academy on Drumgoole boulevard on February first. Beekie has been going there since September and can now read! She will be seven in April, but Susie will not be six until August so she must go to kindergarten.

The Hennacy family moved from Peter Maurin Farm to Cobbett Cottage at 201 Winant Avenue, Rossville, just before Christmas and now they are cozy indeed in a four room house, all seven of them, almost too warm even when the thermometer is down to ten. Of course there is a hall which will be transformed into another bedroom, and there is a front porch which will be used in summer as a sleeping porch, and there is a big attic, which can be made into three rooms, so they feel they have plenty of room, what with four acres all around them which they are still exploring. It is mostly brush, but there are fruit trees, and four big mulberry trees which make an outdoor sitting room, and on mild days they sit out in garden chairs and the children play in the sandy soil which is very good for fruits and vegetables.

The little house has been occupied by tenants for the last ten years, and has not been painted in ten years. So there is a lot of work to do to make the place presentable. When David can close in a room in the attic, and get his books together again, he will reopen his Distributist Book Stall. As it is, he is taking orders for Gill, Belloc, Chesterton, Cobbett, Fr. McNabb, and other distributists. To earn a living he commutes every morning, a two hour trip to New York. Half a mile down the road, the busses run, and right across Arthur Kill Road, is a brief stretch of meadow and then Kill Van Kull and on foggy nights they can hear

the fog horns on the freighters which come into Socony Port nearby. They live on a road with few other houses, they are surrounded by miles of scrubby fields and woods, and yet to the north of them a mile away there is the biggest Standard Oil Storage plant in the world, and just across Kill Van Kull there is the great industrial area of New Jersey with its factories and chimneys pouring out fumes over the surrounding countryside. A far cry from West Virginia, which they were forced to leave because of the growing needs of a growing family.

A give this little report of the Hennacy family because if I don't keep up with their adventures in my column, our friends and readers write in to ask about them. And there are so many families, struggling with jobs, commuting, and in these winter months, so many mothers with coughing, sneezing, teething, housebound children. Whether in city or country, they feel isolated, and it is good for them to remember how they share the same trials and bear each other up with their courage.

Sometimes when I worry about Tamar being so much alone with her little ones I arrive to find her happily engaged in making doughnuts, and Susie sweeping the room, and Eric putting things away (all of which tidiness is immediately undone by Nickie, the Terror, who is at that age!) On good days they go out to compost the garden, to rake weeds, or sickle paths through the woods, but cold, rainy, sleety and snowy days they are marooned. "The days are so long and the weeks are so short," Tamar sighs. The mystery of time.

Living in three places as I have been this last month, St. Joseph's house, Chrystie street, the Peter Maurin farm between these three homes. In heaven there is neither time nor space, so we can be with everybody, everywhere, at the same time, days without end. It sounds fantastic but you know what I mean. The more you love in this life, the more you suffer, and yet who would be without love? God is love, the beatific vision is love; in Him we possess all things.

## All Men Are Brothers

This is a refrain which I love. It is the title of a great Chinese classic, it is the theme of the last movement of the ninth symphony of Beethoven. I thought of it as I sat at an IWO protest meeting last week with Jew and Gentile, Negro and Puerto Rican, a multi-national and interracial fraternal association founded in the depths of the depression, in 1930 and which is now ordered liquidated by the courts as a public hazard because of the political beliefs of its officers. It is admitted that this fraternal insurance company had a high rating. But the hazard consisted of the danger, in view of the world situation, of the IWO officials turning over their assets to Moscow in the event of a war. Even if such a thing as this should take place, the money loss would be a minor thing compared to the blow now struck at democratic principles by this hysterical action against this fraternal organization. This insurance company was founded during the depression as a recognition of the fact that no matter how much public relief was given, no matter how much alms, men needed to build a sense of mutual aid as well as provide by work and thrift for such eventualities as accident, sickness and death in the family. This corporation provided the lowest cost insurance in the country for Negroes and all the lowly, as well as for those in hazardous occupations. Negroes were accounted a bad risk by other insurance companies run on the profit motive because of their bad housing and overcrowding. There was too high a sickness and death rate among them. It is to be remembered too that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company that went in for

housing prohibited Negroes from moving into their buildings. Many of them employ little Negro help. Workers engaged in hazardous occupations were also enabled to enjoy low rate insurance.

Our breadlines are full of men who have not been able to collect the benefits they have earned, who have not been covered by social security, who have suffered long delays in getting their pensions. Many of them have such insufficient pensions that they are forced to supplement their monthly checks by the meal they get from us on the soup line.

If we are trying to see Christ in our neighbor, we must see too his dignity, his worth, his position as a son of God. And to do this it is not enough just to help out in an emergency. "It is necessary to build the kind of society where it is easier for men to be good," Peter Maurin used to say, and that would be a society where people were able by their work to sustain themselves, but were also, by mutual aid, able to bear one another's burdens, when by sickness, or accident men were unable to work.

IWO reached those whom no other fraternal organization for



one reason or another were able to reach. There was a program of cultural activities built up along with the insurance program, to give Ukrainians, Poles, Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Negroes and Puerto Ricans a sense of their rich heritage in song, dance and story. Mind and body, and in a sense spirit also were cared for, though with the Marxist background of the leaders the soul was denied. The work was good, and only God can judge the intentions of the heart of the leaders.

We need always to remember that it is *atheistic* communism which we oppose, but as for economic communism—it is a system which has worked admirably in religious orders for two thousand years. The zeal of a capitalist country to oppose communism, a country where the spirit of man is not considered and the holy days are ignored, is not the zeal of a religious spirit. The bishops once stated (was it in 1929?) that many of the social aims of the Communists were Christian aims and must be worked for by Catholics. If our parishes and communities had credit unions, maternity guilds and insurance benefit societies which reached God's poorest, even then we would have no right to suppress those organizations which do not agree with our political or religious point of view. We believe in freedom of association, freedom of speech, the freedom of Christ.

New schedule for my speaking trip: Washington, D. C., Feb. 12; Pittsburgh, Feb. 13, 14; Lexington, Feb. 15; Tell City, Ind., Feb. 16, 17; Louisville, Ursuline Academy, Feb. 18; St. Louis, Feb. 20; Pio Decimo Press, Baden Station; Rhineland, Mo.; Memphis, Tenn.; Ozark, Arkansas; Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Phoenix, Feb. 27.

# Eastern Rite Catholics and Reunion

By ROBERT LUDLOW

If we are interested and seriously concerned with the establishment of peace we must be interested and concerned about those things that make for peace. And certainly the reunion of the Christian Churches is one of the most persistent problems that confronts us in this regard. And, from the Catholic standpoint, the most immediate problem is reunion with the Orthodox Church inasmuch as the Orthodox possess almost in its entirety the Catholic Faith—they have valid Orders and thus truly possess the Sacraments.

The logical approach to the Orthodox is surely through those rites in the Catholic Church which are identical with the rites of the various Eastern Dissident groups. Therefore the problem becomes one of an evaluation of the possibilities in this direction by investigating the present condition and attitudes of Eastern Rite Catholics.

First however a word must be said of the attitude of Roman Rite Catholics towards those of the Eastern Rites. In general it is quite deplorable, though here and there a great improvement is evident. Too many, however, still think of the Catholic Church as being synonymous with the Roman Rite and look on Eastern Rite Catholics as a "half-Catholic" group of doubtful status in the Church. Father Allan Maloof, a Catholic priest of the Syrian-Melchite branch of the Byzantine Rite, tells us that three Bishops of the Roman Rite in this country told him that the Eastern Rites had no future here and that the best thing to do was to abandon the Eastern Rite parishes and assimilate the parishioners into the Roman Rite parish, such an attitude is quite at variance with the wishes of the Holy See as the Popes have declared emphatically that the Eastern Rites were to be preserved, that the Catholic Church was not a specifically Latin affair, that the Eastern Rites were moreover of equal dignity with the Roman Rite, and that Roman Rite Catholics (whether clerical or lay) were not to attempt by any means to persuade Eastern Rite Catholics to abandon their Rite. But on the contrary were to encourage and aid in every way possible the preservation of these magnificent and ancient Rites of the Church.

## Latinization

In spite of this, when we examine the conditions prevalent in many of the Eastern Rite parishes, we find a great lack in many directions. By this I mean that many Eastern Rite parishes have seemingly acquiesced in a Latinization which is a great hindrance to the preservation of their Rite and customs in their purity. Obviously it is a matter of no consequence what ceremonies surround the administration of the Sacraments so long as these are fitting and the essentials of the Sacrament are present. It is of no consequence unless a more fundamental issue is at stake. And, in this question of the Eastern Rites, there are fundamental issues at stake. First the right of a peoples to maintain, without interference and annoyance, their Rites which have been duly approved by the Church. Secondly that, if this Latinization is not eradicated, it will hinder reunion with the Orthodox. Hence to acquiesce in this Latinization becomes a breach of charity. Because we should not place unnecessary obstacles in the path of reunion. But to Latinize is to place such an unnecessary obstacle because it is done without sanction and as a whim. To do so is to go contrary to the expressed wishes of the Holy See in this regard.

But let us be specific. If an Orthodox were to walk into some of our Eastern Rite parishes what would he see? To begin with, the external interior of the Church would seem strange and unfamiliar

to him. It would have the appearance of a Roman Church. There would be holy water fountains at the door, there would be statues (usually in the worst plaster of Paris style), there would be Stations of the Cross around the Church walls, there would be confessionals. He would notice that the Altar was fully in view, that there was no ikonostas. He would also notice that the congregation (many of whom would be praying the Rosary) would kneel in pews throughout most of the Liturgy. Then he might notice that the priest wears a Roman amice and alb. He would notice that, in many cases, the Liturgy is improperly hurried through. That indeed there were "Low Masses" (usually inaudible). All of this would seem very strange to the Orthodox, particularly if he had been led to believe that the Eastern Catholic Churches kept their Rites and customs intact and that those Rites and customs corresponded to those in his own Church. So that he would undoubtedly say to himself: "My suspicions are now confirmed. To become Catholic is to become Latin. Catholicism is, after all, not a universal Faith but a phenomena of Latin culture. Once an Orthodox Church goes over to Rome it becomes little by little deprived of the purity of its Rite—and should Rome be in the position to do so she would abolish all but the Roman Rite." Now these are unfortunate thoughts that would come to the mind of the Orthodox who entered an Eastern Catholic Church. But you can see that we are greatly to blame when we ourselves acquiesce in this Latinization, we help place an obstacle into the path of reunion and, by so doing, we offend against charity. Furthermore we confirm those Roman Rite Bishops in their opinion about assimilating Eastern Rite Catholics—and, in doing so, help to perpetuate them in their erroneous viewpoint.

## Calendar and Married Clergy

It is a curious thing that while many parishes will adopt customs and devotions from the Roman Rite, they will often be tenacious in holding on to something like the Julian calendar which has nothing to do with Rite. The calendar is, after all, something to be determined by men of science and if, as is the case, the Julian calendar has been proven inaccurate, it is foolishness to perpetuate it under the mistaken assumption that it is necessary to the Rite. A calendar belongs to no Rite, it belongs to all mankind, and the Gregorian calendar, as is indeed pointed out in some Eastern Rite literature, is merely a correction of the inaccuracies of the Julian. On the other hand some Eastern Rite priests seem only too anxious to abolish the age old custom of allowing married men to be ordained priests. Indeed the imposition of this rule on the Churches in the Americas would never have been made, I feel sure, if it were not for the acquiescence of certain Eastern Rite ecclesiastics with Latinizing tendencies. It has proven to be a great obstacle in the path of reunion.

## Nationalism

Another unfortunate thing that exists among Eastern Rite Catholics is a certain fierce nationalism (only to be exceeded by the nationalism of the corresponding Orthodox groups). It is understandable, for example that anti-Russian and anti-Polish sentiments will exist among Ukrainians. But it should be the duty of both priests and people (for we should be first of all Christians) to overcome and eliminate this. It is most distressing, for instance, to run across a pamphlet (The Clash of Civilizations by Anna Arabska) put out by the Basilian Fathers which contains a great deal of this animosity, besides carrying some unlovely anti-Semitic statements. (Continued on page 8)



## Maryfarm

By D. C. McCARTHY

To the casual observer, there may not seem to be much taking place at Maryfarm, during these cold winter days. However, people are being fed, shelter is being provided and prayers are being said. More specifically, bread is baked, clothes are washed, rooms are swept and dusted, wood is cut and split, and Mass is daily celebrated.

John Filinger isn't feeling his best, although he continues to work hard everyday. The cold damp climate has Joe Cotter pretty well crippled up, and this same weather bothers Molly's knee.

Old Joe Davin manages to get along, despite the loss of the sight of one eye and his weak legs. God has given Joe a wonderful sense of humor and it's impossible to come within earshot of him without Joe saying, "Did you hear the one about the guy who . . . ?"

The other day, a minor explosion in the gas oven burned Joe Roach and one of the men from the road about the face and hands. While their injuries weren't serious, they were indeed painful, and caused them both some suffering.

Young Buster Jacques, Margie Hughes' three oldest children and I have organized a club. So far our meetings have been devoted to eating ice cream or candy.

The other night Philip called me over to his place to see a crucifix he fashioned from a piece of snake-wood. Phil has a two by three foot picture of Christ hanging on the back wall of his room, under which stands a table. On the table sits a square wooden box and perched on top of the box is a chipped statue of Our Blessed Mother. In front of the wooden box stands the snake-wood crucifix. Flanking the crucifix and furnishing the only light in the room at that moment, were two empty glass vigil-light containers that Phil had cracked at the bottom, wired with sockets and Christmas-tree bulbs and painted blue with a red cross in the center of each container. As he showed these things, a man just in off the road, hat and coat still on, sat silently in a rocking chair, staring at Phil's creations, while strangely enough, somebody on Phil's radio was blasting out with a Frankie Laine-like voice, "Sing You Sinners."

Recently, a group from the Eric Gill Center spent a weekend here at the farm. During that weekend, Fr. Faley spoke to the group on the Liturgy. Fr. Sheehan, a Josephite father and friend of Fr. Faley's, talked to the group also, relating some of his experiences while working with Lay Apostolate organizations down in New Orleans.

Out in the barn, four of the goats are expecting kids and the two pigs were sick, which was really a tragedy for us, because all we have is two pigs. John keeps his youngest dog, Rex, chained in the barn. If Rex gets any bigger, John will throw a saddle on him or harness him to the plow. The other day Rex broke loose from his chain and commenced to torment the goats and scatter a bag of feed around the barn. The rabbits seem to have abandoned the confines of their enclosure for some secret diggings under the henhouse. The dogs, King and Rex, keep the rabbits fairly close to the henhouse, but unfortunately some of the rabbits are striking out on their own. Patsy, one of the cats (she is really a he), occasionally sneaks into the chapel during morning Mass. He's been thrown out the front door on the fly, and also, down the basement stairs. Butch, the other cat, spends his days in the time honored cat-profession of catching rats. Although some of the rats Butch has caught are almost as big as he, this occupation is proving to be much safer than trying to crash morning Mass.

## Notes on Unity

By JANE O'DONNELL

The Chair of Unity Octave for 1952 has ended. What is the essence of Unity? Have we come closer to it in our hearts? Are we really willing to lend our understanding to it?

These several quotes strike us as good seed from which a mature concept of Unity could grow. For is it not a truly matured thought on Unity which will enable us to work with the selflessness which alone can reveal the power of Christ's presence among the two's and three's gathered in His Name.

" . . . the greatest obstacle anyone can put to unity is to want to make himself the centre of things. We know this is so in our individual lives. In so far as we want to make a centre of ourselves—in so far, that is, as Christ is not the single centre of all things to us—we are setting ourselves up against Him . . . unity results from a conversion, not from seizure or domination. It is a unity which is achieved by each one's living not for himself, but for everyone, for all the others, when each really practices charity, which means, as Pere de Montcheuil said, seeking perfect human fulfillment not only for oneself, but for all other human beings, to sympathize with all that is good in the world, to kill disinterestedly the good of all other creatures . . . the very condition of unity: to respect the fundamental makeup of others is essential for unity in charity, which is quite different from unity produced by imperialism, or any sort of outside pressure. And this supposes the Cross. It supposes the giving up of individual egoism, imperialism, the will to impose oneself on others; it supposes instead the will to be the servant of others. Christ Himself made just this renunciation . . ." (From "ADVENT" by Jean Danielou, S. J., Sheed & Ward.)

"Too often Catholics approach their non-Catholic neighbors with a predatory eye; they wonder how they can be led into the fold; they are disappointed if they balk at coming to the font. But the love of which Christ is speaking must be disinterested enough to transcend even this selfish (if holy) satisfaction. We shall pray for their conversion, certainly; but even more, we must pray for their salvation. The two things are not always coincidental." (From an excerpt of a new book by Father Leo J. Trese, being published by Fides Press.)

As for prayer: daily in the Mass, there is the collect part of the official Church Unity Octave prayer:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, Who didst say unto Thy apostles, 'My Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, look not upon my sins, but upon the faith of Thy Church and give here that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy holy Will. Who livest and reignest, God, for ever and ever. Amen.'"

The Fellowship of Reconciliation in its English publication for January, 1952, has given a prayer we could well use:

"O Lord of life, Who has ordained that men cannot make peace with one another unless they are at peace with Thee; send forth Thy wisdom and Thy truth to rule the hearts of those who represent the nations. Take from us, in Thy mercy, pride and wrath, that we may learn the righteousness which is in Christ. Give us the perfect love that casts out fear, and by Thy grace so reconcile us to Thyself that we shall live in reconciliation to our brethren, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

And could it not be that great numbers earnestly, humbly, confidently making use of Terce, the prayer of the Third Hour, the moment when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles, will be rewarded with floods of grace bearing fruit in union and understanding.

## The Necessity for Poverty

By TOM CAMPBELL

An acquaintance of mine, ardent Catholic Actionist and rising young industrialist presently making guns (in a Jim Crow factory) to keep American fire power at the level necessary for the defense of other factories, claims as one of his favorite books, Leon Bloy's, "The Woman Who Was Poor." He and his wife read it to each other with much sympathy and amusement, particularly those revealing passages in which is laid bare the shoddy dreams and aspirations of the bourgeois soul. Nineteenth century spiritual poverty impresses them as being at once humorous and tragic, especially as it is strained through the splenic artistry of Bloy.

After dinner, seated under the Advent Wreath (they are strong on the Gemutlichkeit aspects of Catholicism), we have discussed the grandeur of the Christian vision, how the world has fled from Christ, and that all things must be restored in Him. We have sat and used the homey analogies designed to strike under the armor of the spiritually insouciant: "our civilization is like our bread, without nourishment." We have spoken of the foolishness of centering our hopes upon the ephemerality of the world, and indeed how all the best poetry has the same message for a silly world if Christianity is not to be believed . . . and, yes, the only sadness is not to be one of the saints.

This is one way to read a book and lead a life.

The Catholic Revival, about which so much is spoken and written, finds as one of its fundamental difficulties a problem which is given perfect expression in this instance of a man who can read the story of Clotilde with almost embarrassing emotional generosity and reconcile it with the construction of those conditions which make such a book possible. To give national assent—perhaps, real assent—to the hell of the life of destitution and then lend a life's time labors to such institutions whose outcome for most is a deprivation and then lend a life's time labors to such institutions whose outcome for most is a deprivation of the necessities of life—there is the tragic hypocrisy of so many modern Catholics.

The life of Clotilde was wretched, and the closing scene of her story deservedly famous, where she enters La Sainte Chapelle in complete peace, is not the usual denouncement of a life such as hers. It is only the saint who can rise above the bitterness of destitution to peace. For peace, as St. Thomas says, is the tranquility of order, and since destitution is disorder, it is to be seen that for average human nature such a condition is alien to Christian principles. Our world, the one afflicted with the disease of profit and loss ethics, where every man is measured by a rule of saleability, is an eminently disordered one, and peace is had in it only by heroic efforts. It is a world of chaos: one definition of hell.

The story of Clotilde is really less a novel than it is hagiography. Its title could more justly be rendered, "The Woman Who Was Destitute, and Perhaps a Saint." It is unbecoming to criticize Bloy in a discussion of modernism and Catholicism. Our debt to him is so great that it smacks of ingratitude to pick over his writing in the jackdaw manner of the New Criticism. (Bloy stood almost alone against the main stream of contemporary nineteenth century modernist hypocrisy whose effects are to be seen everywhere in our chilling society.) Yet, and it is a point of foremost importance, it must not be allowed that the word "poor" connotes destitution, otherwise stated as that condition which reduces a man to an animal level of processes in the efforts to find the minimum to keep life intact.

"Poor" is a word vastly different

in meaning. In the Christian sense, as its meaning may be deduced from the New Testament, its similarity to destitution—the condition of Clotilde—is that of lead to gold. Catholic teaching insists that destitution is a condition under which no man be forced to live. It is anti-Christian. Anti-Christian in the sense that barracks life is so: both are states non-conducive to a life finding its end in Christ. Poverty—let us here substitute the abstract noun for "poor"—can be defined as the sufficiency of things without superfluity. This means an economy of essentials, what Chesterton called a highly romantic one, as in the case of Robinson Crusoe, who possessed little, and, in a special sense, possessed all. The plight of Crusoe was considerably better than many an industrial slave earning a subsistence wage today. Indeed, it is not dipping into romance to say that he had an almost ideal existence in terms of worldly goods: everything was there, tools, materials, awaiting his ingenuity to translate by work of his hands into a way of life which compares rather well with, say, the sanitary slumming of the modern apartment dweller. Crusoe's existence would be a step upward for most people today. This is so because he lived a life close to reality (none the less so for its being imposed upon him by an accident), and this reality, this living by the essentials, is what we mean by poverty.

Now it is intimately bound up with the nature of Christianity, especially as it can be lived today, that the mass of its adherents are called to the life of poverty. Anyone acquainted with the life of Christ and the stricture placed upon us to "imitate" Him will recognize the plausibility of this statement. No great amount of biblical exegesis must be consulted to arrive at the conclusion that He was a Poor Man and that He recommended poverty for those who would follow Him. The literacy demanded of the newspaper reader is enough to bring to the New Testament and come up with the same answer. For a Christian it would appear inescapable that poverty is to be sought as the way of life consistent with the effective practice of those spiritual techniques which open the door on real life. The whole weight of Catholic thought supports this call for poverty to the Christian.

And today this call is assuming the most important single issue confronting the thinking Christian. In modern times the injunction for Christians to seek poverty is amplified by the fact that the Christian of refined conscience—the integral Christian—has no other choice of condition—if an alternative ever existed at any time. In the bluntest way in which it can be stated, it is a truth of crushing force that the Christian must perforce be counted amongst the poor in the context of modern methods of making a living. He can hardly find a job which will square with the system of ethics implicit in what he assents to every Sunday morning. He must be a poor man. That is the fact which must be faced. Today, it is only complicating chaos to discuss the obligation of the Catholic rich man to the poor. That is almost as fallacious as the belief regarding "inner detachment while amid personal wealth." The question is: how is it that I am a Catholic and rich? How did I manage to amass this wealth? What teaching of Christ did I violate, as I almost certainly did, in raking together this pile? These are the questions demanding an answer. And these are the questions going unanswered—and unasked.

It is high time that that Sacred Cow, the Catholic Businessman, be forced to face the obvious sequiturs of some Catholic principles. It seems incredible that he has reached this point without anathema having been called upon his

head. The whole tone of the Catholic Church is against him. "No Christian should be a merchant, for a merchant can rarely or never please God." (St. Chrysostom.)

It is the world's great tragedy that the uniqueness of being a Christian is so easily lost by rubbing shoulders with the hosts who find it incredible that true strength is only had by an antecedent humility. Christians are unique—they are an elect. It is uncomprehensible to believe that they should conduct themselves as the heathen. This fact should not be lost sight of because it suits some Christians to be pressed jelly like in the mold of the world, into an image of Mammon.

Somewhere in Newman there is a passage concerning the paradox " . . . if you would be great, become small . . . ". There are many tests for the faith of Christians, but those centering about God's Providence seem to be the most difficult and trying. A statement like, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added to you," has no relevance whatever to the mass of Catholics if their conduct is any index to their religion. It simply is not believed by them. (Was Toynbee correct when he said that "the mass of nominal adherents to any religion are a few steps removed from a simple paganism?") Yet this is not merely some gentle reminder to make a dutiful genuflection in His direction sometime during the crowded weekly schedule. It means what it says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God . . ." The kingdom of God being conscientiously sought—it will not be found in a brokerage office, for instance—He will show it to us.

But before that goal is reached, a significant number of Christians have to be about looking for the Kingdom. This is going to involve some very necessary and difficult steps. Notwithstanding the theories of reform of some Catholics whose intelligence is not apace with their enthusiasm, the first step for the Catholic is to somehow divorce himself from the immoral systems of money hatching. They cannot be reformed from the inside. To go near them is to be corrupted. And for this reason, for the reason of the necessary dedication involved in such a program, it would appear that the main burden of the task is going to fall on the shoulders of young adult Catholics. If it is too much of an heroic feat for the married Catholic with a family to disentangle himself from the commercial and other immoralities, although there is plenty of evidence at hand that it is not, then let the call be answered by the single young men and women who do not have to reckon a family as being a block in the path of Christ.

Ours is the religion of hope, and no matter how dark or insuperable this problem may seem, it is not too late. We will know that a significant change is afoot when the urgency for poverty is realized. The beginning of our success will be signaled when Catholic parents recognize their duty towards their children by raising them in that poverty which Christ was not above embracing, that poverty whose classic Christian expression is found in the Holy Family; when Catholic colleges abandon the business courses to the secular educationalists and start to instruct their students in how truly to serve Christ, society, and themselves, rather than versing them in the techniques of exploitation; when the pulpit starts to recommend poverty to the laity rather than speaking of it in tones which suggest that it is a highly unfortunate circumstance; when our wars are pointed out to Catholics for what they are—the military extensions of our immoral economic struggles; when we begin to see in the poor man what Christ has told us to see—Himself.



# Open Letter on Taxes

By AMMON HENNACY  
R. 3, Box 227, Phoenix, Ariz.

Jan. 13, 1952.

Mr. William P. Stuart,  
Collector of Internal Revenue,  
Phoenix, Arizona.  
Dear Mr. Stuart:

I am refusing for the ninth consecutive year to pay my income tax. I surmise that you are aware that my action is taken for the same reason that I have refused to pay all along; namely, that most of this tax goes for war and the upkeep of an unholy and un-Christian social system. The philosophy upon which my action is based is that of the Christian Anarchist, who regards all government as based upon the return of evil for evil in courts, legislature and prisons. Opposition to all government is therefore a necessary part of the daily life of one who seeks to follow the Sermon on the Mount. As all churches uphold the state, I do not belong to any church, but attend mass and pray for grace and wisdom because of my love and respect for Dorothy Day and Robert Ludlow, editor of the CATHOLIC WORKER. This was the first publication to support my non-payment of taxes. Its basis of voluntary poverty and manual labor on the land I accept as an integral part of my life as a revolutionary Christian.

A hundred years ago the test of whether a person was socially conscious or not was whether he supported slavery or opposed it. Practically all the good religious people justified ownership of slaves by quotations from the Bible. Northerners whose fortunes were based upon the slave trade denounced William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist. (Garrison was also the first Christian Anarchist, Tolstoy having been encouraged in this direction by Garrison's famous Peace Declaration in Boston in 1838, in which all government was considered anti-Christian.) Mr. Stuart, your ancestors, as well as mine, likely hid escaped slaves and helped them get to freedom in Canada. The law said that escaped slaves should be returned to their masters, but good Quakers broke the law.

Today the measure of social consciousness is whether we support war and conscription. All thinking people must admit that the state is a Monster—a Monster of corruption and inefficiency, a Juggernaut that crushes freedom, that regiments us from the cradle to the grave, supposedly for our own good. Yet, while most churches grudgingly allow members to be conscientious objectors, they all, with the exception, generally speaking, of Quakers, Mennonites and Brethren, support war when it comes. And, with very few exceptions, all pacifists pay taxes for war. They may wish to do differently, but the reason they pay up is because they are so attached to the comforts of capitalism that they dislike to inconvenience themselves for an ideal. People who thus know better but do not do better are properly classified as pipsqueaks. Peter Maurin, the French peasant, founder of the Catholic Worker movement, said that "he who is a pensioner of the state, is a slave of the state."

The Christian Anarchist patterns his life after that of the early Christians. He does not vote for officials or go to courts to get even with those who may wrong him; neither does he need a cop to make him behave. He wants no social security benefits or pension. As Dorothy Day says of my refusal to pay taxes, in her recent book, *The Long Loneliness*. (Harper, 1952): "as he does not accept from Caesar, he does not render to Caesar." Instead of opposing war and the state most people fall for this BIG LIE.

Hitler said that if you said it loud enough and often enough THE BIG LIE could be put across. He proved it for the duration of his despotism, which fell somewhat short of the 1,000 years that he

had planned. With our loyalty oaths we are adopting the methods of Hitler. With our lack of moral perception we double-talk on our Voice of America and throw our dollars over the world thinking it will cover up our imperialism in Puerto Rico and our continued despoilation of the American Indian. By calling the Communists names and linking up with the despots Tito, Chiang and Franco we are not fooling the starving millions of Asia. If all the Communists were dead we would still have the problem of capitalist overproduction causing depressions and wars. Truman, MacArthur, Stalin, Churchill all vie in calling for peace while preparing for war. Hitler and Mussolini said "Peace" too—again this is THE BIG LIE. Without the income taxes, paid grudgingly by most people, THE BIG LIE of the capitalist imperialists who dominate our lives today would endure but for a moment. For one person to refuse to pay taxes will not stop war but it may start a person here and there to question the whole setup of exploitation and the fallacies of THE BIG LIE, which consist of:

1. The assertion that preparedness prevents war — The fact is that those countries which have had the greatest armies and the greatest preparation for war have gone down in defeat. Sparta, Rome, the Great Spanish Empire, Germany, Japan, and now the British Empire is on the skids. This country has become penurious at times because of the cost of armaments but its spirit has still been larceny minded. Accordingly after wars it has relaxed somewhat but has kept up the economic imperialism and diplomatic trickery which led right into another war. Today we are spending untold billions in upholding French and Dutch imperialism in the Far East and our war in Korea has been a farce no matter which way you may look at it. And we are making more bombs and getting into war deeper and deeper.

2. The assertion that the majority is always right — Benjamin Tucker, an anarchist editor of LIBERTY half a century ago, gave the answer to this illusion in unalterable logic: "If one man robs another, as does a highwayman, that is theft and is wrong. If one man robs all other men, as does a despot, that is wrong. But if all other men rob one man, as by the instrument of the ballot and majority rule, that also is wrong." In any moral issue the majority have always been wrong. When the matter is no longer in dispute the majority will corrupt the good by their sheer weight of complacency and orthodoxy, as William James has told us in his incomparable *Varieties of Religious Experience*. The strongest man in the world is not the dictator, but as Ibsen said, "he who stands most alone." Thoreau put it "that one on the side of God is a majority."

3. The illusion that there has always been a state and that it is necessary—This final installment of THE BIG LIE is so old that most people will die for it in the mistaken idea that they are helping themselves. In the Bible it tells us that, "in those days there were no kings in Israel for each man did what was right in his own heart. But the people wanted a king and asked Samuel for one. God told Samuel to tell them that a king would make their sons soldiers: 'All the best of your lands and vineyards and oliveyards he will take away . . . you will be his slaves and when you cry out for redress against the king you have chosen for yourselves, the Lord will not listen to you: you asked for a king.'"

If we were not demoralized by the gadgets of our materialistic civilization and mesmerized by our chant of The American Way of Life we might be quiet for a minute and know that unless our fears and covetousness were not organized in

David and Betty Dellinger and their three handsome children came to stay with us in January. On the 21st, with Dave and Rita as midwives, Betty gave birth to a blooming boy, as good-looking as the rest. His name is Daniel. There was excitement among the inhabitants here, and enormous relief, and the child came safely into this world; and especial grins on the faces of Hans, John Murray, and Agnes. Rita has been helping Betty ever since, with cleaning and washing; and Kenneth, the astonishing, takes care of the children, runs the washing machine, and does our cooking. As someone fervently remarked, pointing to him, "That's piety!"

Dave Dellinger was in prison twice for refusing to register for the draft. Not long ago he returned from Europe, where with three others he dropped non-resistance literature behind the iron curtain.

Before Betty's delivery, Dorothy and Agnes tried to get a midwife from Bellevue Hospital, the Department of Health, and the County Clerk's office. They called up Father Fiorentino's curate, and he phoned several Italian priests on Staten Island, in small parishes. No one knew of any. Then they phoned Mrs. Brown, the real estate agent in Great Kills, who found Peter Maurin Farm for us. She recommended some Hungarian women at the far end of the island; but as far as could be discerned, the last remaining midwife on Staten Island died last year. It cost Tamar \$75 when Dr. Matthews delivered Mary Elizabeth at home. The cheapest rate at a hospital would have been \$115. Dr. Matthews strongly protested delivering a baby at home. He said Tamar would not find a doctor on the island who would do it; but

a state they would never amount to more than a McCoy Hatfield feud. It takes a state with taxes from Christians to make A Bombs. It takes a state with politicians seeking to keep in power to make wars. It takes a state giving fat contracts and big wages to make munitions for war. When this Moloch devours our children in the next war we need not cry to God for mercy, for we asked for it. We have been warned and would not listen.

If, Mr. Stuart, after your thought on these matters for the several years that I have been refusing to pay taxes here in Phoenix, you come to the point where you realize that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit" in this mad world, you may see fit to renounce your post as tax collector and join me in my exhortation to those who may not be able to live one more day as a prop to this dying system. Did you know that Ernest Crosby, who was Judge of the International Court of Claims in Cairo, Egypt, resigned his job as a jurist after reading Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*, for which he was welcomed by Tolstoy, himself? Therefore for those of us who can take it it is time to break away from THE BIG LIE. Take the first step in refusing to make munitions; in refusing to register for war or military training; in refusing to buy government bonds which are truly slave bonds; and when you can get around to it, refuse to pay income taxes. No matter what we have done toward living the ideal we should remember the words of St. Augustine: "As who says that he has done enough has already perished."

P.S. I earned \$1,701.91 in 1951. I sent my younger daughter at university \$1,260; spent \$225 on living expenses; and the remainder on propaganda. I owe \$192 taxes, and you may rest assured that I as an anarchist, Mr. Stuart, will simply refuse to pay the tax and not resort to political influence to avoid payment.

# Peter Maurin Farm

By EMILY SCARBOROUGH

when she said she would do without one, he agreed to come. The Dellingers decided to have their baby alone, since their last child, Tasha, came ahead of time, and was delivered single-handed by Dave. The greatest help came from a government pamphlet on midwives, borrowed from the Elbert Sissons, of Washington, D. C., which was published during the war years, when women were encouraged to have their babies at home in a human way, instead of antiseptically, behind a glass.

Objections have been made, and sustained, that too much was written in this column last month about food. How can that be? We possess two cooks of genius. Why should their talents not be exposed? The more so, that what they work with is so meagre. Around Christmastime, it is true, we were showered by our friends; but now we are down to the usual; yet we eat. Kenneth and Rita can no more help cooking well, and encouraging others to do so (they even have the reclusive Leonard in their power) than breathing. And it helps make for our happiness—just as daily Mass and Communion feeds our souls. Man does not live by bread alone. But the body does.

Black Diamond had her babies. Complaints were made as to their color—an unvarying pattern; but they are just as sweet as kittens. She was seen the other day in close pursuit of a hound.

We were sitting fairly calmly at the table at supper one evening when in came Joe Cuellar, with a large she-goat. Some gave affectionate attention to it; others thought that this was going too far. The goat was contented. John Murray stood up and said, "Lord have mercy on us!" And lifting his fork and cup and plate, he poured out of the dining room muttering, "We're here because we're here!" The goat is now a respected member of the community, and we hope for kids. Black Diamond tried to hound her off the place.

Father Cordes is back from Maryfarm, where he spent six months. It is nice to see him.

Katherine Burton, Julie Kernan, Frederica Baker, and others visited us; and Dwight MacDonald.

Joe got a few days' work, donated paint, and painted the attic between vespers and supper in a shade called melody green. He made Tamar a magnificent staircase. He has been having trouble with his jeep.

As for the 1933 Chevrolet—it is the despair of Leonard's heart.

Mary Baker came from St. Louis Academy for a few days, and cleaned the chapel and did the altar linens. We have a beautiful new aspergil, the effects of which will do us no harm. Rita and John McKeon went to the Chinese New Year party in Mott Street. Bill McAndrew has visited us. He has a room in New York now, and a job

in Tottenville; an original arrangement.

As I write, I hear the typing of John McKeon, our literary figure, who constantly receives special deliveries from New Mexico.

Every once in a while, one takes the Perth Amboy ferry. It is a funny little boat. It is like being in a plane.

Emily went away for a short time to settle overdue private affairs. She saw her uncle in New York, and her children and grandchildren, Dunstan and Charlotte, and her beloved Sullivans (neighbors) in Granby, Conn.; as well as Maritains in Princeton, N. J., by the grace of God, her god-parents. Maritain is writing a new book in English, a development of *Art and Scholasticism*, called *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry*. The joy, tenderness and vitality of these three people has to be seen to be believed. In Hartford Emily visited Al St. Clair, an old friend of the Worker, whom Dorothy sent to her ten years ago. He is not able to move anything but his hands, and has been so for twenty years. He is gay, informed and alive. She saw also her friend Martha Johnson, who with Lucy Sullivan in Hartford helps to run the best Catholic library in the U. S.

In spite of the apparent hullabaloo of life below-stairs at Peter Maurin Farm (the center of our activities has shifted to the basement) the level of wit and serious conversation is high. Michael Harrington favored us with a weekend visit; he contributed to it. Ed Foerster is one of the wits; so are McKeon and Robinson.

Patchen and Ray Dellinger attend Mass and vespers, and are always helping. They know the rosary.

John Murray went in to the metropolis at last, and had his glasses changed. He and Leonard built neat shelves and a sink board in our basement kitchen.

Everyone is trying to get a look at Dorothy's new book. Dorothy's special brand of holy hope and salty pessimistic wisdom comes out well in it. It seems to me that, for the first time in her published writings, all the sides of her complex character are shown. It is a powerful book, and should be a leaven in the American Church.

Hans and Ed desperately need a mechanical bread mixer.

Mr. and Mrs. Brendan O'Grady came. He is writing a thesis on Peter Maurin at St. Dunstan's, Newfoundland, which he wants to amplify into a book—the first biography of Peter.

Agnes, whose uncle was chief of police in Dublin, brushes down the stairs, sweeps corners carefully and dusts the rungs on chairs. She does it gently. Such an attitude seems very agreeable to those who don't give enough attention to the niceties of life, such as the writer.

God bless us! We are like a poor and Christian ocean liner, pushing toward Heaven with gusto.

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# + + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

## Professor John Nef

**War And Human Progress**, by John U. Nef, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. \$6.50. Reviewed by Michael Harrington

If death is the means, death will be the end.

In the last hundred years, men have tortuously tried to evade this truth. They have said that war achieves an end to war, or four freedoms, or justice or peace. More subtly, they have said that death itself is the cause of virtue, or the condition of scientific, intellectual and cultural progress. During those hundred years—and during the whole modern age—death has created death.

In *War and Human Progress*, Professor John Nef of the University of Chicago, has written the catastrophic history of this truth in the modern age, from the sixteenth to the twentieth century.

### Industrial Progress

Probably the most cynical misstatement of the relation of war and progress is peculiar to our own time. We say that war, terrible as it is, produces increased industrialization, standardization, centralization—what we carelessly identify as “progress.” Werner Sombart, a German historian (and significantly, eventually a fascist), gave this thesis its scholarly presentation, but it also resides in the popular wisdom, believing that the production of atomic energy was a progress of the last war. Professor Nef's survey reveals that this assertion, whether in scholarly or mass form, is without historical foundation.

Between 1494 and 1640 (approximately the era of Religious War on the Continent), “such constructive consequences as the Europeans derived from military preparations were more than offset by the economic damage caused by these preparations and by war itself.” Indeed, it was precisely because the British Isles enjoyed relative peace during this period that they produced an “early industrial revolution.” This relation was repeated during the age of limited warfare and the time preceding modern man's most peaceful era, the 19th century. British isolation from the actual fighting of the Napoleonic wars was one of the causes of revolutionary industrial progress.

Nef readily admits that there are progressive industrial aspects to war, i.e. arms production in 18th century France lead to increasing industrialization. But he points out that this advance is only effective in so much as the arms are produced and not used. “Yet for an understanding of the eventual triumph of industrial civilization, the more important matter is not the growth and administration of large armies and navies, but rather the conditions which made for limited warfare . . .”

These assertions are provided with scientific documentation by Professor Nef. By the use of production figures, toll records, tax rates and the like for data, he is also able to revalue our notion of the industrial revolution. The 18th Century was economically progressive, and though the exact quality of the revolution was sudden change, it found its precondition and source in the preceding age.

### Scientific Progress

This relationship—the practical effect of 18th century discovery in 19th century invention—leads to an important distinction concerning scientific progress and war. Undoubtedly, World War II quickened the realization of atomic power (though, as Nef points out, the form was a bomb which we should hesitate to call progress but this advance was mechanical, the result of previously accomplished speculation. And in as much as war diverts theorists into engineering, its value as “scientific progress” is ambiguous.

During the late seventeenth and the eighteenth century, the moderation of warfare “contributed to

the growth of common European culture favorable to scientific discussion.” The genius and source of twentieth century advances are rooted in the more or less peaceful character of the nineteenth century. As Nef notes, “In its essentials, the industrial revolution had been carried through before 1914. One of the conditions behind the remarkable technical progress that made the industrial revolution possible was the ‘great peace.’ From 1815 to 1914, peaceful requirements were of far greater importance than military ones in eliciting the ingenuity of inventors.”

In the twentieth century, the breakdown of intellectual community which resulted from war, acts against speculative progress. In the United States, for instance, the provisions of the McMahon Act on atomic security are such that some first-rank scientists have abandoned all militarily useful areas of their study.

### Economic Progress

This same breakdown of community explains why we are so prone to assign economic factors as the principal causes of war. It is to Nef's credit that he emphasizes that the use to which discoveries are put function according to the values in a culture, and interact upon economic causation—dynamite was invented for mining, part of its profit was established as a peace prize, and the mere fact of its existence and production does not explain why we use it to kill and main.

The introduction of the bayonet into warfare actually moderated its ferocity because the humane values at that time were repelled by hand-to-mouth carnage. Napier, famous for the logarithmic table, withheld his discoveries of destructive weapons. Newton and his contemporaries avoided applying their knowledge to slaughter, partly because they were not overly interested in the practical, partly because they “believed in the revelations of the Bible and feared . . . the consequences of scientific knowledge for purposes of destruction.” When the Dutch surrendered at Breda in 1625, the Spaniards, who had besieged them for eleven months, allowed them to leave with full military honors, “the foot with flying colors, drums beating, completely armed . . . No soldier shall be detained. . . .”

There is no doubt that the limited warfare of the eighteenth century was partly caused by economic factors. The development of a modern army which did not live off the land, but which required the government to supply food, uniforms, standard weapons, etc., made the rulers hesitate. But this economic factor, and the interest of the rising bourgeoisie in peace, must be understood in a cultural context which regarded war as the result of sin. Nef writes, “The combination of expanding military supplies with limitations upon their use in war was at the root of the improvement in the social position on the mercantile classes on the Continent.” The triumph of the limited warfare of the eighteenth century was that “it provided the intellectual, moral and cultural foundations for the phenomenal industrial progress of the nineteenth century.”

### War and Community

Modern war, then, is not the product of a single factor. But certain elements do assume particular importance. The generation of 1870-1914 increased in population by almost as much as the generations of time from Adam to 1650: by half a billion. Technology, whose speculative source had

been the eighteenth century, with all of its religious, humanitarian and even aesthetic values, progressed so rapidly that the means of total destruction were becoming possible. And simultaneously, there was a breakdown in belief, as a result of these advances and as an influence upon them. The material and cultural basis of the twentieth century wars of annihilation had been laid.

Some argue that war makes for community by drawing nations together. The relations of the United States and Russia in the last ten years demonstrates the falseness of this position. Nef rightly points out that a breakdown in community, in the cultural and humanitarian values which moderate killing, is the precondition of war.

### Historical Corollaries

Professor Nef is well aware of the corollaries of his historical survey of war and human progress. Aggressive war produces nothing but death. Yet, “the only justification for war is the defense of a



culture worth defending, and the states of the modern world have less and less to defend beyond their material comforts . . . The new weapons have made nonsense of defensive war. Peoples have been left without any means of defending except by destroying others, and the destruction is almost certain to be mutual.” This echoes the remarkable analysis of Father Romano Guardini (published in *Etudes*, some three years ago) in which he held that Russia and the United States were not enemies, but united against the common enemy, who is the very responsibility of the human person before existence.

And also, as a result of his realization of the complex interdependence of cultural and economic forces, Professor Nef cannot accept disarmament as a complete solution to the modern problem. The moderation of warfare between 1660 and 1740 was the result of spiritual elements penetrating the economic situation, not disarmament. In realizing that the hope of modern man is in the renaissance of conscience, he corroborates the analysis of the Holy Father in his Christmas address.

Professor Nef insists that we must not be millennial in the face of this problem, as the nineteenth century socialists and Kantians were. We must not talk of eliminating war, or of making a heaven on earth. We must work for the revitalization of culture and community, for the lost conscience of man, which will make us capable of assimilating our technical advances. As a Catholic and an objector to modern war, I personally feel that this means that we must witness the theology of Christ the King and of the Mystical Body.

We are indebted to Professor Nef (and to the Harvard Press whose production of this book is to be complimented). One wonders if our age is capable of assimilating his thesis. For he has documented for us, with great brilliance and insight, this fundamental, yet difficult, truth: war is not the means of economic advance, of scientific progress, of cultural growth, or even of defense. In modern times, war is the means of death.

## NOTICE

Men's women's and children's warm clothing badly needed for distribution at St. Joseph's House, 223 Chrystie Street, New York 2, N. Y.

## Father C. C. Martindale

**The Queen's Daughters: A Study of Women Saints** by C. C. Martindale, S.J. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00. Reviewed by Betty Bartelme.

On the dedication page of Father Martindale's book appears a quotation from the Holy Father exhorting women in this moment of history to self-sacrifice, to heroisms. The lives which follow are most surely prime examples of the heights to which sanctity can elevate human nature, the tremendous effacement of self which these women attained to live more fully in Christ.

The annals of sainthood begin very early; one of the first Christian martyrs was a young slave girl, Blandina, tortured and killed by a wild bull in the arena at Lyons. Such savagery fills us with horror but we find it over and over again during this era in the lives, or, more exactly, in the deaths of Sts. Felicitas and Perpetua, St. Dorothy, St. Cecelia, St. Agnes and a procession of other young witnesses to Christ's teaching.

Blood flowed less freely as Christianity spread out and the Church consolidated itself firmly. Nevertheless the saints who appeared after the time of the persecutions were not spared suffering. The Cross, implicit in sanctity, was not denied to one of them. St. Helena, mother of Constantine, was buffeted steadily by the passions and princely rivalries of the time in which she lived. Paula, Marcella, Fabiola and other patrician women of Rome turned their faces from “fashionable” Christianity and guided and directed by St. Jerome lived a life of great austerity and intense study of the Scriptures. The French saints, Genevieve and Clotilde, cultivated virtue amid the turmoil of wars, and political clashes which marked the merging of the Gallic-Frankish culture.

Father Martindale designates as the Age of Mysticism the period immediately following the years in which monasticism established itself throughout Europe. The names of the women who were drawn to Christ in this most ecstatic union are familiar ones. Three Elizabeths, of Schongau, Hungary and Portugal; four Catherine's (Siena, Genoa, Bologna and Catherine de Ricci), and St. Gertrude the Greater are among the better known, not to mention St. Margaret of Cortona and Blessed Angela Foligno whose prodigality of love resembled that of the Magdalen. The saint who perhaps arouses the deepest regard among the mystics is St. Catherine of Siena, ecstatic, suffering bodily, living almost without food or sleep, yet engaged in physical and mental activity to an almost unbelievable degree. Her writings, her life, of pain, the devotion which she exemplified and which she aroused in others serve to put her in the foreground of this cluster of amazing women.

Two of the more interesting personalities whom Father Martindale treats at length are Mme. Acarie who introduced the reformed Carmelites into France and Jeanne de Chantal. The latter I found particularly appealing. Her long association with St. Francis de Sales in her foundation of the Visitation order is of course a beautiful story of two saints guiding one another, but there is more. Her happy relations with her husband, her children, her long struggle to put aside the things of the world completely in order to live more closely with God, the temptations which she endured and which caused her to “live entirely on faith” without consolation in the truths of religion have a highly sympathetic character.

The latter part of *The Queen's Daughters* is devoted to those fol-

lowers of Christ and Mary who were foundresses of teaching and nursing orders, and those engaged in the missionary apostolate. Among them are many of the great French women who spread their educational institutes abroad such as Rose Philippine Duchesne and Anne-Marie Javouhey. There were, as well, Mary Ward, the Englishwoman who endured such great trials in establishing her schools, the Americans, Mother Seton, and Mother Cornelia Connelly who suffered agonies at the apostasy of her husband and his subsequent turning of two of their children away from the Church, and the indefatigable Mother Frances Cabrini, so well known and so much venerated in this country.

I have made no attempt in a short review to list all those women whom Father Martindale presents for study. Though his book is not a long one he manages to include such an array of saints that at times the effect is bewildering. Someone said to me not long ago that there can never be too much written about the saints, but I am inclined to think that there can be too little written about too many of them in one volume, and this I think is the chief criticism that can be made of *The Queen's Daughters*. The panoramic view of the continuity of sanctity in the history of the Church is excellently conceived by Father Martindale, but only a few of the personalities are studied in such a manner as to leave a lasting impression after one closes the book. Perhaps in a sense it may be a salutary method of introduction to sainthood for undoubtedly it has the tantalizing effect of introducing further exploration into certain lives, but on the whole the mainstream of sanctity would doubtless flow as deep with the omission of some of the names unattended by biographical data, and the author be more apt to elude the snare which he seeks to avoid—that of a catalogue of names.

On the other hand, the book gives a truly sweeping picture of the diversity of the saints, Queens, peasants, women of the aristocracy, of the bourgeoisie, children of the poor, all of them plunged pell-mell into the life of grace, heedless of self, severing themselves ruthlessly from the ties of the world. It is overwhelming, this sight of various kinds of women, some humble by nature, others autocratic and imperious, stormed by love and submerged in it. Father Martindale is at his best in his general portrayal of sanctity glowing out lucid and powerful; of his saints hard as diamonds, at once rapturous and eminently practical.

## LONG LONELINESS

(Continued from page 3)

of the influence which they had on the formation of the Catholic Worker program.

There are descriptions of the people who lived at the Worker and influenced it and left the imprint of their personalities on it. There is the story of the conflict between the worker and the scholar—the workers claiming that the scholars did nothing to produce the food to live on, the scholars demanding for a more intellectual approach and propaganda.

The book was favorably reviewed in both the New York Times and Herald Tribune Sunday Section, and an article on Dorothy and the Worker appeared in Newsweek.

The readers of the Catholic Worker need no introduction to the breadth and spiritual depth of Dorothy's writing, or to the vivid ability which she has for describing a history of people and ideas. We have printed a part of one chapter in this issue, and we take a family pride in calling the Long Loneliness to our readers' attention.



# CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

The outstanding event of January along Christie street was the publication of Dorothy Day's most recent book, "The Long Loneliness." Fritz Eichenberg, our good friend and a great artist, illustrates Dorothy's engrossing autobiography.

We are handling the sale of this book as a convenience to our readers, since we assume that many readers will write in for it although you should be able to pick up a copy at your local bookstore. By our selling this book we stand to realize a dollar and a quarter on each sale. One purchaser informed us that she thought that the standing price of three dollars and fifty cents was high, we agreed. But that is the amount set by the publishers, and we felt that we had to go along. We felt ill at ease in the actual person to person transactions. However, this feeling disappeared when we discovered that thus far we have given away twice the number that we have sold. If this continues, we expect the publishers will soon be the owners of our house and mortgaged farms.

## Reviews

Today magazine and the Herald Tribune had some very nice things to say about "The Long Loneliness" in their recent issues. Newsweek magazine did the same. The review in the Times book section was likewise favorable. However, they stupidly referred to Peter Maurin's back to the land ideas as puerile. I also thought that the reviewer became elephantine when he attempted to use the book as a sermon to the Communists for their ingratitude to those in this country who have been so kind to them.

## Profile

Now a man sporting a beret and a beard is rushing about interviewing people on a profile on Dorothy Day to appear in the New Yorker at some future date. I dread to think of the rough time the New Yorker might give one if they are so inclined. Witness that atrociously unfair series that they recently completed on our fair city of Chicago. After they finished tearing Chicago down I got the impression that there was less left than there was after the Chicago fire.

## Gossip Column

A friend recently referred to this monthly article as a gossip column. I immediately leaped to my defense and fell on my face. The friend said that she didn't mean the keyhole peeping type, but that she was able to keep up with the people she knew by reading it. So now I have made my entrance.

Bob Ludlow, our Christian Anarchist Pacifist editor (I have a horrible time qualifying for the first and last titles), became ill a month ago. He suffered pains in the cardiac region. After much persuasion he finally turned himself in at Bellevue Hospital, where he spent one week undergoing numerous physical examinations. The doctors were unable to determine the organic basis for Bob's illness, and sent him back to the house. He seems to be well at the present.

Smokey Joe, a veteran member of our household, is also back from a year's siege in a hospital on Ward's Island. Smokey is back in form chopping addresses for the mailing of the Catholic Worker.

Yesterday Shorty Smith, a senior member of the Catholic Worker and the kitchen, returned to the house after a convalescent leave at our retreat house, Maryfarm, Newburgh, N. Y.

Regina Brady, a long-standing friend and fellow worker, returned to her home in Baltimore after having spent the last seven years working with the sick and the poor in the Bronx. She is only seventy-three years old. We will miss Regina like mad, since she was a tremendous example and inspiration to all that knew her.

Margie Hughes and her four children return this week to her home town of Buffalo, N.Y. Margie

plans to move in with some relatives until she locates a place of her own and a job. If any of you good readers in Buffalo are able to help Margie with a place to live or a job please get in touch with me. God knows it will be deeply appreciated by Margie and all the rest of us. Margie was engaged in Catholic Worker activities back on Mott street prior to her marriage ten years ago. She is a very special friend of ours and her children will melt the coldest heart.

This week Jim, Joan O'Gara and family moved to New York. Jim joins the editorial staff at Commonweal. He had been formerly with the Chicago Catholic Worker, Today Magazine, The Call of Saint Jude and an instructor at Loyola University of Chicago. We are happy about this indeed. As they say in show business, the O'Gara family has class.

## Anti-Semitism

As a result of my mentioning the problem of anti-semitism in the last issue of the paper, a friend reader wrote a letter. He said that the Catholic Worker was greatly responsible for his conversion to the Catholic Church. However, he declared he hesitated on the threshold when he discovered open anti-semitism on the part of some Catholics. He overcame this obstacle when he remembered that we were not anti-semitic and that there must be others in the Church who did not hold this prejudice.

We sighed at this man's stumbling block. We thought again of the terrible responsibility of example each one of us Catholics have towards our fellow man.

Of course we realized that anti-semitism is not only found among Catholics but likewise among non-Catholics. I talked the subject to death whenever I ran across it during my four years in the army.

I learned that anti-semitism was prevalent among most of my army acquaintances regardless of their religious or national background. Being anti-semitic was considered to be virtuous. The majority that I spoke with did not see any conflict with this attitude and their religious or democratic principles. In fact they considered you stupid or a crackpot when you denounced their error.

Words like sheeneys, kikes and hebs were tossed off with as little thought as that which accompanies an automatic reflex of the muscle.

## Visitors

This column was just interrupted by two individuals who were seeking help. The first person was a middle aged woman who was concerned over her alcoholic husband who is in jail for conduct unbecoming a husband. The poor woman was the one who was forced to have him locked up.

Next week friend husband is being sent over to an institution where they hope he will be cured of his bad habits. This woman knew that we were acquainted with that particular institution and came over to see us about it. She is worried about her husband and the effects that that place might have on him. We were touched by her deep concern over her husband who didn't seem to deserve it and we did our best to reassure her that everything was going to be just fine.

The second visitor was a polished looking young man who had been sent down here by a priest that we had never heard of. This fellow was not a Catholic but had been in frequent contact with the priest friend. He sprang his story softly but swiftly. He hadn't found any point to his life. He did not know what he was seeking. He had not found any contentment in his work. He said he had noticed the men in front of our house waiting for a bowl of soup and thought that he should give them his warm overcoat. The priest told him that we might have room for him at one of our retreat houses. I informed him that we did and he would be welcomed.

The Look Magazine of late Jan-

uary had a very interesting article on what the imposition of the Loyalty oath at the University of California accomplished. It stated that the university lost more than one hundred scholars and were forced to drop fifty-five courses for lack of instructors. It also lost enormous prestige since over 1,000 members of the faculties of 40 other centers of learning condemned the U. of C.'s action on the oath. Twenty-three illustrious learned societies denounced the imposition of the oath and recommended that their members refuse appointments at the U. of C. The article goes on to point out that the entire affair came dangerously close to destroying the very thing that it was supposed to save.

## Bargain

A vegetable peddler stops by our house every week or so. Each time he arrives he offers us a very special bargain. Having been burnt a couple of times by purchasing food that he is losing money on we have taken to giving him the cold look. But he is persistent and is not to be dissuaded by our so-called sale resistance.

Last week he began by offering us four bags of potatoes at the give-away price of three dollars. We didn't bite. So he threw his hands up and said to take them for two dollars. We shook our head. He screamed and said take them for nothing. That afternoon we had to dump three-quarters of the gift in the garbage can—they were rotten.

## EASTERN RITE

(Continued from page 4)

ments. We are not going to regain the Russian peoples or any peoples by hysterical denunciations and superficial evaluations of such movements as Communism. Only too often Eastern Catholic and Orthodox groups, in their reactions to Communism, allow themselves to be driven into extreme Rightist camps. Among the Russians, for example, to hanker after the finished eras of the Czars. Also, and here understandably also, because these groups have been so much persecuted, because they have been looked on with suspicion in this country, both by non-Catholics and by their Roman Rite brethren, there is a tendency to bend over backwards to prove their patriotism. One Eastern Rite parish I used to attend had no less than five American flags draped around the Church, to the point where they were a definite distraction. We must remember that materialism is as much a part of our American civilization as it is in present day Russia. To exalt Americanism for the sake of getting ahead in the community, of being accepted and respectable, is most shortsighted. It is to be hoped that Eastern Catholics will surmount this temptation.

## English

One thing that might very well be done, and which is being done (in part) in some Eastern Rite parishes and (in full) in some Orthodox parishes is to have the Liturgy in English. This will be a great step towards holding the young people and towards attracting the Orthodox young. And this could be done with far greater ease in the Eastern Rite than in the Roman Rite. For, as far as the Byzantine branch of the Eastern Rites is concerned, it has been the tradition to sing the Liturgy in the language of the people. There is nothing in Byzantine canon law to prohibit singing the entire liturgy in English. This could be done while at the same time the Old-Slavonic were retained for the older people who do not understand English. For, if these things are done, there is a great future for the Eastern Rite here and the path to reunion with the Orthodox will be much shorter and then, let us hope, that all Christians will enter the Church so that there will be one flock and one shepherd indeed.

# Carthusian Progress

In the family of religious in America, the ancient order of Carthusians is the newest member. Founded by St. Bruno in 1084, they have just arrived in the New World.

This holy order has been holy from the day St. Bruno collected a little band of six men, high up in the French Alps, to offer unsullied their bodies and souls in Praise, Sacrifice and Solitude to the Great Jehovah. Their record in these virtues is matchless and will be a stimulus to every God-fearing soul. As should be expected, a Carthusian saying Mass is most edifying. The rubrics are those of Lyons in the eleventh century. St. Bruno loved them, and they now constitute the Carthusian rite, one of four rites permitted in the Western Church.

This most famous order frowns on publicity of all kinds. But friends are now organized into a society numbering over 2,000. They resort to only dignified publicity. Ever mindful that the days are gone when pious royalty and wealthy Catholics founded Charterhouses, the society of Friends of the Carthusians in America aim at making these holy men known, also their way of life and the value of contemplation. St. Thomas reminds us that the intrinsic cause of all devotion is meditation. If holiness is the result of devotion, it behooves us to practice meditation. In this issue of the Catholic Worker you will find a review of Le Masson's Treatise on Interior Prayer, recently translated from the French. It is the classic work on how to pray. Other great works of the Carthusians will follow in due time.

On October 6 of this year the order celebrated the 850th anniversary of the death of St. Bruno. Requests are coming in great numbers for works in English on St. Bruno and the order in general. The friends are doing their best to supply these wants. Notices will be given in future issues of the Catholic Worker when these works will appear.

Nearly 200 American young men have already applied for admission to this austere order. This is the first surprise. There are many priests and brothers in Charterhouses who firmly believe that the American boy, spoiled by luxuries and conveniences, will shy away from heroic living. No real Carthusian life is possible at Sky Farm until it can build hermitages, because prayer alone with God is the essence of Carthusian life. A few are accepted on their turn and given a try-out. But solitude (quasi), meatless diet, no breakfast, Friday fasting on bread and water, interrupted sleep convince some that they have not the constitution to persevere. Great care has been exercised in selecting the first American students to be sent abroad. Four are now studying in Europe, and two more are to follow soon. Four others are studying Latin and French in Canada before going abroad. Two young men for the brotherhood are about to depart for their training in England at St. Hugh's.

In this group for the priesthood is a Negro, Roger Johnson, of Washington, D. C. The others are John Diamond, of East Orange, N. J., a graduate from the University of Chicago, a convert from Judaism, and an Australian-born Chinese artist who has a sister, a Carmelite nun.

One Carthusian aspirant brushing up on his Latin and French in Canada writes to a friend, "About the college I now attend, of this I can hardly say enough. It is a small place, only 80 or 90 students, but all of them are here for studies preparatory for the priesthood. They are men with delayed or belated vocations who are starting their long road to the priesthood after the normal time. They get a regular college course, given by both priests and laymen,

and we live by a regular rule—which permits intense study in quiet, frequent periods of recreation, an excellently directed spiritual life with regular devotional periods dispersed through the day, and well-timed "conges" or hours off, all in all a most perfectly balanced life for what we are preparing for. (We Americans are taking special courses which they are going out of their way to give us—courses exclusively in French and Latin. But in other respects our life is like that of our confreres.)

"The spirit of the place is excellent. The kindness that they have shown us Americans is almost beyond telling. Each seems so full of good will and real love for his brother in and for Christ. The school has as its superior, a Franciscan, and he runs the place in the true spirit of poverty. For example, although we receive instruction, room, board, books, laundry and everything else, only a small portion of the student body pays anything. Most come from poor Canadian families. Yet no one is turned away because he has no money for his tuition. On top of it all the Superior received us Americans for nothing, because our house in America cannot really afford to support us here. You might wonder how we live. By Providence. All our food (except milk) is given to us as we need it—by local butchers, grocers, farmers, etc. Some supply us with gas we need for our truck. One lady pays all the bread bills, etc. There are fifteen Sisters here who do the cooking and who wash our clothes. We ourselves spend a little time each day doing some chore or other—washing dishes, cleaning rooms, or doing outside work—but this seldom takes more than a half hour a day. Even the property we are on belongs to someone else. Finally, because there are so many more people who desire to come here than can be accommodated, another and larger college is being built about 35 miles from here—by a group of laymen who handle all the expense, which are little enough, since most of the labor and materials are given to us for nothing. We do not live luxuriously, as you can see, but our food is good, we even get a midday snack besides our three meals, and I can think of no better atmosphere in which to rear future members of the clergy."

One man who read this quotation was so impressed by this Canadian charity that he gave the Superior of the Carthusians \$100 to be sent to Canada in the Carthusians' name. St. Teresa says, "O what a thing is Virtue that men will part with what they have to possess it." It is not enough to admire virtue; it is our duty to possess it. To have been 400 years without this great order in America is a calamity. The Chronicle, monthly, by the friends of these great men, will keep you informed on who the Carthusians are, and their saintly mode of life, lived heroically for you and me. Write the Superior, Rev. Father Humphrey Pawsey, O. Carth., Sky Farm, Whittingham, Vt., or to The Friends of the Carthusians in America, 164 Lexington Avenue, New York City 16. All financial help should be sent to Father Pawsey.

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