



## The Nature of Man

By ROBERT LUDLOW

"The effect of righteousness" we read in the book of the prophet Isaias "will be peace, and the product of justice quietness and confidence forever. My people will dwell in peaceful homes, in secure abodes, and in quiet resting places. Even when the forest comes down with a crash and the city laid in

### EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

#### The Word Liberal

The word liberal is used in Europe in a different way from the way it is used in America. In Europe a liberal is a man who believes in liberty without knowing what to do with it. Harold Laski accuses liberals of having used their intelligence without knowing what to do with it.

#### Radicals

Liberals are too liberal to be radicals. To be a radical is to go to the roots. Liberals don't go to the roots: they only scratch the surface. The only way to go to the roots is to bring religion into education, into politics, into business. To bring religion into the profane is the best way to take profanity out of the profane. To take profanity out of the profane is to bring sanity into the profane. Because we aim to do just that we like to be called radicals.

(reprinted)

## Christ Plays in Ten Thousand Places

Part 2

By ANTHONY ARATARI

Having set a rhythm for the age, that of "love creative, love triumphant": the primacy of love becoming flesh in persons who, little by little, in various degrees and ways, shine forth with the beauty of Christ; the rhythm struck by Christ himself and heard in every age since His coming by those with ears to hear (may they hear it in our own!), the deep and underlying theme of the mystery of the God-man of His "one, holy, catholic and apostolic Church," we shall try to describe the basic problem of our time which such a love, and only such a love, is commensurate with: the ontological poverty of modern man.

That is to say, that man today is the victim of techniques and functions which he himself has set in motion. He is no longer master, no longer sovereign. He does not make history, personal history. Eternity is not allowed to rush in and fill the instant, energising man

with the power to transform and transcend a multiple world, but history, which should be made through man, through his manifold powers, is made, literally speaking, over his dead body by those abstract, impersonal forces: the modern, monolithic State and the materialism of unnatural economies.

Be it English or American parliamentary Democracy or the Russian totalitarian State or any variation of them, the story is the same. The modern State and materialism are hopelessly identified.

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### Near to Our Heart

(The following excerpt is from our Holy Father's talk after the proclamation of the dogma of the Assumption.)

#### Comfort for Uneasy Souls

To many anxious and uneasy souls—sad result of an uprooted and turbulent era—souls oppressed but not resigned and that no longer believe in life's goodness and, being almost compelled, accept only the momentary, the humble and unknown girl of Nazareth, now glorious in heaven, will open higher visions and will comfort them when contemplating the destiny which befell her, who, elected by God to be the mother of the incarnate word's, meekly accepted the word of the Lord.

And you—especially near to our heart, the tormented anxiety of our days and our nights, the anxious worry of each of our hours, you, the poor, the sick, the refugees, the prisoners, the persecuted, you whose arms are without work, your heads without roofs, sufferers of every kind and of every country, you to whom life on earth seems to yield only tears and privations, regardless of whatever efforts are made or should be made to help you—lift your eyes toward her, who before you walked the ways of poverty, of contempt, of exile, of sorrow, whose very soul was pierced by a sword at the foot of the Cross, and now gazes steadily at the eye of the eternal light.

In this world without peace—martyred by mutual distrust, by divisions, by contrasts, by hatred, because the faith has dimmed and the sense of love and fraternity in Christ is almost extinguished while we beseech with all ardor that the Assumption mark the return of warm affection and life in human hearts—we will not cease to remind that nothing must ever prevail over the fact and knowledge that we all are sons of the same Mother. Mary who lives in heaven, a bond of union with the mystical body of Christ, as a new Eve and new Mother of the living, who wishes to lead all men to truth and to the grace of her divine Son.

### Chrystie Street

The house seems quiet now in comparison to what it was a few hours ago. For a half hour this afternoon we were tightly besieged by a poor woman and her four children. She demanded very strenuously that we drop whatever we were doing here in the house and drive herself and the four youngsters in our station wagon for an outing through Coney Island. While she presented her somewhat valid request the children stampeded through the office and house. At the tailend of the impasse with our exhausting petitioner someone in the house notified us one of our family was in a bad way due to a heart attack. We phoned for an ambulance which arrived a few minutes after two emergency police squads pulled up to the door. Due to a guilt complex, no doubt, we were quite terrified by the onslaught of six uniformed men on the house at the same time besides the uniformed doctor. All of these official individuals with their squad cars and ambulance drew a large crowd of neighborhood children and their parents to the front of our house. With everyone staring at us and

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## Chicago's Housing Problem

By BROTHER KERRAN DUGAN, C.S.C.

The exasperatingly purblind *Chicago Tribune* at this writing still has on the lantern-lit road a female Diogenes searching for Christian charity in the hearts of the citizens of Colonel McCormick's Chicagoland, a mythical area the enormity of which is known only imperfectly except by those blessed with entrance to the *Tribune's* misty map room. The lady reporter has reported nothing but success in her search, which by this time has led her as far north as 'Manton, Michigan. It had taken her only little more than a week to discover the city of Chicago itself flawless.

The *Tribune*, for a long time now doing almost as good as the Nazis ever did in building up a smug racial and political isolation, and a better job than any Communist in stirring up disrespect for the persons of government officials, has left no stone unturned. It is now openly taking the Devil's part and telling the people that there is no sin.

How on earth Miss Diogenes ever missed the slums along the New York Central tracks (for example), or the demolished slum area along Van Buren Street being readied for the new super-highway, or the people who had to move from Van Buren Street into beaver-board closets because there were no new houses yet up for them, or the vacant land where houses should be going up but aren't because the people in that section are white and most of the homeless are colored, or the Catholics from a certain northwest Chicago parish

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## The Internal Security Act Of 1798

It might be of interest at this time to note the consequences of the first U. S. internal security act, known as the Sedition Act, enacted by the Federalist government in 1798 to suppress a pro-"Jacobin" element who supported, and were said to be directly associated with, a revolutionary foreign government (France) which was bent on undermining the economic, political and religious structure, including various sacred institutions, by the use of ruthless terror and force.

Among the more notorious of the "seditionists" and "terrorists" who were apprehended under the act were:—

Matthew Lyon, United States Congressman from Vermont who attacked President Adams in the press. Fined 1,000 dollars and sentenced to 4 months. When his friends attempted to raise money for his fine through a lottery, one of them, Anthony Haswell, editor of the *Vermont Gazette*, was sentenced to pay twice Lyon's fine and serve 2 months.

Dr. Thomas Cooper, the most renowned American philosopher of his time. Fined 400 dollars and sentenced to 6 months.

John Fries, a Pennsylvania farmer, who ventured to resist a United States tax collector. Tried not for resisting an officer of the law or for sedition, but for treason. Sentenced to death, he was kept from hanging only because of a pardon by Adams.

James Callender, sentenced for

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## Labor Pool And Labor Castes

By IRENE NAUGHTON

This morning at the Catholic Worker, one of the men who had been staying with us for a few days left for a painting job in the mountains. He had been helping in the kitchen, a big man, but quick on his feet, genial and quick to serve and clear the table as our fifty or sixty came in for their dinner. An old Polish woman who lives on the lower East Side, and has her dinner with us, called him Mr. Póp, and he looked like someone you would call Pop. As he came into the office this morning with his battered suitcase to say goodbye to us, I was struck by the hope and eagerness in his eyes. He had a job! How the dignity of man is connected with work! (So much so that only advanced sanctity can rejoice in the feeling of being useless, of not being needed.) There was a manliness in his bearing, and I thought to myself, "Beginning again."

He was one of the vast labor pool out of which employers take what they need for odd jobs or seasonal help, usually for a mere pittance. He is to get eighty dollars a month and board. If he has a family, by the dint of extreme personal frugality, he will be able to send seventy-five dollars a month home to them. It would be very hard for one person to live in New York City on that. Our industry is not built for families.

I remember losing my first job. I had worked there a year. Then an efficiency expert came in, interviewing us one by one, and in due

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## On Pilgrimage

Not long before I became a Catholic, I read Sigrid Undset's two great historical novels. I was living on the beach in Staten Island then, and there was time to read and think. I was happily anchored to a small baby and there was no place I could go, nothing I could do, but stay close to home and take care of my duties. It made her books intensely interesting to me because they were also about mothers of small children. There was one little scene in *Kristin* where she is out gathering herbs, and she sits there in the hot sun on the top of a little hill and suddenly the words come to her, "It is truly meet and just, right and profitable to salvation that we should at all times and places, give Thee thanks, O Lord."

This has come into my mind many times since. Sigrid Undset made the words come alive for me and they were no longer words in a missal, part of a ceremonial surrounding the offering of bread and wine, the body and blood of Christ.

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## On Pilgrimage

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May she rest in peace! I am grateful to her too and thank her, as well as our Lord God. This month of the Holy Souls, she will be on our list of dear dead, placed on the altar at Maryfarm, Newburgh, and Father Foley will offer them all up to our Lord each day as he celebrates the Holy Sacrifice. Mrs. Undset came a number of times to see us when she lived in this country during the forties and she used to bring us clothes for the poor. She told us that she was lecturing on my book, *From Union Square to Rome*, the night the Germans invaded Norway. I little thought, when I read her books before I was a Catholic, that we would become friends, and that war would throw us together. Being a Catholic makes us indeed one family, one body.

### Thanksgiving

It is truly meet and just to thank God and to thank all our readers too for all the help they have given us this past summer and fall. Peter Maurin used to say that he liked things to come to a crisis and he certainly brought on a crisis for us this summer. Thanks to our readers, we weathered the storm. Thanks to the many helps from many people, we have gotten our shelter, in Chrystie street, and also on Staten Island. We have gotten far more than we ever dreamed of having, for our desires have been very modest. We were delighting in our littleness and our poverty, and taking pride in the outward appearances of it, the show of it, and God knows how hard a time we have stripping off the old man and becoming truly poor. Now we have lost the appearance of poverty. The big double house, red brick, high ceilinged, with its iron grilling over the porch and stairway, its iron fence in front, its large yard, this is room indeed for our dining room, our breadline, and for those who come to stay with us. I had thought we should remove that iron fence, but the windows are flush with the street and I am afraid that our thousands of guests would stagger into them many a time and the cost of replacing panes of glass would be more of an inconvenience than the fence which protects our ash cans and the immediate front of the house. We can well see what that front would be like if it were not protected. The old theater on the corner with its fire escapes which lead down to the ground provide a shelter for many a group with a bottle, and there is never a night when there are not men sleeping against the wall as we turn the corner from the subway. Poverty, destitution, vice, are all around us still. Our work is there cut out for us from morning to night.

### Staten Island

And how can we thank our friends for helping us get the Staten Island farm. Of course there is a tremendous mortgage, ten thousand dollars, which must be paid off every six months as much as we can. There is the interest on it, and there are the taxes. But I shall let nothing frighten me. When I get uneasy all I need to do is to

read St. Teresa of Avila's foundations, and the story of Mother Cabrini. To keep going every minute, every hour, there is no better guide than St. Therese, the Little Flower. We have named the chapel at Peter Maurin farm after her, calling it The Little Way Chapel. Somebody said it sounded Protestant but we do not care. It is very definitely hers, and there is much work for her to do around us. We are surrounded by Jehovah's Witnesses, a radio station, a big communal farm, a cooperative cannery, and many other adherents of the sect have small farms of a few acres around us. Our next door neighbor who has a goat farm with fifty registered goats, is a member, and when we brought over a loaf of whole wheat bread, we had a most agreeable conversation, and the daughter-in-law of the house drove over later with a jeep truck bearing a radio and a bushel of tomatoes. There is a Negro village just down the road and a Methodist chapel. And our guests so far have included Anglican, Greek Orthodox and Quaker.

### Mass Is Offered

When St. Teresa made a foundation she was never happy until Mass had been offered, and she made all haste, in spite of lack of materials and repairs, to have the Holy Sacrifice before anything else. So it rejoices me to report that the Holy Sacrifice was offered up for the first time on the vigil of St. Simon and Jude, and again on the Feast of Christ the King, and also on the day after. Hans Tunneson had come down from Maryfarm, Newburgh, to prepare the barn chapel, and after reinforcing the beams underneath the barn floor he built an altar and a platform, took out the big front doors and put in two others, capped by a storm window to fill the space overhead, replaced still another side door with a door with a window in it.

This work was no sooner done when we received word that Fr. John Shritz was arriving home from Rome on Thursday morning. Fr. John is a priest from Minnesota, eighty-five years old, who stayed with us on Maryfarm for almost three months, and who baptized Hans. He did not have such good luck with Miguel, the escapee from Franco's concentration camp. He had uttered words of praise of Franco in Miguel's presence, and so reinforced his conviction that the Church was on the side of oppression. Hans does not let the scandals of the Church stand in the way of his eternal happiness, and he and Fr. John (who is from Luxembourg) had long and amiable conversations together which resulted in Hans' conversion.

And here, out of a clear sky, with none of us expecting, was Fr. John arriving to offer Mass on the altar which Hans had built.

All our Staten Island friends and neighbors came to the blessing of the fields and houses and oratories, except, of course, the immediate neighbors above mentioned, some of whom watched from afar.

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## Peter Maurin Farm

Workdays every Saturday. We are busy gathering seaweed to mulch our three-acre asparagus bed. Last Thursday, Mr. Styles, the Nassau County Agent for the Department of Agriculture, kindly visited us and went over the farm with us. We were accompanied by Mr. Hauber, our neighbor farmer down the road, who has farmed many years on the same farm his parents farmed for sixty years before him. Mr. Hauber agreed that the seaweed was excellent for the asparagus, since it contained so much of the nitrogen that the bed needs, and also because asparagus is benefited by salt. Asparagus in a way is almost a seaweed itself, growing wild along the shores.

Mr. Hauber told us that, in the old days when the farmers were poor and did not run to the store for everything, they would make use of many natural fertilizers. Early in the Spring, he said, there is a certain fish, called mossbunkers, thrown up on the beaches in thousands. The farmers would grab any conveyance they could and rush down to the shores to gather up this rich fertilizer.

Mr. Styles took a sample of soil from the asparagus bed and from the rich clover patch where we are planting our kitchen garden, and will send us a report of soil fertility and needed care.

Meanwhile we have been gathering organic materials for composting. We have picked up many sacks of sawdust from the wood-working factories on Baxter street. A live poultry market on Elizabeth street gives us a twenty-gallon can of poultry manure every week. From a local fish store we picked up a can of fishheads after the Friday buying. On Saturday morning, when Charlie McCormick drives the station wagon out to Peter Maurin farm, we carry this material out. Last Saturday, with the help of Mr. McGrath from Long Island, we dug up the sod from one area, and started our first compost heap. Meanwhile, Mrs. McGrath, Eileen and Agnes were baking fresh bread for our supper and the next day's feast.

It is indeed a meditation on the mystery of man's making from the slime of the earth to see the creation of the soil out of the off-scouring and refuse of all. That slime of the earth out of which Adam was made at length took form in the flesh of Mary and Jesus, to go at last to the right hand of the Father. And yesterday the Church proclaimed the dogma of the Assumption of Mary, whereby the body of Mary our Mother did not suffer corruption but was carried to Heaven.

In working with the soil and living things, in the asceticism and hidden fruit of manual labor, the scholar finds a deepening of life and of study. When Father Coffey blessed the asparagus patch and the fields on the Feast of Christ the King, asking God for fruitfulness from the soil, for protection against hailstorm, against drought, while the sun shone down on all the good friends assembled, and our small dog Dusty joined the procession, I had a feeling of the most inexpressible happiness. One felt a little glimmer of what the Creator thought, and of how He loved, when He looked on His works, and "saw that they were good."

Please join us any Saturday. Take the Staten Island ferry, and then the Arthur Kill bus to Bloomingdale road, and half a mile walk to the left. Or else take the train to Pleasant Plains, and half a mile by taxi or shank's mare to the right.

I. N.

## Conferences to Be Held At Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island

November 12, 1950—Tony Aratari On work

November 19, 1950—Robert Pollock will discuss Papal Encyclical "Humani Generis"

November 26, 1950 — Robert Ludlow on Pacifism

## Maryfarm Retreats

With the blessing of Peter Maurin Farm, the idea to provide Sundays of true refreshment in the enjoyment of the things of God through conferences, prayer and the sharing of Christian fellowship, has come to life. This initiation has made us reconsider the purpose of Maryfarm: to provide a place where all those touched by the Christian revival of our times, can find for several consecutive days the spiritual nourishment they desire.

More than ever shall we accent the Mass, the official praise of God, and Silence as integral parts of our retreats, making for a deeper understanding and awareness of ourselves as part of the Christian Community. We want especially to invite those for whom the exacting traffic of modern life kills this awareness, and deadens their perception of the apostolic calling of their Baptism and Confirmation.

The coming three retreats have been planned with this in mind. Over Thanksgiving, the Sermon on the Mount as the key to understanding how we can accomplish the work of giving witness to Christ's eminently peacemaking standard of dealing with our fellow-man, will be the theme. At the close of Christmas Week, over the New Year's week-end, we offer a consideration of the Holy Mass as our surest source of grace and growth in the coming year. Just before Lent, the Quinquagesima week-end will be devoted to searching out the spirit in which Lent can become a positive means to holiness.

All the retreats begin with an opening conference and Compline on the evening of the opening date, and close in the early afternoon of the closing date.

Thanksgiving Week-end, Nov. 23-26.

"The Sermon on the Mount."

New Year's Week-end, Dec. 29-Jan. 1.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

Quinquagesima Week-end, Feb. 2-4.

"The Spirit of Lent."

Anyone interested should write to Anne Quirk, Maryfarm, Route 3, Newburgh, New York.

## Housing

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who went in committee to the Housing Authority, after the latter had bought land for public housing in the parish, to halt the project because they could not afford to build a new church, which would certainly be "required" considering the color of the prospective tenants—how she missed this, I say, is beyond me.

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One finds the odor of Chicago housing seeping through cracks everywhere.

The Superintendent of Chicago's public schools, in his list of causes of the defection of high school students (more than forty percent leave school before graduation), names bad housing.

A South Side family, evicted from their apartment because they were two days overdue on rent, had to live in a police station for two days.

A flash fire in a shack—a former stable—behind 1143 Washburne Street killed three children and three adults on October 4. Ten had been living in the shack, 30 by 24 feet and partitioned illegally into four rooms, and paid a total of eighteen dollars a week rent to the landlord, who lives more comfortably on a boulevard three miles away. The shack is only one of the tar-papered, rat-infested, kerosene-lit buildings which sag amid the garbage of the neighborhood. The old three-story building in front of the shack is partitioned into eight apartments. No one seems to know for certain how many people live there, but there are eight children in one family, nine in another. A man, his wife, and their seven children live in the rear of the basement, which is partitioned by gypsum board into four rooms. They pay forty-four dollars a month rent.

The building commissioner was prodded into action by this last disaster, but the inspectors, of whom there are too few, are examining only those areas into which they are invited by politicians and landlords, and avoiding those where politicians and landlords do not want them to be. Most of the landlords who do invite them do so only to avoid slum clearance by resort to rehabilitation. (There are now objections being raised to the long planned closing of vice-breeding Cottage Grove Avenue.)

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There have been other tragedies. In April, 1949, two boys died in an old factory building which had

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

THOMAS SULLIVAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1950. (Seal) Ethel Supnick.

My commission expires March 30, 1952.



# On Pilgrimage

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It was a perfect day with the temperature in the eighties, and we walked through the fields with all our guests, which included priests and sisters from Mt. Loretto and St. Louis academy and brothers from the Marist fathers, and the day was a beautiful success. The group from Maryfarm, Newburgh, drove down in a borrowed car, and Father Foley offered Mass the next morning and took care of the Blessed Sacrament, since we cannot right now have daily Mass at the farm.

How much has already been accomplished in two months on this latest farm venture. There have been Saturday workdays, and groups of children have come on three occasions and had picnics on the beach and in the wood lot. There are sick people being cared for even while the chapel and bakery are being built up and general repairs made.

## The Bakery

The bakery is our great dream, which we have had for a number of years to provide bread for the breadline. We made one attempt to start a bakery on Mott street in the basement of a tenement down the street which had formerly housed a bakery with a big stone oven. The rats drove us out of that place. One could not walk into it without seeing the animals scurrying in every direction. Jane O'Donnell bravely tried to keep at it, and brought groups down there to learn bread baking, but the project had to be given up, and Jane took over the care of the retreat house at Maryfarm. Fr. Coffey of the Brooklyn Seminary came and blessed that venture, and he came again on the feast of Christ the King this year, and again blessed our works and gave us a most beautiful sermon on the virtue of hope. Fr. Coffey's talks are the kind that should be taken down on a wire recorder or in shorthand, but we had not made the arrangements, so must trust to our memories to use the material for future meditations. I wish I could drag out my notebook on these occasions without seeming too conspicuous. The sisters and brothers felt that they had had a feast, indeed.

Our neighbors, by the way, insist upon regarding us all as sisters and brothers, because the idea of the lay apostolate is not very well developed these days. Any communal work must be either communist or religious, and any works of mercy also belong to the religious. That the laity should confine themselves to the material order is the general opinion. But even in a few visits one can see this attitude changing, and now groups of women who have helped us furnish our new venture are anxious to help in the works of mercy, one of the most important of which is to clothe the men on the breadline. They are going to collect shoes, sweaters, socks and coats for the coming cold months. Already Mrs. Oechsli, who with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Staudt, holds the mortgage on the farm, have brought us many things not only for the house, but for the men in Mott street. Thank God we have already this close relationship with them. When we first tried to get a mortgage, we were treated like criminals by the mortgage companies because we were not incorporated. "What is your source of income," they wish to know. And when you say, "God is our Father, St. Joseph our almoner, and they work through our readers," they regard you not only as criminal, but mad.

## Pilgrimage

So many exciting things always happen around the Catholic Worker that I almost forgot to speak of the great gift offered me by Frances Mazet and Mary Benson this month—a trip to Rome. I immediately accepted with joy, and it was not until I started to fill out the application for passport that I realized that one must take an oath of allegiance, before God and

with no mental reservations, to defend the constitution of the United States. I have been publicly stating my position as a pacifist these past seventeen years since the publication of the Catholic Worker, and I have too much respect for my country and its traditions and institutions to take an oath such as that called for on one's passport, no matter what decisions have been made by the Supreme Court about letting in conscientious objectors. They still have not removed the oath and the obligation to take the oath from the passport forms, and one is required to take it and sign it. I might refuse to sign, send an appended letter explaining my position to the State Department and wait what favors they grant me, the recognition of my position and the permission to go abroad. But, meanwhile, my hosts wish to leave on November 11th.

Having been confronted with this obstacle, I found more. My book requires cutting and rewriting, a major operation. I have entered on the Staten Island adventure, and, although that could be left to the group who are there, still the burden of sick people in addition to conferences and days of recollection and workdays is too much for the small group. Usually for every well person we have many ill. One dear friend who is coming to us for nursing is Cecilia Curran, who has just undergone a major operation at Bellevue. It will be our joy to give her good care at the Peter Maurin farm. Peter had many a meal in Cecilia's kitchen when he and John used to talk over the green revolution. And my own health also is not such that I should go on a three month's pilgrimage at this time. This last excuse is the one most acceptable to my friends, so I must state it, though the less we talk about our health and the more we rest and eat good nourishing food, such as our own whole wheat bread, the better off we would be. Nothing like a day in bed to build up nature and so have a good foundation for the supernatural.

And so I do not go on this particular pilgrimage. God willing, I will make the next Holy Year, and this I write, exercising the virtue of hope.

## Self-Justification

Although it is never good to defend oneself, it is good to defend others, and it is for the sake of those who are working at the Catholic Worker without salary these many years, that I think it might not be out of place here to defend once again our position of voluntary poverty. Often, sometimes several times a month, and from one's good friends, the remark is made, "Why do you not get a job, support yourself first of all, and then with the surplus support others, and then you would not have to beg from your readers to support the breadline, the house of hospitality."

This has been done, in connection with other Houses, but it ends in failure. As a matter of fact, it is one reason why the House of Hospitality movement has not grown more than it has. There have been too many single people without family obligations who refused to go the whole way, who preferred their eight-hour-a-day jobs and good salaries and who tried after hours to give themselves to the work. But it has not worked out. Every worker knows that what is called an eight-hour day means much more. One has to eat and sleep, get one's clothes in order either by oneself or pay to have it done by shoemaker, tailor, laundry, go to Mass, attend services in the evening, take care of social obligations of one kind or another, and lo and behold, there is never any time left to take care of a House of Hospitality, which is a full-time job from early morning until late at night. There are sicknesses, accidents, emergency calls. The breadline means getting up at five-thirty, and

Tony Aratari or Jack English or Joe Monroe are on that. If Jack did not give himself to the kitchen, it would not be so easy to get men like Fred or Leo, also to give their time cooking. Cooking for a household, no matter how much help you get in preparing vegetables, is a long and arduous responsibility. Three meals a day, seven days a week, over and over, days without end. St. Benedict suggested that the cook be changed weekly. If we had enough cooks we could do that.

In spite of common-sense recognition of the work that goes into a house of hospitality, and getting out a paper with 63,000 circulation, and the answering of mail, telephone, the letters of thanks for packages of clothes, the answering of inquiries, the ceaseless calls for help in person and on the phone, many still regard the workers at Chrystie street as a group of idlers who could not get jobs if they wanted to. They are there because they cannot adjust themselves to the system, it is said.

Be it said again, there are plenty of honorable jobs, in hospitals, in business, in teaching, that members of the Catholic Worker group could get and could get paid for. They could lead a life far more leisurely, far more meditative and far more healthy. And they still could perform some of the works of mercy on the side. And we are convinced that that is the normal life, the kind of life the great majority are called upon to lead. They all must perform the works of mercy. If they are not, their salvation is in danger, our Lord Himself said. The life of family requires that the majority lead this life. It is the good life for body and soul.

The modern mind is so preoccupied with efficiency that if we paid ourselves salaries, kept books, were incorporated, spent most of the money on overhead, we would be considered honorable men instead of crackpots. We would be paying taxes to the Federal government, the State, supporting war, and Mayor O'Dwyer's pension, spending much time on paper work instead of with dear flesh and blood, and we would also be commended by our friends.

No, I am afraid we must continue to be taken for fools, "fools for Christ," the "offscouring of all." We cannot get complacent, because criticism is pretty continual, and if not deserved on one count, it surely is on another.

If we do not want to render to Caesar, we must be careful not to take much from Caesar. St. Hilary wrote in commentary on that famous text. It is the same with taking from our friends. We are working for them, and we ourselves earn our keep by it, our board and lodging, our clothes and such needs. We must be careful to be generous as they are, and not take much, and to give in turn what we have—our time, our talents, our strength.

This running of Houses of Hospitality and retreat farms and agronomic universities and farming communes is, of course, a definite vocation, and we are only scattering the seeds for them now. Since Peter Maurin appeared upon the scene with his gesticulating finger and his habit of making points, "making the encyclical click," as he used to say, we have been "put in good works," as St. Paul said. It is no doing of ours. We said yes when we were called, but we were called. God has chosen us most definitely to do this, or we would not be here. We need to pray more for many more vocations to this work. If we had more people to help on the line and in the office, Tony could do more teaching in the craft shop. If we had more Everett Trebtskes who could come and cook for a while, Jack could write and study more. If we had more to be responsible in relation to the whole house, as Tom is, he might get time to visit the newest venture, which he hasn't done yet. We are happy in our work here, and that is one proof of a vocation. Another proof is that the Chancery office gives us so great a privilege

# The Nature of Man

(Continued from page 1)

Individuals or as social units, can presume authority from God to kill. There is no warrant in Christianity for theocracy and the public (and sole binding) revelation of the New Dispensation is not one of vengeance or violence or judgment. It is rather one of love expressed externally in non-violence. From henceforth the norm for us was to be the life of Christ. It is a norm from which we deviate whenever we kill or hate or persecute—for us to do these things is to become spiritually ill. Whenever we kill another individual (whether in or out of uniform does not matter) we decide that at this moment we will thrust this individual into eternity and into judgment. If the individual is an attacker, if he is motivated by hate, we can hardly presume he is at peace and that all is well with him and God. How then can we take upon ourselves such responsibility as to usher a fellow creature into eternity? But all things that happen, happen because God wills it? That is the nonsense of spiritualistic determinism and undermines morality no less than does materialistic determinism. It is a denial of secondary causation and a mechanism of projection whereby we escape responsibility for our deeds. A miracle, by definition, is an extraordinary event. As a rule God allows nature to take its course. Therefore it is the general will of God that man die in the course of nature or from accidental causes not brought about by wilful killing of man by man. So the murderer cannot escape responsibility by attributing his conduct to the will of God.

In all of man's manipulation of nature the criterion of right and wrong is pragmatic. "By their fruits you shall know them." It is not sufficient to say "what is natural is right." Nature is made for man to manipulate so long as it serves the transcendental end for which man is destined. Thus there is nothing inherently wrong in the machine or in the use of atomic energy or in rain making. These things do not necessarily interfere with the transcendentals. With violence it is another story. For violence is a denial of humanness. It interferes with and contradicts the transcendental. It is the external manifestation of hate. It is a devolutionary phenomena. For it is opposed to that norm of which man is capable.

## The Norm

What is the norm of which man is capable? What is normal man? From whence comes the concept of natural morality and what validity has it? God asks of no man the impossible. But He does ask that man pattern himself on Christ. Therefore the ideal of Christ is not an impossible ideal. It is possible to hold that Christ is the measure by which to gauge normality. That therefore the norm is not that fictitious entity known to logicians as "natural man" but rather man as possessing a supernatural destiny. Man as transcending what is called for in the concept of "natural man." Therefore man as transcending the type of morality which stems from such a concept.

This is not to advocate a type of supernaturalism that has been termed angelism—as though man merely inhabits the body as though confined in a prison from which he seeks release. Such an anti-Incarnational view is an offense to the Christian. But it is to ask if perhaps our concept of the "na-

of having the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel at Maryfarm, Newburgh, and the privilege of having the Holy Sacrifice offered also at the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island. We are so grateful for this "calling" that we can only say again and again,

"It is truly meet and just, right and profitable for salvation that we should at all times and in all places, offer thanks to God," and to all of our readers.

tural" is not too static and artificial. And that, just as theology acts as a negative check on philosophy, so the supernatural is a corrective of the natural and that as the natural approaches the supernatural is fulfilled itself much as the Old Dispensation fulfilled itself in Christ. If then natural morality should be based on that which perfects man's nature it should lead to the full acceptance of the supernatural which comes indeed gratuitously but for whose reception nature can predispose us.

Those who speak of violence exercised in war or in personal relations or in capital punishment as being justified in natural ethics because they are in accord with man's nature have assigned man's nature and the ethics that are based on it to a static position which stops far short of the predisposition to the supernatural. They neglect history which teaches us that things commonly thought to be in accord with man's nature and therefore justified under natural morality have at other times been conceived as offending against that nature. For here the criterion should not be what the majority of mankind has done but what man's nature is capable of doing. No one I suppose except those dominated by sadistic ideologies (the totalitarians) would dispute that non-violence is preferable to violence—that it is a human way of approach for it utilizes those qualities in man which set him off from the beast. Violence, on the other hand, is a quality man has in common with the beast. Now man's perfection (as St. Thomas points out) consists in those qualities that differentiate him from the rest of nature. Non-violence could be one of those qualities. It is something of which man is capable and it is something that would differentiate him from the beast. Therefore natural morality, if it is based upon the specifically human, will reject violence as a "moral" procedure. And human nature, far from leading man from the supernatural, will prepare him for it.

## Possibility

This is an important point because it means that we really have, in man himself, in the possibilities of his nature, a common basis of operation and co-operation with all men of good will who oppose violence in the world. It means that we have not to wait till all men accept explicitly the New Dispensation but that we can appeal to the very nature of man as calling for a type of behavior in accord with the perfections of his nature and confirmed indeed by Christ. There are, of course, tendencies in the other direction. For, while man naturally tends to virtue he also is weakened in that tendency due to the effects of original sin. The bestial exists in man and has its pull. It is indeed a difficult thing to resist. Nevertheless it still remains true that the perfection of man's nature is to be sought in the other direction. And that the norm of human behavior should be based, not on the bestial, but on those specific elements in man which make possible a type of behavior not expected of the beast.

All of this adds up to the fact that we have not yet succeeded in establishing a truly human society. And that, if certain logicians (who pass as philosophers) would have their way, we would never establish a truly human society because they insist on canonizing as dogmas of "natural morality" an inferior ethics based on what man has worked out in common with the beast rather than what man is capable of working out should he realize the potentialities of his own nature.

## Still Need Sheets

We have a shortage of sheets at our new home on Chrystie Street and would appreciate any you may be able to send.



# Eric Gill: A Special Kind of Artist

Kerran Dugan, C.S.C.,  
of the Brothers of Holy Cross

In a small graveyard in Buckinghamshire, England, stands a tombstone on which are inscribed the words: ERIC GILL... STONE CARVER. Up the road a little, atop a hill "so steep that no one will ever want to go up it unless they desperately want to see us," are the cottage and the workshop and the twenty acres where the stone carver, his family, and his workmen-disciples tried to make "a cell of good living in the chaos of our world."

The path up to the cottage was well beaten during the eleven years previous to the carver's death in November, 1940—not only by people who were interested in his art, but also by people who had come to know of his wisdom and prudence—of the greatness of the thinking and doing as well as the making of this untrousered, bearded man in the long smock with the stone dust on his shoulders.

During the ten years since his death, many more people have learned of, and profited from contact with the wonderfully integrated Christian who was Eric Gill. His works, in stone or ink or wood, were sincere and skilled, and bear in themselves some of the magnetism which was in their maker.

There is no contradiction between Gill's work in stone or wood or ink and what he said about working in stone or wood or ink or anything else. There is no visible contradiction between the way he lived and the way he said a man should live.

And what did he say about work and about life? I suppose one might sum it up with: Be human, be truthful ("It is useless to pretend that you have got further than you have."), be poor. But summations, by themselves, are bald and meaningless.

Many people think of Gill only as a crank. These fail to see that his "negative" attacks on things as they are sprang from a positive assertion of the nature of man.

Man is made in the image and likeness of God. He is a creature whose joy is in thinking, loving, and making—or rather, in an integration of thinking, loving, and making. He is not a creature who can abandon one or more of these activities for eight hours a day and be expected to return whole. He is not a creature who should be asked to leave the first two out of the last.

But man must not only think and love and make. He must do these things in a body. He must act through a part of himself which is immersed in matter. Because man is spirit and matter—"both real and both good"—because he must be concerned with individual material things and at the same time keep the panoramic view whose center is beyond the thing and the self, he needs poverty. Without it there can be no peace in the person or the world. "Only in poverty can we find peace."

It was in the assertion of these truths that Eric Gill raised his cries against specialization, industry-for-profit, war-for-profit, and sham of any kind.

Someone named H. J. Massingham has said: "The work of the world is done by practical men, while the artist drifts and dreams on its outskirts, an elegant luxury, a pleasant but superfluous bit of decoration introduced into the substantial structure of human achievement."

No one needs to read much of Gill to know that this way of thinking, and the situation which partially justifies it, received the brunt of his attack. He never tired of quoting Ananda Coomaraswamy: "The artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist." His fight was no "hobby in every basement" campaign. Nor was it against the machine. Nor was it limited to art. It was against the whole monster which devised such words as "art"

and "hobby," and which, when given a machine, abused it.

It is difficult to convince many people that Eric Gill's philosophy does not lead logically to the conclusion that the very nature of the machine should impel good men to destroy it—in spite of Gill's expressed admiration for such things as the Forth Bridge ("a noble work"), locomotives, typewriters ("if only they would leave out the 'artistic' slobber on the cover"), loose leaf ledgers ("if only they would leave out the imitation hand-tooling on the leather back—but they daren't, because . . . (here is the lack of poverty) their customers ask for it and they must please their customers or else they'd lose the order and that would never do"), and even Ford cars ("if you can't afford anything better or more durable"); and in spite of his often and variously expressed condemnation, not of machine-made goods, but of their light being hid under a profitable "arty" bushel:

In fact the whole show might be a jolly fine show if we could really make up our minds to be sensible and leave out incompatibles. Now here's my trouble. I don't believe the human race is capable of such a sacrifice (not poor enough). I believe it will demand wall papers and muck of that sort and patterns on biscuit boxes and frills on chemises and rings on its fingers. So we shall fall between two stools—and it will jolly well be our fault; [letters]

In spite of his early abandonment of the Arts and Crafts movement (which was typical of his disregard of the loss of human esteem in the face of truth; he lost nearly as many friends by this move as by his entrance into the Catholic Church); in spite of his own work being more appropriate than any other I know to our particular time in history—a time of general machine production. Not only his designs for letters which were to be punched by machines (Gill believed in beating the industrialists at their own game: "To cry over spilt milk is foolish enough; but not to drink the milk we have is more foolish by far."), but all his work has in it the preciseness and simplicity of the draughtsman (without losing the quality which only a responsible worker can give).

I do not mean that Gill's aptness comes only from his early training as a draughtsman. His aptness goes much deeper than this. One must explore the recent and current states of what Watkin calls the Christian religion-culture in order to discover it.

## Autumn

The baroque autumn of the Christian religion-culture came after the Renaissance. The blight which was to shorten its duration, however, had grown slowly from the same Renaissance.

The richness of the autumn of the Christian religion-culture is obvious in poets like John Donne and George Herbert, in mystics like Theresa of Avila and John of the Cross. The golden time they represent did not last long. The separation of art from life, so that the artist, being a special kind of man, had no one to be responsible to, and other men, no longer artists, had nothing to be responsible for—this was not the basic evil that came out of the Renaissance. It was a symptom, itself horrible enough, of the separation of religion from life, of the invisible world from the visible. The

separation became stronger, not weaker, after the Renaissance. Finally, in the nineteenth century, it found its symbols, not in the photograph and the machine, but in the meaningless photograph and the abused machine.

The winter has been upon us for some time now. The richness of the autumn was becoming undecorous ornament and had to be abandoned. The austerity of present-day Christian art, the economy of its line and curve, is no mass whim. It is the proper art of the Christian religion-culture's winter.

Artistic coroners have found many explanations for Gill's work, the chief of them being that he returned to the pure beginnings of Anglo-Saxon art. If there is any similarity between his work and early Anglo-Saxon, it is not because he intended it. His art is the appropriate work of a Christian artist living at a time when rampant ornament is, by a strange contradiction, accepted as meaningless but decorous.

I do not labor the point that Gill was not against the machine in itself because it needs so much

LET IT STAND THIS YEARTOO!  
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO  
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT!  
PERHAPS IT  
MAY BEAR  
FRUIT



labor, but because it is a convenient means of bringing to light what he was really for and really against (although he certainly made this very clear himself: I suppose most of those with mistaken ideas about Gill have really not heard him out).

## Machine

Gill believed that the coming of the machine was a boon to the worker, who had been in slavery anyway and who was relieved, not of work, but of drudgery. The open slavery of labor began in England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with the Enclosure laws; and the spirit which made the Enclosure laws possible is the same spirit which separated the worker from the artist, which invented the name "artist"; which preferred profit to goodness, trading to working, freedom of thought to freedom of will, insignificant form to meaningfulness, Mammon to Man, and degraded man to God.

What Eric Gill fought against was the spirit of the Renaissance—the spirit of the bourgeois who has finally come to domination of the roots of culture, which his very breath kills, so that he must always be ludicrously transplanting lovely things to brighten, each in its brief and misunderstood turn, the garden which will be sterile as long as he is the tender of it. As long as he is the tender of it, we shall have our art and artists and museums and imitation feats of architecture. As long as he is

the tender of it, we shall not have poverty.

For, while on one level of view it is belief in spiritual reality which the bourgeois most lacks—or fundamentally lacks, on another it is poverty which he most lacks. (The lacks are really one, of course). Once we have decided to become kings of the earth, as Berdyaev says, we are bourgeois—and blind to all else but this Monopoly Game we will live and die at, reluctant to lose anything of the miserable inheritance to which we have limited ourselves.

What Eric Gill said and did and made, he said and did and made as a poor man in a rich world. I like to call Eric Gill a poor man because the predication is a little startling—why, I don't know—and throws light on the nature of holy (or "whole-ly," as Gill used to spell it) poverty. That mis-treated word poverty! Immediately that you say that Christian poverty is spiritual, a million men with bankbooks they are saving for their great-grandchildren's security rise up and say that that is what they have (spiritual poverty), while a billion destitute go bootless in poverty of body only (as it were). But to be saddened into silence by barbarian interpretations of what you say is in itself a surrender to the bourgeois spirit, which puts all its hope in fortune and "sacred honor." One must state the truth that Christian poverty is not in dirt and hunger. I would like to say that it has, absolutely nothing to do with money or its lack. How much simpler that would make the explanation. But money is a material thing, and one cannot say that. Poverty has to do with material things. It is a virtue essential to man because of his unique relationship to material things. But poverty is not in things. It is an attitude toward them. And it is an attitude whose scope is wider than the things themselves, taking in the whole hierarchy of values and finding its point of orientation a great deal higher than material things.

Von Hildebrand's virtuous man, the man whose life is lived in accordance with the hierarchy of value, whose response to values is in proportion to their place in the hierarchy (and not in conjunction with such easy, slam-bang morale boosters as "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," as that is ordinarily interpreted), is the poor man.

Only radical situations will test our poverty—or only situations radically seen. If we ever let anything—pigments, or physical appearance, or environment—but money is usually the thing—interfere with our treatment of a man as a man, if we put anything which is below him in value above him, we are not poor.

If we would come to the bald choice between machines and men (I am not sure we will come to that particular choice), if we would be told, "Conspicuous prevents wise use of the machine; either we must do without it, or man must be degraded," and we would not be courageous enough to sacrifice the machine rather than man, we are not poor.

If we would not refrain from the use of any at all of the brute force at our disposal, no matter what the harm to other men, as long as it is of even the slightest advantage to ourselves, we are not poor.

If the only evil we can see threatening us is brute force, we are not poor.

Nor are we poor if the only thing we fear losing is brute comfort.

If that is what it comes to, we might as well call the whole game off and quit while we are "ahead." But then, who is going to dissuade us from becoming kings of the earth once we have made up our mind?

Eric Gill was poor. Because he

was poor he could see the ugliness in sanitary London and the beauty in dirty Jerusalem. He could see that it was evil for a man to ignore or deaden the intelligence and free will of himself or any other man. It was evil to have factories full of men with no responsibility. It was evil to have vast networks of paper which symbolized wealth sending people out of homes and young men to war—and no one responsible.

I suppose we must say that Eric Gill was remarkably a man of reason, in spite of the abusive and cold connotations the word "reason" unfortunately falls prey to. In his writings, as in his daily life, he was orderly and never far from fundamentals. He perhaps realized that when the problem is to "show beauty," to show the beautiful when the beautiful is not seen, there must be some reason to begin with. You cannot point out the ugliness of anything to someone who loves it. You can only point out its unreasonableness—and from that work to the love of what is really lovable. His attack was not against sinful pagans but against unreasonable—and sinful, but Gill saw the futility of ranting against sin when no one knew what it was—Christians.

(In the previous paragraph I refer primarily to his work in words. But he is just as much the reasonable man in his work through other media. The temptation to go at length here into his stone and wood work must be restrained to simply the mention of the draughtsmanlike quality already referred to, and his deep-rooted preference of conventional—that is, symbolic, standing in its own right but also standing as a channel for the unseen ("but the conventional must be more than a technical one . . . the mind is the arbiter")—over representative art, which can satisfy—and is grasped like a straw by—only those who have denied themselves the reality of the unseen. I think this preference indicates as well as anything what I mean by his reasonableness—that it was not at all a cold logic, but an energy of thought forever breaking into the spiritual world. For him, to admit complete satisfaction with only exact reproductions of physical things was to admit a radical impediment of thought.)

Gill was not foolish enough to think that logic alone would ever win anyone to love: "We use our reason so rarely and so fitfully and with so rash a carelessness, without training or discipline; we follow our prejudices and predilections with such confidence and impudence that any appeal based on rational argument is unlikely to be successful. Moreover, the lovely has a wider reference than the reasonable."

Nor did he resort himself to "rational argument." His reasonableness was fired with love. And this, of course, was no crafty contrivance (just as the simple way in which he wrote and spoke was not). You cannot contrive the fire of love. Most "cold logic" is cold because the person using it has no real concern for the truth he exposes.

"The best and most perfect way is the way of love." It is only the person who loves who can ever save the object of his love, for it is only he who can renounce the comfort of the heartless kiss when the flaming sword is called for. Eric Gill knew the beauty of the human body—and could set its lines in stone or ink as few have ever done. But he knew it as part of a vaster thing—so that he was willing to be called a chisler of sour grapes. From his youth he loved the sight of engined steel and man-made giants. But he loved men more—so that he was willing to be called an enemy of progress. He loved war lords and

(Continued on page 7)



# BOOK REVIEW

**All Things Common** by Claire Huchet Bishop, Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.00

The dream of a search for a better way of life may be common to all men; theories of achievement less common. The fulfillment of a theory in practical terms is rare enough to warrant the thorough examination, sympathetic understanding, and suspended judgment which Claire Huchet Bishop extends to the European Communities of Work in this, her second book concerning the spiritual resurgence abroad. For surely the story of the Communities of Work is an account of the movement of the Spirit. The example of men drawing together to work not for the profit motive, but to develop a fuller realization of the value of man is truly a noble one, and Mrs. Bishop, in her lucid study of a cross-section of the Communities, has presented an objective picture of a step in the building of a new social structure, and has answered, as well, many of the objections which arise in considering such a step.

Suffering has more often than not proved a fertile ground for the germination of the seeds of justice. "The Community of Work was born out of the revolt of proletarian people mediating on their own suffering." Marcel Barbu, the founder of the movement, was a worker, a skilled watch-case maker, who wished to work in an environment more suitable to man's dignity as a human being and a creature of God. At a considerable sacrifice he managed, in 1940, to raise enough capital and to gather together a number of unskilled workers who were willing to search with him for a life of work in which the distinction between employer and employee would be abolished. This was the beginning of the Boimondau Community of Work at Valence, the first of 60 such communities now established in Europe, primarily in France.

The Community of Work resembles a co-operative in its economic structure; however, the Communities do not stress the profit motive, but are working to achieve collective and personal fulfillment. The remuneration system of the Communities illustrates this very clearly. Each receives his allotment according to work, "work" in its fuller sense meaning "any human activity which has value for the group." A man is rated on his social value, that is his activity intellectually, philosophically, sense of fellowship, mutual aid, responsibility, perception of the common good and so forth, as well as his professional skill. Wives and children in many of the Communities also receive an allotment for performing work proper to them—in the case of the children, their "work" being to grow. In some of the more prosperous Communities, material returns are quite comfortable, but since the Communities as a whole believe the capitalist system to be anti-Christian (or, as the case may be, anti-Marxist), money is not used to reproduce itself and when a Community has more than it needs, it uses the surplus to assist other less prosperous Communities or to help new Communities

get started. The Communities do not wish to get rich.

At Boimondau (which has acted as a sort of loose pattern for most of the other communitarian experiments) the need was felt at the beginning for a code of natural ethics—a kind of Decalogue which would serve as a first principle of action and conduct in communitarian living. Most of the other communities patterned their code or Rule after the Boimondau ethical minimum though none of them are rigid and are subject to revision if the need is felt. Each Companion is expected to live up to the code in all his community work (supplemented by his private ethics which may have a more supernatural basis), and a system of "sanctions" has been adopted for dealing with offenses against the rule.

Though a few of the Communities are made up of members of one particular belief, i.e. Catholics, Protestants, or Communists, most of them represent as many beliefs as are found in an ordinary community, and each member is encouraged to study and develop his own philosophical and religious convictions. None of the Communities is "closed"—they are all agreed that they would welcome members of any faith or ideology.

Education is an important factor in the Communities, and the men found that by speeding up production and cutting time, they were able to set aside a certain number of hours a week for study, covered by their pay. At Boimondau, instructors came into the factory and classes were held, not only in technical training, but in singing, dancing, and philosophy. Unskilled workers who wished to join the Community and were accepted, were trained in the work and at the same time introduced to the communitarian way of living.

The men found that in order to settle their difficulties and thrash out their problems, it was necessary to have more than the system of "telling each other off." Consequently, a "hierarchy of responsibilities" was developed beginning with "neighbor groups" and culminating in a General Assembly which met twice a year to take care of problems presented to it. The principle of unanimity was adopted—one dissenting voice and the whole problem has to be discussed over again beginning in the neighbor groups. This principle has met with much criticism outside the communitarian groups, but since the Companions do not believe in obstruction for the sake of obstruction, the dissenting voice has more than once proved to be right. In any case they firmly believe that it is the only principle under which they can be free men, and it is liberty for which they are so earnestly working.

Mrs. Bishop visited several rural as well as industrial Communities of Work. In one of these, six farmers had turned their separate acres into a collective enterprise from which they had not only profited materially, but had gained immeasurable satisfaction from the principle of mutual aid and the feeling of fraternity among the group. In another, the vineyards of the Ott Domain, the initiative for the Community had come from two of the Ott brothers, the owners of the company. They experienced great difficulty in bringing the workers to an acceptance of responsibility; a benevolent paternalism had made the men fearful of taking charge themselves, and an instinctive distrust of the "boss" and his motives made liberty, as a gift, suspect. After two years, however, the men had grown in the concept of communitarian life, and if there were many problems still to be solved, nevertheless the

workers had developed tremendously as men. As Mme Ott expressed it, "Before, it was all easy, peaceful and dead. Now it is very difficult and alive." The awareness of spiritual values seemed to be particularly strong in these rural organisms, and perhaps it is significant that in the Boimondau industrial Community, at least, each worker is required to spend 30 days a year working on the Community farm.

The Communitarian experiment has also been adopted in several capitalist enterprises where the owner, or manager has been responsible for the change in the economic structure. Mrs. Bishop describes the transition in a privately owned company which is a "pre-communitarian" experiment; in a limited company which is reforming in the communitarian way; in a milkmen's Community in Geneva, Switzerland, which has developed as a separate entity within a large co-operative where the producers and consumers prefer to retain their status as a purely co-operative business. The struggle of men who have had to break with their associates in order to further their idea is presented also, and once again the problem encountered by an employer who wishes to convert his employees to the communitarian ideal. These and others are discussed in detail and form an absorbing study of the practical details and workability of the Communitarian plan.

A chapter of this fine book is devoted to the work and theories of Adriano Olivetti, the owner of the largest typewriter factory in Italy. Mr. Olivetti has been deeply influenced by personalism and the personalist philosophy, and is blueprinting a plan of reorganization of the whole economic structure of the state along communitarian lines. His plan has attracted many intellectuals, scientists, engineers, etc.; including such noted anti-Fascists as Ignazio Silone and Tullio Tullio, who assist in the dissemination of the idea of Movimento Comunita. Though the plan is not in operation as yet, a number of small centers have been opened in Italy to help waken the consciousness of the people to the communitarian plan.

Nor has the surge of the Communities been confined to the workers. It has overflowed into the educational field, the musical world and been adopted by theatrical groups. It has drawn into its orbit, children's Communities of Work, and has been instrumental, in at least one case, in helping DPs, torn from their natural sphere and thrust unwanted into a foreign land, to reestablish solid human relationships through working communitarianly.

Perhaps a part of the success of the Community of Work may be attributed to the fact that it has refused to divorce itself from the world. Mrs. Bishop feels that the dissolution of the earlier communitarian experiments was largely because they became a kind of "select, self-sustaining ghetto." Whereas, "Man is made for the vastness of the world . . . If we free ourselves and then erect certain boundaries around that freedom, then we are cut off from the problems of all the other men, and our purpose is maintained at the start. The liberation of oneself is only in order to liberate others."

Whether we agree or disagree with the communitarian plan it is impossible to dismiss it. The vision of men helping themselves and each other through struggle and sacrifice to more fully develop their capacities naturally and supernaturally is an inspiring one. Truly a society in which spiritual values take precedence over material achievements is an organism which must be taken into account and examined carefully. The enthusiasm which breaks through the surface of Mrs. Bishop's objectivity cannot help but be shared, and the warmth and sincerity of

## At the Edge

By WILLIAM EVERSON

Let not the tempest of water drown me, nor the deep swallow me up. Psalm 68.

There is a mark  
Made on the soul in its first wrong-doing,  
And that is a taint.  
And the mark of that taint,  
It must either widen or wane—  
As the soul decrees in its inclination  
So will it be. For this world is the place  
In which the pure-born soul creates its destiny.  
It becomes, at body's death,  
All it has tended to make of itself:  
That which it wishes to be.

So will it be seen,  
That there is no necessity of this life,  
No hurt nor harshness,  
That may, in the consideration of the soul, take a precedence  
Before the decisiveness of that final end.  
For its hurts and harshnesses are not permanent things.  
They are as tests.  
Their use is a way of working on that soul  
So that it may truly determine its preferment:  
What it intends to do.  
Whereas the ending is an absolute.  
An absolute as dense as the immutable past,  
As irrevocable as the moment just gone,  
And now forever assumed into the majestic finality of the past of time.  
For the ending act is the soul's last choice,  
In which it declares itself,  
Which is, for the most, the totality of its choices  
In the determination of its end,  
Save this: that even upon finality,  
If it has done ill in the choices of its life,  
It is not yet too late.  
Not until death drives it over the edge  
Is it ever too late.  
But still it may, by a great thrust of the will,  
A wrench so fraught with contrition,  
The split pain of a guilt self-owned, acknowledged and deplored,  
And in the blaze of that knowledge sees to itself,  
A thing so frightful to its sudden sight,  
Fungoid, so spongy with sloth and the foulnesses of its use,  
That in dread it recoils, and from the grasp of fiends  
Screeching, hurls itself out—only, at that hour,  
Into such a stabbing of the heart, may the Word  
Move and redeem.

Rare! Rare at the final! Rare at the last!  
Too soft, too easy and too slack  
Is the self-willed soul,  
That never in its time made move to right itself.  
It goes into its death bearing the debilitate burden of its ease,  
Which is the ease only of the usage of this world;  
And like a coffin at sea, weighted, and the weights are its sins,  
It swings outward, tips down, drops,  
And sinks fast down into the body of the Sea of Death,  
Which is the Hell; and the weights of the coffin  
Take it rapidly down to the scrupulous mark  
Where the drag of the sin,  
And the buoyant lift of the mercy of God  
Hang in exquisite balance—  
There does it sustain, suspended,  
And it will never float.

Nor will it ever seek to.  
For whoever in life has rejected God,  
Will never in death desire Him.  
For over the Ocean of Death  
Shines the great ambient light of the Lord,  
Which is pure,  
Which is the totality of all the impelling pureness.  
The soul had rejected in life.  
And as that soul in life  
Preferred the darkness of sin to the purity of light,  
So in the depths of the Seat of Death  
Will that soul prefer the darkness of death.  
For to be drawn to the surface of the Sea of Death,  
And in the open light.  
Which everywhere on the islands of the Sea of Death  
Glitters and gleams,  
And to have that coffin opened up to the Eye of Day,  
And to have the thing there-in which it is,  
Which it has made of itself,  
Which it has created of itself,  
That thing, rotten with slime and the slimy bone,  
To have that thing of the self  
Revealed to the very Eye of Day—  
No. That it would never do.  
But rather would hang down there in the grim balance,  
Crushed under the tons of the weight of the Waters of Death,  
Where those sea-monsters,  
Who are its masters now, attend it—  
There does it suffer and suffice,  
And has its way.  
Which is the way of death,  
And constitutes the sufficiency of death,  
Which is the terrible  
Contentment of the damned.

her writing makes it doubly good reading. *All Things Common* is an exciting book and an important book. It should be widely read and I hope it will be. Gratitude to Claire Bishop is in order for making it possible to study the communitarian movement so fully, and I doubt if anyone will want to put the book down without echoing the spontaneous prayer of one of the young rural Companions, "Lord bless the Communities, expressions of the law of love on which rests the world."

—Betty Bartelme.

The first edition of **CROSS CURRENTS** (420 West 118th St., New York 27, N. Y.; \$3 a year, \$1 an issue), the new quarterly, is now out. It contains these articles:

Christian Faith and Civilization, by Emmanuel Mounier.

The Christian Sense of Time, by Emil Brunner.

Theism and Personal Relationships, by Gabriel Marcel.

Christianity and Anti-Semitism, by Nicholas Berdyaev.

What Is Christian Politics? by Franz Josef Schöningh.

Every one of these articles is vitally interesting. **CROSS CURRENTS** gives promise of being the best quarterly of its kind in this country. We urge you to subscribe.



# Christ Plays in Ten Thousand Places

(Continued from page 1)

They have preyed upon the works of man and made them their own apart from the common good. Using the techniques of mass-production, mass-education, mass-entertainment, they have made time their servant, ravaging man with their demands and fears, tearing him into unrelated pieces, robbing him of a life for his soul. In this respect, we are back to a pagan mentality: we are at the mercy of fates, determinisms which we ourselves have created.

Only recently a sign was given that this is true. It appeared on the front pages of our newspapers. The Trustees of the Ford Foundation, along with the announcement that they intend to spend 238 million dollars to promote world peace and human welfare, published a report analysing the general social situation. And it makes sad reading. In a melancholy procession, the problems of society are primly enumerated and resolutions, pathetically sincere but unconvincing, are made to study ways and means to conquer these problems. The multiplication of studies by Capitalistic philanthropy is a melancholy process in itself. In the end, what one feels from this report is a pathos. Man stands with his sovereignty lost; like Hamlet, he has lost "the name of action."

The report cites that "some authorities regard emotional maladjustment as the most characteristic and widespread ill of our civilization." With a squeamish understatement, the Trustees go on to say that "the problem of personal adjustment is probably also affected by the nature of the jobs which must be done in a mass-production economy. Many psychologists state that human beings possess a fundamental need to feel the significance of their daily work by close identification with its end-result. As clerical and mechanical tasks have become more specialized, as machines have taken over more of the functions formerly performed by brain or hand, this occupational satisfaction and sense of identification with the end-result of one's effort has decreased. While mass-production techniques obviously cannot be abandoned, the problem is to develop new sources of satisfaction to replace those lost."

The last sentence of the quote is the key statement of the report: "... mass-production techniques obviously cannot be abandoned..." Man was made for the Sabbath and not the Sabbath for man. And according to the Trustees, it is an obvious fact. And obviously, atomic wars must be fought for the preservation of such obvious facts.

Yet the plight of modern man is profound and sarcasm and bitterness are of slight use. Man's dejection is very real. When a young man goes to a University, supposedly the seat of learning, and ends up by taking drugs to pass examinations so as to obtain a piece of paper guaranteeing him security, then something has seriously gone wrong. Psychological damage is too keen a suffering not to question the system that permits it.

Then, too, that human progress should end in confusion of unrelated and alarming results after being so ardently pursued, that the accumulation of knowledge and experience, the growth of new awarenesses should seem so disconnected and meaningless is a heart-rending disappointment. Under the impetus of a science and politics which man himself created, wars have taken on the inevitable proportions of terrible natural disasters such as a flood or an earthquake. The press, the radio, the movies, man's own works, now serve the monster of misuse and unmeaning, spawning innumerable desires for meaningless things, playing upon man's weaknesses, taking advantage of his God-forsakenness. And these meaningless desires have wrecked and are wrecking human relationships:

marriage, friendship, the family and the community, realities which cannot be had unless one is, that is, one has begun to establish an identity in time, courageously experiencing reality and making it one's own. To lose faith in human relationships is a real blow to the heart of man, for one's neighbor is a primary source of contact with God and, therefore, a necessary means for salvation. Max Scheler has said that separation from common life is the first step towards atheism.

It goes without saying that what passes for Christendom today is most intimately involved in this modern ordeal. The deepest realities of the Christian faith are touched by it. Even sin, in some cases, has taken on the appearance of necessity, shutting out genuine repentance with its radical, purifying effects, for repentance is a highly creative and personal act, anarchical, whose power makes a number of Hall Marys and Our Fathers look like mere incantation.

Christians work to perpetuate a system organized for exploitation. Christians cater to the modern State, helping to increase its power and domination. Christians are asked to fight in economic wars and to throw atomic bombs on cities of men. Christians go to the movies, read books, listen to the radio, look at television, accepting without discrimination (apart from the Legion of Decency) the competitive dogma of success preached through them. Yet many Christians, priests and laymen, find nothing wrong with the existing order of things. Bishops have police escorts and Cardinals support Universal Military Training.

But the tension is even greater for the Christian. Even in the spiritual realm there is conflict. Formalism is a chronic disease. Tradition often loses its anchor in reality to become a tyrannous determinism. While the Church cannot preach error and the Pope is infallible under absolute conditions, great truths can be neglected and unbalance accepted for proportion.

A danger in the Church today is the too easy recourse to authority by officials. Serious problems of existence, the validity of human experience are sometimes met with an official rigidity, an unwillingness to change. Christ gave to the apostles and their successors the power to govern His Church, but he also attested to the authority of the authentic Christian life: "By their fruits you shall know them." In reading of the personal encounters of saints with bishops and Popes, one can almost feel these two authorities, the give and take of them, as they face each other. It is the authority of authentic Christian lives that gives the great ages of the Church—the Early Christian Era and the Middle Ages—their anarchical aspect. What the mind of man unites with difficulty is simultaneous in the mind of God.

Now the Christian who is aware of the multiplicity within and without him, the dislocations, the flux, is sometimes tempted to deny it all and to seek what he feels is simplicity by concentrating wholly on God. This would actually be a denial of the Incarnation. Gabriel Marcel has stated the dilemma beautifully. He says "that salvation can only be found in plenitude." He admits that "a certain kind of richness" can divert one from God. "But the problem in fact is how to pass through multiplicity so as to transcend it, and not at all 'how to escape it.'" The dogma that Christ is true God and true man has reverberations in every capacity of man. Godmanhood, to use Soloviev's term (the Russians have said some very original and profound things in probing this truth), is rich with possibilities and it is amazing that Western theologians have said so little about it of an existential mode. Most of what they say is merely pious. There was a man in the West, however, a true pioneer, an Austrian layman living in England, Baron Friedrich

von Hugel, who wrote about the Incarnation dynamically.

Under the cloud of Modernism, though not directly involved in it, his name was obscured. The actual number of books containing his writings are few, but they are massively complex and make deep, difficult reading. But every so often now one comes across his name in periodicals, which indicates that he is being read. Laboring quietly yet intimately engaged with life, holding on to what was good and true in the past, he constantly renewed himself in the present, absorbing truth from any man and from any human capacity, while with expansion of mind and heart, he reached out hopefully to the future. And he accomplished his work in spite of sickness and mental suffering; insomnia was almost his life-long companion. The odor of his sanctity is the heroism of study.

He wrote that the originality of Christianity "consists not so much in its single doctrines, or even in its teaching as a whole, and in the particular place each doctrine occupies in this teaching, as in its revelation, through the person and example of its Founder, of the altogether unsuspected depth and inexhaustibility of human Personality, and of this Personality's source and analogue in God, of the simplicity and yet difficulty and never-endingness of the access of man to God, and of the ever-preceding condescension of God to man."

According to Von Hugel, then, the achievement of Personality is the most adequate expression of Christian values. As a oneness, a wholeness, you are many. And the more you are one, the more you are many. Thus, when a fully awakened Christian affirms that Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life, he is not talking in terms of moralism or mere piety. He is talking of being and having.

For as Von Hugel said: "... a Person came, and lived and loved, and did and taught, and died and rose again, and lives on by His Power and His Spirit for ever within us and amongst us, so unspeakably rich and yet so simple, so sublime and yet so homely, so divinely above us precisely in being so divinely near,—that His character and teaching require, for an ever fuller yet never complete understanding, the varying study, and different experiments and applications, embodiments and unrollings of all the races and civilizations, of all the individual and corporate, the simultaneous and successive experiences of the human race to the end of time."

One of the Baron's most original contributions lies in the ethical sphere: an insight which he learned from his teacher, Professor Eucken, a non-Catholic, and made his own. Following the way of St. Thomas Aquinas, he recognizes the inner laws of the Arts and Sciences, yet apprehends more dynamically than the present neo-thomism the relation of those inner laws to the Christian life. He sees the development of the Arts and Sciences as a new and necessary source of aesthetic means. He affirms that when meaning and truth are reached at the deepest levels of those human experiences, the Arts and Sciences, they are vehicles of revelation. He says that the loving pursuit of these ends, valid intermediate ends because created by God, not only gives glory to God and is useful to religion, but also, and this is primary, brings the soul closer to God by purifying it on its way through the discipline of matter resisting spirit. The friction between reality, what is, and the daily attempted adequation of it, if recognized, accepted and loved, can become a heroic means of humiliation, placing in the very center of the mind the Cross of Jesus Christ.

In our own day, Gabriel Marcel has apprehended this same truth and expressed it in his own way as regards philosophy. In his *Metaphysical Diary*, he writes "...

thinking the worst we felt, as though we had just been arrested as we walked down the stairs with the patient to the ambulance. After the woman and her four children plus the police department had dispersed a middle aged woman with a heavy accent walked into the office. It seemed that she was in need of added capital to salvage her dress shop business which is in danger of going on economic rocks. She told us that she had a dream or a vision last night of the Sacred Heart in which she was informed that she would receive money from unexpected sources. Implying that we fitted in beautifully with her supernatural experience she stated that this was the first time she had seen or heard of us.

## Moral Indignation

One night as I lay in my bed listening to two men having a midnight argument in a foreign tongue accompanied by the swish of rubber tires hurrying automobiles down town, I was startled by a woman's cry for help. Presuming that it was nothing more than a fight between a man and his wife in the next building, I turned over and tried to sleep. The cry for help came the second time. With the third cry I had my trousers and shoes on racing out to the front of the house. "I came upon a scene of a slightly intoxicated man attacking a woman who was very drunk. While separating these two individuals I was quite speechless by this new experience in our work. I wasn't quite sure whether or not I should be outraged and morally indignant over this incident at the same time realizing that both parties were quite irrational from the effects of drink. Both people were highly incensed at each other and I was caught in a cross-fire of name calling over my shoulder as I tried to convince him to be on his way, and I directed her towards the women's quarters of our house. After accomplishing my objects O sublime, I felt pretty much like the minister in Somerset Maugham's "Rain." I finally snuck back to my bed thinking how lucky I was that I didn't suffer some kind of violence at the hands of that burly man.

## Recommendation

On the last Saturday afternoon of October we were down in our room occupied with several tasks when we were told that a man from the F.B.I. was here to see us. It was the second time that I have had contact with an F.B.I. man in this work. However I still felt a terrible wave of uneasiness come over me as I made my way up to the office. Again I became convinced that a reasonable facsimile of the police state had arrived when the mere mention of the F.B.I. has us all so intimidated. Naturally I was irritated at myself by being awed by these people but that is the penalty from seeing too many movies and listening to more than a moderate number of radio programs which throw an enormous aura around those men. The F.B.I. man that I met that day was quite unimpressive and struck me as someone that you would expect to see working as a sales clerk in a haberdasher shop. I was somewhat surprised when he stated his business which was that of inquiring into the qualifications of an applicant for a government position. And after all these years thinking that we were so radical that the F.B.I. were thinking of tossing us into a padded cell. Here this man was treating us like Boy

of the hidden identity of the way which leads to holiness and the road which leads the metaphysician to the affirmation of Being; also that it is necessary above all, for a concrete philosophy, to realize that here is one and the same road."

The Christian life, then, can be the fullest, most satisfying life. The possibilities of life in Christ are infinite. The hidden, mysterious depths that Christ reveals cannot be equalled in their rich-

# Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

Scouts with questions as to whether or not the said applicant would prove to be a loyal employee of the government and did he have any radical or subversive leanings.

## Anti-Clerical

As a result of my item in last month's column concerning the priest who tipped off the police because of my apparent lack of purpose in hanging around his property, a priest reader out in Michigan wrote in and cancelled his subscription. Stated that he was opposed to anti-clerical articles. Thus far I have tried to avoid moralizing in so many words on items presented in this column since I prefer to leave it up to the intelligence of the readers to draw a moral or not to draw one. There isn't necessarily a moral to be extracted from all the incidents narrated. I jot these things down in my assassinated style of writing simply to bring to our readers a birds-eye view of things happening around our milieu. If I wanted to write anti-clerical articles I certainly wouldn't resort to mentioning the puny incident of last month. If it had been a lay person who was responsible for my encounter with the police I would have written it up also. Although I admit it made better copy with a priest involved since we are not supposed to be surprised if a fool layman pulled that stunt. Now if I did think it necessary that a moral be drawn from the October incident I would say that the clergy should try and bridge the gap between ourselves and them rather than widen it by acting like the heels in the parable of the Good Samaritan who avoided the poor man that fell among robbers.

## Pray for the Dead

Since the Church has dedicated the month of November to the dead we do beg the prayers of all our readers for all of our dear departed associates who have died in the Catholic Worker movement down through the years. Among all those you pray for please keep in mind the following people who readily come to our thoughts: Peter Maurin, Charlie O'Rourke, John Curran, Bill Duffy, Larry Heaney, Elizabeth Ryan, Kitchie Harada, John Griffin, Father William Lonergan, John Bowers, and Caroline Pekar.

## Bellevue Hospital

We spoke last month of the need for volunteers to assist patients at Bellevue Hospital to attend Mass of a Sunday morning. Two of our readers showed up for this Sunday morning endeavor. The need for this particular work of mercy is still dire and your work will show tangible results if that is what you need to spur you on. Because you will readily observe the number of poor people who would not have been able to assist at Mass but for your help and likewise the number of people who would not have an opportunity to read a line of Catholic literature if you had not delivered it to them. The Carmelite Fathers who are the chaplains in Bellevue are overburdened with work and find only enough time to tend to the dying and those undergoing serious operations, consequently you may be the only contact that some patients have with the Church. Of course Bellevue is not the only hospital that is in need for such volunteers. This type of volunteer work is needed in every hospital in the country. Try the one in your immediate vicinity.

—Tom Sullivan

ness and beauty. But to act-in us, Christ needs our full consent. And to give our full consent, we must regain our freedom from principalities and powers. And a genuine love of the truth will do it.

"... Your young men shall see visions..." I see "Christ playing ten thousand places," his mobility and autonomy incarnated in persons, and hear unbelievers exclaiming that Christians act as if they had authority...



## Eric Gill

(Continued from page 4)

generals and soldiers in the field; he loved factory lords and financiers and mass-production "hands." But he loved them as men—so that he was unwilling to cheer their Frankenstein, and willing to be called a chanter of hate.

Theodore Yardley tells us how he discovered Gill's deep love of humanity (in "Gill the Man," America, Sept. 9, 1944). He was in "great trouble" during the tense days before the blitz on London.

He listened very quietly and the warm friendliness didn't leave his eyes. Later I knew that he would leave an urgent piece of work to listen to the shallow babblings of some curious visitor, rather than offend a human being.

The burden I placed on him accepted and discussed with surprising shrewdness, he began to talk of . . . the dignity of work . . . the absolute importance of the individual. He seemed to sense my real need . . . He talked with quiet certainty but with a humility in the presence of another human being, profoundly moving.

That was the secret of Eric Gill—his humility before all manifestations of God's creation, and his passionate love of human nature in all its aspects: its frailties, its strength, and even its inconsistencies. He was moved tremendously by the sufferings of others . . .

It should be entirely unnecessary to point out that Gill's sensitivity to the human situation was rooted in his awareness of the spiritual calls intrinsic to man—calls to responsibility and worship. There is a danger in saying briefly that Gill's thought and work were religious—a danger of which he was very much aware, the danger of furthering the rampant and "profitable" notion that the evidence of religion is in accidental religious subject matter or even labels. The Christian may say he loves God and man. But he need not say that. It is not important. What is intrinsically important, what is essential to his Christianity, is that he actually love God and man, whether he says so in so many words or not.

### Subject Matter

The Christian artist may or may not use directly "religious" subject matter. (That he usually does today is one of the indications that our culture, which unvitally sets apart the artist, likewise unvitally sets apart the Christian; that the Christian minority cannot pursue a necessarily elite culture without suffering at least accidentally from the disintegration of the whole; and that we are still far from true integration.) What is essential to his being a Christian artist is that his work, regardless of its matter, be informed with his worship. "Work must have in it the expression of the artist's worship."

Did Gill's love of man spring

from his love of God? There are those (in my personal experience at least) who ask this question as though they were asking: If God did not exist, would Gill still have loved man as he did? The only answer is that Gill could not have remotely imagined the possibility of man existing and God not existing. Man is man because God is God. Man is made in the image of God. Whether love of God or love of man was paramount in particular instances, what the relationship between the two was in this thought or action and in that, are questions for those to answer who do not mind performing the murder as well as the autopsy.

It is the same kind of tidy but unrealistic analysis which vitiates many of the written studies of saints. In spite of all the recent talk on that subject, there is very little obvious improvement. The spiritual love is nearly always carefully and completely separated from the physical, a fiction unknown to inner human experience except perhaps in moments of ecstasy. Or the divine love is in like manner separated from the human in such a way that the reader may be left with the impression that the saint was an agent from Olympus not involved in the human situation in any vital way but only superficially and with ulterior motives.

The apparent reason for this deficiency in hagiography is that we usually know little about the inner experience of the saint in question, and the author, wanting more than the bare bones, but at the same time fearing to detract from the saint in any way, makes inferences and guesses safely on the side of the angels. That is why some of our modern novels present much more probable saints than the lives of actual saints do. The novelist can be a free and fearless creator of his own character.

If anyone were to suggest that the cause of Eric Gill be presented for canonization, I imagine he would be frowned on or laughed at by many. And why? I do not doubt that the chief reason would be that Gill has told so fully and honestly in his Autobiography his intricately woven inner experiences. We are so blind and accustomed to thought slavery that we very often accept the unreasonable convention of human experience as real and reject its honest presentation as unreal or abnormal. As St. Paul says, we look in the mirror and then immediately forget what we look like.

It can be safely said of Gill that his mature emergence from emotional and religious trials (which greatly tempered all his work) and his growth in the love of God, did not lessen what some have called his vitriolic curses, but rather intensified them. In *Unholy Trinity*, written in Gill's last days, when the world around him was erupted in a new World War, the only change one can notice from his earlier work is an absence of any of the natural hope of youth buoyed up by its own energy, and a sadness—a bitter sadness—at the

sight of the present, horribly apparent phase of man's self-crucifixion. In these last few words, Gill seems through with the earnest, painstaking expostulation which characterized his previous writings, and there is noticeable in him for the first time—to any great extent—a Bloy-like irony.

Gill once said, "I suppose you think I want to go back to the hand press. Please don't worry. My wants are more modest than that. I only want England to become poor and needy." He was aware that any kind of mass conversion—"as when Nineveh repented with three days of sackcloth and ashes"—was not to be expected. Our civilization will not die of its own accord. But "the sick 'old lady' has got to die some day." At the end of *Unholy Trinity* Gill quotes the words from the Apocalypse which describe the terrible death she must undergo:

Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. And the voice of the harpers and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no



more at all in thee. And no craftsman, of whatever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of the millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee; and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee; for thy merchants were the great men of the earth.

Because we will not submit to poverty, we must face the destruction of the rich structure we have built and lean upon. For God will not tire of giving us another chance at peace. And "there will be no peace, there can be no peace, there cannot possibly be any peace, while wealth, comfort, riches are the ideal we set before ourselves."

This was the message which Eric Gill taught and lived: that in poverty, and in nothing else, we shall find peace.

## Security Act

(Continued from page 1)

writing an anti-Federalist pamphlet.

Abijah Adams, imprisoned for type-setting a critical article written not by him but by his dying brother.

Such was the "insurrection" and "plotting" suppressed by the government in the interest of internal security.

—S. K.

## Pacifists on Trial

Two Iowa non-registrants, arrested as second offenders, have already served 18-month prison sentences; they now face possible 15-year terms.

Don Mott and Roy Knight, Iowa Quakers, who have already served terms for refusal to register in 1948, have been arrested for their continued non-cooperation with the draft law and face trial shortly at Sioux City, Iowa. This time they are charged with three separate offenses: failure to fill out a questionnaire, failure to report for the physical examination, and failure to report for induction. This raises the maximum penalty, and each of them faces a sentence of up to 15 years in prison and/or a fine of up to \$30,000.

Among 16 Iowans, all of whom received identical sentences of 18 months for refusing to register, Mott and Knight were sentenced by Judge Henry Graven at Sioux City on January 31, 1949, sent to the prison camp at the Federal Medical Center, Springfield, Mo., and were released on parole the following September 25. Both are married and have young children, and Mott will be 26 in less than two months. They received questionnaires and orders to report for physical examinations and for induction within recent weeks.

### Simon Arrested in Indiana

The first second-offense arrest involving a 1948 non-registrant came two weeks earlier, on October 3, when Stephen Simon of Baltimore, an Earlham College student, was arrested and released in \$5,000 bail in Indianapolis. Simon served a three months' sentence in the summer of 1949. Simon's case, however, will not come up until next Spring, whereas the Iowa cases are scheduled for trial in the near future.

These arrests raise urgent and crucial issues of religious and political freedom, for if these prosecutions are carried out and the policy for which they are the precedent is established, it will have these immediate effects:

(1) Any conscientious objector whose beliefs do not fit the exemptions legally provided by Congress faces the prospect of repeated prison sentences for the entire period during which he is subject to the draft. At present this means such a young C.O. has the prospect of spending most of his time for the eight-year period of ages 18 through 26 in prison.

(2) This persecution is not limited to the so-called "absolutists," those young men whose conscientious beliefs will not allow them to cooperate at all with the draft. Also affected will be all political, humanitarian and sociological objectors, and religious objectors of non-deistic or unorthodox beliefs. Selective Service limits exemption to religious objectors to all wars who believe in superior obligations to "a Supreme Being," and who are found "sincere" by unsympathetic draft boards. To any man who cannot subscribe to this Congressional creed, or who is denied recognition, or who cannot cooperate with the law, the alternative posed by the government is: either ditch your conscience and obey, or go to prison—not once, but repeatedly, for as long as you are within draft age limits.

(3) There is no limit to the prison term which may be imposed upon conscientious objectors. In the Iowa case, the prosecuting attorney has concocted three counts out of Mott and Knight's single

"crime" of being religiously opposed to conscription for war—a "crime" for which they have already been to prison.

This raises their penalty to 15 years and/or \$30,000 fine, but there is no reason to stop there. Selective Service Regulations make every single day of refusal to fulfill any Selective Service requirement a new offense, for which there can be a separate count. Thus, a man who refuses to register on a certain date and is arrested and indicted 60 days later, can be charged with 60 separate counts of refusal to register, at five years and \$10,000 per count—a total of 300 years and/or \$600,000.

The Fifth Amendment of the United States Constitution provides that no person shall "be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb." The technical rules defining such "double jeopardy" may or may not cover these second prosecutions; certainly, that is a point that will be raised in the courts. But, regardless of technicalities, such prosecutions amount to nothing less than double jeopardy. The government poses one demand: violate your conscience and accept military conscription. The conscientious objector gives one answer: he refuses in conscience.

(News Service—Central Committee for C.O.'s)

## MARK TWAIN'S LOYALTY

"You see my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions and officeholders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged; cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter disease, and death.

"To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags—that is a loyalty of unreason, it is pure animal, it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it.

"I was from Connecticut, whose constitution declares 'that all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit, and that they have at all times an undeniable and indefeasible right to alter their form of government in such a manner as they think expedient.'

"Under that gospel, the citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out, and yet holds his peace and does not agitate for a new suit, is disloyal; he is a traitor. That he may be the only one that thinks he sees this decay, does not excuse him. It is his duty to agitate anyway, and it is the duty of the others to vote him down if they do not see the matter as he does."

From A Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

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OUR LADY OF THE WAYSIDE FARM, AVON, OHIO



## Suffering and Perseverance

Dear Friends:

My visit to Baltimore has been prolonged beyond my plan because I have hoped to comfort a half sick friend and schoolmate, a life long friend when her sister and brother die. May, Nan and Carroll are life long friends of ours. May was sick for four years the victim of one of the new drugs which has been abandoned, her sister Nan was an angel in the house trying to bring May back to health which is still coming along slowly. When I finally arrived at my friend's home I found May up on her feet attending Nan, her angel sister, who had burst out in an advanced stage of cancer with only three months to live, and Carroll after thirty X-ray treatments on his throat was dying of cancer of the throat. Sister and brother dying slowly of cancer both in their sixties. Three months came and went with weakness and terrible suffering. Their house is my wayside shrine from which I return home rejoicing to know there is such a spot, maybe many of them, where people are turning into saints, accepting with all their hearts burning, scalding cancer, practically praying all day long and giving glory to God, offering reparation to Our Lady. They never murmur, never complain—it is marvelous. I wish I had time to tell you in detail how God almost shows Himself in His care and graces to these two dying brother and sister and May who is their angel sister now. Their visiting priest is praying that God will take them to heaven if it be His Holy Will. Cancer is in every vital organ even in Nan's spine, when it hits a vital spot she will die, Carroll is practically starving to death, his throat is so swollen raw and impassible. He strangles many times night and day; however May finds him kneeling by his bed in prayers sometimes affectionately leaning on the altar near his bed hugging his statue of the Infant of Prague, Nan prays her rosary all through the day. They join in the rosary of reparation, not in words but in close attention, reverence, and love. God only knows how much longer this can continue.

Will you pray for these dying friends, that God will give them final perseverance and increase their graces of courage and love.

Baltimore, Md.  
REGINIA BRADY,

## HOUSING IN CHICAGO

(Continued from page 2)

been converted into 15 cubby-holes with partitions made of crating wood and cardboard. In November, 1949, five persons died in a building originally constructed with six apartments (30 people) but converted into one- and two-room units for 67 families (250 people). And there are others.

\* \* \*

Some things have been done about the situation, but always with compromise to vested interest and prejudice.

As of August 31, 8,480 dwelling units were built with city and state money. But this does not look so big when compared to the 50,000 which had been built by that time in New York.

What was planned for the future was a majority of projects on inexpensive, vacant land, and a minority of projects on cleared slum land. The idea behind this plan was that the occupants of one slum block to be cleared could move immediately to the most human housing possible—away from the slums. Into a project built on the cleared slum block would go the occupants of the next block to be cleared.

But things have not worked out quite as planned. It has been impossible to go through with the projects in uncrowded (and white) areas, such as the North Channel Homes, because of the racial bias and money mentality of the present residents of the areas. Instead, the projects will have to be crammed into vacant spots in the slum area itself. First priority is going to six projects on vacant

slum sites — which will comprise 2,100 dwelling units (paper work has begun on two of the projects). Second priority goes to two relocation projects on cleared slum sites.

(Cooperative housing, a much better plan for middle income groups, is so far impossible because so far it has been blocked in Congress. Likewise, such private building plans as that of the New York Life Insurance Company have been stalled.)

That the building must be done by the government at all, and with such urgency, is an indictment of those persons and powers, big or little, which can combine for or against the people. And the new projects, skyscraping from expensive metropolitan land (Archer Courts will house 125 families on five acres; the Prairie Ave. project will have to go 14 and 17 stories high in order to provide 274 apartments), rather than spreading out in the many open spaces around Chicago, will stand as a monument to the racial and financial prejudice of those whose word is life or death in such matters.

\* \* \*

Meantime, Chicago is growing a yet vaster underground of beaver-board, a further partitioning of already partitioned units.

To appreciate what this means, one must know what individuals are suffering:

"I am a widow with four children staying in an apartment with seven rooms. There are 25 other people in the apartment. You can imagine how my kids and I are sleeping."

"We are desperate for a flat. The basement we are living in is not livable for human beings. The floors are so rotten in some places that if we step heavy, our feet go right through the floors. We stuff the windows with rags and paper, but it's so damp our clothes are always wet. We lost our 9-year-old boy through tubercular meningitis and I fear for my other four children. The health department says we should move, but where?" (The survivors of the flash fire mentioned earlier said that they could have afforded a better place than their shack, too, but being colored, could find none.)

"The room I live in with my six children is too small for the children and myself. We have coal heat and also rats. They are so bad that at night I find them in my bed. My daughter was bitten on the toe and hand by one last Saturday." (One young colored boy told me his mother had been bitten several

## Labor Pool and Labor Castes

(Continued from page 1)

time we began to be weeded out. One went, the latest employed, and at last my turn came. I came down the staircase from the thirty-fourth floor to the third-second, avoiding the usual elevator, and stopped to cry on the stairs, when to my shame the bookkeeper came up and found me red-eyed. Oh the thought of going home to the other two at home, in the midst of the depression, the fear, the humiliation, the thought of the inexorable rent, that we just made when my brother and I were both working. I remember with what dignity I used to ask the butcher for six lamb kidneys, costing fifteen cents, after Mrs. —, whose husband, a policeman was "lucky enough to have a civil service job," had just bought a ham and a chicken. The butcher looked angry to me then, but he was a kind man, and it was probably embarrassment. These were the civil service people, the vast army of the secure, the ham and chicken people, and we were the shiftless or the stupid, the people who didn't somehow make the grade, rapidly slipping into the People of the Abyss, as Jack London called them, in his great study of the economic degradation of the poor. We sometimes laugh now, looking back, but life stretched ahead like a dark tunnel reaching into shame then, with the terrible fear and pride that the poor and the worker have of not making their way. And how much worse was it for men with families.

At the turn of the century Jack London, the future writer, turned in desperation from the jute mills and the canneries to plead for a job with the power plant of the Oakland Street Railway. The superintendent, seeing his willingness and his strength, had fired two men to hire him, and thus saved fifty dollars a month. He became a coal passer, "thirteen hours a day, twenty-nine days a month, for thirty dollars a month." Even his "physique of twisted steel" began to break under it. Still, Jack held on until the fireman showed him a newspaper clipping. "One of the coal passers whose job Jack had unwittingly taken had killed himself because, jobless, he could not bear watching his wife and children starve. Jack quit."

### Surplus Labor Army

Yes, he learned of the class struggle in the bitter school of his own experience. Later he was to write, putting his finger on that Labor Pool, which today is still the crux of the economic problem. "That which maintains the integrity of the present industrial society more potently than the courts, police and military is the surplus labor army." "The army of surplus labor is needed when production increases and the ordinary workers cannot handle the work; it is needed to work on emergency projects and to meet the demands of seasonal employment, and finally, but most important, it is needed to act as a check on all employed labor." Many, he wrote, refusing to be broken in body and soul for a starvation wage, took to the road, becoming tramps. He called the tramp the scapegoat of our economic sinning. Peter Maurin, in like vein, always spoke of the men on the Bowery as victims of our system.

"Bourgeois Capitalism," wrote Peter Maurin, "is based on the power of hiring and firing." The hope of a job and the fear of losing a job, this is the emotional country of our modern Pilgrim's Progress. Whatever sweeter hopes

times by rats. She would set traps, he said, if there was not the danger of the children getting into them.)

"I am living in a nasty alley. There is no toilet service and no water. People throw garbage over the yards."

As Ed Marciniak, editor of *Work*, said in comment on the housing in Chicago:

"This is not a very cheerful era."

or more sorrowful fears, he is fastened to the rack of the hope of a job and the fear of losing a job all his life, and for that, yes, yes, he will profess anything, for his children must eat, and God will understand.

### Why Unemployed?

But why is it that this vast pool of unemployed exists? The increase of labor-saving machinery is said to have put many out of work, although it is also claimed (by Juenger in "The Failure of Technology") that machinery in the over-all picture has rather increased manual labor, counting its manufacture, etc. But the fact remains that the labor leaders admit a permanent trend towards unemployment, and it is obvious that each of us personally is acquainted with many unemployed. It is also obvious that if the manufacture and shipping of war materials were to cease, millions more would be unemployed. Add to this the fact that a large amount of the things manufactured would far better be left unmade, and we perceive the vast size of the potential Labor Pool. Unless we admit the market Death as a permanent fixture in our economy, to consume our goods and employ our workers, or consider relief, or the dole, good enough for these our less favored brothers and sisters, we should ask ourselves the real meaning of this Labor Pool.

### Laborers Brought In

There are thousands of seamen on the beach (unemployed) in N.Y. and all over the country (although, undoubtedly the market Death has begun to put them to work, too). Yet the shipowners are more and more registering their ships under Panamanian registry, in order to hire Panamanian labor at starvation wages. Panamanian labor is unorganized and at the mercy of the shipowners, who buy men in the open market for as little as they can get away with, as you would a piece of cheese. Their main purpose is not the profit they make in actual wage-savings, but to keep the workers divided, anxious, scrambling for jobs and unable to concentrate on the real issues between employer and worker.

Mexican workers are brought in by the government to the Southwest and California, and thousands of wetbacks slip over the Rio Grande to work in the big "factories in the fields," while local help goes begging work. Porto Ricans are brought in to the New Jersey and Michigan farms. And all this for the purpose of keeping a docile and half-starved labor pool.

### Employer Not Work-Giver

None of this exploitation would be possible if the worker had not accepted the owner's description of himself as a work-giver. The coming to maturity of the working-class movement demands that the worker takes into his own hands his right, the organizing of his work. That is why the outlawing of the Hiring Halls of the maritime unions in the courts this year, as a form of the closed shop, already outlawed under the Taft-Hartley Act, was and is a fundamental issue. In the Hiring Hall of the seamen's unions, hiring was done on a rotary system, a sharing of available work. The more usual hiring of labor is by company agents, under more or less vicious forms of the shape-up. In shape-up forms of hiring, jobs are bought via kickbacks, and the devil take the poor and the honest. The capitalists were out to break this most notable attempt by labor to organize its own work, for who knew better than they that "Bourgeois Capitalism is based on the power of hiring and firing."

The coming to maturity of the working-class movement demands that the worker organize his own work, but the trouble is that the working-class movement betrayed its early idealism, and instead of going on to better things, has gone on to worse. Foma Gordyeff in Gorky's story cried out to the employers, "you bloodsuckers! You

live on other people's strength! you work with other people's hands! For all this you shall be made to pay! You shall perish—you shall be called to account for all! For all—to the last little tear-drop!" This was a just and holy anger. Jack London compares that cry of Foma's to that of Isaiah: "Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your misfortunes that shall come upon you."

This was the early cry of the unions of workers, but it is no longer their cry. This is the day of class peace, the leaders of the unions say, making their no-strike agreements with the capitalists and grab-sharing with the profiteers. This is the tragedy, that they have become profiteers. The more favored employed workers have risen on the backs of the less favored workers and the unemployed in this country and all over the world, to become themselves a privileged class, an exploiting class. The mutual aid character of the early workers' unions has degenerated in large part into a collective egoism, "share-capital individualism and co-operative egoism," the group individualism of such unions as the building trades, whose eye on the main chance has as steely a glint as any capitalist exploiter of eventualities. The labor unions have become labor castes, lining up with the employers against the unemployed, and have allowed a wedge to be driven into the whole working-class movement in what amounts to a sell-out, although an involuntary one on the part of most of the rank and file of the unions.

### Grab-Sharing

"Whenever strong proletarians asserted their strength in the midst of the mass they were drawn away from the mass by the oligarchs and given better conditions by being made members of the labor castes or of the Mercenaries. Thus discontent was lulled and the proletariat robbed of its natural leaders." "And for their less fortunate brothers and sisters, the unfavored laborers, the driven people of the abyss, they cared nothing." Jack London in *The Iron Heel*.

### Psychology of Privilege

One fact emerges from a consideration of these things. The movement of Privilege through the ages has been dependent on the acceptance of belief in an inferior People, let us say, the Myth of an inferior People, a race or a class that is subconsciously regarded as unworthy to enjoy as good a life as the rest of mankind. In different centuries it has been the slave, the Aert, different races, as the Negro, the Indian. These oppressed, who are always regarded as inferior, have one name that fits them all. They are the Poor. Today the myth of an inferior class continues in relation to the unemployed. Most people subconsciously think that these should be grateful to live a marginal existence, and raise their children on a marginal existence, on the "standard of living" of "relief." This is because most people subconsciously think that the great mass of the unemployed are somehow inferior; rather we are all subconsciously rationalizing the injustices that must go on if we are to hold on to our comforts.

The Trade Union Movement will go down in history as an exploiting, not a liberating, movement unless it reconsiders its goals and its structures, and takes up again the cry of the workers in the Manifesto of the Sixty, "We refuse to be dependents or people in receipt of public relief. We reject alms; we want justice."

(Following is the Collect from the third Mass said on All Souls Day): O God, who grantest forgiveness and desirest the salvation of mankind: we beseech Thee in Thy mercy to grant that Thy servants and handmaids who have passed out of this life, may partake of everlasting bliss, by the intercession of blessed Mary ever a Virgin and of all Thy saints. Through our Lord.

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