

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XVII No. 3

September, 1950

Subscription:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Insane Will Triumph

By ROBERT LUDLOW

With the growing monism of our times we are confronted with compelling evidence of the futility of the pacifist and libertarian positions. The triumph of the concrete, of the external world, of popular materialism, makes any appeal to transcendental values incomprehensible to the majority. The real world is conceived of as measurable in terms of results, results that are apparent and acknowledged and evident. Father Keller, of Notre Dame, upholds capitalism because he is satisfied with the economic results of capitalism—he becomes thereby a Marxist without the Marxist thirst for justice. America and Commonwealth, while recognizing the moral difficulties apparent in supporting war, nevertheless capitulate to the demands of the "real" world and from the standpoint of utility support the war in Korea. The French Cardinals condemn atomic war and the Pope points out that modern war involves the slaying of the innocent. And yet the conclusions from these observations have not been forthcoming. In all probability the majority of Catholics will be counselled to submit to the demands of the State, to participate in what we theoretically deplore. Because of the demands of the "real" world.

Enemy Of Christ

The "real" world then is the enemy of Christ, it is what He meant when He referred to the world, when He stated that He and His disciples were not of this world. That He gave a peace other than that given by the world. For the peace of the world is the mock peace of commerce and disappears as the interests of commerce are better furthered by a war economy. The peace of Christ is interior and when it manifests itself externally it makes for the society of the meek who are to inherit the earth. The American society is hardly that of the meek—therefore the ultimate defeat rests with the American government. To those

(Continued on page 2)

Mott Street

There is nothing so paralyzing as this deep freeze feeling of nostalgia as I contemplate our drastic move from Mott street to Chrystie street. Our quarters are so cramped on Mott street that I had to come down here to Chinatown's Church of Transfiguration to mull over a few items for this last column. But even in this house of God you are not emancipated from the grinding noises of the street. Especially the juke box recordings of ten and twenty years ago that fasten their cloying fingers upon you with their futile attempt to recapture things past. As my eyes wander around this dear old familiar church with its numerous statues I couldn't help but realize all the sweet things this church has meant to us in our little world. At one time or another all of us Catholic Workers have prayed here down through the years. Peter Maurin was buried from here. Other members of the group were married here. Some of the group's children baptized, confirmed and received their First Communion in this same church. Many of us made good use of the confessionals also. Priest friends such as Father Clarence Duffy, Father Roy, Father Carrabine, Father Meenan and Father Hessler have said Mass here for us. Charlie O'Rourke used to pay his daily visit and make the Way of the Cross since there are no steps leading up to this church. And it was in this place that we attended Charlie's month's mind Mass said by Father Nell Boyton. During the bitter cold

(Continued on page 3)

CHRIST the Workman



Fasting and Picketing

By AMMON HENNACY

Before the Korean War I had told the Treasury man (a Catholic who thought the CATHOLIC WORKER was a Communist paper) who was here trying to garnish my wages from the day work I did among farmers, that I was going to picket his office on Aug. 7th the Fifth Anniversary of the A-Bomb. When Dave Dellinger and others commenced their two week fast I wrote him that although I was unsympathetic with his World Citizen emphasis, I would fast and picket for five days commencing August 7th from my anti-tax Christian Anarchist viewpoint.

According to the Gandhian technique of goodwill and frankness I wrote to the City Manager and to the T man telling them of my extended plans. I also wrote 94 individual letters to every priest, preacher, Mormon leader and other religious leaders in Phoenix telling them of my fast. I quoted "The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and asked them that if their prayers were of this quality they would help me in acting with wisdom during my five days. I had one reply from a Methodist minister, although I knew from conversations on the phone that three priests who were CW friends were praying for the success of my efforts.

With good natured criticism from my pacifist friends, Rik and Ginny Anderson, and the mimeographing of the pink slip by Rik I approached Aug. 7th happily. The pink slip read:

THE ONE-MAN REVOLUTION

Why do you, a sensible person, now believe that war and the A-Bomb are necessary?

(Continued on page 6)

On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

There is a great deal of laughing at each other around the Catholic Worker. And we don't agree with each other either. There is no party line, Peter Maurin used to say. We are all Catholics, here at our New York headquarters, and while there is true unity at the altar rail, and also in our acceptance

in principle of voluntary poverty and the works of mercy as part and parcel of our Christian life, (some put into practice this principle better than others) there is always difference of opinion about war and peace and the use of force to defend one's country and change the world. Officially we are a Catholic pacifist paper and generally accepted as such. Actually, there are not many pacifists among us. Bob and Irene and I are pacifists and call ourselves such. Tom does not. And yet Tom may be more pacifist in his behaviour than Bob. Fr. O'Connor of Dunwoodie Seminary, theologian of the diocese, is supposed to have said, "It is as much as your life is worth to argue about pacifism at the CW."

I personally stand in back of everything Bob Ludlow writes, though his way of expressing himself is at times peculiar, to say the least. I don't think the majority of our readers know what he is talking about when he says, "The compulsion to revolt is explained as a manifestation of the libido."

As I read it over this morning before sending copy to the printer, I thought of something Irene said yesterday on her way home from Mass.

"Human nature is passionate and demands violence," she said. "Those who espouse the celibate life are very likely to find themselves constantly tempted toward anger. Hence they must struggle for sweetness of soul and cheerfulness of temperament. Otherwise they will make themselves and everybody around them miserable, and bitterness and misanthropy will characterize their vocation. The violence and energy of our

(Continued on page 2)

Summer Hill

By IRENE NAUGHTON

In the Green Revolution it is good to remember the Italian proverb that "the best is the enemy of the good." If we cannot do a thing the best way, we often sulk and sink into a lethargy, and refuse to do it at all. We are not humble enough to go towards our goal step by step. We want to be gods in the old proud, pagan sense, forgetting that the God of Christianity is the Suffering Servant, Jesus, whose life was full of humility, hard work and contradictions.

When we first begin to love life on the land, it appears to us as a combination of the Garden of Eden and the communities of the first Christians. At last the possibility seems to draw near to us of living in the beautiful countryside, of being free men, and like all men who see a vision, we want it at once. The trouble is that many men and women spend their lives intoxicated with some dream, muddling through the day's work, and neglecting the possibilities, the actual graces, that are right at hand. On the other hand, others work hard, but grow bitter, because things do not go smoothly.

There is a story told of St. Catherine of Siena, that she had a vision in which Our Lord embraced her, and that she prayed that she might die and go to heaven at once. But Our Lord rebuked her for being selfish, and reminded her of the work that she had to do. So it is with our natural visions and dreams; they are given to sustain and inspire us. But we

(Continued on page 7)

Definition of Poverty

By WILLIAM GAUCHAT

"What a fine place this world would be if Roman Catholics tried to keep up with St. Francis of Assisi." (Peter Maurin).

Hilaire Belloc begins one of his essays with whimsical irony by relating how he started a speech in this wise: POVERTY.

1. The attainment of it.
2. The retention of it when attained.

It appears that no one was interested and soon he was addressing a vacant hall.

The reaction seems to be different whenever a Catholic Worker speaks of the need for voluntary poverty. Those two words are like dynamite to wake up a meeting; persons usually too timid to ask a stranger the time of day will protest in deep tones of indignation. There is nothing dull in the discussion then, neither is there any clarity. It is my purpose here, with the grace of God, in the quiet of the farmhouse with all the children in bed, to try to define what voluntary poverty means to me. Why I feel it is the shortest cut to a full and happy life.

David said: "Blessed is he that understands concerning the poor."

Christ said: "The poor you have always with you."

St. Francis loved poverty, and with the courtesy of a troubadour regarded Lady Poverty as his lovely mistress. And Leon Bloy, who lived a long life with her, speaks thus: "The Angels are silent, and the trembling Devils tear out their tongues rather than speak. Only the idiots of our own generation have taken upon themselves to elucidate this mystery. Meanwhile, till the deep shall swallow them up, Poverty walks tranquilly in her mask, bearing her sieve."

At the beginning it must be insisted and underlined: Poverty is not pauperism: Poverty is not destitution.

Poverty is not an end but a means. This has been re-iterated by Holy Mother Church, the home of Holy Poverty.

Poverty is not for the few, the courageous souls who have vowed themselves, nor for only the many who follow poverty because they can do naught else. It is a way of life for everyone. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Webster defines poverty as "the state of being poor."

The religious vow of poverty is (Continued on page 3)

The Keys to Knowledge

By JACK ENGLISH

One of the undisputable marks of Truth is that beauty will be linked with it, linked in such a fashion that our intellects will be focused more readily on the reality expressed, that our emotions will be harnessed into the productive work which leads to contemplation of the Absolute, our imaginations set to coping with the difficulties the material always encounters when trying to grasp the spiritual and our wills are affirmed in their efforts to incarnate the Truth in ourselves so that we may have an incarnate Christianity in the world. For us to penetrate that Truth which is the Mass, that truth which seems to be a polarity—God incarnate in man, Eternity in the present instant, the Word made flesh; for us to penetrate, absorb and be engulfed by that living Truth will mean that the possibilities of living it, incarnating it in our lives, will grow apace.

Simone Weil the French Jewish convert, mystic, philosopher and apostle realized this well in both her writings and more importantly in the lesson her life teaches. She knew that she had to share the sufferings and labors and the joys of the worker if she were ever able to bring to him the message of the glad tidings. And so long before

the idea of the apostolate of the factories and mines was conceived she entered into her lonely life with the worker in his factory and in his mine, and on his farm. She shared the burden of his suffering with him in Spain during the Civil War and when war came to France and she had to leave the country she continued to unite herself to them through the penance and prayer she continued in England.

For Simone Weil the great task of her life was to em-body in her life the Truth she had perceived for those around her who were not aware of it. But it was not with any notion of bringing this truth to them, but because the very nature of the Truth she had seen demanded that it be lived, otherwise it was dead and of no value.

She knew that the poor were no longer having the Gospel preached to them, for the language of love in which it was written could not be spoken by the rock-hardened hearts of the Christians who professed to believe it, and the liturgy which is particularly the vehicle the Spirit has given the Church for the transmission of the Truth was no longer understood and received by them because it was no longer manifest in the lives of the altar- (Continued on page 5)

NEW ADDRESS

We will move to our new home on Chrystie Street on September 11th. Please address all mail and packages to:

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

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors:
ROBERT LUDLOW, IRENE NAUGHTON, TOM SULLIVAN
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City—2
Telephone: CAnal 6-8498

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

natures should not be repressed but transformed into a very active and joyous love of God and neighbor."

I have been reading Gandhi this last week, the new autobiography by Louis Fischer and it is a wonderful study for all who are seeking peace in the world. Gandhi said that anger is violence. So we see more than ever the temptations of the pacifist who may become inclined to anger at those who do not agree with him. When Gandhi began his celibate life he began to grow also in love for all those around him. The desire for sex, Gerald Heard said, is a desire for tenderness since tenderness also characterizes the sex relations of man and woman, and we are afraid to show tenderness for each other in this hard-boiled world for fear of being misunderstood, or deemed sentimental.

I suppose it is about these things that Bob is thinking when he writes as he does, and I often feel that I must explain what he means. "As long as you do not explain me away," he comments.

Chrystie St.

It is said that when men have served long jail sentences and the time of their release is at hand, they suffer more than ever before. These last months for us at Mott street seem interminable. Everybody's nerves are tight, things grate on one, and one wonders at having been able to stand so much in the way of dirt and noise and confusion for so long, in these crowded quarters.

This morning as I climbed up to the fifth floor of the old tenement at 115 Mott street where we have lived for the past fourteen years, I groaned anew. "You're moving soon," the traffic policeman called out to me as I came from Mass. "I hear you have a fine place now. You deserve it after all these years."

It has been pretty bad at times. The old walk up, cold water tenement, vermin ridden, cold, damp and drafty in winter and dirty and noisy all summer, with cries of children, gossiping women, quarrelling neighbors, juke boxes, blocked traffic, grinding garbage trucks, factory machinery. All the senses are affronted at these surroundings, they are mortified as the religious term has it, slowly put to death, dulled, irritated, worn down and even in some way sharpened and made keen to suffer more.

I can write this and speak this way these last days of our sojourn here, because the end is in sight. We are going to move next week. Some of our friends have said, "They cannot realize how bad it is." Or "they must in some way be deprived to choose to live in so hideous an environment. They must be dirty and slovenly people. The poor can at least keep clean."

One can understand their criticisms. Next door to us there are Italian families who are forever scrubbing, painting, cleaning and repairing their four room apartments. At the most they have four children, but usually there are two.

They don't mind the heaped up garbage in the streets, the overflowing ash cans, the dirty halls. But their homes, their children, are spotless. Every cent they have goes to keeping their children dressed like Hollywood youngsters (themselves too) and their homes like advertisements in woman's magazines.

They are gregarious, Peter Maurin would say, "not communarian." But every night when we have said compline, we have said, "visit, we beseech thee O Lord, this community." We love our friends and neighbors and they have come to love us too. We could never have lived so long without trouble in any but an Italian neighborhood, while our bread line was building up, filling their halls on rainy days, blocking the sidewalks.

As I write it seems impossible that our Korean friends have truly found a place and expect to be out by the first of September from 221-223 Chrystie Street.

Peter's Influence

Other astounding things have happened this month of August, our Lady's month, the month of her great and joyful feast.

I have often said that Peter Maurin had so compelling a way with him, had so great a moral force, that if he had asked me to get up in the middle of Madison Square Garden to speak, I would have obeyed, regardless of weak knees, or a consciousness of personal inadequacy. Peter got one used to appearing a fool for Christ.

I feel that my behaviour this past month, this compulsion that was on me to go on with the purchase of the Staten Island farm regardless of the fact that we had just finished purchasing a thirty thousand dollar headquarters on Chrystie Street, was due to Peter.

For months after his death I felt so keenly that sense of loss, of not being able to go to him and say "Shall I do this or this?" Often he insisted on one's following one's own judgment, but still he gave his opinion, and he was never one to limit you in your desire. He too used to think in terms of fifty thousand dollars for this or that, and I was the one who was shocked at him, keeping expenses down, doing without, doing little indeed in the name of poverty. Peter had great ideas of what should be done. And he has been busy this last year, keeping after us to bestir ourselves. It was only a day after his death that we received the first intimations that we would have to move, intimations which we ignored, not thinking it could be true that we would have to leave our beloved neighborhood.

He has goaded us and bestirred us and the net result is that now we have not only the new St. Joseph's House of Hospitality and headquarters of the Catholic Worker at 221 Chrystie Street, which is still in the neighborhood and even nearer to the Bowery, but we also have the Peter Maurin Farm, at 469 Bloomingdale Rd., Pleasant Plains, Staten Island,

New York. It is farm of 22 acres, within the confines of New York City. There is a farmhouse, a barn which we will convert into a chapel, a beautiful woodlot where we can have outdoor conferences and plenty of room to put into practice Peter's fundamental ideas of an agronomic university. People can come down every Sunday and holy day of obligation for conferences and meetings, and there will be room for family picnics like St. Philip Neri used to organize.

Here are directions as to how to get there. Go to South Ferry, take ferry to St. George, Staten Island, then the train to Pleasant Plains (Tottenville branch) costing 32c. one way. Buses are cheaper, but further from the farm to walk. One can walk up Bloomingdale Road to the farm in twenty minutes or take a cab for fifty cents. One cannot get a cab from Hyland Blvd. or from Arthur Kill Road the two highways on which the buses travel and it is a mile or mile and a half to walk.

We have made a down payment on this farm and we will have a mortgage to pay off (the Swiss Catholic family which owned it for 60 years previous took the ten year mortgage at five per cent interest, much to our delight.) There are also taxes! We will have more to write about taxes later. We believe in paying our local taxes but not federal. Maybe this is quibbling, but the benefits of hospitals, fire department, street cleaning and health department, etc. make us firm in our decision to always pay our local taxes though we will not pay income tax.

It was last October that we started to think of selling the Newburgh farm and buying another nearer to New York, away from the bad highway we are on at Newburgh. We found the place, and since I had a thousand dollars advance on my book for Harper and Brothers, I joyfully went ahead and signed a contract. Then things began to happen. A mistake in the deed (we used the word trustee in a Christian sense, but it was not legal) preventing a clear title; added to our dispossession from Mott Street and the necessity of bending all our efforts to buying the new house on Chrystie St., the seeming inability to raise additional funds or get a mortgage, the nature of our "business" being what it is. All this seemed to veto the S.I. project. I kept reading St. Teresa and Mother Cabrini to encourage myself. I consulted with priests who did much to encourage me. It was especially when we had all decided we must keep the Newburgh farm—Peter had died there, and then Charlie O'Rourke, that I felt most uncertain, not knowing what to do. Then one morning like the importunate widow, I asked for a sign of the Lord. It was at Mass, and I kept saying to myself, "If I don't hear something by eleven o'clock this morning, I am going to drop the whole idea and put it out of my mind altogether. It was a promise to the Lord. Before eleven o'clock a friend had called and offered to loan us several thousand dollars, the old owners had come down in their initial payment and offered to take the mortgage themselves, and I had my sign. Within another two weeks, I was able to obtain two thousand dollars more from friends, and the papers are now all signed.

Our Lord, who is nearer to us than our own hearts, and who is a personal God who loves each one of us individually as He made us each individually, had heard my prayer, and I feel the joy of this conviction as well as the joy of our new farm.

Last night coming home on the ferry there was a heavy swell and a steady east wind. The taste of the salt spray was on my lips, and the sense of being upheld on the water reminded me of "the everlasting arms" which sustain us. Gulls wheeled overhead, grey and blue against the dark sea. On the Brooklyn shore the setting sun

Insane Will Triumph

(Continued from page 1)

who can capture a whole view of history it is evident that we are a doomed and defeated nation. It is meet, right and just that this should be so. The Christian today should spread disillusionment and disloyalty among the populace. Disillusionment with a civilization that can only perpetuate itself by violence and disloyalty to a government whose primary concern is to continue that real world which is the enemy of Christ as it is the enemy of all that transcends its comprehension. The pull of the world, like the enticements of the flesh and the devil, would drag us all to this unhealthy monism. Unless we hallucinate we feel more comfortable in the real world. Christianity consists in placing on a basis of equality, indeed on a footing of superiority, those ideals and values, those Persons and ministrations, which are indeed hidden from the devotees of the "real" world but which carry a reality more convincing and relevant to those who have realized the unsubstantial quality of temporal society. To one who realizes the primacy of these values, who gives priority to the transcendental, there can be no comparison made between the preservation and adherence to them and the demands of "self-defense" or the maintenance of a government. The Christian is schizoid, for him there is the real world and the world of transcendental values. And the Christian attains unity as he absorbs the real world into the transcendental in such a manner that it dominates and controls and integrates and, in doing so, dispenses with the pathological.

Area Of Insanity

It is a foregone conclusion that those who accept the real world as the norm will relegate the radical (and the Christian should be in that category) to the unreal and hence to the world of the hallucinated. The transcendental is the area of the insane if sanity is the world of the "real." The Christian outlook is precisely that which bears no results, as the world sees results. The central figure of Christianity exemplified a reversal of values from those that provided the norm of worldly conduct. The Cross of Christ is that which faced the fury of the powers of this world, it is not the diamond crosses that ornament the princes of this world. Psychologically the Christian must always be kin to the Left, to those who are in opposition, to those who are not satisfied, to those who hope.

We achieve an integrated personality as we dissolve the schizoid into a working harmony with matter and spirit. But never on a basis of equality. Either the one or the other dominates, either we respond to the pull of the material (in which case we conform the superego to instinctual needs) or we respond to the transcendental which rests in God (in which case we conform the instinctual to the superego). The position between these alternatives is the position of the mediocre. It is the position of those who would establish a modus vivendi with the "real" world. The convinced Marxist is a hollower person than the convinced Republican. But a balanced and true integration of the person is that which comprehends, which includes the total man. Therefore it makes account of the differentia—of that which marks man from other species. Therefore a balanced and true integration subor-

dinates, without denying, the body to spirit, temporal to the eternal, justice to love. The superego (when it is divested from a content too narrowly the result of cultural phenomena) affords the unifying factor with which to achieve this integration. For the Christian it is the touch of Christ. For all men it is the compelling force of the transcendental.

Reality

Since the world of the Christian includes the transcendental—since it is the transcendental indeed that affords a reason for things, it is then as part of reality, as the greater part of reality, that we accept it. That it still appears important as to what one believes, how one regards others, how one responds to the demands of society. And it is important even if, from the temporal standpoint, it makes no difference, even if we influence no one, if we have no bearing on the age. It is important to be a pacifist though the whole world be at war; it is important to be anarchist though the whole world be composed of national states; it is important to be libertarian though the whole world deny freedom; it is important to be left-wing though the whole world bow to capitalism and Statism. We can go through the whole litany of opinions that are opposed to the prevalent opinions of society and though the chance of their realization be slight or practically impossible it is terribly important that we think that way, that we behave that way, that we oppose in that way. For it is terribly important what a man is, for what a man is will outlive the temporal setting of it and then it well may be that we realize that what a man is is the only relevant reality.

The compulsion to revolt can be explained as a manifestation of the libido. It can also be explained as the utilization of the libido by God for the purpose of revolt, as testimony to man as still free, as the guarantee of some small area of freedom in the world. The way of the pacifist, of the anarchist, of the Christian is becoming progressively more difficult. But it is worthwhile, all of it is worthwhile. Even though death come to us all today it is still worthwhile.

Wanted

The armed forces need killers, and a lot of World War II veterans are too old for the job now, Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey declared according to United Press, dispatch, July 20.

The blunt-talking director of the draft in World War II, who is again marshalling the nation's civilians for war, said in an interview that war is legalized murder and indicated the U. S. is not too well prepared for it.

"Last year," he said, "we had 7,000,000 killers and another 7,000,000 to back them up. But the killers are old now, 32 or 33. Many of them are used up, burned out, in spite of brilliant war records."

"There's a peacetime classification for a killer," he continued. "Men who fall into that category are anti-social. Except in wartime, homicide is an illegal profession."

Notice for Conscientious Objectors

C.O.'s who run into trouble or need advice should contact: Metropolitan Board for Conscientious Objectors, Room 1625, 5 Beckman Street, New York 7, N. Y.

and for nation wide service:

Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Penna.

shone red in the windows of the warehouses and piers. It was after rush hour and there were not many on the boat. It was a half hour interlude of peace and silence and refreshment. May the many who come to us on the island feel this calm and strength and healing power of the sea, and may it lift them to God as it has so often lifted me.

Definition of Poverty

(Continued from page 1)

defined as "a promise made to God voluntarily to renounce the right to own temporal goods and property."

Mike Gold, who involuntarily lived in poverty, defined it thus: "Poverty is bedbugs!"

The religious vow of poverty whether simple or solemn is not considered here. Georges Bernanos in one of his diary entries deplored the fact that for many religious the vow of poverty entails no more than a "pooling of avarice." The translation may be faulty, the implication certainly does not apply to the majority. Yet, it must be granted, for most religious, bound by the vow of poverty, there is a corresponding sense of security, a certain modicum of comfort insured. Which is their due if it does not insulate their conscience from feeling for the needs of the involuntary poor.

Nor is the poverty of bedbugs, for the benefit of the fastidious, considered for that belongs in the dreadful area of pauperism and destitution.

The definition to be sought is that of voluntary poverty.

As was said before, poverty is not an end. It is a means. Poverty is not the object of a special virtue, "but is good only" (says St. Thomas) "because it is useful to remove the obstacles which stand in the way of spiritual perfection." Therefore, the necessity of voluntary poverty seems obvious because we all as Christians are called to spiritual perfection. This call to spiritual perfection, it might be added, is a precept not a counsel; can't get to heaven without it. In other words, voluntary poverty (the renunciation of temporal superfluities) frees us. Frees us to love God, and to love our neighbor. Voluntary poverty is therefore the means of love, the Way to Love.

It is this simple statement—that causes all the sound and fury at the mention of voluntary poverty (detachment). Those who split theological hairs often seem in a mood to scalp us. "So likewise every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth cannot be my disciple." Leon Bloy energetically states: "If anyone tramples upon the Gospel by maintaining that it is possible to be a disciple of Jesus without forsaking all things, I become an idiot on the spot incapable of understanding anything."

Voluntary poverty, being the means that removes the obstacles which stand in the way of spiritual perfection, which is love, is primarily, the most potent means of preserving justice, without which love is impossible. It is a positive means of not being directly or indirectly guilty of injustice to our neighbor, the worker, the teeming multitudes slaving on below subsistence levels who produce the raw materials for modernity's inflated wants. It relieves us of the responsibility of being silent partners, or minority stockholders, in enterprises for the draining of the lifeblood of workers to fill an insatiable avarice. At this point, hairsplitters will explain at great length the difference between formal and material participation in injustice. That injustice is admitted at all in this matter of capital enterprise, even materially, by defenders of the status quo, we feel, is something gained.

Someone might say to me: "But what is this voluntary poverty you so flatulently write about? You say it is not pauperism, is not destitution; you hint that it is detachment, a renunciation of superfluous goods. My definition of poverty is that of a good Catholic sociologist, John A. Ryan, and he says: 'It is that more or less prolonged condition in which a person is without some of those goods essential to normal health and strength, an elementary degree of comfort, and right moral life' . . . If you think that anyone can voluntarily deprive himself of the goods necessary for his health and

right moral life, you are not only very wrong but definitely off your nut!" Someone might say to me in all charity.

And I would agree with him wholeheartedly.

The trouble is, as T. S. Eliot's Sweeney says (of quite another matter) "we gotta use words." And words that have been mangled out of meaning by association, connotation, and prejudice. And none more than "poverty" unless it be "charity." When the Gospel speaks of the necessity of poverty it is hardly that poverty which is a deprivation of health and morals that is meant. I trust that this much will be granted.

My personal definition of voluntary poverty is this: the sincere will to do without as much as one can in order to be free to live a full human life.

A full human life is one that tends most fully towards its end. The end of man is God. The full human life is a growth in the knowledge, love, and service of God.

Contemplation, mystical union with God, is the highest human activity, according to St. Thomas and other theologians, and therefore society should be organized to achieve in the greatest number this highest human activity.

Acquisitiveness is the lowest human activity. Our modern world is called the acquisitive Society.

"In practice the way to contemplation is an obscurity so obscure that it is no longer even dramatic. There is nothing left in it that can be grasped and cherished as heroic or even unusual. And so, for a contemplative there is a supreme value in the ordinary routine of work and poverty and hardship and monotony that characterize the lives of all the poor and uninteresting and forgotten people in the world." (Thomas Merton, SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION).

For a while, let us forget about poverty and consider riches. "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and loses his soul." What else does the Gospel say of riches? In the parable of the sower: "And he that received the seed among thorns, is he that heareth the word, and the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke it up the word, and he becometh fruitless." And as Jesus said to the very good young man who had kept all the commandments from his youth: "Yet one thing is wanting to thee: sell all whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me." He having heard these things, became sorrowful; for he was very rich. "And Jesus seeing him become sorrowful, said: How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.

"For it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." "And they that heard it said: Who then can be saved?" "He said to them: The things that are impossible with men, are possible with God."

(It does seem unprofitable to spend a life wanting wealth, and whether or not one succeeds in attaining it, getting stomach ulcers, high blood pressure, and various neuroses anyway. At the end, win or lose, one has to gamble upon a "miracle" for a chance at heaven. "What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world?")

"To be rich is to have more than enough and the superfluity goes to rot." (Eric Gill.) "Woe to you rich men," the apostle James said. "Weep and howl in your miseries, for your riches are putrid."

The highest standard of living in the world (physically, at least, for those who can afford it) is the boast of America. It also happens to have the highest crime rate in the world. It has the greatest number of mental patients. The best market for contraceptives. It has moreover a superior number of engines of death.

ates good jobs, that is jobs that pay good money. Money is good whether the work is honest or not, whether the work is natural or not. The concept of vocation is medieval. One has a child, or a dog, if one can spare the price.

Fashionable clothes, a presentable motor car (a new one each year, that is), an address in the right neighborhood ("niggers" and "likes" zoned out), ability to brag about being in the right places (invariably morally wrong places), seeing SOUTH PACIFIC, the latest, lightclad female on ice skates, the dirtiest joke from the newest jerk in the latest nightclub, all these and more are the desiderata of modern urban man. For these doubtful ephemerides he will spend his whole and only life, for these he, perhaps, will exchange his soul.

This rationalization is so common that it is thought natural, and even virtuous. It is the Zeitgeist. It bears the stamp of approval of Public Opinion. It is the philosophy of the bourgeoisie ("those enemies of Jesus Christ; the philosophy or sales-osophy) of Messrs. Hearst, Henry Luce, Billy Rose, John Powers, and 20th Century-Fox, et al. The fundamental logic of this irrational mode of life is held self-evident. It may be simply stated: That which tickles the flesh is good.

Despite the earnest voices from



the radio networks (and television) which endeavour to convince us with varied accompaniments of comedians, orchestras, "torch-singers," and assorted offal, that we need more and more of this and that, from gentle laxatives and baked beans to new senators and government bonds, the truth is that we need less and less of everything for a happy life, less food, less clothes, less printed matter, less conveniences, and less radio announcers, et cetera.

It is a fact that a wise man who seeks to simplify his wants feels a greater triumph in giving up a fancied need than the ordinary man experiences in acquiring some new gadget. One has shed a burden, the other is bound with a new fetter. Contrary to a popular belief, it is not the poor who complain loudest of poverty but those who lack not the necessities of life but some of its superfluities.

As many well-meaning persons confuse poverty with destitution they likewise confuse the lack of money with poverty or the presence of money as the absence of poverty. In the present world money is a necessity, and the lack of it means death except for those few, frugal, peaceful families that depend for subsistence entirely upon the land. But for most of us a certain amount of money is necessary. But beyond that amount money is a commodity to be bought or not to be bought, a luxury in which we may either indulge or stint ourselves, like any other. Henry Thoreau put it this way: "The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." Robert Louis Stevenson said:

commenting upon this, states it: "The price we have to pay for money is paid in liberty. And there are many luxuries that we may legitimately prefer to it, such as a grateful conscience, a country life, or the woman of our inclinations. Trite, flat, and obvious as this conclusion may appear, we have only to look round us in society to see how scantily it has been recognized; and perhaps even ourselves, after a little reflection, may decide to spend a trifle less for money and indulge ourselves a trifle more in the article of freedom . . . It is true that we might do a vast amount of good if we were wealthy, but it is also highly improbable; not many do; and the art of growing rich is not only quite distinct from that of doing good, but the practice of the one does not at all train a man for practicing the other."

Money we need, but beyond the need for simple food, clothing, and shelter, the desire of money is a master. Voluntary poverty (the denial of multifarious desires) makes us free; free to live a full human life. The money we need is a servant, the money we don't absolutely need is a master. You cannot serve God and Mammon.

Someone might ask: "Do you want everyone to dress the same, like the Amish, and maybe raise a beard to save buying razorblades? Do you want everyone to live in simple whitewashed cottages like a government housing project for veterans, and maybe be vegetarians beside?" These questions, and ones similar, have been asked in discussions on the spirit of poverty. Because it is not grasped that voluntary poverty is of the spirit, and the spirit cannot be regimented.

Whereas voluntary poverty is absolute in its spirit it is relative in external manifestations. St. Louis, King of France, dwelt in a palace, and dressed like a king. But next to his skin hidden by the robes of state he wore a hair shirt. He fasted in private; he entertained paupers at his table, and washed the feet of the poor, and like St. Francis waited on lepers. The same absolute spirit of poverty animated both Louis and Francis, but externally they appeared worlds apart; they were brothers in poverty on earth, and are brothers now in heaven. St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, was a beautiful example of a life of poverty forced by duty to live amid splendor without sacrificing its spirit nor her love of the poor.

The governor of a state may live in a mansion, ride in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, and yet be a lover of poverty. The late Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, formerly governor of Michigan (where he showed his love of the worker in the time of the sitdown strikes) died absolutely penniless. A person may live in apparent luxury and yet be a lover of the poor and poor in spirit, as much as a nun in her cloister or a follower of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. For they use the perquisites of the position they occupy as necessary for the common good, but their heart is free. It is this detachment from material things that constitutes the spirit of poverty. It is this freedom that is the means to the love of God and our fellow-men. It is always the desire for wealth, not the mere material possession of it, that is the root of evil. (Remember how Mr. Blue enjoyed his wealth!) Conversely, the path to perfection is utter detachment. "So likewise every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth cannot be my disciple."

In Catholic terminology: there must be a spiritual renunciation of everything not necessary to our state in life.

St. Remigius, Bishop of Rheims, needed due to his high office and duties a more spacious dwelling than a member of his flock, but when he saw his palace burn to the ground his comment was indicative of his attachment to it. "A fire," he said, "is always a pleasant sight." A medieval prig pretended to be scandalized because Bernard,

Mott Street

(Continued from page 1)

days of the Winter you can see quite a few men from the Bowery come in to pray and to get warm. Yes, this will be a heart breaking move since we are leaving behind so many things we love. Besides it is an end of an era and we are sorrowfully aware that there is no recapturing the past.

Peter Pans

From the above you may think that we are a group of Peter Pans who refuse to accept the hard realities of life and desist in growing up. But you would not be quite accurate. However we all do possess a streak of Peter Pan in our makeup and I do think that it is a very desirable quality in anyone. For one thing it does help you in understanding recluses, people who unwisely refuse to make any changes in their lives. Like the fifted woman in "Great Expectations" who wore her wedding gown and kept the marriage feast intact for a number of years as the spiders spun their webs around the room and the rats gnawed deep into the wedding cake.

Hospitals

Due to all the ruction raised by my previous comments in past columns re man's inhumanity to man as exhibited in Catholic hospitals, I decided that I didn't want to ever hear the word hospital mentioned again. However I must say that most of the letters were in sympathy with my plea for proper treatment for the destitute in the "charity" wards of our Catholic hospitals. But the thing that grated me was the action of a priest and a couple of nuns who criticized me on the ground that I was not being charitable in my dealing with the subject. Well maybe this is not the way to go about improving hospital conditions for the poor. Perhaps it would be more effective if I started waving the American flag and display my overseas bars along with my service stripes plus my South Pacific campaign ribbons. To make a long story longer I wasn't destined not to mention hospitals in this column again since I was personally involved in four encounters with said houses of pain.

Personal Contact

My first affair was experienced at the emergency receiving ward of a city hospital. I had a temperature of 104.5. They took my name, age and address and directed me to the waiting room, where I sat for an hour. Finally they got around to examining me, but were unable to diagnose the case. I was stabbed with a shot of penicillin and sent home to rest. A week later I suffered a reaction to the drug. I became nauseous and my face, head and limbs began to swell. Fool that I was I applied to the same hospital for further treatment. This time the internes, who knew less about medicine than a tenderfoot boy scout, diagnosed my trouble as the results of bedbug bites plus body lice. A nurse and interne actually examined my body for vermin. I informed them that it was a reaction to the needle of penicillin that they had given me the week before. They discarded this information, but finally issued the proper medicine to cope with my trouble. After ten days the penicillin poisoning cleared up and I returned to my couch with a case of pleurisy. Only the extreme pain from the pleurisy forced me to visit another hospital, this time a Catholic hospital. The doctor was unable to diagnose the simple malady and did not believe that I should be hospitalized. After four hours of no relief from the pains I was issued, at my request, one codeine pill. The pill brought relief and I was discharged in the wee hours of the morning. Well, to bring this terrible saga to an end, I was hospitalized two months later for a week in a city hospital. All the patients were charity cases in that particular hospital. But the care and treatment given in that institution was unbelievably

+ From The Mail Bag +

C.I.O.

Today, many of we youngsters under forty who spear-headed the early battles of the once missionarizing C.I.O., are awakening to the sickening realization that the C.I.O. has gone the way of all "official" labor federations. After much frustrated struggling, I have reached many of the conclusions expounded in the "Ludlow Series" of the Catholic Worker.

In the labor hierarchy of America today there is hardly a labor leader in the democratic sense of the word. There are only functionaries of a vast government approved labor front. These bureaucrats have moulded and pressed the activities of labor into middle class sanctioned channels. Labor unions have become efficient corporations which do an excellent job in chaining the workers to the chariot of big business, big government, and big war making, on a "master" and "servant" basis.

Middle Class

To be sure unions have abolished the worst abuses of capital—but what wise master has not done as well for his servants? With consistent zeal unions have copied the virtues of the middle class (which they serve) as well as its shortcomings. For instance the old I.W.W. (and the early C.I.O.) was founded on the racial, economic, and political equality of all workers throughout the world. Today the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. have bowed to the racist ideals of the American bourgeoisie. In the south we have "Jim Crow" locals; in the water front towns we have racist policies in Maritime union halls. Of course these federations do not refuse union dues payers who are Negroes that too is a sound business practice.

The international phase of labor too has gone by the board. Today to suggest that the semi-civilized native helots of the western colonial powers should be united in the world labor movement is to risk the charge of treason and the loss of one's membership.

To suggest that workers should have a voice and even a vital role in the directing of the ultimate aims of industry is to be dubbed a disrupter or a "red." The so-called "left" unions are quite as bureaucratic as the "right" unions. The only difference is that the "left" unions are more militant due to their pro-communist ideology. It is not without significance that Harry Bridges came out of the I.W.W. and today is perhaps the only labor leader in America—in the sense that he represents the revolt of the American worker against middle class restraints. His recent conversion to official communism has not quenched the early I.W.W. zeal in him.

Remedy

I am advised that I dwell too much on the negative; very well, here is my remedy:

1. We must decentralize the treasuries and machinery of the unions into regional groups.
2. Revise the administration of the unions on syndicalist lines. No one can be so naive as to suggest that international unions are "democratic."
3. Political action is a farce under our two party (one party in reality) system. No political gain is possible until it is preceded by an economic victory.
4. Concentrate on decentralized economic gains:

- a-Cooperative movements
- b-local medical and health plans
- c-group projects of all kinds
- d-educational projects

5. To summarize: In Chinese style we must erect the type of a labor movement that will be un-

attractive to all but workers. I have the power politicians in mind. I would like comments on this.

John J. O'Neill
1107½ Bangor St.
Bay City, Michigan

Belgium

Pax Christi!

Dear Editor:

We are unknown to you and to your faithful readers, but nevertheless through our amiable saint, the little Therese of Lisieux, we rely on enjoying all your sympathy. Also it is with confidence in your good heart, and driven by our needs, that we dare very simply to expose our situation.

Already before the war, our resources were very insufficient. The interest on our dowries and the income from our needlework could only support us during three months of the year.

Our convent was very hard hit by a bombardment in the neighborhood. We still have many big repairs to make. All the roof is urgently in need of repair. The expenses would come to more than 300,000 Belgian francs!—and there is already the cost of living and the heavy taxes to overwhelm us and we have no more hope of taking care of the damages of the war.

The war took away our best benefactors. We no longer know to whom to turn, and in conscience we cannot impose any greater privations on our sisters, of whom several are aged and infirm.

The maintenance of our community has become a problem which only Divine Providence can solve. God takes care of the little birds, but He does not bring the food to their nests. They themselves must build their nests and hunt for their "billfuls."

We beg little Therese to reward your bounty in our regard by her most beautiful rose.

Your humble servants in Jesus and Mary,

Mother Anne of Jesus
and all the community.

Carmel,
9 rue de la Caserne,
Lokeren, Belgique.

India Appeal

Dear Friend in Christ:

I hope you will pardon me for writing this letter. I am an Indian, Syrian Catholic Priest in the Diocese of Trivavalla under the jurisdiction of my Bishop, Dr. Mar Severios. My sphere of activity is located in Nir Anam, which may prove of interest to you, for it is one of the seven spots where tradition tells us Saint Thomas, the Apostle of our Lord, established a Church in India in the year A.D. 52. The Christian Church in Malabar on the southern tip of the west coast of India, is therefore, as old as Christianity itself, founded as it was by Saint Thomas in the 1st Century A.D., as a branch of the Universal Church. Here it flourished until the 17th Century, when Schism crept in, with the result that the Church of Malabar was split up with two powerful groups, one continuing to owe allegiance to the Roman See and the other coming under the rule of the Schismatic Patriarch of Antioch. This split was accentuated in the 17th Century, and subsequent centuries by the advent of the Protestant Missionaries in the wake of the acquisition of India by the East India Company.

Later centuries saw several attempts at the reunion movement of the Schismatic Church of Malabar with the Church of Rome, but

none materialized until 1930. Then the reunion movement of Malabar was born under the leadership of an Archbishop and a Bishop in the very territory where I am now working.

Nir Anam is one of the main centers of the reunion movement for two reasons: First, it is one of the seven places visited by the Apostle St. Thomas, and second, it has a very large non-Catholic population, most of whom belong to the Orthodox Jacobite Church. The Jacobites are well organized; they have a big edifice of a church, of which I had been the Vicar for about 15 years, before my submission to the Holy Catholic Church in the year 1932, a full-fledged English High School, of which I was the Headmaster for over 15 years, and several other institutions. Compared to these, the small, but slowly growing reunited Catholic congregation has nothing. Their Church is a small, temporary shed. For the education of their children they have to depend upon the Jacobite School. Their primary need is a church, for which they have acquired a good site. The church building will cost about 12,000 rupees, or £4,000. It will be dedicated to Mary, Mother of God, whose name the original Church founded by Saint Thomas, at Nir Anam, now in the hands of the Jacobites, was dedicated by the Apostle.

Praying that God will abundantly reward your efforts in our behalf, I remain, with my blessing,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

N. G. Kuriakose.

District Vicar.

St. Mary's Church,
Niranam A. O. & P. O.,
Travancore, S. India.

Any stipend for a Mass or by the enrollment of the deceased in our "Spar Haye" may be sent to my address.

Needy Priest

Immaculate Conception Chapel,
Valavoor, Palai P. O.
Travancore, S. India

May 22nd, 1950.

Dear Miss Dorothy Day:

Your Monthly "The Catholic Worker" was recommended by the editor of the "Apostle" magazine in the April issue of it. I am a regular reader of it.

I am a Catholic priest who has now labored in the mission fields of India for 25 years. In my lifetime I have not been in so much difficulties as I am now in. I am sick. I could not say mass for five months. Famine is on the increase. Price of food has increased even two times more.

So most earnestly I appeal to you for help. Dollar check or currency can be cashed out here. I will be ever grateful to you and remember you daily in Mass and personal devotions.

God bless you and the readers of the Catholic Worker.

Sincerely yours,
Fr. Abraham Kuttiankal.

Missionary

REV. APOLINE MATHIAS
St. Patrick's Church
Siddakatte P. O.
So. Kanara, So. India

June 20, 1950.

Dear Sir:

This is a small station dedicated to the Glorious Patron St. Patrick, with a population of 1,000 Catholics and over 10,000 non-Catholics. Most of our people are poor tenants of Hindu Landlords who exert their pound of flesh even to the extent of starving the defenseless tenants. Every conversion, therefore, entails on us the heavy burden of maintaining the entire family due to the accursed custom of boycotting socially and

Canada

The Recluse de J. M.
Falher, Alberta,
Canada.
May 22, 1950.

Dear Dorothy:

Thank you so very much for your appeals for my work with the Negroes—for Rosaries, Catechisms, etc.)

Since I am a "stranger and a pilgrim" as far as this world goes, and having no legal affairs—bank accounts, property, etc.—I was free to take the name of Montfort, in place of Todd. I always use that name now.

I am a lay helper (Catholic Action) to the Sisters of the Recluse at Falher, Alberta, now. They have a little dairy and I do their exterior commissions for them, so that they do not have to leave their Monastery. They have the perfect Christian spirit here. They have their first approbation from Rome. We have perpetual adoration—perpetual Rosary, silence and two foundresses who are certainly raised up by God to teach others Christian perfection. They engage very frequently during the day in liturgical prayers and their work is farming such as the Trappistines. Their habit is gray with a white veil and blue mantle for Chapel.

Will you be kind enough to announce this new Monastery in your paper? One of the very great acts of Christian charity which they practice is to take persons in weak and delicate health—even with serious disorders provided only that their will is good. It is strictly interracial. In fact Mother Guardian has a special love for the Negroes—and regardless of low education all (who can read) can say the Divine office in common. There are no lay and choir—all are the same. I hope you will specify in your announcement that she accepts Negro girls with the same love and devotion as the white. We are anxious to begin to have some colored sisters.

I have been reading your papers today and although I certainly had such a complicated personality and was so dirty and slothful while I was visiting there that I was of no use to any of you, still I am still nourishing my soul on the very clean and simple things which I learned there and I deeply appreciate that special grace which God has given me—that of having let me know The Catholic Worker.

I would love to correspond with any workers there or that you know who have an "extra" special love for our Blessed Mother. I love to write and speak of her—she has done so much for me.

With Christian love and devotion, I remain, always, in Mary Immaculate.

MARY MONTFORT

P. S.—Please have anyone interested in our order to contact:

Rev. Mother Guardian,
The Recluse of Jesus and Mary,
Falher, Alberta, Canada.

economically all converts to the True Faith!

Our immediate needs are: (1) A new church as the present rickety chapel is falling into ruins due to a leaking roof and tottering mud walls and it has been declared unsafe to conduct Divine services within the crumbling structure.

(2) Our two primary schools have to be enlarged since so many children are flocking to them that we cannot accommodate even half of them and the Government is pressing us to construct immediately new and spacious buildings.

(3) Then we want to demonstrate by good deeds our Catholic Action to the surrounding pagans by providing free meals, clothes, medical and stationery for all children irrespective of caste or creed if only we could afford to do it by your help.

Hence this urgent SOS from this distant corner of India. Our work may be aided by sending us donations and Mass stipends which are a great help. May I fervently hope that our cry of distress will not go unheeded by you?

Beseeching our Dear Lord to move your sympathetic heart and thanking you for your generous gift.

I remain,
Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

A. MATHIAS.

"The above appeal is heartily recommended."—(Sd.) V. R. Fernandes, Bishop of Mangalore.

Jesuit

Vallar is an island Jesuit Mission. It has a population of 9,000 souls. Of these 8,000 are pagans, mostly communists. Lately we had a sad experience from them. Vallar is hence known as the "Moscow of Travancore." There are 190 school-going children. A

well conducted primary school is necessary. No medical aid is obtainable in the island. A small dispensary will be an excellent means to draw the poor pagans to the True Religion. An orphanage is a crying need. My 1,000 Christians are of the laboring classes. Therefore your kind, small, spiritual and material help are humbly requested. Our merciful Lord will amply reward your generosity.

Yours in Xto.,
THOMAS KALAM, S.J.

TK SJ
R. C. Misison, Vallar,
Shertallai P. O., Travancore,
S. India.

I approve this appeal and recommend it to your charity.

(Sd.) Augustin Miranda, S.J.
Mission Superior.

Drought

Father Irudayam of India writes to us for help. There is fear of an acute food shortage in his parish. "Rains have failed this year and so too our first and important crop. Early in February the celebrated statue of Our Lady of Fatima passed through our mission. Since then some good showers have saved a little of our second crop. Already the cost of food-grains is rising and the coming scarcity will be acute. Our young men of Catholic Action are anxious to do what they can to relieve the distressed. But conditions are not favourable and they lack the means for procurement of grain. Yet they have great trust in St. Joseph and after him in you, our American friends.

Gratefully yours in Our Lord,
Rev. S. Irudayam
Roman Catholic Mission
Sendamaram
Via Kadayannallur
Tinnevely dt.
India.

The Keys to Knowledge

(Continued from page 1)

Christ who participated in it. She hasn't expressed herself on the score of the Mass and the rest of the liturgy, but her thoughts on the best way to convey the thoughts of Saint Thomas apply equally well in this instance.

"We must not take truths which are already impoverished, from their settings in the culture of the intellectuals so as to debase them, mutilate them and destroy their savour, but simply express these truths in all their fullness by means of a language which touches the heart for the sake of those whose hearts are molded by working class conditions." For her this transmission was not to be a "vulgarization but a translation—something very different. The art of transposing truths is one of the most essential and least understood. What makes it difficult is that in order to practise it one must have placed oneself at the very center of some truth and have taken possession of it in all its nakedness. Furthermore transposition constitutes a criterion for a truth: **WHATEVER CANNOT BE TRANPOSED IS NO TRUTH.**"

Whatever cannot be transposed is no truth, and so we must use all of our talents to make known to ourselves the reality of the Mass, which is the center of the Christ life in the world. How, indeed, are we to bring this about for ourselves and for the vast throngs of nominal Christians who are in complete ignorance of it—how are we to plumb this sacrifice of death which is profoundly a source of life, how are we to feed from this vast fund of living food?

The day which is especially the mass-day is Sunday — indeed in earlier times the liturgy was celebrated only on this day, the day which even now is known to the Russians as the "day of Resurrection" or "Little Easter." The Lord's day, Little Easter, the day of the Sun (the source of the world's light) assimilated many of the marks of the Jewish Sabbath. It is a day of rest from the week's labors and it is to be a day of prayers. But it is also a day when we return our week's work to God (which of course suggests to us that our work should have been accomplished in such a manner that it is an acceptable gift) and acknowledge that the week's accomplishment is not ours but His.

It is the day of a new beginning, when the keynote for the week is sounded, when the motif of prayer and action for the following six days is outlined, when we have witnessed the completion once again of the final mystery of Christ's life, the Resurrection. Father Clericis, the great Dominican spiritual director, said that "the liturgy was the very life of the Church, its life as Bride and Mother, the great sacramental which enabled souls to participate in all the mysteries in the life of Jesus Christ." Not merely to know with the intelligence but to participate in, and that means to become mixed up in, to be caught up by the life of Christ. And so it seems to me that a task is before all in the apostolate who sense the immediacy of the kingdom of God, which exists in our hearts—that kingdom which is not to be accomplished by our deaths but which exists in the here and now, in the eternity which inhabits the present moment.

The Holy Father in his encyclical on the Sunday, has expressed forcibly the duty of Christians to restore the Sunday to its dignity—to take from it those benefits which are there for the asking. But in great measure he leaves the method of restoration, the means we will use, the techniques we are to perfect for our times to ourselves. But the knowledge that we have the Mass is the core of the Sunday and that it is some thing not to be done by rote, but is a living thing and that it becomes so for us only when we begin to let it flood our lives—that it does bring with it suffering and pain together with joy—this knowl-

edge of the living Mass, of the living Truth, mixture of the waters of the material and the wine of the spirit will precede the chant—indeed the singing of the praises will come naturally to hearts full of this knowledge. And all of the other accoutrements which today are the property of specialists will begin once again to be the property of all of us.

But how to achieve all of this? As a starter there are two books, one especially good for group work and the other fine for the deepening of the love, and efficacy of the mass-life in the individual soul. Not that the Mass can ever be a personal devotion, but the knowledge of just what it is I expect will come to us in this way.

Restore the Sunday, published at Grailville, Loveland, Ohio, is designed for the sanctification of the Sunday in lay life. Divided in two parts it is an intensive study of the meaning of Sunday by scholars in the field from Europe, but without the deadly pedantic approach which frequently accompanies essays of this kind. Merely to mention Pere A. M. Henry, O.P. the editor of *La Vie Spirituelle* and Doms Jacques Froger, Jean Hild, Damasus Winzen, Jean Gallard, all Benedictines and finally Father Romano Guardini known to most of us in this country as the author of *The Church and the Catholic* is enough recommendation. However, in passing, I can't press too urgently the need for the wider distribution of the book. It should be in the hands of any educator who has the task of bringing the liturgy to those young people in our schools who are going to have to shoulder the immense task of changing the world. Study groups who are thinking of studying the Mass couldn't do better than to get hold of this book and use it as the basis for their work. It may well be that Grailville will get together a study group program for use in conjunction with the book. The price is \$2.50 a copy, and I don't know if there is a reduction for group ordering of it. The second part of the book is concerned with the celebration of the Sunday in Lay life, and written by lay people from various parts of the country and it is full of concrete, practical suggestions which have been worked out in practice. But all of these suggestions presume a deeper interest in and knowledge of the Mass than is generally had by the so-called everyday Catholic, and it is for this reason that I am recommending that in conjunction with *Restore the Sunday* a second book be used.

The *Splendour of the Liturgy* by Maurice Zundel has been out of print for some time now, but Sheed and Ward have indicated that they would re-issue it if demands came in. I can only hope that if it is brought out again that it will be in a paper-backed edition which will put it within the reach of every purse. It is that kind of a book, it should be had by everyone who owns a missal and is trying to use it. For a complete handling of the subject of the Sacred Mystery I don't know a better book. For once a publisher's jacket blurb lives up to its expectations, and the *Splendour of the Liturgy* does do for the Mass what Karl Adam did for the Mystical Body in the *Spirit of Catholicism*. Each part of the Mass, each prayer that is offered by the priest and the faithful is considered, some background is given, and then an intensive essay, a meditation really, is given on the deeper meaning and significance of the prayer or action that is going on at the altar. The whole book hangs together as a unit however, and you do get the impression that the Mass is one prayer, one liturgical act, the various parts of which flow and fit together. The emphasis, if there is one, is on the communal aspects of the sacrifice. There is a wealth of scholarship in this book, particularly in relation to the

psalms. In the Mass as we have it today only parts of the psalms are used. Here we have a fitting of the versicles into their proper background, and the Mass takes on a sense of coherency it never possessed before. On this point I would like to pass on a suggestion a young monk made to me once. When he first went to the monastery he said that the thing he discovered he needed most in his life in relation to the liturgy was a deepening of his love for the psalms. He decided that his Mass preparation for each Sunday would be merely the complete reading of the psalms which are only mentioned in the Mass itself. Each Sunday these would change, and he argued that the constant reading of them brought out a wealth of new meaning to the Sunday Mass. I have tried it and found that this simple method of Mass preparation is the best I have yet discovered. All you need for it is a copy of the psalter which is in the Old Testament and a Sunday missal. I would like to have each of you see the *Splendour of the Liturgy*, I'm sure that you will be convinced of its value, but in lieu of that here is the essay on the Credo. I think too that in light of the Holy Father's encyclical on Dogma which was issued this month that it is to the point.

The Deacon incenses the book of the Gospels, the priest kisses it and the acolytes escort it with their tapers. It is the Eternal Word to which they do homage under the veil of words, the Person of the Word they salute, His Presence they worship. For Christianity is essentially Christ. It is not so much His teaching as His Person. The texts therefore cannot be detached from Him without immediately losing their meaning and their life. The cleverness of the critics, their patience and their integrity have enabled them to achieve, and they have in fact achieved, most valuable results in the material study of the books which contain the beliefs of the primitive Church. But without the faith these endowments have not sufficed to admit these critics to the inner life of the text and make them grasp the continuous, moving mysterious radiation of the Presence which is their soul.

That is to say, the essence of their message will never be revealed save to the vision of the believer who strives to live it just as the deepest intimacy of a person is accessible solely to the love which places us within him.

Faith is precisely this inward Divine vision, as charity is the inner Divine love of the heart.

No demonstration, no argument will ever be of any assistance on this highest level, that is to say, unless it proceeds from within itself and confines itself to bringing out the implicit content of the faith.

This indeed is what dogma often does, though it is sometimes condemned as a rationalist superstructure, disfiguring the simplicity of the Gospel. For its critics have looked at dogma with the same fleshy vision (no doubt in perfect good faith) with which other more radical critics have viewed its sources, that is to say the Gospel itself.

The word Dogma, in fact, often inspires panic in minds genuinely religious and deeply sincere. (Their fright is perfectly intelligible for they are no longer at the Center where everything is made clear. And if we would be truthful we must admit that the way in which dogma is presented does not always make it easy to return to the center. It therefore often happens that, if we re-handle problems from the inside and in language not depreciated by prejudices, it is not

Hate!

By CHARLES WILLIAM PHILLIPS

The entrepreneur,
Thinking only of a worker's good,
Only of his fight
For beans and bread and beer,
A place to put Brother Ass at night,
That sleep might black out penury and pain:
He says, the entrepreneur:
"Too much is not enough.
Half a buck an hour more means fewer jobs;
And men will hide their ragged cuffs,
Shrink into the shadows, making themselves small,
Because they have no jobs—
A floor under pay
Puts a ceiling on sweat."

The conservative,
Applauder of progress,
Hands stinging from applause, throat hoarse from cheers,
Acknowledgment of inch-worm getting on,
Congratulation of snail really moving up:
He says, the conservative,
"By the blessed bones of Adam Smith, I swear,
Things must get on,
They must move up.
But progress is the turtle
Winning against the hare
Who represents reform.
The table, neat and clean,
Piled with amorphous shapes of green and brown and red,
Inviting lips of open, teeth to grind—
Enough and more for all—
Gets there by mysterious trends,
By the magic of the sacred Market—
Which is not men who sweat and buy and sell,
But Forces understood by few,
And by none controlled.
I say, Do nothing!
God moves in mysterious ways."

The Southerner,
Oozing sleek sympathy for Uncle Joe and Mammy,
Winking at white-toothed piccaninnies
Who "steal-of-course (they-all-do),"
The watermelon from the neighbor's heavy field;
The Coca-cola from the village store:
He says, the Southerner,
"You just don't know our problem.
We really love them all. They're children. Our children.
F. E. P. C. would orphan them,
Civil rights deprive them of our care,
That man who wears the neat pin-stripe
And handsome grey felt hat,
Who thinks himself a second Lincoln
Because he once sold socks to men
And Stetsons—just doesn't know.
He sows the seeds of fury.
Leave us our children!
We will care for them in our own way."
It is all one thing—
A twisted thing,
A towel soaked in human blood
And then rung out without a rinse;
A thing not made for human wit to fathom, this—
The grey hypocrisy of human love deformed;
The tears whose salt has lost its savour;
The long-range view of the empty sockets;
The bottle of kindness with the mark
Of crossbones and a skull;
The preference for the billboards out the window of the train
When some cruel shape comes in the car
Rattling a tin cup.

It's all one thing—
A thing too deep to fathom,
A chasm not to be looked into by those whom heights make sick—
It's all one thing:
The missing Christ—
The Christ not seen—
It's all one thing—
The Christ not seen—
The missing Christ.

It's all one thing:
Absence of Christ—HATE!

difficult to show the spiritual fruitfulness of a doctrine which at first sight seemed without bearing on the life of the soul) Dogma is simply the orderly expression of the Christian faith, and the progressively developed statement—as the mind grasps the different aspects of its object—of the implications which in the course of centuries have displayed the mysterious fertility of the primitive deposit. Dogma that is to say, leaves us at the heart of the mystery, and always brings us back to the same center, the Person of Jesus. Of its very nature dogma appears incomprehensible in those who look at it from outside. For it is but the progressively more explicit expression of the most intimate self-confidence that God could make to us.

Thus Jesus was no more than a cranky or dangerous dreamer in the eyes of the politicians held captive by appearances.

They thought they saw Him, because He was before their eyes: His true Personality was inaccessible to them.

In the same way dogma is a scandal to those who approach it from the outside, grasping only the literal, that is the material meaning of its terms. To the believer it is bread of life. For he approaches it from within, as he would approach a person, with the humility of Faith and the reverence of Love, as we receive the confidences of someone we love, hearing beneath each word the beating of his heart.

Dogma is always at bottom Christ. Dogma is a Person. Through all the statements that strive to utter Him, it is to Jesus Himself that the entire being is attached by an inner contemplation, increasingly transparent, and an adherence of the heart ever more intimate. Dogma in fact possesses a sort of sacra-

(Continued on page 8)

Fasting and Picketing

(Continued from page 1)

Why are poor Oriental peasants who have seldom eaten a square meal in their lives choosing to fight us?

Why does Communism appeal to so many people? Is it because we have failed as Christians?

Why are we in this mess? Because you have sought security outside of yourself instead of accepting responsibility. Because you left matters to the politicians, took their bribes of pensions and subsidies, and their impossible promises of prosperity.

My guilt—For seven years I have refused to pay income taxes for war and bombs. I am fasting for these five days as a penance for not having awakened more people to the fact that the way of Jesus and Gandhi is not the way of the atom bomb. This war, like the last two, will not bring peace and freedom.

What can you do now? We made a revolution against England and are not free yet. The Russians made a revolution against the Czar and now have an even stronger dictatorship. It is not too late to make a revolution that will mean something — one that will stick; your own one-man revolution. It is not too late to be a man instead of a pipsqueak who is blinded by the love of money.

Are you a producer or a parasite? . . . Why not cease voting for all politicians? Why not refuse to make munitions or to go to war? Why pay income taxes for your own destruction?

A Cup of Cold Water

Week-days I seldom know a day ahead for which of the half dozen farmers I may be working. On Sundays I am at a different church selling CATHOLIC WORKERS and often meet interested Catholics and spend the afternoon with them. The following is the sixth instance where friends or total strangers have come to Phoenix and in a few hours miraculously found where I was on that special day. About six weeks ago I was visiting an enthusiastic young Catholic couple on a Sunday afternoon and discussing the CW movement. A knock came to the door and a young man inquired for me. He had graduated from Ann Arbor; was a young Jewish veteran, and had somehow skipped the agony of Socialist and Communist activity, and had at once become an anarchist. He had read the CW in the Labadie Collection at the U. of Michigan, and the anarchist curator of this excellent library of radical thought, had suggested that before he go further in radical thought or commercial pursuits that he should look me up in Arizona. He quit his job and hiked down here in four days. Inquiring as to the location of my postal address he was told that it was west of town. Getting into a bus headed westward he was asked by the driver where he wanted to go. Noticing a CW at the drivers wheel he said that he wanted to get off where that Hennacy was who wrote in the CW. The driver replied that I had handed him that paper on his previous trip that day and he had let me off at a certain stop. By this time the bus had turned north instead of west but here he was knocking at the door of the house where I was at that time.

This young man, Jack Yaker had the regular anarchist criticism of society, but as with most anarchists did not have positive ideas and deeds with which to build toward the new society. When we discussed my plans for the fast he offered to be at hand and give me a drink of distilled water every half hour or so. By the time of the fast he had met my Catholic pacifist and anarchist friends here and read old copies of the CW

so that he understood the mood in which a fast should be conducted.

Monday

I had made a hinge in the middle of the handle of the larger sign so I could carry it in a bus. This hot August day started off well for a few steps from Rik's home as we left for the bus a carpenter offered us a ride part way down town. Jack took the signs and waited in the cool of the Greyhound station while I went to St. Mary's to mass. In my search for truth and respect for the CW staff I have for some time attended mass and said my own prayers each Sunday. Likewise on this Monday I asked for guidance and light.

I had a small quality of pink slips, CW's, and folded tax statements in the back pocket of my Levi's. I had walked the three sides of this block three other times when I picketed against payment of taxes so the ground was familiar. Shouts of "Go back to Russia, you Commie" were frequent. One Catholic lady who said she had bought CW's from me at St. Mary's cordially took a pink slip and when I walked on and a man shouted for me to go back to Russia, this lady turned to him and said "Go back to Russia yourself."

Those who fast do not stop to eat so I kept on during the noon hour. A few now and then greeted me kindly, most were fearful to be seen talking to me, and many shouted insults to me. About 3 p.m. a news reporter and photographer stopped me for an interview. About twenty-five people gathered around. One man was especially noisy, poking his finger in my face and shouting Russia, "the boys in Korea," etc. One big man said that back in his state they tarred and feathered people like me and threw them in the Ohio River. I told him I was raised near the Ohio River and inferred that he was not near as bad as he made out to be. He said I was a disgrace to his native state. He and several others said they would take me out in the desert the next day if I showed up picketing. I answered the many questions as best I could. Jack was standing on the outside of the crowd with his jug of water. A lady said to him "That fellow isn't a Commie. He pickets here every year." After the noise had subsided a little I took a drink of water and resumed my picketing. My friend from Ohio and the other man insulted me as I passed often but nothing happened.

The Law

After 4 p.m. the T man came up and handed me a card which read: Seized for the account of the United States on 8-7-50 by virtue of warrant for distraint issued by the collector of internal revenue, district of Arizona. Deputy Collector . . . I poster for picket line.

Actually there were three posters but I handed them over saying that I would get some new ones made and picket the next day.

Tuesday

I had no wood for the large poster so copied what was on it for my sandwich signs and rather nervously picketed again on Tuesday. The ARIZONA REPUBLIC had a good picture of myself and signs about 2 1/2 by 4 inches on the page opposite to the editorial page.

The picture showed my large sign which read:

75%

Of Your Income Tax Goes for War And the Bomb.

I Have Refused to Pay Income Taxes For the Last Seven Years.

The 7:30 a.m. broadcast gave the above, after describing picketing of a restaurant by the AFL union. One for union recognition, one for peace recognition.

My sandwich sign in front as pictured in the paper read: Reject WAR Choose the GANDHI WAY.

As I picketed I presented first the sign with inch black border which read: HIROSHIMA Was A Bombed Five Years Ago. I am Fasting For Five Days In MEMORIAM.

The red sandwich sign read: Your Income Tax Upholds Foreign and American Imperialism.

I was much cheered to receive a telegram from Dorothy Day and the CW the spiritual emphasis of which strengthened me as I glanced toward the T man's window expecting him to come and take my signs away. A Jehovah's Witness was waiting for me in a car and said he was my friend and had been on the edge of the crowd the day before. I had given him a CW and pink slip and tax statement the day before. He was kindly but advised me to beware of the tricks of the Catholic Church. I showed him the telegram I had just received and he admitted that he had never heard of such radical Catholics.

I also met a young man, a veteran of five years, who said he was atheistic. After reading the CW and my other literature he told me his Irish name and said he was a fallen away Catholic who had never heard of such a fine radical paper as the CW. Later I received a card from him saying that he would see me at mass Sunday at St. Mary's.

Jack kept bringing me water to drink. At 5 p.m. I was so tired I could hardly sit up. I went to Rik's that night and slept 12 hours. I did not have any headache or stomach ache but realized that I



ought to have stopped for half an hour and rested.

Wednesday

I had read in books and Dorothy and others had told me that Jesus on the Cross meant something special. I had changed from an atheist to be a non-church Christian when reading the Bible in solitary in Atlanta in 1918, but I never could see any connection between Jesus and churches which supported capitalism and war. This morning, however, in the midst of my fasting and prayer, and picketing in 106 degrees, there came to me a feeling that Jesus on the cross here at St. Mary's did mean something special to me. I have been quite smart in calling non-Christian Anarchists pipsqueaks and in admitting that I had much Courage and Wisdom. I have known all along that I lacked that Love which radiates from Dorothy and true CW's. Now, as I looked over the congregation I did not feel so smart. I felt a desire to be one of them and to help them instead of being so critical. Maybe this is the beginning; but what there is of value that comes to me will have to come from the heart and not from the intellect. This does not mean that I condone church support of war and capitalism. It means that I will not allow it to keep me from God; and from that Jesus who was a true rebel.

I went with Jack to the Greyhound and rested for half an hour in the middle of the morning. I also took a salt tablet now and then as it was 109 degrees in the shade and much hotter on the pavement. My J. W. friend stopped to see me. Two Franciscan priests whom I did not know personally took my literature gladly. One priest called my name from his car. I had corresponded with his atheistic uncle and had sent him a CW, so he knew who it ought to be picketing the post office.

The T man passed and smiled

but did not offer to take my signs. There was not quite so much name calling as on Monday. In the afternoon the leader of those who had reviled me on Monday stopped with a friendly smile and apologized, saying that he had been drunk; that now he knew what my pleas were. Each day of my fast he performed kindly deeds to help me and argued with others that I was a fine fellow.

One of my employers came along in a car and took me to a nearby park where I rested on the grass for half an hour. Just at this time some Catholic anarchist friends came by looking for me and some one told them that I had been arrested. One of my CW priest's called Rik and found out that I was still free and picketing.

That night I felt fine.

Thursday

The cap that I wore while picketing had a double length green visor and was given to me by a Catholic veteran who had used it in the navy. This morning I forgot it. But it seems that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" for it was cloudy nearly all day, although the sticky heat continued. I was glad to receive several letters from Dorothy and a card from some one in Paris who had somehow heard of my fast.

I drank about a gallon of water a day and was not too weary, although I walked at a slower pace and could not have run a mile for a million.

In the afternoon the T man came up to me goodnaturedly and said that he had a bid for \$5 for my signs from some one who wanted them as a souvenir. He asked friendly questions about my life, my daughters, my ideas, and after reading Dorothy's telegram said that he understood the basis of my opposition to the status quo. He felt, as I did, that there was nothing personal. He had his duty to do. He had tried to garnishee my wages and had taken away my signs, so he could report some activity on his part. He said I had a right to peacefully picket and departed in a cordial spirit. We met several times later as I picketed. He did not like my reference to himself as a servant to Caesar in a letter I had written to him, but I told him this was perhaps a poetic way of saying it, but I meant it.

Friday

This was the hottest day of all. To tell the truth I became a clock-watcher and seemed to drink more water than ever. I met a few surly people now and then but more and more people seemed to take my pink leaflet. One elderly man took the slip and remarked that he and his family were friends of mine, for I had given literature to his wife the day before and he had read my tax statement and the slip to his congregation of fundamentalists at his little mission west of Phoenix. One man whose employment kept him near to my picketing had muttered patriotic obscenities all the times I had picketed here. Today he was pleasant and wondered how I got by with not paying taxes.

I handed a pink slip to a lady whose face seemed familiar. She refused it saying: "You gave me one Monday. I took it home and read it and burned it. I wouldn't have such trash in my home." It was my defender of the first day who had told the man to go back to Russia. Such is life.

About a sixth of the people called me names; about half of them were fearful, but if one in a row took literature the others followed, and if one refused the others did likewise. The remainder were friendly. Nearly all Negroes and Mexicans took my literature. I began the fast weighing 143 pounds. I ended it weighing 120. Now a week later I weigh 140. I broke the fast with tomato juice, a peach, pear, plum, orange and grapes, and was digging a ditch at 9 a.m. the next day and have been hard at work ever since.

Mott Street

(Continued from page 3)

excellent from the attendants all the way through the nurses and doctors. If you were a millionaire you could not have received better care. This hospital I shall name. It is Metropolitan Hospital, on the north end of Welfare Island.

Second Best

In our work here we have been very fortunate in coming across a middle-aged couple who have been married for a number of years. Both of them are alcoholics, but have been trying desperately hard to overcome this affliction and have made great strides thus far. He has a job now and is doing fine. She was telling us one day how she had been out visiting one day and returned to her home at night to get his supper. While she was busy around the house she discovered that his two new shirts had disappeared. She questioned him on shortage of shirts when he came in. He said that he had run into a friend that day who told him that he needed two shirts to get a job. She was somewhat puzzled, and reproached him, claiming that he could have at least given his friend a couple of the old shirts that were in good condition. The husband very meekly replied that he didn't wish to give his second best to a friend.

Prudence

Occasionally we have the opportunity to visit with seminarians and priests from the South and invariably the inter-racial issue comes to the foreground. Each time the discussion gets underway we are told several times that we do not understand the mentality of the southern white Catholic, however, we are never told that we do not understand Catholicism in such matters. Our suggestions to remove the lines of segregation immediately are brushed aside with the statement that prudence must be exercised otherwise the Church will lose the white population. Somehow or other these arguments fail to seriously impress us as the years roll on. What does add to our chagrin is that so many of us Catholics still think in terms of numbers. It is probably due to our mass producing mentality which generally adheres to the fallacy that the more people we have glued to some particular idea the more valid that idea becomes. Once the idea catches on it is rarely if ever scrutinized by the majority of its adherents. Supposing there was a choice of having one hundred professed Catholics who lived as Catholics should, observing the complete teaching of the Church or ten thousand Catholics who were Catholic in name only? Which condition would be preferable?

Innumerable reprehensible acts have been committed in the name of Christianity all down the ages and I have no doubt that this state of affairs will continue. Just so with prudence. We tag an act of injustice with the term prudence and we see ourselves as virtuous people. Well we never knew of a case where prudence could be exercised in the compromising of a principal. Following are a few questions we are going to ask and answer in the light of our understanding of the social implications of Catholicism, maybe we should call this stop the prudence program. Does a Negro have the right to be educated in a Catholic school? Yes. Then we have the obligation to permit him to exercise this right. Even if admitting this one Negro means that we will lose all our white students to other schools? Yes. Even if such an act entailed the closing down of all our class rooms except one to teach one pupil? Yes.

Lectures

We hope to start our Friday night talks about the middle of this month, September, at our new house 223 Chrystie Street. All of you are welcome to attend. Even if you are unable to attend Friday nights stop in whenever you have a chance.

Tom Sullivan.

Summer Hill

(Continued from page 1)

must come back to earth and get to work. There is no Utopia in this vale of tears; there is something better, rooted in freedom and the joy of the Cross. And the Cross is a sign of contradiction.

Step By Step

Of the many people who would like to live on a family farm, many cannot go at once, and some will not be able to go at all. A man will say: "My wife does not agree with all my ideas." In another case, there are already small children, and a man and wife may rightly feel that they have not the strength or the work skills to make out as farmers. Or they may be unable to make a living in a small town. I think these people should begin with a summer place, an inexpensive summer place with possibilities. They should choose a locality in which their children may want to settle later, a locality with good soil. It should be beautiful. The house should be solid, if run down, and they should work on it themselves, making it an agronomic university, where they themselves and their children will learn to work. There are fourteen years, from three to seventeen, that encompass all of childhood, and the beginnings of young manhood and womanhood. Parents must build in these years a cell of Christian living. There is not time to wait or to pine. These are the formative years, the most important in our lives. As the twig is bent, so will it grow.

Here is how one family did it. Early in August, I visited my aunt and uncle, John and Lily Ward, and my cousins up in Stephentown, in Rensselaer Co., in the Berkshires. One Saturday afternoon, about two, Sam and Dorrie Butterfield, their son Dick, and I left Manhasset, following Route 22 up through New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, to cut over into New York again to Stephentown. For fifteen years they had been taking that road, every weekend in the summer, and for vacations. Now Sam and Dorrie were starting on his three-week vacation. The air grew cooler and lighter as we left the smog of city behind, and the tenements in my eyes began to be displaced by the green of the country. Soon the hot-house beauty of the wealthy Connecticut section was behind us, and then we were passing the first cows and into the real country.

Halfway up, we drew in into one of the State side-of-the-road picnic grounds, where a road curved in from the highway and out to it again, like a scythe. In ten minutes we had finished our meal and were climbing into the car again, eager to be off and away again to our well-loved goal. By six-thirty we had pulled into Stephentown, and not many minutes later, four miles out on Route 22, turned into the little private road, about a city block long, which led into and encircled a slight plateau, in the middle of which sat the house. There are thirteen acres around it, and they have decided to call it all Summer Hill, in memory of the family house in Ireland, where my aunt and uncle lived in the early days of their marriage.

The children came running and leaping as the car pulled in, red hair and blond hair flying. Behind them came Gran and Aunt Lily.

Space

"Don't expect anything, Irene," Dorrie had said to me, "the house is so big and run down. There's so much work to do on it, and they only moved in in April. But the view is beautiful." It is true that the back of the house, which first came into sight showed a great unshingled scar, where an addition to the house had been torn down and patched with tin, now rusted. But how spacious this big eleven-room house, and especially the big kitchen, looked to my eyes that had become sadly accustomed to the sight of families crowded together in a few rooms in New York, their nerves worn to razor's edge, sometimes sleeping in shifts.

"These be three evil things," goes an old Irish rhyme, and one of the evil things it lists is—a small house. How raise a large family, or practice hospitality, or even pray much, without a large house? In a social order which "made it easier for people to be good," such as Peter Maurin spoke of, large houses would be the rule.

And the view? The fields in front of the house sloped off into the valley, with its checkerboard of farms and crops and cattle rising in the distance to Hoffman's Hill and the hazy mountains beyond. It reminded me of the song, "the valley lay smiling before me." To me there is no country like Stephentown since I first met it in 1936. There is no air so pure, no countryside so lovely, no twilight so soft, nothing to compare with the lush green soft foothills of the Berkshires, crossed by the dark blue shadows of the clouds.

Monday saw everybody busy on some project or other. Seventeen-year-old Don Butterfield had gone off at eight to his farm job. Fifteen-year-old Dick, his brother, began to cut down the sumac bushes that had been permitted by a succession of renters to grow wildly nearby the house. Fifteen-year-old Gail Walsh, their first cousin, went to work similarly cutting down the milkweed, and I was trying my hand at mowing down the wild raspberry bushes, my first use of a scythe. There was a good patch of cultivated raspberry bushes, and Gran had put in a kitchen garden.

We Paint the House

On Tuesday the weather was cool and a little dark, perfect for painting, and we started to paint the house a French grey, with white trim. Sam and Gran were the carpenters. There was consultation on the matter of shingles, for the bare patch, and to replace some broken ones. How much did they cost, and where should we get them, and how many bundles did we need? We borrowed an extension ladder from Doc Carpenter, whom Don worked for, and borrowed Don back, too, for a day. He climbed to the top of the ladder, where the white trim had to be painted, just under the gutter. The other hardy souls were Gail and Dick, who mounted the high ladders just beneath him to paint the white woodwork on the second floor windows. Eleven-year-old Sheila Butterfield would have been up there, too, if she had been permitted. Meanwhile, down at the ground level were six-year-old Moira Butterfield, Sheila and myself, faint-hearted about height, and I would have been a little sheepish about my cowardice if Dorrie, in between chauffeuring in the search for shingles and window glass, or accompanying Sam while he drove, had not also evinced a great love for terra firma. The sight of great grey patches on three sides of the house was very interesting, and we proceeded in very unorthodox fashion to paint the house from the bottom, the paint going up with our courage. And here was I learning to paint when I should have started like Moira at six. By the second day I had graduated to the shortest ladder, with five rungs, and by the third to a middle-sized rustic ladder, made from young birch trees, a very strong ladder which Dick had gone ahead on his own initiative to build. One evening Don and Dick built shelves for the paints in the toolhouse, and another day Dick and the girls cleaned it out, all without being told.

Home Making

Meanwhile, Aunt Lily was doing the cooking, among the world's best. Sheila brought young apples from the orchard and Dick picked blueberries, and we had apple pie and blueberry pie. There were ten of us at the peaceful, joyous meals. Aunt Lily was doing the laundry, too, to leave us free for the outside work. She cooked on a wood stove for which Gran supplied the wood with a sand saw. Gail was his right-hand man and

Sheila her grandmother's right hand. The old barn had had to be torn down, and there is much wood, some for the garage that they plan to build and some for burning.

There is no water in the house, but they have put a sink in, and that week took the measurements for the piping and electric pump, which will connect a very fine large cistern to the sink. They will not try to do everything at once, but take care of one big project each year. Drinking water comes from a fifteen-foot well, nine feet of water, not far from the back door. While I was there, Gran installed a hand pump, exclaiming over the fact that it now costs six dollars compared to two dollars about fifteen years ago.

They had electricity put in on the ground floor, and when we went up to bed we took flashlights with us. They also had a new roof put on the house.

Almost as soon as we arrived, Sam went around, examining some of the beams at the base of the the house, just above the excellent stone foundation. There was little need of repair there, except for some rotten spots, and, on Dorrie's advice, I collected a can of this fine rotted wood dust to combine with Summer Hill soil for a Stephentown plant I was going to keep



at Mott street. How much I learned about how things are made and fixed that week at Summer Hill! This family reminds me of that essay of Peguy's about the joy of work and of how people went singing to their work and got up in the morning looking forward to their work, in an era when work was free and creative.

We only painted several hours a day, changing to something else when we got tired, helping to spread the laundry in the sun to bleach. Twice we went swimming in a large lake about two miles away, a beautiful place, part of a State shelter for wild life. The CCC boys put a shelving cement bottom in one end of this lake, over which the water trickles into an outlet. It makes a lovely beach, and there is a life guard always on hand. It is never crowded.

Moira

The game of wild horses was the youngsters' favorite, and Dick, whom they adored, would obligingly chase them with a lasso, and tie them up in the wood house. Little Moira whinnied in the most convincing manner. She would come galloping by, her general method of locomotion, her head and hips moving in a very good imitation of the motion of a horse, but at the same time, she held her hands like a rider holding his reins. We decided that she was a centaur.

One day Moira came home with

a little wounded bird that they had found on the road while out shopping. That afternoon it died, and Moira tied it up in a piece of white cloth, like a shroud, and wheeled it around the premises in a wheelbarrow. "I wish this bird was not dead," she said to me seriously. What a joy it is to be in the company of children! How we should protect their sweetness and simplicity from the jaded sophistication of radio and television and movie! We seem to love our children enough to feed them well, and we even want to make money for them, and incidentally for ourselves. But there is not enough of protecting and forming their personalities, because that would require us to change our own lives.

The casualties of the week were interesting too. Dick had already an ingrown toenail; down at the lake he cut the other big toe jumping in. Then Don came home with the announcement that he had dropped a cement mixer on his toe. But since he footed it well at a barn dance that night, it must not have been as heavy as it sounds. But Gail capped it all. The neighboring farmer had a horse which had been put out to grass. Gail rode him every day. He was a wonderful steed, except for the fact that he would suddenly walk off as you were mounting him, or would go under a low tree after a tempting apple and brush you off like a fly. One afternoon Gail came home limping. She had attempted to mount the horse, and, over-anxious, vaulted right over him and landed on her hip on the other side. Sam suggested that she mount him from the other side the next time, and even things off.

It was a happy week for me, right up until Saturday, when several of us drove into Lebanon to make the first Saturday Mass. There is only Sunday Mass in Stephentown. Later on, Dorrie drove me into Pittsfield to my bus, and they picked up Abby Walsh at the train. She was arriving to spend several weeks. Abby is Dorrie's sister and Gail's mother.

Don Farms

But what pleases me most is the knowledge that Don, who is a scholarship student at Regis High in New York, is going either to Cornell Agricultural College in Ithaca, or New York State School of Applied Agriculture, Farmingdale, L. I., when he graduates next year. Another classmate has also been farming in the summer, and plans to study farming. He is going because it is his choice, and he chooses it, knowing already what farming is, and because he has been given a taste of these things. Every summer since he was two, he has spent in Stephentown. One of the farmers in Stephentown has already made a bid for him to work for him next summer. Don is over six feet, and a Patagonian, as Gran says, Patagonian meaning big feet, and he has the frame to match. What a joy to see a worker-scholar! Peter Maurin had the powerful shoulders, and arms, and frame of a worker. It is good to remember that St. Paul, one of the greatest of intellectuals, was a tent-maker.

But the beginning of the story goes back to 1935, when Gran and Aunt Lily, in the middle of the depression, spent a thousand dollars for a house and fifteen acres in Stephentown, about two miles from their present home. There were swallows nesting in the bedrooms upstairs, no electricity, and no plumbing. But what a home that was when I arrived in the summer of 1936, with my ten-year-old sister, June. There were Don and Dick, three and one, and Gail, one. Aunt Lily had wallpapered the rooms, upholstered chairs with bright remnants, put in an old-fashioned garden with scalloped edges down one side of the lawn. There was a pig and chickens, and a good garden, and strawberries.

We used rain water for washing, as the well had dried up the previous summer. If I left a basin of rain water for a minute, I would come back to find a birch

log floating in it. This was Sam's doing, as he would always manage to sneak in one of the three doors, to plague me in this way. But he had his own troubles, for whenever he turned around, June was in back of him. He called her the shadow.

Details

But to make a long story short, this is what happened. Three years ago, Gran and Aunt Lily had the opportunity to sell this house, and they thought it best to do so. How beautiful they had made that acreage! The weeping willow they planted in the thirties has grown now to ten feet. They bought a house in town by the creek, and that year, the creek flooded as it never had been known to before, coming right up to their doors. So they sold that house, and bought this one.

Sam and Dorrie had dreamed of going on the land themselves, but when Don was eight or so, Dorrie said to me, "I guess, Irene, that we'll have to be content with the suburbs, while the children are growing up." It made me a little sad. I failed to realize, as they did, how quickly childhood flies by. This year, I looked with amazement at the powerful Don, whom I remembered as an extremely mischievous boy of three. Only fourteen years, I thought.

Once in that summer of 1936, I came on Dorrie making sandwiches for the children with one slice of whole wheat and one slice of white. When I asked for an explanation, she said with a laugh that the children objected to whole wheat bread, so she put white bread on top, and whole wheat on the bottom, and they never noticed. She never lets the best become the enemy of the good. This incident illustrates somehow the flexibility and humor and purpose with which we should approach life.

The Beginning

When I visited my aunt and uncle way back in New York, before their daughters Dorrie and Abby were married, the stamp was already on them of creativeness and self-sufficiency and "the duty of delight." It was no terrible wrench for them to go to live on the land, because they had already begun to live in the city the sort of life they wanted to live on the land. They were what the Holy Spirit in the Book of Wisdom calls "lovers of beauty." They went to concerts in Central Park, they played the records on a windup machine they still have, they sang, they made preserves and elderberry wine, they had Christmas family gatherings like something out of Dickens, and invited cousins and aunts and uncles, they made plum pudding, they sewed, and they fixed things themselves. If modern life is characterized by work of which it can be said that it "leaves the power of decision virtually untouched," we must begin exercising the power of decision in whatever free areas are left to us before we can stand a full day of freedom. We must create ourselves, and then we will find ourselves gravitating towards the environment that leaves us free to express ourselves.

And in creating ourselves, we must nourish first of all what Ruskin calls "the duty of delight." In "True and Beautiful," he gently chides the holy men for not requiring us "to thank God for the glory of His works which He has permitted us alone to perceive: They tell us often to meditate in the closet, but they send us not, like Isaac, into the fields at even; they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight." And again, "It is not possible for a Christian man to walk across so much as a rood of the natural earth with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from some stone, flower, leaf, or sound, nor without a sense of dew falling upon him out of the sky."

The Making of the Cross

Rough fir: hauled from the hills. And the tree it had been, lithe-limbed, Wherein the wren had nested, whereon the red hawk and the grey Rested from flight, and the raw-head vulture shouldered to his feed— That tree went over, bladed down with a double-bitted axe, Was snaked with winches, the wedge split it; Hewn with the adze, it lay to season toward its use.

So too with the nails: millenniums under the earth, pure ore; Chunked out with picks, the nail-shape struck in the pelt-lunged forge, Tongued to a cask, and the wait against that work.

Even the thorn-bush flourished from afar, As do the flourishing generations of its kind, Filling the sandy soil no one wants; Wind-sown, it cuts the cattle and the wild horse; It tears the cloth of man, and hurts his hand.

Just as in life the good things of the earth Are patiently assembled, some from here, some from there. Wine from the hill and wheat from the valley, Rain that comes blue-bellied out of the sopping sea, Snow that keeps its drift on the goose-berry ridge, Will melt with May, go down, take the eggs of the salmon, Serve the traffic of otters and fishes, Be ditched to orchards—

So too are gathered up the possibles of evil. And when the Cross was joined, quartered, as in the earth, Spoked, as is the Universal Wheel, Those radials that led all unregenerate act Inward to innocence—it met the thorn-wove Crown, It found the scourges and the dice, The nail was given and the reed-lifted sponge, The curse caught forward out of the heart corrupt, The excoriate fowl, stoned with the thunder and the hall, All these made up that miscellaneous wrath And were assumed.

The evil and the wastage and the woe, As if the earth's old cist, Back down the slough to Adam's sin-burnt calcinated bones Rushed out of time and clotted on the Cross.

Off there the cougar coughed in passion when the sun went out; The rattler filmed his glinty eye and found his hole.

WILLIAM EVERSON

The Keys to Knowledge

(Continued from page 5)

mental dynamism which makes it a source of intimate communion with God, as it is also the authentic expression of His inner life. Dogma is the sacrament of light and truth to those who receive it as a Eucharistic Communion, and permit the converging rays in which the Divine light is diffused to lead them to the Source whose splendour they do but refract, as by following the rays of the monstrosity the sight is concentrated on the Presence that shines beneath the veil of the Host.

All the dogmas thus converge in God, of whom on earth we cannot say what He is. They do not claim to remove the unutterable mystery, but on the contrary to plunge us ever deeper into its life-giving waters.

Truth is everywhere an always inner being seen by an inward vision. The more spiritual therefore a being, the more perfect in consequence is its inwardness and the more interior accordingly must be the vision that aspires to behold it. And where the most intimate depth of the Godhead is concerned, the vision must be infinitely deepened.

Faith which makes us share in God's inner vision, makes us conscious of its depths. To be sure, its light illuminates our eyes only through the veil of our lowered eyelids. Strictly speaking we have as yet no sight, though a diffused splendour dazzles our eyes. But through the words of revealed doctrine we are aware of the living irradiation of a Presence, and by a mysterious circumcession, in the center of the soul, all dogmas coalesce in the infinite light of the ineffable Countenance. They do but spell out in human language the unfathomable reality of Divine Love.

And the Credo, which summarizes them all in the Divinely ordered sequence of its sublime articles says at bottom but one thing, which is everything; God is love. God is love in the eternal diffusion of His Being, the sub-

sistent altruism that constitutes the Divine Persons.

God is love in the gift of His only Son who has truly taken our human nature, lived our life, conquered our death by His death and foretold our Resurrection by His own; who lives with the Father as our Brother forevermore, our Intercessor and our Judge. For the Father has given all things into the hands of Him who has been in all points tempted as we are, but without sin.

God is love in His mystical body, the Church, informed by His Spirit, which teaches us the eternal truth under the veil of words and dispenses the Divine Life under the veil of signs whose sacramental efficacy it is the function of baptism to inaugurate by depositing in the soul of the weakest new-born babe, the genuine seed of eternal life, a seed which will unfold its blossom only beyond the shadows, figures and symbols amidst which faith still journeys before the dawn. For we have known ourselves and have believed the love that God hath for us; for God is love.

It is with this conviction, in this wholly interior light, that we must sing the verses of this vast poem which is faith's altar of repose and the sacrament of its integrity.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE

Catholic College wanted, for my son, where the clear definition of the common good as given by Pope Pius XII in 1946 is taught and where the students receive a fair acquaintance with the way of life in which this common good is thought of before personal gain, as declared "imperative" by His Holiness in 1944 when speaking to U. S. Labor Delegates to Y.L.L. on July 7.

F.A.A. deBoth
Airport Hospital
Esterau, Sask., Canada

A-BOMB

Fellowship of Reconciliation
21 Audubon Ave.,
New York 32, N. Y.

The following appeared in British "Peace News" for June 30, 1950:

HE DROPPED FIRST A-BOMB

"Ever since Nuremberg, we have been asking who is responsible for a given act of war: the man who orders it, the man who carried it out, or both?"

President Truman has manfully taken the responsibility for ordering the dropping of the first atomic bomb. Apparently he has not lost much sleep over the matter, for he has said that he would do it again if he found it necessary.

Not so Mr. Robert Lewis, formerly a bombardier in the United States Army Air Force.

It was Mr. Lewis who pressed the button which brought death to 80,000 people in Hiroshima. Now, according to Le Devoir, a Catholic newspaper published in Montreal, he has entered a monastery because he has "lost his inner peace."

Le Devoir asks pertinently how much inner peace is going to be lost in the next war, and "how many young men will be condemned to blow up whole towns with the hydrogen bomb." — "New Statesman," June 24.

I DO BELIEVE, LORD
= HELP MY
UNBELIEF



Definition of Poverty

(Continued from page 3)

Abbot of Cîteaux, a lover of holy poverty, rode upon a sumptuously caparisoned steed. The story relates that St. Bernard was unaware of the worth of the harness or the horse, being a man of prayer, and rode upon whatever sort of beast was offered him. (Anticlericals may find a moral in this anecdote.) A lover of poverty is like a pilgrim who realizes that he is not stopping long, and refuses to become attached to anything. He uses the inn or caravanserai, and is grandly indifferent whether he drink from a gold mug or a tin cup water or wine.

There is one more definition of poverty. It is a definition by Eric Gill who wrote: "Poverty signifies completeness without superfluity, wholeness without luxury: A state of holiness."

It is pleasant to think that poverty and charity go hand in hand. And it seems at times are one. (Poverty) is patient; is kind; (poverty) envieth not, dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up; is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity; but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things!

Books Received

PILGRIMS IN THE NIGHT

By Edward E. Swanstrom

Who is responsible for the twelve million men, women, and children thrown out of their countries behind the Iron Curtain? In this book Edward E. Swanstrom points an accusing finger at the democracies who created the suffering of human beings driven like herds of cattle across European frontiers without homes or bread. Here he brings to light their problem—our problem—in terms of what life is like for these Expelled ones. (Sheed and Ward) \$2.50.

REVOLUTION IN A CITY

PARISH

By Abbe G. Michonneau

The tremendous work by Abbe G. Michonneau, *Revolution in a City Parish*, is now available in a paper edition from the Newman Book Shop. This is the book that so many young priests are already using as a textbook to meet the problems of today, to bring the Gospel into the lives of their people as a living, real thing all can understand. (Newman) \$1.25.

THE LEGION OF MARY

By Cecily Hallack

Now brought up-to-date by an additional chapter written by the Rev. Michael O'Carroll of Blackrock College, Dublin, is this new edition of *The Legion of Mary*. It is a full history of development and growth of this world-wide organization which has produced amazing results in parish work for almost thirty years. (Crowell) \$3.00.

THE PASSION PLAY

AT OBERAMMERGAU

By J. A. Daisenberger

In its entirety, here is the beautiful dialog and drama of the Passion Play as it is being pre-

sented this year in Oberammergau. It is designed for those interested in its background and traditions. Included are illustrations of the principal actors with biographical notes about them, information about the plays and their production, the people of Oberammergau, and even advice to tourists. (Crowell) \$2.75.

CHRISTOPHER THE GIANT

By Claire Huchet Bishop

New meaning to the beloved story of St. Christopher is presented both in the way this book is written and in the well-done illustrations, many of them in color. The narrative is simple and dramatic, aimed at the young folks, but adults will like reading it too. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston) \$1.50.

WHERE I FOUND CHRIST

Edited by John A. O'Brien

Father O'Brien has collected these stories of how men and women like Thomas Merton, Raissa Maritain, Lucile Hasley, David Goldstein, Dorothy Day, and eight others found the truth. They are accounts written by the converts themselves, and simply presented by the author to inspire others to an appreciation of their faith or to aid them in their search for it. (Doubleday) \$2.50.

THE COMMON MAN

By G. K. Chesterton

Here is a first selection of essays, previously published in London newspapers but never before appearing in book form. Chesterton's literary executor found them packed away in boxes among a great mass of other writings, and we take it this is the first of a series of new volumes of essays by this great thinker. The essays deal with literature, sociology, religion, etc. (Sheed and Ward) \$3.00. Publish date September 12.

Peter Maurin "Made a Point" of It . . . TODAY Makes a Policy of It

"To be a good journalist is to say something interesting about interesting things or interesting people. The thinking journalist is not satisfied to be just a recorder of modern history. The thinking journalist aims to be a maker of that kind of history that is worth recording."

"Little Shots, Big Shots" . . . All Kinds of People Read TODAY Because

- It is concrete
- It abhors a vacuum.
- It shuns the pious platitude.
- It skips the resounding truism.
- It is uncompromisingly Catholic in tone.
- It is genuinely Catholic in its interests.

"It Is About Time to Blow the Lid Off" . . . TODAY Lights the Catholic Dynamite In

First-hand Reports
Lively Controversies
Personality Profiles
Fiction and Poetry
Movie and Book Reviews
Political and Social Articles
Articles on the Lay Apostolate

TODAY is a national Catholic magazine, published monthly, October through June.

One Year: \$2.00 : Two Years: \$3.50

TODAY, Dept. W, 638 Deming Place, Chicago 14, Ill.

☐ Enclosed find

☐ Bill me

\$.....for a....year subscription.

Name (please print).....

Street Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

(Special Bundle Rates Sent on Request)