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Is Pacifism a Precept?

By ROBERT LUDLOW

In the Summa (Pt. 11-11 Q. 124 Art 3 Reply to Obj. 1) we read "There is no act of perfection, which is a matter of counsel, but what in certain cases is a matter of precept, as being necessary for salvation. Thus Augustine declares that a man is under the obligation of observing continency, through the absence or sickness of his wife."

It is relevant to ask ourselves if perhaps the counsel of non-violence applied by the Church to the clergy and to others (for example, at one time, to members of the Third Order of St. Francis) might, due to changed circumstances as regards the nature of war today, become a matter of precept binding on all. At the present time this can only be a speculative proposition for the Church has not declared herself. But then, as a rule, the Church declares herself only after these matters have been debated—and she does not prohibit the debate.

There are enough things binding us already under pain of mortal sin to not wish to multiply them, to place another burden on ourselves. Some of us might wish that the Commandments themselves were rather a matter of counsel than of precept. But then again, in these matters, we have to abstract from our personal psychological makeup, as far as that is possible, and employ reason in attempting to determine what would be a right conscience.

As to whether one should prefer peace to war St. Thomas, in reply to those who prefer the latter, states (Q. 123 Art. 6 Reply Obj. 3 Pt. 11-11) "The peace of the state is good in itself, nor does it become evil because certain persons make evil use of it. For there are many others who make good use of it and many evils prevented by it, such as murders and sacrileges, are much greater than those which are occasioned by it, and which belong chiefly to the sins of the flesh." Here St. Thomas makes at least these points—A) peace is good in itself—B) the evils attending war are worse than the evils attending peace.

If peace is a good in itself we must seek for it even though it lead to a certain softness for as St. Thomas states (Q. 123 Art 12 Pt. 11-11 Reply Obj. 2) "Virtue essentially regards the good rather than the difficult. Hence the greatness of a virtue is measured according to its goodness rather than its difficulty." This in itself is a valuable point and effectively sets aside the rather silly arguments that used to abound as to who had the more difficult life, the soldier or the conscientious objector. I think it is a point that should also be taken into consideration by certain pacifists with an ascetical inclination who measure other peoples worth by their own rigid standards. Thus the pacifist who fears jail and seeks to avoid it may gather some comfort from another statement of St. Thomas (Q. 125 Art. 1 Pt. 11-11 Reply Obj. 3) "Reason dictates that we should shun the evils that we cannot withstand, and the endurance of which profits us nothing. Hence there is no sin in fearing them." St. Thomas felt that the evils peculiar to peace were the sins of the flesh. Whether this observation is as valid today as then is not too relevant for if war today also leads, as some claim, to an increase of the sins of the flesh this merely

adds this to those other evils of war of which St. Thomas speaks and which remain characteristic of it. And St. Thomas' attitude is a rebuke to those like Father Ignatious Smith who extoll the military virtues because they make a man "tough." St. Thomas rightly regards the sins of the flesh as a lesser offense against God than the sins that come from such "toughness."

Since therefore peace is desirable in itself our investigation of the problem of war today should include in it a desire that the conclusion be in favor of peace. And this is no contradiction to my former assertion that many would not desire to make pacifism a matter of precept because of a reluctance to have more precepts. Both of

PETER MAURIN WROTE:

THE DUTY OF HOSPITALITY

People who are in need and are not afraid to beg give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake. Modern society calls the beggar bum and panhandler and gives him the bum's rush. But the Greeks used to say that people in need are the ambassadors of the gods. Although you may be called bums and panhandlers



these desires are psychologically akin. But the latter is a desire for peace in our personal life and so we would not multiply the obligations of morality and the former is for peace in social life, so we would desire what is conducive to that.

Nor does it necessarily invalidate reasoning, indeed I think it may safely be said that the consensus of psychological opinion would be that desireless reasoning is impossible. But it is well we know the desire to exist and take it into account for if the desire be for evil

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you are in fact the Ambassadors of God.

As God's Ambassadors you should be given food, clothing and shelter by those who are able to give it. Mahometan teachers tell us that God commands hospitality, and hospitality is still practiced in Mahometan countries. But the duty of hospitality is neither taught nor practiced in Christian countries.

THE MUNICIPAL LODGINGS That is why you who are in need are not invited to spend the night

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PERSONALISM

THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION

By TOM CAIN

PART I

Peter Maurin named our basic attitude "personalism." Ammon Hennacy has named our basic process the "one man revolution." Neither of these expressions is original with us, and each of them has other meanings than ours. So we ought to make our own meanings clear.

Ours is a Catholic Christian personalism with meanings and motivations in the order of grace. But these presuppose meanings and motivations in the order of nature which hold for all men whether they have or lack effective grace. To preserve this universal cogency the natural level will be presented

accordingly. A "person" is defined as a "rational individual," and personalism insists upon both the individuality and the rationality. Concrete reality is always individual, and always inseparable from a context of other equally real individuals. Groups exist indeed as part of the context, part of its pattern; but the pattern is determined by the forces inherent in the individuals. Personality is the extreme of individuality, so this is most unqualifiedly true of humanity. It is the individual that exists and acts and enjoys or suffers, it is the individual that constitutes groups as necessary implementations of his own inherent powers. So personalism is opposed to most forms of collectivism, which implicitly or even explicitly make the group a sort of higher-order individual.

(We acknowledge one notable exception, but that is not within the natural order.) It recognizes and insists upon the unique and essentially equal value of each person. It also insists upon the inalienable freedom and the equally inalienable responsibility of each person. These are the implications of rationality. Freedom means that a person as such has no inherent directedness toward particular types of action, such as all inanimate and organic beings have in varying degree. He has only an indeterminate motivation toward a generalized "good" or "perfection" or "happiness." (In default of intelligible philosophical definitions, "perfection" is to be understood as the fullest possible expression of a nature, "good" as whatever makes for it, and "happiness" as the subjective state that comes from it.)

His context (that is the whole rest of the world) supplies an objective reference body for these, but for himself it is left to his rationality to determine them in detail according to its grasp of the context. Thus, each man, equally, is the deciding factor in his own dynamic relations with his context of persons and things. (A man is defined as a rational animal, and his animality does have a legitimate voice in decisions, but not a deciding voice unless it is let have it.) Even if he delegates the decision-making, his is the decision that makes the other's decision his own. Hence the other "inalienable." Responsibility means that a person must unavoidably recognize his rational acts as his own and take their consequences—literally that he must answer for them, to himself in first instance but equally to any other rational being. And if a person is inescapably accountable for his acts he must personally see to their accountability.

Thus personalism has its static aspect and its dynamic aspect and its qualitative aspect. If its principal emphasis is that it is what you do that matters, it subtracts nothing from the emphases that it is what you do that matters and that it is what you do that matters.

Our insistence upon the individual must not let personalism be confused with "individualism" as that is most commonly understood. The note of responsibility distinguishes them. Individualism is libertarian absolutism; personalism recognizes a moral check upon liberty. Personalism is a doctrine of personal responsibility

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first, and its expansion in the light of faith will follow.

Personalism may be characterized as the do-it-yourself attitude carried back to its philosophical foundations and thence carried forward again as a general principle of action. This is an admission that there is some ivory-tower work involved, but in the light of recent history no one can dispute the power of ivory-tower work to change the world.

Philosophically, personalism is the conviction that a human being is a person in the most exalted sense of the word and must act

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Dissatisfaction In Dixie

In an empty store front in a suburb of Memphis, Tenn. last month the first meeting of The Pro-Southerners took place. This is the Tennessee version of the White Citizen's Councils. At this first meeting there were about 150 persons, most of them seemed to be a little below average economically and intellectually. The white collar worker type doesn't usually attend this type of thing, not because he doesn't have the same prejudices but he considers it rather undignified. The meeting's immediate object was to arouse interest in a motorcade to Nashville to petition the Governor to call a special session of the Legislature to push through anti-integration legislation. The Governor gave them a rather cold reception and refused their demands, but I doubt that the state officials, whatever their motives are, will be able to discourage them. They are on a holy crusade to preserve the order established by God, and the government whether national or local will have to work a minor miracle to make integration work smoothly.

The literature these people distribute is truly universal, dealing with the subject from all angles: social, theological, medical and common sensical. For instance: In a pamphlet entitled "A Christian View On Segregation," the Rev. G. T. Gillespie, D. D., President Emeritus of Belhaven College, Jackson, Miss., reminds us of the extremely relevant fact that "though there are many varieties of the bird family, so far as known, bluebirds never mate with redbirds, nor mockingbirds with jays." Nor would he have us forget that "Moses strictly warned the Israelites against allowing their sons and daughters to intermarry with the pagans" and that "this warning was emphasized repeatedly, and was specially burned into the consciousness of the nation by the terrible penalties which were inflicted upon those who committed whoredom with the daughters of Moab at Baal-Peor."

In another of their pamphlets: "The Ugly Truth About the NAACP" by Attorney General Eugene Cook of Georgia describes the founder of the organization, William E. Walling as a "Southern scallawag journalist and Russian-trained revolutionary" and claims to be able to prove that almost every official or benefactor of The NAACP was or is either a member of the Communist Party or fellow traveler.

Their most obnoxious piece of propaganda shows on one side lurid looking photographs of interracial couples and on the other has a list of ten steps to take to fight "the scalawags among us today who live among us and thrive upon us, but who are willing to sell us out to the mongrelizers." Their battle cry is: "This Nation was founded by White People for White People and if we are to be worthy of our Heritage we must stand united against every effort to mongrelize our people."

The most unfortunate thing about the whole business is that all of this hatred is promoted in the name of religion and natural law. At the opening of the Mississippi Legislature a Baptist minister prayed that the lawmakers would face these "grave issues" with the "courage of Jesus." And southern Catholics are no different from their non-Catholic confreres in their outlook. A 50 year old Memphis Catholic told me recently: "We're too old to change now. The Church never said anything before about segregation being wrong." And a non-Catholic said to me a few days later, "I don't know any other Catholics who share your views." I know some personally but they are few and far between.

The Southern clergy are of course fearful that if they take an absolute stand and order integration immediately they will in many areas be preaching to empty churches and they are right. The situation is a difficult one; no one can deny it. If they teach the children in school the Christian point of view they face the possibility of the parents taking the children out of the Catholic school or rendering their efforts fruitless by instilling their own bigoted ideas in the children at home. And yet if they don't teach the children the truth in school the children will grow up to be just like their parents and the problem will continue into the next generation to plague the Church.

Some have spoken of the idea of organizing a civil disobedience campaign and an economic boycott among the Negroes of the South as a way of securing civil rights. The example of the negro population of Montgomery, Alabama, in their boycott of the city buses is encouraging but whether or not the Negroes as a whole would cooperate in such a venture is debatable. Many of them are afraid, especially the older people, and in many cases would rather continue to be treated as inferiors and accept the daily insults and humiliations

Two Plays

By John Stanley

—How did you like the play?

The lights under the marquee made lower Second Avenue bright as a quarter for a few yards. She was standing in the babble of the after-theatre crowd, a middle-aged, middle-sized, middle-class, Jewish-sounding woman with bleached hair. I'd never seen her before.

—I thought it wasn't too good, really; although there were some good things about peace in the second act.

—Yes, at least it was for peace. Her lips were smiling, but her voice was more of keening.

—Yes, it was for peace. Have you seen *Tiger at the Gates*? It's for peace, too.

—No. Oh, is it? I must.

—Yes, it's very good.

—Thank you; good-night.

—Good-night.

The Carefree Tree, closed at the Phoenix Theatre after a



couple of weeks, but it did say some progressive things about peacemakers and war-lovers and pride and love and human-heartedness and revenge and humility. *Tiger at the Gates*—by Jean Giraudoux, and translated by Christopher Fry—is a good play, and its leading actor, Michael Redgrave, is a man who operates on the genius level, although he appears to work too hard, dripping with sweat for some three hours. Both plays are a dialogue—each on its own level—between those who value peace enough to sacrifice themselves (including their honor!) for it, and those who see war as an inevitability, and even as a vehicle for the practice of the virtues. Both plays are pointedly germane to the present world situation. Neither has as incisive an in-

sight into the polluted wells of this society as that sombre ornament of the American theatre, Mr. Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, but both, in their respective ways, fly bravely a full mast in the sight of the enemy; dark-mindedness seeking the fulfillment of its predaceous design.

Both playwrights have chosen to speak their heart-mind through the language of the mythology of ancient and deported civilizations. The *Carefree Tree* recounts the history of two dowager empresses of China—one of the North and the other of the South. Both have lost their husbands in a previous

war against the other, and both will have revenge. One, however, is moved to a spirit of loving forgiveness—through the players of the other! This in a "pagan" play in the wicked theatre in Babylon. And love and peace conquer, even though there are strong and "practical" voices crying out for war.

In "Tiger," one leaves the theatre in a less happy mood. It is the story of the start of the Trojan War, and now Hector, a warrior, and son and heir of King Priam, does everything he can to stop it. He even permits himself to be slapped in the face by a drunken enemy and does not strike back, and tries to hide the terrible fact from his own people who would use it to precipitate war immediately. He makes every effort his great soul can devise, and the two countries move steadily to conflict. The mathematician is willing, for he can use his talents; the poet is most willing, for he can write a great war-song for building morale; the old King sees no great harm in it; Helen, the beautiful woman, is quite content that it should occur, for surely she cannot be expected to know about all these complicated political and sociological things—she was just made for loving and being. Only Hector's mother and wife and sister side with him; for them war is "the rear end of a baboon, scaly and . . ."—in short, disgusting.

This is the heading in the New York Times of Dec. 26, 1955, describing the camps ready for subversives when a "national emergency" arises. They are located at Allenwood, Pa., near the regular Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary; Avon Park, Florida, 40 miles north of Lake Okeechobee, formerly a Federal prison camp; El Reno, Okla., formerly inhabited by prisoners of war from Rommel's Afrika Corps; Tule Lake, California, near the Oregon border, formerly occupied by 20,000 Japanese in the hysteria of World War II; Wickenburg, Arizona, northwest of Phoenix, formerly a glider school of the Air Force, and Florence, Arizona, formerly a prisoner of war camp for 9,000 Italians, situated between Phoenix and Tucson.

While there is space in these camps for only 5,000 at present they could hold scores of thousands if the "emergency" became frightful enough to the politicians in Washington. These camps were authorized under the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950 and in 1951 one and a half million dollars was appropriated to fix up these six camps. Elmer Bendiner in the NATIONAL GUARDIAN discusses these concentration camps also stating that six liberal senators who had fought McCarran were somehow maneuvered into settling on these camps as the lesser of two evils. These senators were Kilgore of W. Va.; Lehman of N. Y.; Kefauver of Tenn.; Graham of N. C.; Douglas of Ill., and Humphrey of Minn.

Mr. Huston who wrote the NEW YORK TIMES article visited the camps at Florence, Wickenburg and El Reno. Describing the latter as containing 29 buildings each about 100 feet long with three iron stoves in the middle to provide heat. This is on the old Fort Reno military reservation of 8,000 acres across from the El Reno Federal prison. This is a country of cold winds in winter and hot winds in summer. I hiked through there in December, 1945.

The Florence camp is about a mile away from the State prison in Arizona. I saw its grey buildings when I came back from picking cotton in Eloy. 150 federal prisoners now live there. They have renovated the buildings which now number 26, capable of holding 3,000

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In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

If my first sales of the CW on the street on New Years morning are a sample of the coming year they augur well, for the first paper I sold was to a Catholic Negro from Chicago, and the second to a Protestant soldier from Maine. The third was to a woman from Worcester, Mass., who had asked a priest there if the CW was really a Catholic paper and when he had said: "the best ever" she was glad to meet me here at St. Patrick's for she had read that I sold papers there every Sunday morning.

The week before I didn't know where I was going to end up. A pleasant young cop said that nothing was allowed to be sold on Fifth Avenue, and especially on Christmas. I showed him the newspaper clipping about the court decision in Albany saying that I was allowed to sell the CW and my book without a license, and that I had a discussion on this same corner some months before with a cop who had called his Police Captain who decided in my favor. The cop didn't want to take the responsibility of arresting me so called another officer. I told him the same story and he called a Lieutenant who was pleasant enough but seemed disturbed because of the crowds of people with whom I might interfere. I pointed out that there were very few people in sight. He wanted me to move two blocks away. I told him that I might move two steps but that two blocks away there were few people, and that our paper had a message for Catholics on this Christmas Day. He said that he could arrest me and I would go to court and win the case, but that would keep me off of the street and he would arrest me every time and wear me out. I good naturedly replied that maybe I would wear him out. I mentioned that I could be obstructive and insist on my legal right to be there all day, but I would go at 10 a.m. to St. Francis Church as I usually did. So we parted friends. Since that time the cops who have met me there have been cordial.

Despite the conflicts that any rebel must have with the police my experience has been that they are like most other people: friendly, and when not on official display, will respond at once to kind and generous attitudes, as do most of those with whom I come in contact. It is just this humanitarian instinct in people which is the basis of hope and despair. J. B. Priestly has said that it is not the pugnacious tendency that makes for war; it is docility, their following sheep-like to destruction. In the Indian country if there is a rain away in the mountains and the water comes down the canyon the sheep will run wildly over the cliff when they smell water, and

die by the thousands below. We seek to build upon this meekness and to use it to bind folks together in community. Gandhi accomplished this sense of community among a much more supine people than we have in the west.

Hutterites

Some Hutterites from North Dakota staying at the community at Rifton, N. Y., brought us whole wheat bread and honey. They had read in the CW about Chrystie Street and wanted to see us in action and to learn about our pacifist ideas. They believe in paying income taxes but their community life and their pacifism is so genuine that we can all gain from knowing them. I plan to visit their colony next winter when I travel west.

Carlo Tresca

Each year around the middle of January radicals, varying from Norman Thomas to clothing workers and anarchists, meet at the corner of 15th Street and Fifth Avenue, and place roses in memory of Carlo Tresca, the fiery anarchist who was murdered there on the first night of the blackout in World War II. The police who harry so many lesser criminals never seem to be interested in such "political" crimes. Julie and I took a rose from the CW. I met Mrs. Tresca whom I had not seen for 35 years, and other friends.

Meetings

I spoke to a large group of New-man Club members at Rutgers University at New Brunswick, N. J., where Father Donovan had invited me. 35 years ago I had been there at the anarchist Ferrer School at nearby Stelton. Rutgers only came to my mind as the college where Ray Ginger had written his fine life of Debs, The Bending Cross. One girl there had bought a CW from me on 14th Street but most of the students did not know of our ideas. I always give a minimum of theory, feeling that incidents from my varied experiences illustrate the points I wish to make. The one thing that has to be repeated many times at every meeting is that we do not expect any great change to come overnight. People are so political minded that they only think in terms of court decisions and sudden shifts of political power. The one-man-revolution comes slowly. After explaining the pacifist-anarchist position of no voting and no shooting, I was asked what I would do if I was President. "Resign" was the answer.

Market Place

A local Methodist minister and two professors from Hartford Theological Seminary brought a group of students to the office one Saturday afternoon where I explained our philosophy to them. I had spoken in Hartford last April, advertised as a "Catholic Anarchist," it being understood that I would not "disgrace" anyone by being a "Protestant" anarchist. The other day at 43rd Street, a young man who said that both he and his wife had been Congregational ministers but had now become Catholics, subscribed to the CW.

Small groups of Maryknoll nuns from Ossining have blessed us with their visits, and seminarians and priests have come in often, as well as soldiers from nearby bases, who, after they are already in the military, find out that a Catholic does not necessarily have to fight in the army, but can oppose evil in a pacifist manner.

Last night Eileen Egan and I went to the monthly Spanish supper given by the Spanish and Italian anarchists at the Libertarian Center on Broadway. I had not been there for some months so gave them a resume of CW activities. Eileen spoke both Spanish and Italian and got acquainted with some comrades whose home towns she had visited in her travels.

"Communitarianism is a spiritual conquest, but only before initiative is swallowed up by the mechanism and the daring spirit by the conformist. Work, political activity and public life are a needed corrective to the menace of individualism and egocentrism, but in turn they become instruments of dehumanisation when they try to do away with silence, the interior drama, metaphysical unrest, spiritual elaboration, the protesting conscience and the eternal interiorization of the external world." Emmanuel Mounier, What Is Personalism?

Italian Objector Faces 2nd Prison Term

Franco Rizzo, the 22 year old Turin (Italy) C. O., who attested his Conscientious Objection to military service before Bologna Military Tribunal, and was condemned to a period of prison has presented, in the interval before being summoned for a new trial, a "memorandum" of appeal against the sentence, in which, after ample quotations from the Bible in support of his pacifism so concludes his peroration:

"I have accurately investigated these many years the Christian doctrine to find out whether it was possible to reconcile my faith with military service. My conclusions are:

"1) I am quite forbidden to kill my fellow-man, friends or foes, and to use violence against them. I am to love everybody;

"2) Life has been granted me by God; and I am not permitted to endanger it in order to support human institutions and nation, or for any purpose not implying service to God or to Christian, humanitarian cases;



OUR LADY OF MERCY

"3)-I am not allowed to identify myself with the plans and aims of any nation, nor to perform services not agreeing with the universal character of Christianity, or fostering divisions and disruption among Christians.

"4) I cannot betray the message of conciliation and peace entrusted me, by taking part in conflicts, or undergoing a training to this purpose.

"5) I must not oppose evil to evil, nor violence to violence, but rather conquer evil with good.

"Owing to this felt incompatibility of military service with my Christian conscience, I feel the duty to abstain from it and from any service connected with it, or any action directed to inflict sufferings and destruction on mankind, even though this refusal may be imputed to me as a crime.

"The Italian Constitution acknowledges and warrants man's inalienable rights" of which foremost is that of conscience; and "freely to profess one's religious faith, in any form"; recognizing by this the right of individual conscience. It also repudiates war in some cases; and states that the State promotes international organizations whose aim is to foster peace among nations—of which Christianity is surely prominently one. Unfortunately, the State is more ready to enforce its citizens'

The Apostolate of Being Poor

By FR. KENAN HEISE, OFM

There is no one so common, so unimportant, as a poor person. He lacks everything worthwhile, even a purpose and role in this world. The poorer he is, the less significant is his very existence. Yet, for this very reason, God has shown him His infinite mercy and fills this empty vessel with His blessings. God has chosen the little beggar girl to be the collector of His royal tribute. He has chosen the tramp only half-sober to represent Him to the generosity of mankind.

Since men down through the ages have continually refused to realize that they must see Christ in the person of the poor, Christianity has had to stress and re-stress this basic truth. Some way or other, in the process we have lost sight of the fact that there exists a corresponding obligation on the part of the poor. They have no more right to hoard their poverty than the rich man to hoard his wealth. Such avarice on the part of the poor, in the light of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, is to be thought not only uncharitable, but even unjust.

Poverty's value is God-given: His merciful blessings have been attached to poverty ever since Christ pronounced those words, "Blessed are the poor." These blessings are among God's freest gifts since man exerts no effort at all in receiving them. Yet these blessings are to be crowned, as Christ told us, by the very possession of the kingdom of Heaven.

What happens is this: God takes the housewife preparing a frugal meal, the husband going without cigarettes because of the cost and the child finding but few gifts beneath the Christmas tree and elevates them to a special role in the Mystical Body. These poor are to represent Him before men. The sufferings of the poor make them channels of the graces He merited for us by living and dying poor. Their lives, so similar to His own poverty-stricken days on earth, are to reflect for mankind the life which was given up for His friends. And thus the poor are to join in the spreading of the Word—the Apostolate. Theirs is to be the apostolate of being poor.

Such an apostolate embraces everyone. To accept one's financial difficulties, to be patient with the little every day inconveniences and annoyances and to see that all things are ultimately God's, these are the qualifications needed to be an active apostle. The leaders do not come out of the universities, but from the slums. The plan of attack ranges from petty annoyances to destitution, spurning no sacrifice as too insignificant, no victory as unworthy of all-out effort.

The hope of this apostolate is to bring back into human hearts a sense of values, to replace today's materialistic principles with those of Christianity. Living "to keep up with the Joneses" and going head over heels in debt on the credit plan for extra conveniences are evils that lie at the root of many of the problems of today. The poor, a living contradiction to such principles, restore the balance, and help restore all things in Christ. Only a concrete argument will ever convince people money is not the household god they set it up to be. And that concrete argument is an ordinary "Joe" (a neighbor, a friend) with the true spirit of detachment and of poverty.

History can show us some truly dramatic examples of the effect a

duties than to protect their rights. Of its Authority I only ask, that they should respect my right to live according to Christian principles and my duties towards God; abstaining from coercive force to induce me to shift these superior obligations; while, on my part, I engage myself to second all its initiatives and activities directed towards the welfare of human kind. May the day in which "Peace on Earth, good-will to men" becomes a reality, dawn in our times.

person's poverty can have on the world. One need but recall the revolution St. Francis's ideal of poverty wrought in his time. Again, there is the example of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, who lived as a pilgrim and tramp. His life was devoid of preaching, teaching, working miracles, performing great deeds or even spreading the apostolate. His only external badge of sanctity was his poverty. Yet that poverty made such a profound effect on the people of eighteenth century Rome that immediately after his death they proclaimed him their saint.

There are many truly great heroes in the apostolate of being poor. Because of the little external effect achieved, they are often seriously underestimated. Many a person has only contributed a "mite." But Christ told us the value of such an action if set in the framework of being poor when He extolled the widow for her contribution to the temple.

Poverty brings about its greatest miracles, however, in the realm of grace. The emptiness from material goods in the poor is generously filled by the Father of the poor with spiritual goods. The poor merit for themselves and for the Mystical Body both an abundance of actual grace and a shower of special graces since it is easier for them than for others to merit the graces of One Who Himself was poor.

Prayer is the best method the poor have to spread the apostolate. We might think of the poor's poverty as having a "bargaining power" with God. Poverty certainly can make prayer more powerful. A person reminding God that He has not given one very many material goods when asking for a spiritual favor is much like a child. A child will mention that he did not receive much on his last birthday in order to get a better present when times are better. And surely, God is the most generous of Fathers.

Poverty reaches its sublimity when the poor man unites it with the Sacrifice of the Mass. Poverty might not seem a very meaningful gift to offer, at the Offertory, but God values such gifts in a different light. The trials, inconveniences and sufferings of an otherwise drab day receive a much richer meaning when united to the sufferings of Christ. Little irksome occurrences, as having to endure a worn cuff, take on such high values that they "help to make up what is lacking in the sufferings of Christ."

So we see that the apostolate of being poor is an apostolate rather of being something than of doing something. In order to share in the apostolate of Christianity, the poor need not stop wanting better things, much less cease praying and working for better living conditions. Acceptance and patience are the only necessary conditions. The poor need only live in the spirit of faith and trust in the Divine Providence of Him Who was Himself a poor Man. The real merit of poverty does not lie in the voluntary deprivation of what is necessary, but in an acceptance in the spirit of trust of the little daily deprivations the poor man and his family have to undergo.

The apostolate of being poor can and often must be a person's whole apostolate. A poor man who has to work harder and longer than the next man just to support his family cannot easily be an active Catholic Actionist. The mother who lacks all the time-saving kitchen and laundry conveniences will find it difficult to devote her time to much else. Even the child in a poor family will find it difficult to break the barrier of his economic status to be a leader in his group. On the other hand this extra daily labor, these inconveniences, all add up. Of such actions is the powerful apostolate of being poor made.

God has blessed poverty. He was poor. Therefore we must use poverty to help restore all things in Christ.

FREEDOM

"... only what is freely chosen is chosen, and only what is freely done is really done, indeed the free spirit really exists... No man is free or can be made free who is unprincipled or uninformed or undisciplined. Freedom is fruitless without responsibility and meaningless without purpose. What the teacher is becomes more important than anything he says."—Helen C. White in COMMONWEAL, Jan. 27, in "Freedom to Teach."

Miss White, author of A Watch in the Night, and other historical novels, is chairman of the English Department of the University of Wisconsin, in Madison.

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Community

THE QUEST FOR COMMUNITY BY ROBERT A. NISBIT, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, N. Y. CITY, 1953. \$4. A study in the Ethics of Order and Freedom.
Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

"The man

Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys;
Power, like a desolating pestilence;
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth;
Makes slaves of men and of the human frame;
A mechanized automaton."

Shelley

"Toqueville visited the U.S. in 1840 and predicted the time when 'Each nation is reduced to nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals of which the government is the shepherd.' And at the same time he continues 'They want to be led and they wish to remain free.'"

Prof. Nisbit of the U. of California, Riverside division, in a scholarly analysis describes the sense of community in the family, gild, and the church of medieval times; the rise of capitalism and Protestantism in a selfish individualism which as Toqueville predicted has destroyed this sense of community. He agrees with the anarchist teaching as to the origin of the State as given by Kropotkin in *The State, Its Historic Role*, when he says, "The State is not the direct outgrowth of the family, tribe, or local community . . . it is in the circumstances and relationships of war . . . the war chief and his band . . . earliest form of the State." He knows that "War is the health of the State" as he quotes Randolph Bourne, for he adds, "It is the health of the State as it is the disease, or rather the starvation, of other areas of social function and authority." And as to the function of the State he quotes Walter Lippmann that "There is no real difference in the size of the claim between communists, fascists, and democrats . . . ultimately and theoretically they claim absolute authority as against all churches, associations, and persons within their jurisdiction."

In a detailed study of Rousseau and Hobbes, Prof. Nisbit derides their statist absolutism and likewise dislikes individualism, quoting others who feel that the individual can do nothing against the State, but only groups with a sense of community can exercise this function. He analyzes both the communist and other frankly totalitarian groups rather favorably compared to capitalist totalitarianism under the guise of "democracy." He ends by calling for a decentralized statist society much as that envisioned by Lewis Mumford. What he asks for is that in-

dependence of spirit which individualists have shown. This is really the personalism which we of the CW also emphasize. The difference is that he has hopes of the capitalist war-making State becoming the fulfillment of his "Quest for Community." Or perhaps his is the detached mind which allows his body to be conscripted for war, comes home and open-mindedly studies all economic theories, but whose very detachment prevents him from doing any more than choosing reluctantly the lesser of two evils. Some of his analysis is worth our study whether we come to his conclusion or not.

Our Condition Today

"It is impossible to escape the melancholy conclusion that man's belief in himself has become weakest in the very age when his control of environment is the greatest." And because men have few roots in the past they "increasingly . . . seek escape from the freedom of impersonality, secularism, individualism . . . They look for community in marriage, thus putting, often, an intolerable strain upon a tie already grown institutionally fragile. They look for it in easy religion, which leads frequently to a vulgarization of Christianity the like of which the world has not seen before. They look for it in the psychiatrist's office, in the cult, in functionless ritualizations of the past, and in all the other avocations of relief from nervous exhaustion."

He feels that the family is not the unit and that we will not regain the true function of the family by "clinics and high school courses on courtship and marriage." It has to be deeper than that and not based on a depersonalized way of life. We have the large housing project and the assembly line and are spatially closer together than our grandparents who cleared homesteads in forest or on prairie. What we don't have is a "meaningful proximity to the major needs and purposes of our culture."

With big business, big government, big co-operatives, and big unions the individual is lost. "Lacking a sense of participation in economic society, men will seek it, as Hilaire Belloc told us, in the Servile State." "The capitalist process, by substituting a mere parcel of shares for the wall of and the machines in a factory, takes the life out of the idea of property. Dematerialized, defunctionalized and absentee ownership does not impress and call forth moral allegiance as the vital form of property did. Eventually there will be nobody left who really cares to stand for it—nobody within and without the precincts of the big concerns." (See Jan., 1954 CW with my review of Henry L. Nunn's *The Whole Man Goes to Work* and Brennan's *The Making of a Moron*, for a clear discussion of the individual and our mechanized society.) "The tyranny of the machine, this rather than physical want is the star-

vation that threatens the modern worker . . . major cause of the distraction, irreligion and unrest," the author quotes Susan Langer as saying.

Rousseau

His idea that we are born good but corrupted by society and so society must be changed is the very antithesis of the pacifist-anarchist idea that it is not by bullets or ballots that we will have a better society, but only when each individual is changed. He felt that "the State is the liberator of the individual from the toils of society . . . The real oppressions in life were those of traditional society—class, church, school, and patriarchal family . . . For Rousseau there is no morality, no freedom, no community outside the narrow structure of the State."

Communism

It is just because life has little meaning, because of white, Western Christian imperialism and racial discrimination, with the contrast of our high standard of living and the poverty of Asia and Africa that Communism makes an appeal. And today in France it is the insecurity of life, the stupidity of bourgeois politicians, that increases the Communist vote. The author quotes Erich Fromm: "From the outside, the communist may look like an ant in an ant hill, but to himself he may seem to be a comrade helping to carry out a great design—what in another context would be called the will of God; and the official deterministic philosophy will only operate to inspire a deadly assurance of ultimate success." Nisbit continues: "Yet, who can doubt that Communism has its appeal, everywhere, to men of the utmost good will? Who can doubt that its success depends in large degree upon its capacity for offering refuge to the hungry sheep, hope to the hopeless, and faith to the disillusioned? And who can doubt, finally, that, making all allowance for the awful gulf between practice and preaching, 20th century communism does have a demonstrable historical connection with social movements and ideals which we in the West continue to prize? . . . Liberation? What is Communism—in Czechoslovakia, Eastern Germany, and China, a process of forcible liberation of human beings from the shackles set upon them by landlords, trade union leaders, capitalists, and educational systems?"

Socialism

The author has vision enough not to be fooled by a weakened radicalism, for compared to Communism the Socialists are a shadow getting dimmer and dimmer. "The convinced socialist like the convinced atheist, has ceased to be the recognized standard bearer of radicalism. He has simply become irrelevant. His position, among intellectuals, is no longer given even the dignity of attack . . . The hopes of older Russian intellectuals, who had supposed that socialism in Russia might be founded upon the communal institutions of the peasantry, supplemented by the emerging workers' organizations in the cities, were proved fatuous. For the new rulers of Russia recognized that the kind of power requisite to the establishment of the Marxian order could not long exist if any competing associations and authorities were allowed to remain. "How then can Prof. Nisbit hope for a better society with the recognition of the State? He disavows fascism, communism, socialism, and surely these days there is no one with the integrity of old Bob LaFollette who might advocate a decentralized and non-imperialist capitalism. The people believe in Santa Claus and whichever politician promises higher wages, higher subsidies, less taxes, more hatred of Russia, and the most "peace-loving" will be elected the benevolent despot.

Totalitarianism

"Totalitarianism can as easily be the work of industrial managers, who are themselves revolting against the capitalists, or of labor leaders, scientists, church leaders, or any group of intellectuals who may find themselves strategically placed to accomplish through revolution or bureaucracy the transition from free society to totalitarianism." The author feels that Hitler and Stalin had the confidence of the masses or they could not have remained in power. He tersely states that "Total political centralization can lead only to social and cultural death."

The Future

This basic thought precludes any discussion of a free society: "A conception of freedom that does not center upon the ethical primacy of the person is either naive or malevolent." Lord Acton, the Catholic whose epigram on the corruption of power is quoted extensively is also quoted by the author: "All freedom consists . . . in the preservation of an inner sphere exempt from State power."

Very few writers have given the strength of the decentralist idea better than Lewis Mumford. With Prof. Nisbit desiring an ethical individualism, which may be called Personalism; a decentralized state, which may be called that Jeffersonian one where "that government is best which governs least"; and a people whose roots are in community, which may be likened to the fraternal life of the traditional Hopi Indians and the Hutterites, it is well to close this review with his quotation from Mumford:

"Small groups: small classes; small communities: institutions framed to the human scale, are essential to purposive behavior in modern society . . . 20 communities with a population of 50,000 people would . . . be more adequately governed, probably, than one city that contained a million . . . We demand the impossible in the way of direction and specialized service from a few people, and we fail to demand the possible from those who are better equipped to handle adequately a smaller job. With our overgrown institutions, overgrown colleges, overgrown corporations, overgrown cities, is it any wonder that we easily become the victims of propaganda machines, routiniers, and dictators?" (See review in Dec. 1954 CW of Mumford's *In the Name of Sanity*).

The Wobblies

THE I.W.W. IT'S FIRST FIFTY YEARS (1905-1955) Compiled by Fred Thompson, I.W.W., 2422 N. Halsted, Chicago, 14, Ill. 1955 Paper \$2, Cloth \$3.

Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common . . . Instead of the conservative motto, 'A fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system' . . . By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old." From I.W.W. Preamble, written it is said, by the ex-priest, Thomas J. Haggerty.

"The I.W.W. had the stamina not only to withstand militia, prisoners and plain plug-uglies, but what is harder: fond hopes shattered, sudden reverses, and repeated losses of substantial memberships. . . . The world: one part politically totalitarian with the power drive of dictatorship strangling whatever socialist sentiment may have gone into its making; the other part increasingly imitating its opponent under the pretext of combatting it, and unions increasingly becoming integrated and hopelessly enmeshed in these great half-world power complexes."

If the author had used as much imagination throughout this too short a history of the I.W.W. as he does in the above paragraph on the last page of his book it would not be the dull one that it is. This week I have also read Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's "I Speak For Myself," which deals with much of the same time and subject. In her book the characters vibrate with life and you can see the action only remotely hinted at by Thompson. I am inclined to take Gurley's version of the Mesaba Range trouble where the three Montenegrins pled guilty to manslaughter and did 3 years, and the others were not prosecuted on the false charge of conspiracy, than I would Thompson's suggestion of trickery on her part.

Founded in 1905 by members of the Western Federation of Miners, Brewery Workers, and the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees, and others, with Debs, Mother Jones, and the "Saint," as Vincent St. John was called, it was 1908 until they got under way with seasoned rebels who had survived the factionalism of Daniel De Leon. From the Western Federation they had the tradition of no contracts. They conducted the first sit-down strike at General Electric in 1906. (The first one in this country was that of the Brewery Workers in Cincinnati in 1884 when the union men barricaded themselves inside with beer barrels. When bullets from the police caused the beer to flow the bosses gave in.) From Skowhegan, Maine, in 1906 to Lawrence, Mass., in 1912, and Paterson, N. J., in 1913, the I.W.W. gave hope to the underpaid textile workers who had been divided by the bosses because of their varied nationalities. When Harvard students were scab-herding in the Lawrence strike a Boston lawyer

affirmed the I.W.W. class struggle dogma by saying: "Any man who pays more for labor than the lowest sum he can get them for is robbing his stockholders."

In the steel industry at McKees Rocks in 1909 the I.W.W. won a raise for 350,000 men while the AFL was sleeping. But it was with the migrant workers in the harvest fields, the lumberjacks in the northwest and in the swamps of Louisiana, the dockers of Philadelphia and all over, that the Wobblies organized what seemed to be the unorganizable. Their free speech fights in San Diego, Spokane and San Pedro where thousands filled the jails and sang their parodies of the Salvation Army hymns remain a part of the folk lore of this country. In San Pedro, "Stockades were built and filled with speakers; it was hopeless to arrest the hundreds who joined the mass singing of I.W.W. songs. Young fellows on roof tops made speeches while cops chased them as in movies."

Why then is the I.W.W. barely alive today? Thompson thinks it was from the split in 1924 when class war prisoners in Leavenworth on opposition to World War I, and those in California jails under criminal syndicalism charges, quarrelled over whether paroles should be accepted or not; and over centralization or decentralization in the I.W.W. unions. They did lose their main locals in Cleveland over signing up with Taft-Hartley. Thompson worries about the I.W.W. being on the subversive list. It would seem that if the I.W.W. is not subversive it is not anything. The loss of many like Haywood and Ashleigh to the Communists and the legalizing of unions under the New Deal, coupled with war prosperity had dimmed the class struggle. In opposing the check-off of union dues the Wobs still remain true. There is little life today among non-Communist radicals and the I.W.W. suffers along with the rest. I joined the I.W.W. in 1912, spoke in some of their halls, and wrote a few articles and poems for their papers, but was never really in places where I could be active. I dropped out in 1922. There is no doubt that emotionally, historically and in reality the I.W.W. in its short time of great activity from 1911 to about 1936 has shed the clearest light upon the weaknesses of our exploitative system; has provided the most imaginative and good humored protest against the whole capitalistic system, leaving us their "songs to fan the flames of discontent."



On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Last month my writing was cut short by an infected finger and I had wanted to write book reviews, more about community, more about my grandchildren, and so on.

It is very cheerful to think and write about the grandchildren. Last week, on a very windy day, Becky, Susie, Eric, Nickie and Mary came over to see me and since the old 1935 Pontiac is out of wack at present, they walked over and I walked back with them. We took a short cut through the woods at the corner of Woodrow road, and after penetrating a thicket of briars we came on a bridle path, and followed that over the sandy waste land which makes up so much of this end of the island. Sassafras grows abundantly and sumac of course, but this stretch of land used to be open pasture and farm land. Now it is all overgrown and the trees are high enough to be a wind-break. It is hard to believe that all this waste land used to be farm and orchard; that there used to be fruit farms on the other side of the Kill Van Kull and the islanders of Rossville rowed over there to get peaches and pears; that there used to be a boat at Rossville which took you into Manhattan early in the morning to the vicinity of Washington Market, and brought you home again at night. It must have been a two-hour trip. What fun! Now the sight of the Jersey shore is a vision of hell with its chemical plants, oil refineries, and storage tanks, and the river front of Staten Island is taken up with graveyards of cars, busses, barges and the refuse and ugliness of our industrial age. In the winter time all this stark ugliness stands out along all our water fronts.

But I am trying to cultivate some of my daughter's



ability to see only the beauty and push aside the rest. So I concentrated on the hazy blue sky (and forgot about smog), and the golden sunlight on the sandy stretch of woodland and field. The children raced along the paths and tried to get lost as we had once before, and Nickie, always alert for beauty, found some branches of a broken pine lying on the ground and carried them, waving like a plume over his head. When we reached Winant Avenue and came out in front of Abdullah's house, he sighed deeply and said, "We made it!" as though we had been going through great dangers. It was Nickie who saw an elephant (which looked like a dog) in the woods a few years before. He is in first grade now and no longer sees wild creatures, but goodness knows what he thinks of as he comes home alone from school and passes that gigantic pit which has been dug all along Winant Avenue. There are monsters there with huge jaws which eat out the side of the hill, and the sand gouged out is used as fill for the marshes nearby over which another highway is being made. There are plenty of good roads on the island now and very little traffic on them which makes bicycling a joy. I wish we had a few bicycles on Peter Maurin farm, I'd go ambling around myself.

I spoke of Tamar's ability to see beauty, and to put to one side the troubles she can do nothing about. All around their little cottage there are booby traps set by the children in the way of deep pits, dug outs in the sand, tree houses, and when the children are not making chaos round about, the geese are. The grocer will kindly bring what supposedly is a box full of cabbage and lettuce leaves and when the geese go after it vociferously and turn it over, it is found to be full of paper, orange and grape fruit skins and egg shells. These get scattered around the door step over and over again. Maggie will go thoughtfully along the fence, turning over the ash cans, or rather the bushel baskets full of cans, broken glass, refuse that will not burn, and in the midst of these shambles, Tamar and Peggy Conklin (my old jailmate from suffrage days) will wander among the plants in the garden and talk about borders and herbs and sweet smelling and tender things, with a look of dreamy happiness in their eyes, which see not and care not that rakes and brooms are ready, and yards ought not to look like that, and a few brisk hours of work would do wonders. But Peggy knows the limitations of her age, and Tamar knows the limitations of her baby-crowded youth, and they are wise women, sitting over a tea cup and chatting of the things that really matter. This wisdom of Tamar's extends to such practical things as getting to bed with the children at eight thirty of an evening, since she is called so many times during the night. And she lets house work go while she teaches the children to weave and make baskets, or to beat up a cake for Epiphany or make candles or plant a window box, or just to hold the baby. Babies are lucky in that household. There is always some

one to give them t.l.c. (tender loving care) as the nurses put it on their charts. And as a result, they are placid, gay babies and want being held only around supper time when Becky or David are quite ready for an armful.

I was reading in one of the books on the Little Flower, the comment on Therese as a child of five—"she laughs so that she sets everyone else to laughing." Little Mary has that kind of a laugh. For no reason at all you will hear that little brook of a laugh gurgling forth, and Nickie and Margaret joining in.

And outside, as I write, the sky is darkening, the wind is rising, and it is the gloomiest of winter weather. And my only cause for gloom at the moment is that I must leave the Peter Maurin farm for a few weeks and go to Philadelphia, Bristol, Brooklyn and other far away places to speak at Haverford, visit Peggy at Manumit school where she is working with her husband this winter, speak at St. Joseph's college, and spend the rest of the month in the office, in New York.

Bakunin Revisited

By Helene Iswolsky

It has been recently hinted, and even stressed that strikes by inmates of Soviet labor camps were sparked by men and women, mostly students and followers of Michael Bakunin, initiator of the Russian anarchist movement. These two words, "students" and "Bakunin" have started in our mind a chain reaction, which we shall try to describe against the background of past, present, and perhaps even of future Russia. It was always very important for a young Russian to be a student. Turgenev's and Dostoyevsky's characters are students. Michael Bakunin was a student of Moscow University.

January 25th (or 12th, according to the Russian Church calendar) is the feast of St. Tatyana, a Roman Christian woman and martyr, who is the patron saint of Moscow University, and in fact of all Russian students. For it was on St. Tatyana's feast-day, that the first Russian university was founded two hundred years ago in Moscow. Its initiators were Lomonosov, poet, grammarian and scientist, who was a fisherman's son, and count Shuvalov, an enlightened and humanistically inclined nobleman. Guided by Saint Tatyana (Shuvalov's wife was Tatyana) these two wise men drafted the Moscow University charter, which provided for academic freedom, the promotion of sciences and a vast student enrollment with minimum fees.

On the feast of St. Tatyana, students were released from class, and, according to a gentleman's agreement, the Moscow police took a day and a night off. Moscow belonged to youth, and to youth only. There was some carousing, some visiting of night clubs, and parties in student's quarters. The favorite song was: "Swift as waves are the days of our lives." For students were, and are still sad in Russia. Today, they have to comply with Marxism; in the past, they had to struggle, to earn their education, to suffer disciplinary measures, contrary to the spirit of the initial charter. But in this very sadness and anxiety, there was an appeal, a challenge, a search for truth and social justice. Recalling the good resolutions he made as a student, Tolstoy writes, that he promised "to go to the university on foot every day," and if a vehicle were offered him by his family, he would "sell it" and "put the money aside for the poor." As to his own behavior, it was to be "a wise, moral and irreproachable life."

Tolstoy became a great novelist and the initiator of non-violence. Bakunin became a famous rebel, and a violent one, proclaiming that only through the people's mass revolt, could tyranny be overthrown. Tyranny in Bakunin's eyes were personified by the State, and Tolstoy was just as opposed to the State as Bakunin. Obviously, neither conceived the possibility of a just government, and in this sense they were both anarchists. Both rejected the visible church, insofar as they saw it in the limited perspectives of their country and of their time. But both realized that there was such a thing as "an irreproachable life"; this meant sacrifice, mortification, service, purification, a certain lay-sanctity. Nicholas Berdyaev often pointed out in his writings, that even in its extreme atheist and anticlerical doctrines, the Russian intelligentsia retained a religious spirit.

As we look upon the records of these far away days, we may ask ourselves, where are these angry and melancholy students today? Have they gone with the wind, like those "swift waves" they used to sing about?

Quite suddenly, a former inmate of Vorkuta labor camp, Bridget Garland, has answered our question. She it was, who told that Bakunin's influence survives among student youth in Russia. And it was she too who told that non-violence also lives in Russia: for years, the "little nuns" of Vorkuta, have resisted by prayer alone, being as staunch in their belief as the Vorkuta anarchists.¹ Such idealists are unbelievable in our time; they seem to have long ago been classified and placed in glass cases of museums and archives on either side of the iron curtain. And now, quite suddenly, they have come to life.

Following Bridget Garland's testimony, our evaluation of Russian resistance to Marxism, which is usually underestimated or misunderstood must be entirely reversed; this resistance follows a strange and often confused pattern. On one hand the "little nuns" who "are convinced that the word of Christ lives forever and that the people must hear it." On the other hand, "Bakunin's ghost" "walks again in Russia,"² and has proved that "victory is on his side, and not on the side of Marxism,"³ to quote some Russian commentators in America.

¹ Bridget Garland: Notes from the Women's Regime Camp, "The Socialist Courier," June 1954.

² P. Berlin. "The Socialist Courier" August-September 1954.

³ A. Ch. "Dielo Trouda-Probouzhdenye," May-July 1955. According to the author's estimates, thousands of anarchists were executed in U.S.S.R., to which must be added the liquidated leaders of the Vorkuta strikes (Garland).

Let us extract Bakunin's relics, or ghost, from his glass case. He was, we should remember an extraordinary personality, and his career was almost incredibly dramatic. Like Tolstoy, he belonged to Russia's landed gentry. Less fortunate than the author of "War and Peace," he had no "vehicle" to sell, and gave private lessons in order to pay his student fees. But very much like Tolstoy he longed to serve, to labor, to suffer. In a letter to his sisters, young Bakunin wrote: "Life is love and the strength of life is found in love." He wanted above all a social order in which everyman could be free to express himself. To achieve this order, Bakunin felt, a great deal would have to be destroyed: perhaps everything that he knew and had been taught to respect. "Destruction," he proclaimed, "is a creative force." But it is astonishing how little Bakunin actually destroyed, except a few idols and false prophets of his time. His entire person, as well as his life, seems disproportionate, almost monstrous and uncanny. He was too tall, too squarely built, too clumsy and too loud. And yet he could exercise a peculiar charm and fascination. He was capable of fits of furious anger, and yet he suffered to be slapped in the face without seeking retaliation, like Dostoyevsky's character Stavrogin in the "Possessed" of whom he is believed to be the prototype. There was something childlike about him, and he was restless as a child. He was a rebel in Russia, France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. With the famous composer Richard Wagner he took part in the Dresden insurrection. He was a friend of Garibaldi, George Sand, and of all Polish patriots in exile. He was arrested and imprisoned in Russia, banished to Siberia, and fled via Japan and the United States to Geneva. There in 1867, Bakunin attended the Congress of Peace and Liberty, at which Garibaldi declared: "All nations are sisters, war among them is impossible." Bakunin spoke at the Congress too, offering a plan for the "United States of Europe." At the time, his speech was considered utopian; even Dostoyevsky, who was present, was not convinced. Today, Geneva still reflects certain hopeful trends in international affairs, and this hopefulness is still mostly talked down. But who



could in our time doubt Bakunin's sure instinct, and even prophetism, when he struggled against Karl Marx?

This was the time, when Marx founded the First International, against which Bakunin pitted his own "International Alliance." He dared to proclaim that he preferred his own "excellent and beneficent disorder" to Marxist tyranny, which was already obvious to him. Bakunin wrote, that if the Marxist doctrine were fulfilled, it would mean "a new condemnation of the masses, driven by the force of decrees, to obedience, immobility, death."[†]

The Vorkuta story proves that Bakunin's protest has survived the childlike giant who destroyed nothing but that which was idolatry in his time and ours. This protest was born under the mantle of Saint Tatyana. For it was of the students of the Moscow University, that Alexander Herzen, (Bakunin's contemporary) wrote: "Russia's future lived exclusively in the minds of a few boys, inexistent and so obscure, that they could have been placed under the sole of the imperial boot."[†]

[†] Quoted, as well as Bakunin's biographical landmarks from: "La vie de Bakounine," by Helene Iswolsky, ed. Gallimard. Paris 1930.

A Small Disciple

By ROBERT GRANT

We are so busy running these days that we scarcely notice anybody. Not even the very fat or the very thin or the very beautiful or the very ugly can get more than a glance out of us. James William Smith was one of those least likely to attract our notice, being middle-aged, middle-sized and with a face halfway between attractive and unattractive. He did have a certain mild light in his green-grey eyes, it was true, but with jewels and plastics and electricity scintillating all around us we are hardly apt to pay much attention to a certain mild light in a man's eyes.

But James William Smith did get noticed once, and this is how.

He worked as a janitor in a few stores of the neighborhood, and in his free time he read almost constantly, though he only owned two books, the Gospels and the Imitation of Christ. The shopkeepers, realizing they could get his services for practically nothing, paid him practically nothing. Whatever they gave him Smith accepted

(Continued on page 7)



Smith Act Victim

Dear Friend:

I am Rebecca Mindel, wife of Jacob Mindel, who is now serving a two-year prison sentence under the Smith Act, since January 1955.

It is the dawn of a new year and my husband, a Marxist scholar, 74 years old, and ill with heart disease and complicated chronic stomach disease, faces another year behind prison bars. Not having been charged with any overt act, he is imprisoned for his ideas of peace and amity among all nations.

In September, 1955, after one-third of his sentence was served, he was denied parole. Neither age nor illness moved the Parole Board. Indeed, no Smith Act prisoner has been granted parole.

This past year held out great hopes for mankind of peace on earth and good will toward men. But to my husband and me, Christmas season has brought new cruelty which shocks the souls of all men of good will.

The Social Security Administration has terminated old age insurance payments to us, leaving us with nothing. They do this after having accepted my husband's contributions since the inception of Social Security in 1936. I am 70



years of age and my husband's checks were my only means of support.

Now the greatest killer of all to a man with heart disease—*anxiety and worry*—has struck. I fear that great anxiety and constant worry over my situation, with no means of livelihood, will spell the end for my husband.

Today the entire Smith Act is being reviewed in the courts and by public opinion. I fervently hope that all decent and humane people will support the petition to President Eisenhower of 46 outstanding Americans for amnesty for all Smith Act prisoners. Among the signers were Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Mr. Norman Thomas and Professor Henry Steele Commager. They called the attention of the President to the "noticeable trend to reaffirm the basic democratic traditions of our country" and to the several elderly and sick among the Smith Act prisoners.

I ask all within reach of my voice—what does it avail our great nation to keep a man, 74 and ill, in prison for his ideas? How does taking away a pension, rightfully theirs, from an aged and sick couple, appear to the American people and the people of the world? I know in my heart, you will agree with me that it can bring only shame and disgrace to our nation's good name and honor.

Please write to President Eisenhower, The White House, Washington, D. C., urging him to rescind the tyrannical act of the Social Security Board and to grant immediate amnesty to my husband. I would deeply appreciate a copy of your letter to the President.

Sincerely,
Rebecca Mindel

Home Making

St. Patrick Academy
Des Plaines, Ill.
Feast of the Assumption

Dear Miss Day:

During this time after summer school I have read your fine book, *The Long Loneliness*. I was truly sorry when I had finished it, as you, too, have doubtless been after finishing some autobiographies. For a brief time one has enjoyed knowing a truly worth-while person, and then he can no longer have that pleasure, the "ships that pass in the night" sort of thing. Your frequent references to loneliness I could understand. I often marvel that there are not more suicides among persons of no faith, for this is, I think, experienced by many, and the Presence of God is like a life-buoy to many of us. It seems another proof of Augustine's contention that our hearts were made for God. A book entitled *Kinships* by Antonin Sertillanges, a French Dominican, has some thoughts which would mean a great deal to a sensitive person like you. Somewhere in this book, speaking of those times in one's life when one is not blessed with a close friendship, he says "When you do not have a friend, keep yourself worthy of having one. I suppose he is advising the practice of hope."

Your ideas regarding high school education, page 239, were especially interesting to me—"she wished to fit herself for marriage and I could not see that the school she attended, or any other high school, was going to do that." A few days before reading this, I had contended in a group discussion that all girls in our Mercy high schools should take Home-Making, not only those who are mentally incapable of taking the Liberal Arts program. I was told that this is the business of the home; that it is the function of the schools to train the intellect, not, primarily, to save souls; and that my proposal would be as little sensible as it would be to require all high school boys to take manual training courses. To me it seems that in too many cases women find employment outside the home, frequent taverns, or are unfaithful to their husbands partly because the business of home-making does not interest them sufficiently. You could, I think, do a real service to Catholic education by expressing your views on this point now, when many schools are revising curricula.

In Christ,
Sr. Mary Norberta, R.S.M.

Haiti

Dear Miss Day,

Knowing your great interest for all good causes I take the liberty of asking you a little service. I am a French missionary in charge of 25,000 souls in the parish of Don-Don, the population is very poor and ignorant of the principal truths of the Catholic Church; 65% of the population has not yet made their first Holy Communion.

I cannot depend on them to live, on the contrary, I have to help them in many ways, for instance I support myself and maintain a dispensary—the nearest doctor being 30 miles from here. Being unable to get Mass stipends, I wonder if you could help me in finding among your friends a few Masses; this will be very precious help to our mission, and I can assure you that I will especially remember you in return in all my daily Masses. Checks can easily be changed in Haiti.

Trusting you will give me a favourable reply, I am, dear Miss Day, your obliged and thankful servant in Jesus and Mary.

Rev. Father Alexander Turcotte,
S.O.C.
Don-Don, Cape Haitien,
Haiti, West Indies

LETTERS



Literature Needed

I am warden of this College Hostel and in that capacity I am writing this to you for your consideration. We have got 190 students of whom only 60 are Catholics. The rest are Hindus of different denominations, castes, creeds, and tongues. The only opportunity for them to come into contact with Catholic ideas is the time they spend in the College Hostel reading room. It is not worth the name. We have got only a few papers and magazines. What books we have got are few and very old. The young minds may not be attracted by them.

I am taking this opportunity to request you be good enough to include us, also in the mailing list of the Catholic Worker. I will do my best to circulate them among our students, especially the Catholics. I shall be very grateful for all such helps.

Personally, I am very much interested in books of all kinds. Any help in this line will be useful to me also for my writing in the papers and in writing books.

In return for the kind help, we shall pray for you that the great work you are doing may be to the greater glory of the Most High and that of our Mother the Catholic Church.

Requesting your prayers in return, I beg to remain, Yours in Christ,
Professor, St. Philomena's College
Father Joseph Thekanady, M.A.
Mysore City, S. India

A Wish

Montreal.

The last C.W. was very interesting. "Spiritually Semites" fitted in with a feeble effort I've been making myself with the Council of Christians and Jews. I feel that the Christians being responsible for the persecution of the Jews through the centuries should now share with them the effort for peace with the Arabs, difficult as it is to bring it about. I wish the Jews could do something magnificent (I mean spiritually as well as materially) in the matter—something humble and self-sacrificing to show themselves still the descendants of Abraham and Moses, and followers of Christ in practice if not yet in theory. M. S.

From a Family

Flaxton, via Palmwoods,
Queensland, Australia.

Dear Catholic Worker:

I am sorry to be sending along my small subscription so late. I shall be glad if you can arrange that I do not miss any copies of the C.W. I can't tell you how much we appreciate it. Until this last year I had not seen a copy of it for many years, although I am in full agreement with most of the views which you express.

We wish we could do more to show our appreciation but, being a family of eleven, living on a five acre farm we can't do much in a material way.

Yours very sincerely,
John Rooke.

Pegler

7 Sherman St.
Auburn, N. Y.
May 4, 1955.

To the Editor,

In branding the Peron regime as totalitarian, *Osservatore Romano* has belatedly recognized what most liberal and labor people have been saying for years. And this applies even more so to the land of the Falange and the fascist salute, Spain, where Franco, in the Spanish school textbooks has in print, unequivocally admitted and declared "Spain is a totalitarian nation."

We Catholics should realize that there are two basic principles inherent in all dictatorships. One is that the end justifies the means. The other is that the Church is something to be used until it objects, then it must be attacked. Because of its powerful influence, the Church may be last on the dictators list but he must eventually get around to persecuting it as he has all independent voices.

When the clergy of Spain have become awake and courageous as their brethren in Argentina, Franco will react just as Peron.

Although lacking the police power for which he yearns, Westbrook Pegler, in his May 3 column, has pointed out the line of intimidation he wants business and government to use against the Catho-



lic Church if the Bishops continue to speak out in behalf of the application of moral principles to economics, government and legislation related thereto.

Because the Bishops of the United States have condemned the anti-labor so-called "right to work" laws which have been passed in 18 states, Pegler urges that they be intimidated in these words. Threateningly, he reminds the Bishops that "the exemption of religious institutions from taxes on their incomes is not unconditional. Neither is the deductibility of contributions by communicants. These exemptions may be denied by internal revenue if the activities of a religious see, parish or congregation to a substantial extent consist of efforts to influence legislation."

This is the latest in Pegler's stepped-up subtle anti-Catholic campaign to pressurize religion and labor into the mold of the political and economic system decreed by the State and the dominant class.

Walter O'Hagan

New Mission

My Good Friend,
God loves you.

I am in charge of a brand new Mission. This is my third such enterprise. My present Mission is eight miles round. This is entirely a Planting district. Miles and miles of tea and nothing but tea. I have twenty-seven estates. Each estate has two or three thousand hands employed. These seventy thousand people live in the most abject conditions. A whole family, six or seven, definitely more but not less, is huddled up in a room of about ten by twelve feet. This one room is all their house and also serves as a kitchen. They work from dawn till dusk for daily pay. If they are fortunate enough to work every-day of the month, they draw a maximum of \$13 or £6. This maximum is only wishful. This is all their earnings. Fortunate reader, I wager that you can not picture their sorry plight. Even in their savage like conditions they are good and generous.

Just now we have nothing but a school on a leased land. In a few months we have 303 students, to be accurate, and eight teachers. Children are daily knocking at our door for admission. We turn them away for want of room. The same building (if you allow me to call a shanty a building) caters for the school as well as the chapel. The greatest news is that the owners who were at first adamant in refusing, are now prepared to give us two acres.

I, therefore, beg of you to send me a generous donation. Kindly help me if possible. Contributions, however small, will be gratefully accepted and acknowledged. My school children daily recite a Rosary for your intentions. My people will pray for you. I will remember you in my Masses.

Donations may be sent either directly to me or through my Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. D. B. Regno, O.S.B. With blessings and all good blessings,

Fr. Victor Rajanayagam, O.S.B.
Holy Rosary Mission,
Bogawantalawa, Ceylon

Appeals

Sagaya Tottam
Takkolam P.O.
Arkonam N.A. DT
So. India

I have been commissioned to start here an Agricultural Colony for poor orphan boys and for the benefit of the population around us. A stretch of barren ground is our promised land. We live in a hut, work with our hands and feet, using hand implements. It is much too slow.

We have dug wells 25 feet deep and found abundant water, also we built a mile long channel to send the water to the fields . . . but we need a pump, a Diesel motor and fuel.

We are waiting for help to get all these things. Will you help us? Meanwhile we ask God and His Blessed Mother to bless you.

Rev. O. Berti SDB.

Ursuline Convent
P.O. Gumla, Ranchi Dt.
Bihar, India
28-8-55

Dear Sir,

I beg you most humbly to have pity on us and the hundreds of children, sick and poor under our care. Needs are great and numerous in this young mission post. Please do kindly help us.

May the good Master Who is never outdone in generosity grant you the hundredfold.

Yours sincerely,
Mother M. Elizabeth.

A Small Disciple

(Continued from page 5)

without complaint. The neighborhood believed that Smith was a fool, yet an honest fool who never stole merchandise and cleaned stores thoroughly and well. Once in a while a grocer gave him a cake that had gone mouldy, or a haberdasher gave him a pair of pants that couldn't be sold. Sometimes they were gifts and sometimes they took the place of wages. Smith said nothing but thank you.

One night, while Smith was sweeping up in the "More 4 Less Grocery" two men broke in. They grabbed him, tied him with clothesline, and hit him over the head with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola, knocking him out and almost killing him. They rifled the cash register and fled.

The two thieves were caught and arraigned for trial and James William Smith became the principal witness against them. He was brought to the witness stand but he never testified. He refused to take the oath.

The court clerk stood there with the Bible in his hand, and the judge leaned down and asked what the delay was in swearing in the witness.

"The witness refuses to take the oath," the clerk said, shifting the Bible in his hands as if it had suddenly grown hot.

"What was that?" The judge's face compressed with incredulity and annoyance. He did not wait for an answer. "Please, let's have no delay, we've got a heavy docket to get through this morning. Will you kindly swear in the witness and let's get his testimony."

The clerk again held out the Bible to Smith, who shook his head politely, like someone being offered food whose stomach is full.

"The witness refuses, you Honor," the clerk replied.

He said it loudly and now everyone in the court, including the two thieves, was staring curiously at the witness. This was a low court, and there weren't many people present, but probably more people were looking at Smith now than had looked at him in his whole life. The judge inclined toward the witness, squinting and excavating the hollow of his ear, as if to remove whatever it was that was distorting his hearing.

"Is this true, Mr. —" the judge consulted the record

on his desk, "is this true, Mr. Smith, that you refuse to take the oath?"

"Yes, sir," Smith said, in a dry weak voice.

"Yes, your Honor," whispered the clerk, who had put down the Bible.

"Yes, your Honor," Smith said, a little louder now, but nervously.

"And may I inquire," said the judge, annoyed yet intrigued at the same time, "just why you refuse to take the oath on the Bible as required by United States Law?" He pronounced "as required by United States Law" much more forcefully than the rest.

"It's against my religion, sir," Smith said.

"Your honor," whispered the clerk.

The judge waved his hand. "That's all right, that's all right . . . and Mr. Smith, what sect do you belong to, may I ask?"

Smith seemed confused by the word "sect."

"What is your religion, Mr. Smith?"

"Christian, sir,"

The judge lifted his eyebrows at the rest of the court, including the thieves. Then he began to talk to Smith with an exaggerated patience, as if with a child. "We are all Christians, Mr. Smith. I am a Christian. I go to church, I believe in God. This is a Christian country, Mr. Smith. I mean what is the name of your group, your organization?"

Smith again seemed confused. "Christian sir, like I told you."

The judge glanced at the clerk as if figuring how many moments he could allot to this comedy.

"Look, Mr. Smith, I'm trying to be patient with you. We've had thousands of Christians there on the witness stand and you are the first to refuse to take the oath. How many others belong to your brand of Christianity?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Then," snapped the judge who had once been a prosecuting attorney, "I take it we are looking today on a one-man church."

There was laughter, even the thieves smiled. Smith said nothing.

The judge tried one more angle. "These two men are accused of assaulting you, Smith, it was just luck they didn't kill you. Don't you wish to see justice done, see them punished?"

At these words a strange smile began to play with the corners of Smith's mouth. But he said nothing.

"I must warn you, Smith. This is a very serious offense. It shows your utter contempt of this court and for the government and people of the United States of America. It is in my power to indict you. But I don't believe you are a criminal, Smith, but just a victim of misplaced zeal. I've studied the scriptures quite a bit myself. Is there any particular passage which in your mind authorizes your behavior?"

"Yes sir, Saint Matthew sir. You have heard that it was said, you shall not swear falsely, but shall perform to the Lord what you have sworn. But I say to you, swear not at all, neither by Heaven, for it is the throne of God, nor by the earth, for it is His footstool, nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the Great King. And do not swear by your head, for you cannot make one hair white or black. Let what you say be yes or no. Anything more than this comes from evil."

As he spoke, the mild light in Smith's eyes seemed to glow brighter than neon or diamonds. Maybe the judge noticed this, for he did not say another word to him but angrily recessed the court and had Smith taken into custody for contempt. The Foreign Minister of Russia made a big speech that day so Smith's case did not get into the newspapers. No psychiatrist was called and Smith was speedily tried and found guilty and ushered, noiselessly into prison to be punished to the full extent of the law.

The neighborhood shopkeepers complain now. Janitors belong to the union and must be paid ridiculous wages. You can find children or women, of course, but they do slovenly work and they steal. Once in a while you still hear talk about Smith; the other day, for example, the haberdasher said to the grocer, "Wish old Smitty was back. Crazy as a bedbug, but . . . but a good man."

Peter Maurin Wrote:

(Continued from page 1)

in the homes of the rich. There are guest rooms today in the homes of the rich but they are not for those who need them

because those who need them are no longer considered as the Ambassadors of God. So people no longer consider hospitality to the poor as a personal duty.

And it does not disturb them a bit to send them to the city, where they are given the hospitality of the "Muni"

at the expense of the taxpayer. But the hospitality that the "Muni" gives to the down and out is no hospitality

because what comes from the taxpayer's pocketbook does not come from his heart.

BACK TO HOSPITALITY

The Catholic unemployed should not be sent to the "Muni." The Catholic unemployed should be given hospitality in Catholic Houses of Hospitality.

Catholic Houses of Hospitality are known in Europe under the name of hospices. There have been hospices in Europe

since the time of Constantine. Hospices are free guest houses; hotels are paying guest houses. And paying guest houses or hotels are as plentiful as free guest houses or hospices are scarce.

So hospitality, like everything else, has been commercialized. So hospitality, like everything else, must now be idealized.

HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

We need Houses of Hospitality to give to the rich the opportunity to serve the poor. We need Houses of Hospitality to bring back to institutions the technique of institutions.

We need Houses of Hospitality to show what idealism looks like when it is practiced.

We need Houses of Hospitality to bring social justice through Catholic Action exercised in Catholic institutions.

HOSPICES

We read in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" that during the early ages of Christianity

the hospice (or the House of Hospitality) was a shelter for the sick, the poor,

the orphans, the old, the traveler and the needy of every kind.

Originally the hospices (or Houses of Hospitality) were under the supervision of the Bishops,

who designated priests to administer the spiritual and temporal affairs of these charitable institutions.

The fourteenth statute of the so-called Council of Carthage, held about 436,

enjoins upon the Bishops to have hospices (or Houses of Hospitality)

in connection with their churches.

PARISH HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

Today we need Houses of Hospitality as much as they needed them then, if not more so.

We have Parish Houses (for the priests), Parish Houses for educational purposes,

Parish Houses for recreational purposes, but no Parish Houses of Hospitality.

Bossuet says that the poor are the first children of the Church, so the poor should come first.

People with homes should have a room of hospitality.

So as to give shelter to the needy members of the parish

The remaining needy members of the parish should be given shelter in a Parish Home.

Furniture, clothing and food should be sent to the needy members of the parish

at the Parish House of Hospitality. We need Parish Homes as well as Parish Domes.

In the new Cathedral of Liverpool there will be a Home

as well as a dome.

HOUSES OF "CATHOLIC ACTION"

Catholic Houses of Hospitality should be more than free guest houses

for the Catholic unemployed. They could be vocational training schools,

including the training for the priesthood, as Father Corbett proposes.

They could be Catholic reading rooms,

Precept or Counsel

(Continued from page 1)

rather than good it will vitiate our conclusions.

It goes without saying that St. Thomas was not a pacifist. He believed there were times when the use of force was justifiable. He believed that war was at times justifiable. So this is no attempt to enlist St. Thomas in a justification of pacifism *per se*. On the other hand it is true that St. Thomas regarded pacifism (non-violence, the refusal to shed blood) as a counsel binding on certain classes (e.g. the clergy) and so the question concerns itself with that first statement I quoted from St. Thomas to the effect that sometimes what was a counsel becomes a precept. And as a precept obliging all rather than a few, if circumstances came to involve all rather than a few.

It would be tiresome to go through all this business as to whether or not the A Bomb or the H Bomb are necessarily indiscriminate in their use. I think when those who would justify modern war come to the point where they say that we should keep the A & H Bombs but only as a scare, not really intending to use them, they are conceding the point as to their indiscriminate nature. Aside from that there is the whole business of mutual hatreds, deliberately encouraged prejudices, the tendency to justify in ourselves whatever our "enemy" does and the growing disproportion between the evils of war and the evils of peace. If all these should add up to substantially changing the nature of war to the point where war will involve as a normal thing the commission of intrinsically evil acts then indeed might the principle of St. Thomas be applied and abstinence from war be made a matter of precept.

Since however the Church has made no such statement Catholic

as Father McSorley proposes.

They could be Catholic Instruction Schools,

as Father Cornelius Hayes proposes.

They could be Round-Table Discussion Groups,

as Peter Maurin proposes.

In a word, they could be Catholic Action Houses,

where Catholic Thought is combined with Catholic Action.

Personalism

(Continued from page 1)

bility; individualism is a doctrine of personal irresponsibility.

* * *

We look upon personalism as a creative principle at all levels, physical, social, and spiritual, and particularly as a principle for constructing a just society. But we are not constructing a new society in a vacuum. Our times enforce an emphasis upon reconstruction, basic enough to be justly called revolutionary. A social revolution is an event at the collective level, but according to personalism it cannot be effective there unless it is first effective at the individual level. An effective social revolution must be a summation of one man revolutions.

A one man revolution is a revolution in one's own attitudes and relations and modes of action. It must be internal before it can be external, but if it does not become external it has not been genuine internally. Externally a man controls only one end of his interpersonal relations. The other end depends upon the other party, upon another one man revolution. One man cannot control another man's internal attitudes. Physical coercion cannot enforce a one man revolution. A man's powers and so his

pacifists should not carry on as though their fellow religionists who go into the army are violating a precept and are in mortal sin. Entirely aside from the fact that we cannot really know when another is in mortal sin there remains the fact that we, particularly laypeople, while having the right to examine and propound these questions, have no right to settle them—that belongs to those to whom is entrusted the teaching authority in the Church.

responsibility here are limited to counsel and example (but neither the power nor the responsibility must be undervalued). So externally the one man revolution is necessarily non-violent. Internally it can be quite violent and shattering, according to the number of attitudes and relations and habits that require reversal. None of us lack those. If we are not born individualists, we do largely become so before the age of discretion and then have to turn personalists. Very few of us grow into personalism by direct and painless evolution. Most of us require a revolution. And the longer a revolution is delayed, the more catastrophic it becomes.

* * *

What was said of freedom and responsibility indicates that a person's proper aim is his own personal "good" and "perfection" and "happiness." This is true but it is also true that the final requirement for happiness is the awareness of having met responsibility. The latter is a valid motivation even down to the level of self-responsibility: it is necessary to happiness for a man to be able to live at peace with himself. But there is an odd sort of relativity here: the satisfaction of self-responsibility is an ever-receding goal. It is better at the level of social responsibility, of being responsible to his whole context of persons and able to live at peace with them. But here there is another sort of relativity. It is indubitably valid for anyone who admits any notion whatever of a "higher power"; and it is more consistent personalism to admit a personal "higher power." What a man is ultimately responsible to is God.

(To be continued)

THE COMMONWEAL

A Catholic weekly magazine which deals directly with the issues of the day and attempts positive, concrete suggestions. Competent evaluations of current books, plays and movies.

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384 Fourth Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.

30th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Gratitude

By DOROTHY DAY

During one of the questionings by the City as to our activities, the Investigator, a kindly and gentle person, who was always considerate enough to allow us to present our views, looked at Charlie McCormick's spring coat and generally well-dressed appearance, and said:

"Do you mean to say that no one gets a salary around *The Catholic Worker*? What do you do for tooth paste,—for recreation?"

"It just comes in," Charlie said, and I could not help but laugh to myself because we had just been talking of one of our friends who is always spending all his money on theater tickets and wanting to take us to shows. Just last week Bill McDonough of Boston came to town for a week end and took Charlie to see "The Lark," and Bill Oleksak took me to see "The Prisoner." There is recreation aplenty in books, radio concerts, walking with friends. And as for tooth paste,—that comes in, too.

One of the young women who used to visit us often while looking for a job, said sadly: "Everything seems to come in, fur coats, shoes, galoshes, furniture for my

time. Other hours she spends sorting out the stuff. Sometimes the whole office is a mass of boxes. The women's clothesroom is so small that we have to keep a big box of shoes in the library for women to try on at their leisure, and another box, like a grab bag in the office. There are toys, and household equipment and bits of material and so on. And Annabelle and Katherine are always heaping up choice bits on my desk for me to bring out to Peter Maurin Farm. One of the jokes around the place is that we are always sending back to Peter Maurin Farm what they send in to us from the clothes that are brought there. My daughter has the same trouble; she has seven sisters-in-law, four of whom have children. She gets boxes from them, she sorts out and sends in what she cannot use, and very often she finds it coming right back to her. But on the other hand, she often sends in word for what she needs and Annabelle watches out for her. Last month she needed a school sweater, it had to be blue, and they cost eight dollars in the school. Word was received at home that Eric would not be allowed in

found them under the Christmas tree and wore them to Mass that morning. I wish whoever brought them in would let me know so that I can say thank you again. Then there is that wonderful statue of Our Lady of Grace which came to me from a Fr. Francis (is it Father or Frater) and where is it from? I found it on my book case in my room on Chrystie Street, and do not know whom to thank. Also a statue of St. Joseph on my desk. We are going to make a little corner shrine for the Blessed Mother in the women's quarters on the top floor. I love it especially because I worked for the Marists on Staten Island once, and they had had a statue of our Lady with her arms outstretched, her hands open, in the midst of a garden of roses, at our Lady of the Elms, in Princess Bay.

And of course there are other readers who make our life rich, and warm us and clothe us and feed us too, together with those we are trying to take care of, who have not been properly thanked, so we do it now, for their packages, their letters, the money they sent and the continued interest in and understanding of our work. God bless them all, with blessings that are heaped up, pressed down and running over.

Accountant

Holy Mother the State requires now that everyone who sends out a letter of appeal register with the state and send in an annual statement of finances, and since this is a legislation for the common good, we are quite ready to comply with this law. We have begun the fearful job of filling out forms now and we wish we knew an accountant who would come in and help us with our books.

Community

I have promised to write more on Community and the Land, but there has been no time for it this month, what with visits to Philadelphia and many illnesses of the usual winter variety including my own, and that last chapter of St. Therese to get through. The rest of the book is at the publisher so pray it comes out soon. So much of the time is spent at letters, writing, besides the ordinary business of living in a house of hospitality and a farming commune such as Peter Maurin Farm (living in a community takes time) that I will have to put off the writing until next month.

Meanwhile, what about those articles which Jack Thornton, Terry R. Tiernan and Martin Paul have promised?

URGENT

Helen Caldwell Day's Bl. Martin House of Hospitality 218 (rear) Turley, Memphis, Tenn., is in desperate need of financial aid. Please send whatever you can.
THE EDITORS.

Archbishop Cushing

At the opening of the Church Unity Octave at St. Patrick's Cathedral here Jan. 18, we two recent converts, Janet Burwash and I, heard Archbishop Cushing of Boston, good friend of the CW, emphasize spiritual values rather than the accumulation of money, the building of churches and schools, and the use of pressure groups and politics. He said that he knew all of the statistics about material progress but questioned the belief that this was the most important activity. He said that it was, not by means of hatred of an enemy that the church was to be spread, but only through Faith and that this Faith must come through Love.

The Archbishop spoke in a clear voice but one could notice the strain under which he was going for he has not been well these past years. His talk about spiritual rather than material values rings true for friends from Boston say that he owns no car, lives in one room, and goes unannounced among the workers and is interested in the welfare of the least of the sheep of his fold. The current Davenport MESSENGER quotes from the Archbishop's speech as follows:

"No good can come either to the church or to human society, if we arouse the suspicion that the church is bent on promoting its cause through political pressure or through the amassing of material wealth . . . Political pressure can never be a means of disseminating the truth. When it is employed in the service of religion it inflicts wounds that become deeper and deeper with the passage of time, and it arouses resentment that leads to revenge and retaliation. Truth is strong enough to prevail eventually over the most strenuous opposition. It needs only an atmosphere of supernatural charity in which to diffuse itself. It makes its strongest appeal not to the desire for worldly comfort or social prestige but to the higher yearning for possession of God which God Himself has placed in every human soul.

Converts

Welcome to the old time radicals Ralph Chaplin and Irwin St. John Tucker, who have recently become Catholics, and to Grace Carlson who returned to the Church a few years ago:

It is with pleasure that I learned that my old friend of World War I days, Ralph Chaplin, author of "Wobblly," which is a kind of history of the Industrial Workers of the World, or I.W.W., as it is known, and who was one of the last of the die-hards among the several hundred conscientious objectors to be released from Leavenworth prison (1917 to 1921), had become a Catholic. I have had several letters from him from Denver. He does not agree with the CW anarchist position but is glad to know of the fight we are making against war and exploitation. He sent us a picture of a woodcarving of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad made from a 50 year old gatepost that he spent some years in producing. He tells us, "To me the Church is everything, but there is so little that I can do that is helpful or acceptable. The apathetic throng still disturbs me most of all, even in the Church." His Poem Mourn not the Dead from his book of Poems issued while he was in prison, Bars and Shadows, still seems to me as one of the gems of revolutionary literature.

MOURN NOT THE DEAD

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;
Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—
Too strong to strive—
Each in his steel bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;
But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong,
And dare not speak!

I had first become disillusioned with atheistic radicalism and the pugnacious approach to exploiters when locked in solitary with the Bible in Atlanta prison in 1918. At the same time came a knowledge of the revolution within my own heart as being more important than any mass revolution was the message which a reading of the New Testament gave to me. I was thus prepared to appreciate a few months later Tolstoy's Kingdom of God is Within You, and to become an anarchist. This meant that I did not look to any mass revolution but to a decentralized instead of a centralized utopia, and the means of achieving this utopia to be realistic instead of utopian. This means was to secede from the war making state in thought and as much as possible in action. From 1936 to 1952 my association with the CW slowly helped me to understand the basis of voluntary poverty as practiced by the CW. It was thus that I became free to act according to my belief as well as to think about it, and developed the non-payment of

taxes and work as a migrant laborer which were as revolutionary for these times as the Socialist Party and the I.W.W. had been when I first joined them in 1910. It was by the Grace of God and the prayers of Dorothy, Father Dunne and Father Casey and other radical Catholics, and not by any theological arguments, that I was baptized a Catholic.

Ralph Chaplin's course was somewhat different. The CIO had taken the methods and ideals of the I.W.W. and built a powerful union. Many of the best I.W.W.'s had joined the Communists after 1919, and there was only the shell of the I.W.W. left. Ralph tried to gain some peace of mind in the Congregational Church. I corresponded with him from Phoenix from 1947 and spoke to him on the phone in 1949 when I visited my daughters in San Francisco, and he had then been reading the CW. Perhaps he will tell us sometime in poetry or prose the meaning of his conversion.

My good friend Archbishop Francis of the Old Catholic Church, told me recently that our mutual friend Irwin St. John Tucker had recently become a Catholic. It was in 1917 that he, Victor Berger, J. Louis Engdahl, and William F. Kruse were indicted and later sentenced

to 20 years for opposition to World War I. With some help from Archbishop Francis who had very pertinent information not available at the time of the trial, these sentences were reversed and the men did not have to go to prison. Tucker's father was a Bishop in the Episcopal Church, in Mobile, Alabama, and Irwin was a devout member of that Church. I have not met him since those days. Berger and Engdahl have died and I have not heard of Bill Kruse.

I do not know why Irwin became a Catholic. Many times it is not difficult for an Episcopalian to become a Catholic, and many times it is more difficult for them than for anyone else. I am writing to him today and perhaps we shall hear from him.

The situation with Grace Carlson is somewhat different from the rest of us, for she was a Catholic and became a Trotskyite and finally candidate for Vice President on their ticket. She was one of about a dozen of her group, the first victims of the notorious Smith Act, who were sent to prison just before Pearl Harbor in 1941. Some years after her release from prison she returned to the Church but she let it be known emphatically that she was not a stool pigeon who was going to name names and make a career as an informer. For a time she worked at the Newman Club in Minneapolis and later in a Catholic Hospital. It was there that Dorothy and I met her when we were on speaking trips. A. H.

Two Plays

(Continued from page 2)
pre-set minds and impermeable hearts.

The officers and men of the RCAF during the War used to sing—especially when they had drunk a little ale—a song that started, "Around her leg she wore a purple garter"—and ended: Upon the grave she placed a bunch of posies
She placed them in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you asked her why the hell she placed them,
She placed them for an airman who was six feet down.



apartment—everything but a husband."

Seriously speaking, when one becomes part of a distributing agency as we have, one must keep in mind voluntary poverty, and day by day try to pare down, do without, pass on to others, and be troubled in conscience for being too comfortable while trying to make others comfortable. For instance, we have never been so warm before, with central heating. Poverty becomes very much a hidden thing and we begin to have sympathy and a high regard for those who have no appearance of poverty and yet are more interiorly mortified than we are. It all goes to make us realize more and more that we should never judge others.

Every day bundles of clothes come in by mail, or friends and readers bring them into the office and every day, Roger takes care of the men who come at ten and Annabelle takes care of the women. We always get more women's clothes than men's (and the men's clothes are all distributed in an hour) but Annabelle works at her job from ten to twelve, and from two to four. That is, she tries to satisfy the needs of the women and children who come in at that

class without it, so we hunted up a battered old sweater and darned it all over and at least it satisfies the requirements of being blue, and a sweater. Eric is terribly hard on his clothes anyway. Nickie can plough through mud, go fishing around in the pond, on his way home, and come through unscathed, but Eric, a blonde, looks as though he always needed to be dipped in a tub.

Yes, we certainly are grateful for all the things that come in, and we try to write to the donors, and we certainly say plenty of God bless them's as we unwrap packages. But there are times when a package is unwrapped and the address is lost, and people do not get properly thanked, and then we can only pray to God to make up to them for it, to bless them especially, and send them all the graces they need. I can think of two such generous people now, who did not get thanked for their Christmas gifts to us—and some of them personal too. There are those two beautiful jackets, red and brown, with quilted linings, light as feathers, that came in a package labelled "For Tamar's children." Beckie and Susie have worn them every day with delight. They

BLACKFRIARS PUBLICATIONS

THE LAST WEEK

A Dominican Tertiary

Before the 'Reformation' everyone understood the meaning and purpose of the great Feast of Easter. But today most people know nothing of this, and to many Good Friday means only another Bank Holiday. Those who are able to follow the full Liturgy of Holy Week will rightly feel that they need no help in meditating on the lessons of those last seven days. But there are many who are unable to share this privilege, and among these there may be some glad of a few simple thoughts which they themselves can elaborate according to their own necessities. 65 cents

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