

CATHOLIC



WORKER

Vol. XVII No. 4

October, 1950

Subscription
25c Per Year

Price 1c

The Coming Collapse Of Modern Industrialism

By MORRIS HORTON

Mr. Colin Clark, the distinguished Australian economist, says, "The reasonable norm of human affairs, from which both Capitalism and Communism are unpleasant aberrations, is the working proprietor, who prevails in many parts of the world today, who prevailed among our ancestors, and to whom we shall eventually return. In such a Community the majority of the working population own their own means of production, either as individuals or as members of partnerships which are not merely nominal, but in which they have an effective share of the control." (Property and Economic Progress, by Collin Clark, Catholic Social Guild, Melbourne, Australia.)

These are strange, foreign-sounding words in America. Here we are so constantly surrounded by the honky-tonk propaganda of Capitalism that it is difficult for most people to preserve any genuine sense of reality. The mythology of the Machine Age got its start in Europe, but it has reached its ultimate development in America and Russia. Today both of these great nations exist in a sort of fog. There is said to be a "power struggle" between them for control of the world. We are told that we "must choose" between two alternatives only, and that no other alternatives are available. But the plain fact of the matter is that neither the U.S.A. nor the U.S.S.R. is really a first-class power. A first-class power must have more than mere physical force at its disposal. It must possess a deeply-rooted creative tradition. It must have the power to make constructive decisions, and this in turn can only be derived from a centuries-long cultural and religious tradition. But the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. have cut them-

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Chrystie Street

Our Chrystie Street residence seems so plush to us that we feel like the poor relations on a visit to the rich. We don't know quite how to act and sort of wonder how we got here. Even though the plumbing and the hot water heater are out of kilter we realize that we never had it so good. However it is somewhat reassuring to know within our hearts that we will soon acquire the flavor of the Mott Street house with its dirt and grime. It happens to every Catholic Worker house no matter how hard you may work and scrub, because the works of mercy take precedence over fanatical cleanliness. A friend of ours smilingly informed us that the offices of our present abode resemble those of a fashionable and respectable social worker's agency. Back of our present luxurious quarters stretches the worst cancerous area of the Bowery, all of which makes our former vantage point of the Bowery appear quite sedate. Some

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Saint Francis Today

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Perhaps the chief value of the Abbe Englebert's ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI (Longmans Green, 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.) lies not so much in what it may have added to the facts concerning the Poverello—for there Father Cuthbert has done well—but in a sentence relating St. Francis to Gandhi. "When Gandhi," states the Abbe, "makes the work of his hands, his love for the Untouchables and non-resistance to evil the base of his religious reform, one has to ask oneself whether he too has not borrowed from the Franciscan programme of Rivo Torto." It is an interesting speculation, not from the standpoint of attempting to claim Christian origin for all the good in the world (though there is a sense in which this is true) but rather in seeing the relevance of St. Francis to our own age and to determine what his line of action would be when faced with the problems that confront us, problems in nowise greatly different from those that confronted St. Francis. For he too lived in troublesome times and he too had to deal with the problem of opposition to evil and the Christian way in which to meet that problem. The Abbe Englebert is incorrect in stating that Gandhi or St. Francis taught non-resistance to evil—both of them resisted evil but both resisted it in a non-violent way. Indeed it seems quite plausible that Monsignor Knox's version of the

New Testament is correct in translating Christ's injunction "Do not resist an injury" rather than the usual rendering "Do not resist evil." For the Christian it is a

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Maryfarm

By HELEN ADLER

These first brilliant autumnal days of October at Maryfarm pull us away from the work of the farmhouse out to the freedom and beauty of the meadows where we feel the "glorious beauty of the Lord our God upon us." The lush fruitfulness of the harvest season quiets the spirit after the heavy pressure of the summer communal living with forty or fifty people. New creativity bursts to the surface now; the men are fixing a truck and chopping wood in neat piles and repairing. The frost of winter has already touched us and the faint beginnings of the terrible frost stirs the ancient primeval instinct of man to prepare to fight against the inscrutable and inevitable cold. Reflections float across the surface of the mind, while the soul rests in the sad sweet melancholy of the end of a season.

And I have learned much. The Christian commune must have for its central idea Freedom. The Chapel supplies the shell to help the human person to assimilate the

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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

PERSONALIST DEMOCRACY Bourgeois Democracy

The economic royalists who believe in property without responsibility do not have the right concept of liberty. They use liberty to become rugged individualists. They don't use liberty to become gentlemen who try to be gentle. In a letter addressed to French Catholics Cardinal Pacelli, now Pius XII reminded them that "liberty does not grant license to act against the moral law, nor should social liberties infringe upon the civil order and the common good."

Arithmocracy

People used to say: "The king can do no wrong." But kings can do wrong, and very often did wrong. The kings that did wrong were the kings that had lost the sense of kingship. Some seem to think that the majority can do no wrong. But the majority can do wrong and it often does wrong because the majority has not yet acquired what makes people kind to mankind.

Poetry and Dictatorship

Padraic Colum says: "In our time A political philosophy has arisen that tends to contradict what poets among all races, at all times, in all places have felt and shown. That philosophy insists that the individual has no dignity in himself, but only through his association with a race, a State, or a class. More and more it limits freedom of choice."

Liberty or Discipline

Fascist countries discard liberty for the sake of discipline. The greatness of a nation is the greatness of people's character. Some people have good character. Some people have bad character. Some people have no character; they are yes-men. Through the power of thought and example people of good character

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The Internal Security Act Creates Police State

By JACK ENGLISH

The circle has finally been completed. With the passage of the Internal Security Act by the 81st Congress the final step in the establishment of a police state has been written into the law of the land.

Popularly known as the "red" control bill this latest act of Congress suspends for all practical purposes the Bill of Rights, and as President Truman mentions in his veto message "places the government in the thought-control business" and "gives government officials vast powers to harass all of our citizens in the exercise of their rights of free speech."

The Law

The new law provides for the registration of all Communists and "fellow-travelers" (a term which is not defined by the bill), control of such organizations which have been placed on the justice department's subversive list, the establishment of concentration camps where persons who constitute a danger against the security of the nation may be imprisoned without due process of the law. Many restrictions are placed on immigration; no person who is or was a communist may become a citizen, surprisingly enough the law under the section of immigration also includes members or former members of any party who advocated any type of totalitarianism. Would this include the Polish fascists who have made the U.S. their operating base? Would members of Franco's Falange be prevented from migrating? Would the neo-fascists of Italy and Germany be liable under the Act? In effect the Act discriminates against anyone who at any time has disagreed with the policies of the nation.

How It Came About

Theories aside, how was this law able to muster support in Congress, and what appears to be popular approval? There was the crisis of the Korean War, there has been the constant and continual campaign on the part of the press not only to intensify the anti-

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S. FRANCIS



On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

The reason we write is to communicate ideas, and the reason for getting out the Catholic Worker each month is to communicate with our brothers (there are 63,000 subscribers and there may be many more readers). We must overflow in writing about all the things we have been talking and living during the month. Writing is an act of community. It is a letter, it is comforting, consoling, helping, advising on our part, as well as asking it on yours. It is a part of our human association with each other. It is an expression of our love and concern for each other.

"If you have no will for human association, I tell you that you are exposing civilization to the fate of dying in fearful agony," said Pierre Leroux in 1848.

Essentially each of us is alone, and that makes us first realize our helplessness and then our need of each other and responsibility to each other.

We have been living for fourteen years in a community in Mott street. Every night as we said compline, we said "Visit O Lord this community!" And we meant the street, the neighborhood, the two parishes we lived between, the group where we felt ourselves at home, as once we felt ourselves at home in our families, "felt ourselves approved, affirmed, in our functional independence and responsibility."

It was a community of families, of small businesses, pushcarts, bakeries, cheese factories, a decentralist neighborhood of Italians who have a strong sense of family, of clan, of staying close to home in their work. They worked long hours, but in a leisurely, even idle, way. The shoemaker, the baker, the winestore dealer, the scungilli restaurant family were at work before we went to Mass at eight, and they worked late at night, but they had time to sit out during fiestas, to lunch with their families each day, to live the life of the streets, playing cards on the sidewalks, ball on the streets. They had the natural joys of family and community, if not the joys of nature.

The vice of the city, the frittering away of money and time, the

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CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August

(Member of Catholic Press Association)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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223 Chrystie St., New York City-2

Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

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

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



Appeal

Feast of St. Therese and
St. Francis. 1950

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ:

We always wonder in sending out the Fall appeal whether to send it in the name of the Little Flower or in the name of the beloved St. Francis, whose feasts come a day apart.

Nothing of course makes us realize our helplessness, our dependence, like this complete poverty we are in now, wondering how we are going to pay our grocery bill, our gas bill, our taxes. Tony, the grocer, let the bill ride all summer because of our eviction from Mott street and purchase of our new home on Chrystie St. We have shelter now but there are three meals a day to think of. Sometimes when only a dollar comes in of a morning and there are so many needs, so many sorrows, so many tragedies, all of which could be alleviated by a little food, a cheerful cup of coffee, a hot bowl of soup, one is sad in one's helplessness. And then St. Francis, with his abiding sense of joy, lifts the heart. They were both children, St. Therese and St. Francis. Her name, indeed, was Therese Frances. Certainly cheerful dependence is one of the absolute requirements of us all to fulfill our destiny. "Unless we become as little children."

So it is in the spirit of cheerful dependence that we humbly appeal to our readers again for help. So many have helped us in this last year, earmarking their offerings "for shelter" that we hate to remind them of food. Our line, the ambassadors of God as Peter called them, have moved with us, regardless of the cost of living going up. We say to ourselves, and to you, "look upon the face of Thy Christ." That is what they are to you and to us.

So we are begging you to be like the child with the loaves and fishes, help us with what you have and the Lord will multiply them. We know this with the faith and dependence of children. God, who has given us shelter, will surely give us the means to continue—to live and serve Him in the little immediate ways of the personal practice of the works of mercy. We need blankets, all were stolen in the moving. What an exercise in our faith and our practicing 70 times 7 that theft was! We need food for our shelves. We need a plumber to volunteer help in mending our faulty plumbing. We have hot water through faucets that work and that is luxury, and no cold water on half the floors and that is a necessity.

The "line" and the women and men in the house, and on our farms, looks to us with the dependence of children; we in turn look to you our readers in that same spirit, and we all of us, these frightening days, look to God, our dear Father, our personal, living God, who loves each one of us since He made each one of us different, with an individual, personal love and knows our needs and will supply them.

Your family in Christ,
THE CATHOLIC WORKER.

On Pilgrimage

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Idleness, the gambling, the sloth of the young as compared with the diligence of the older generation—all these were there, of course, but also there was community in a way. (My sister-in-law has lived in an apartment for seven years, and does not know a neighbor.) There was mutual aid on Mott street. You could borrow money or food from neighbors, you could wake them in the small hours in time of sickness, there was an acceptance of the poor.

Yes, we will miss Mott street. Here on Chrystie street we are definitely one parish, the Nativity, and our pastor, Fr. Doimo, has already come to bless the house. He is a man of this neighborhood, he grew up in the parish of Our Lady of Loretto, and he knows the life of the Bowery, has sympathy for the men. He has a big rambling parish here, after fourteen years in the Philippines, and there is a shrine to our Lady of Lapa. Every

night there are devotions, and every morning one Mass follows another, eight of them. Father Doimo throws open his house to the needs of the neighborhood, taking in the boys from the street, making a playground of the small yard, using one of the parish halls for a crowd of seventy-five unionists who were on strike for six months. They had there a place where they could meet, cook their meals and discuss social principles. And, of course, there are dances and bazaars, one of which is going on right now. We are happy to be in this Jesuit parish, and Father has been warm and friendly in every way, even to sending us over a couple of alarm clocks so that we can get to Mass on time!

Over here at 223 Chrystie, we are closer to the Bowery than ever. There was an interruption of only two days in the serving of the 500 or so who come to get soup and coffee and bread, and that was due to the taking up and reconnecting

of stoves. We are nearer the women's lodging house here. The Salvation Army Hotel on Rivington street is a spotless place, and women can get a bed for thirty-five cents a night. We are a few blocks from the men's municipal lodging house on Third street. There are already Puerto Rican families coming in every day for clothes, there are neighbors coming in for books. Some Jewish friends from the tenement next door wanted to know if they could use the quiet of our library last Sunday.

Here, within this great city of nine million people, we must, in this neighborhood, on this street, in this parish, regain a sense of community which is the basis for peace in the world. It is only so we can oppose the State and the present ever-spreading war. We are not represented by our so-called representatives. (The State, according to Martin Buber, is an institution in which a virtually unorganized mass allows its affairs to be conducted by "representation.")

Our representatives are the saints, the thinkers, uniting us in a community of interest, in a human relationship in this world and the next. And we have to work hard in this world, to begin our heaven now, to make a heaven for others (it has been called Utopia), because this is the teaching of the saints.

All the way to heaven is heaven, because Christ said, I am the Way. St. Catherine of Sienna said this. We are to be Christ to each other, and see Christ in each other, and so we will love one another. "And for these there is no law," in the legal worldly sense, but only "the liberty of Christ." This is what we mean by our philosophical anarchism.

Our representative leaders, thinkers and strugglers are such men as St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis, Gandhi, Tolstol, and such writers as Baron von Hugel and Dr. Martin Buber, two thinkers whose books I am reading right now.

Martin Buber

In many ways Dr. Buber, who is professor of sociology at the Hebrew university in Jerusalem, reminds me of Peter Maurin in his interpretation of history and his view of the future.

When there was a dispute in our midst and Peter was called upon to judge or take sides, he used to give us a lecture on the art of human contacts. Here is a paragraph from Buber, page 141 in his *Paths to Utopia*, which is pertinent to our work. He was writing of the early efforts to build up village communes in Palestine and how the new problem of persecution and immigration overwhelmed the early pioneers with a vast tide of new workers, many of whom did not have the same ideals. It reminded me of how Peter, in the years 1933-1939, was always dealing with the problem of unemployment and poverty, and how the coming of world war two meant that we had not the unemployed to build up Houses of Hospitality and farming communes and be weaned away from the wage system by a restoration of the communal principles of Christianity as applied to the laity and to families; but we had the unemployables. There was always the problem of scholar-worker relationship to deal with as a result. Martin Buber writes:

"The point where the problem emerges is neither the individual's relationship to the idea nor his relationship to the community, nor yet to work. . . . The point where the problem emerges, where people are apt to slip is in their relationship with their fellows. . . . By this I do not mean the question, much discussed in its day, of the intimacy that exists in the small and the loss of this intimacy in the big village communes. I mean something which has nothing whatever to do with the size of the commune. It is not a matter of intimacy at all; this appears when it must, and if it is lacking, that's all there is to it. The question is rather one of openness. A real community need not consist of people who are perpetually together;

but it must consist of people who, precisely because they are comrades, have mutual access to one another and are ready for one another. A real community is one which in every point of its being possesses, potentially at least, the whole character of community. The internal questions of a community are thus in reality questions relating to its own genuineness, hence to its inner strength and stability."

There is this sense of community amongst us all because we are Catholics, for instance and have a common faith. It does not matter that some are pacifists and some not. In one sense we are all pacifists, in the sense that we do not believe in class war, race war, any compulsion and coercion between human beings to compel them to go this way or that. We all recognize the pacifism of the saints, of whom it is said that one sign of perfection is not to see the imperfections of others. And in our Houses of Hospitality and farms throughout the country, and among the families that have lived and been associated with The Catholic Worker in the past, there is still and always this sense of community. To know that Katherine Reser is having another baby, that Al is doing well with his trucking business, that Martie Paul on the Holy Family farm is managing to handle things and keep on in the struggle on that front, and to hear that the Pio Decimo press has a new center for meetings in Monsignor Hellriegel's parish, — all these things warm the heart, and in these centers and families, Catholic and non Catholic, every nationality meet together in their common humanity, children of one God whether that God is acknowledged or not. There are many sheep whose shepherds have not fed them these days and who are bitter in their hunger for truth.

Indo-Chinese

At Maryfarm, Newburgh, there were seven Indo-Chinese meeting together at a retreat this past month. They were all exchange students and were getting together before going back to school. They were Viet-Name and undoubtedly in their upholding the principles of autonomy, have been accused of communism in their struggle against the imperialism of France.

Down at the Peter Maurin farm we have had a Jew from Israel as a guest and a young Italian discharged from the army for nervous trouble. I mentioned in previous Catholic Worker's that we bought our present home from a Korean family. Constantly in our daily lives we are in touch with our brothers from all parts of the world and we feel ever more and more that truth Dr. Buber brings out:

"The point where the problem emerges is neither the individual's relationship to the idea, nor his relationship to the community, nor yet to work. The point where the problem emerges, where people are apt to slip, is in their relationship with their fellows."

St. John on Patmos simplified the whole law—

"My little children, let us love one another."

Conferences to Be Held At Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island

October 22 — Helen Isvolsky,
Talk on Russia—3 P. M.

October 29—Feast of Christ
the King, Fr. Coffey.

November 12—Tony Aratari
on work.

November 19—Robert Lud-
low on Pacifism.

Conference to be followed by
Vespers.

The Internal Security Act

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Russian feeling, but also the almost complete neglect on the part of Congress to deal with the vital problems which have been so much fodder for the Communist propaganda machine, the repeal of the Taft-Hartley anti-labor law and the complete shelving and obscuring of the issue of the FEPC. The ignoring of these issues in the daily press, or the opposition to them on the grounds that they are Communist inspired has prepared the public mind for further invasion of the civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution. The red-witch hunt which has been so prominently played up in the papers was another factor, and finally there were two more factors which have played a really great part in inducing the public unthinkingly to accept this solution to what looks like an immediate problem.

1. During the last war we interned many Japanese and Japanese Americans on almost precisely the same grounds. But at least at the time we admitted that this was a measure which was being done under the direction of military authority. Public opinion, after the first attack of Japanese fever was over, reacted to this invasion of the rights of a minority. However we did not resist the law, and in not resisting prepared the public mind to accept further curtailments in our liberties.

2. The trial of the communist leaders in New York City of a year ago and the publicity given to the trial softened the public up for the new law. It is not generally known that the day that the Supreme Court upholds the findings on the communist leaders the Justice Department is prepared to move in on 21 thousand other communists. Actually the new law is not really a necessity, but it may well be that it is a well thought scheme for influencing the high court in upholding the "guilty" decision which has already been handed down.

What We Can Do

From the time that the first communist refuses to register until the validity of the new law is tried by the Supreme Court at least a year will elapse. This will give the groups opposing the law the opportunity of solidifying their positions. There will be many occasions when in the defense of these civil liberties we will have to work with people who are communists, not as communists but as defenders of justice. It will mean that through our unions, parent-teacher groups, our church groups, in fact through any organization to which we belong we will have to make our protest felt. It will mean that in protesting and working against the bill we will have to run the danger of coming under its restrictions. For the term "fellow traveller" can be interpreted to mean anyone who comes to the defense of this particular minority group.

Repeals will be advanced in Congress, and we should in whatever way we can support them. We should give support to any Communists we know of in our acquaintance in their determination to resist this law. Remember an unjust law is no law. We are all agreed that the suspension of the civil rights in the fascist, Nazi and communist countries was the first step in the absolute state, and we are all agreed that this sort of state is not Christian, and can never be considered to be so. Now is the time to become vocal in our protest. It may well be that in the far future any true lovers of freedom and liberty will have to make a silent protest in an American Buchenwald. "To be silent in the face of injustice is to condone it."

Christ Plays In Ten Thousand Places

By ANTHONY ARATARI

PART I

A small but strategic town in the vastness of China is under heavy siege by Japanese Imperial Forces. The British Army, another imperial force, and the Chinese Nationalist Army are about to evacuate the town, which is now a bedlam of flames, looting and scurrying, terrified people. Up on a hill overlooking the burning town, a few simple buildings, a Carmelite convent, tremble with the quaking earth as it heaves under continual bombardment.

Most of the nuns in the convent are Chinese; the Mother Superior is a white American, and they are harboring women and children. The British, following their pattern of hard integrity achieved through four hundred years of championing law and right, Christianity as conceived by them, advise the nuns to leave, offering protection, warning them to expect the worst: after all, they are women and the enemy is brutal, uncivilized.

The only Catholic priest in the town is missing and the decision to leave or stay rests primarily with the Mother Superior, a woman past middle age, learned and wise and aware of the human situation, pathetically aware that the injustices of Western man against his Eastern brethren are undeniably implied in this particular dilemma: law and order are apparently going and war has engulfed her small family and war racks the entire human family; the people she came to serve in the name of Christ are poor, ignorant, afraid, unshepherded—never has man seemed so frail and inadequate, never has she felt so much at the mercy of forces beyond her control.

This is an existential situation and after twenty years in religion, twenty patient years of draining the traitorous marshes of herself and making of the regions of her soul a fertile kingdom where Christ the King might dwell surrounded by variety—what can she do but turn to her God.

She goes into the chapel to pray, kneeling before the empty tabernacle, its altar bereft of the small red flame heralding the Real Presence. The world has gone cold and her wavering heart feels its icy breath . . . "The Lord is looking down from heaven at the race of men, to find one soul that reflects, and makes God its aim; but no, all have missed the mark and rebelled against him . . ."

Law and order are departing . . . man-made order, which is often an inhuman, inverted order. And what is named the enemy will soon be in command of the town. Is she to desert this poor and unshepherded people, who have only just begun to listen to the news of their redemption by the Christ, the very Son of God, the Way, the Truth and the Life, the one sure vehicle to true personality and lasting identity? Are they destined never to become persons, destined never to know the inexhaustible possibilities of life in Christ, to remain merely children of nature or worse, faceless in the mass? An appalling loss! . . . Yet what could seven dedicated women do to prevent the social tragedy from working its harm. Not that women are incapable of heroism in a man's world, as they are often heroic in their own, but the Christians of the present age were not schooled for heroism, though Christianity is an heroic ideal. In an heroic Christianity, Saints Perpetua and Felicitas, one just become a mother and the other carrying a child in her womb, had joyfully gone to meet wild beasts in Carthage. Once in a meditation she had seen very vividly that only an act of genuine, Christlike love could stem and somehow transfigure the inevitable march of evil consequences resulting from sin. And martyrdom is the supreme act of love . . .

She tries to picture Christ in her mind. She sees Him standing silent before the Jewish judges, before Pilate and wonders, as they wondered, about that silence. The law then was insufficient to prevent a terrible wrong as the law

now is insufficient to right a world brought to such a pass, but the law was never sufficient—that was why Christ had come: He came to fulfill the law. If then Christ truly lives in her, then the law is there, too, and more than the law. All she needs is faith . . . and that she gladly gives.

She will remain, though she will let the others decide for themselves. She will move in and act and speak through that completion which is Christ, having absolute faith in Him. The decision brings a peace and she wonders whether the consummation, the ineffable joy that she feels is not something like the joy experienced by Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicitas when they were told that they were going to die.

The other nuns decide to stay also. British protection is refused. Within twelve hours after the British have gone, Japanese soldiers are prowling over the town. The Japanese officers are struck by the advantageous location of the convent overlooking the town. The General himself goes to inspect the site as a possible headquarters. The Mother Superior and the General are facing each other—two strangers, whose countries are at war with one another.

We are now in the realm of the unpredictable, which is life at its best and most creative; the General, as man the child of nature: pagan, unregenerate, ignorant of the true God, conditioned by a nationalized, in some ways, crude, Asiatic culture, which has also been modified by contact with an incomplete and distorted version of another different true culture, the European; but still a creature of the one God, who is ever renewing, imprinting His own image upon the conscious and subconscious life of man—the General, a military man, faces a woman of religion who is a unique flowering of true values brought to fruition by the cooperation of the divine and the human, the divine condescending to the human and the human striving to reach the divine; a woman aware of herself, of her many selves, of infinite life within her and yet with her eyes turned always upward and her heart always going out to a Transcendence, but aware, also, to the point of suffering, that all this interpenetration of the divine and the human is a precarious, complex thing, whose equilibrium she is powerless to raise or keep without the help of the Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in whose free and mobile life she shares through a gift. At this moment, she is conscious that the General is but a child of God like herself and that he is as subject as she to His freely given grace.

The Mother Superior, elderly, with ordinary features, greets the youngish, handsome oriental with a smile. The General is immediately puzzled.

His pronunciation of English comical, the General states, "We are thinking of using this place as a headquarters. It seems very suitable."

"We love it very much, don't we?" she says, turning to her sisters standing behind her, who nod and smile. "We have a lovely view from this window over here."

The General follows her as the others with him remain where they are, uncomprehending. He looks out of the window and then turns to her. "Are you American?"

She nods her head. "I was born in New York City."

"You are not afraid of me?"

"No . . ."

"Why are you not afraid of me?"

Eyeing him with a gentle but precise and penetrating kindness, her lips playing with a smile, she answers, "Because you're here . . ."

The General is completely disarmed, though he does not know it; his laugh rings with genuine, human warmth and manly charm. The two of them are beautiful now with a triumphant humanity.

Still laughing, he says, "This amazes me that you are not afraid of me. But I thank you. Is there anything I can do for you? Have you enough food?"

"We have little food. And we have many children to feed."

"I shall see what I can do." He turns to his men and speaks in Japanese to them. They go out. He turns to the Mother Superior. "Goodbye, maybe we shall see each other again some day. Again, I thank you." He bows slightly and then goes out.

The next day ninety pounds of meat and five large bags of rice are brought to the convent by order of the General.

The above story could have happened as in part it did happen. Only by such living religion, such existential Christianity, as embodied by the Mother Superior can man succeed in transcending



the disorders of any age, much less, the great disorders of our own atomic age, and master the situation. The first answer is the last answer: the Word becomes flesh. What follows are some reflections on this profound and neglected truth.

In 1907, Pope Pius X, rather like a father who has finally had enough from a contentious child and demands that it keep its mouth absolutely shut, unwilling to tolerate another word more, ordered, in his Encyclical "Pascendi Dominici Gregis," bishops to form in their dioceses a "Council of Vigilance" for the purpose of combating Modernism, a philosophical movement which, using the latest methods of critical study, was attempting on a broad front to modernize the Church, a movement which, with its readiness to sacrifice vital dogmas to the findings of, even at their best, always incomplete sciences, to subordinate the authority of Revelation and of the Church to a disproportionately immanent view of Christianity, really did get wildly out of hand and was, therefore, justifiably condemned; as often happens, however, there was something valuable in the movement: the recognition and anticipation of problems peculiar to the modern era, and there was vision. This can be seen in the instructions given by the Pope: the Councils of Vigilance were to prevent those whom they controlled from speaking of a "new order of Christian life, of new doctrines of the Church, of new needs of the Christian soul, of the new social vocation of the Clergy, of new Christian humanity, and other new things of this kind."

Almost fifty years have passed since then, and if the signs were such at the time that men could

(Continued on page 8)

Peter Maurin Farm

By IRENE M'RY NAUGHTON

At Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island we hope to apply one of Peter's most fundamental ideas, that of an agronomic university, where the scholar can become workers and the workers scholars. Here we can develop the "green thumb" of the worker on the soil, and become revolutionaries too, in his words become Green Revolutionaries.

Last Sunday, our neighbor, Mr. Gericke, of the Organic Farm, on Arthur Kill Rd., was kind enough to visit us, and to advise us on our land. He said that our twenty-two acre farm was a good one, in much better condition than his was when he started farming it six years ago. There are eroded spots, and the soil needs rebuilding, as all soil does more or less in our day. According to the organic method of farming, practised by Mr. Gericke, and which we are going to practise too, you must put at least as much organic matter back in the soil as you take out of it.

Asparagus Bed

Our three acre asparagus bed needs weeding badly, as the weeds are going to seed already. Since the bed slopes from the highway, and the rows run downhill instead of across the hill, as would have been wiser, we shall plant a multiflora rose hedge at the roadside to help hold our soil, and to provide a cover for the wildlife so necessary to a well-balanced farm. Halfway down the bed, where the plants are in poor condition, we shall terrace the soil, and plant rye or vetch, or some cover crop that will hold the water, and prevent its onrush from washing the soil away. The rows between the plants should be mulched, that is, covered with straw, manure, leaves, seaweed, or similar matter, to enrich the soil, to keep weeds down in Spring, and to hold water. We shall cut the clover on one very fine rich clover patch on the farm, where we intend to plant our kitchen garden, and use this and seaweed as a mulch for the asparagus. As the mulch breaks down, it will take nutriment from the asparagus temporarily, but will later on greatly strengthen the plants. Some of the plants show the yellow resulting from a soil badly deficient in nitrogen. We shall not cut more than a thousand to fifteen hundred bunches in the coming growing season, in order to bring the bed back to excellent condition the following year.

Lime and Ploughing

There is so much to be done. Lime must be put in everywhere, and it costs money, and all takes much labor. The ideal would be to plough up eighteen acres this Fall, for all is tillable except the woodlot. Then this twenty acres should be planted in some cover crop like rye or vetch. In the Spring we would plough under the cover crop of the acre we have chosen for our kitchen garden, thus using the rye as green manure to enrich the soil.

But the ploughing alone would come to two hundred dollars, a really good contour ploughing job that would help hold the soil. I can hear some of our readers say that it would be cheaper in the long run to buy a team of horses and a plough. But it is not practical to keep animals on a farm when you cannot raise their feed. Eventually Peter Maurin Farm will have a few goats, sheep, and a pig or two, chickens and rabbits, or thereabouts. But certainly we want no animals this Winter, as we do not have the money to buy feed, and also because the few people at the farm are already well-burdened with work, and do not have time to care for stock. Fencing for stock too is extremely expensive.

County Agent

At Mr. Gericke's suggestion, we are going to try to borrow the Suffolk County Agent of the Dep't of Agriculture, since there is no agent for Richmond County, and get his help for soil tests, and for

mapping off the farm into fields. Mr. Gericke advises surrounding these fields with multiflora rose hedge. This hedge is recommended by the Dep't of Agriculture in its soil conservation program, and we hope that the plants (one a foot) are available free or at slight cost. Jack English was the first to tell us of the multiflora rose hedge, which he had come across in a little clipping in the Saturday Evening Post. According to the clipping, the hedge will hold a bull, and hence minor.

The farmer must think Sub Specie Aeternitatis, in terms of Eternity, or so the slow growth of the seasons seems in this age of machi and speed-up. For our hedge will not be high enough to serve as fencing for three years, and will not be full-grown to its usual eight foot for five or six years. Meanwhile, we shall try to get some temporary removable fencing.

Trees and Vines

Near the house there are some fine apple trees, cherry and pear, and some good vines, heavy with dark blue Concord grapes, which Elleen has been making into the most delicious grape juice I've ever tasted. These must be well-pruned in the Spring. When Mr. Gericke prunes his own grapes, he will give us some cuttings to start a new vineyard.

Down in the fields some apple trees and some vines on eroded soil must come out sooner or later. The vines, posts and all, will come out if we plough up and plant that soil in a cover crop. But the trees can wait. In the meantime it is true of them what Mr. Gericke said of the beautiful oaks and other trees in our woodlot. Don't cut any of them down, he said. Those trees help the whole area. They are windbreaks, they hold the water, and their leaves make a rich humus for the soil.

Compost

And humus reminds me of the compost pile, the very lifebeat of organic farming. Down beyond the house, by the delightful row of little outbuildings—a summer kitchen for canning, chicken house, piggery, smokehouse, asparagus house, tool house and granary—is an ideal place for building the compost needed for so much tillable acreage. Most of us have known good gardeners who brought rich black humus from the woods to enrich their little back yards. This is roughly the principle of organic farming. The organic farmer does not take from the woods but builds his own humus through composting. The compost pile is made up of a straw or leaves or sawdust and such matter, manure, bloodmeal or tankage, garbage, and almost anything except newspapers. Newspaper print is poisonous. I oversimplify because we are such amateurs, and must learn as we go along. Mr. Gericke has promised to help us in all ways possible. Some other time we should like to tell you about his fertile twenty acre farm, with its thirty Nubian goats, and roadside vegetable stand, and the fine vegetables which customers come great distances to buy.

Man and Machine

But the work to be done even on a minimum program of restoring the asparagus bed and ploughing up the kitchen garden this Fall is staggering. Dave Mason and Hans Tunnesen work from dawn to dusk, Dave fixing plumbing and electricity, and Hans fixing rain gutters on the house and converting the barn into a chapel. So again we are in the position of beggars asking for workers. Our plan is to have Saturday workdays, where we shall have a co-operative work project from one to five, since it takes an hour and a half to get to the farm from Manhattan. At five-thirty we shall have a picnic buffet supper and end with an evening of festivity and informal discussion.

When visitors to the Catholic

(Continued on page 6)

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Mission to the Poorest by Jacques Loew, O. P. Price \$3.00. Sheed & Ward, New York City.

If our age is characterized by anything it is marked by disorder. Disintegration is signed upon its every facet, and not even the Church has escaped unscathed the effects of the times. Since very early ages the Body of Christ, visible and in time, has been organized upon the parish basis. At various times the parish took different forms, certainly in the early days of Christianity, with persecution and mistrust the general rule the parish was essentially the gathering together, around a particular priest, of a certain group of Christians to participate in the liturgy and to bring about the practice of the common life flowing from

brotherhood in Christ as effectively as circumstances permitted.

In the church though things didn't remain static, she began to adapt her organization and her practices so that the supernatural could build the natural. Where it was feasible she absorbed the economic and social life, around her and in many instances the external life of the Church began to bear the effects of this process. With the years came a tightening of the Church organization, and more and more the basis became the parish. The ordinary unit of the Church did not however constitute a supernatural entity alone, there was much in the natural which held the parishioners together. Their work, for they were essentially regional workers and shared a community of work, was one of the strongest bonds. When one crop failed the whole community shared in the loss, when a good year was obtained the whole parish loosened its communal belt in the feast. And the parish shared in recreation, births, marriages and death were all social events, opportunities for the expression of the social nature of man, and of the social nature of Christ's message. All of these things continued for a long, long time. For many years the organization of the Church continued on this basis, building the supernatural on the natural brought results, not perfect, but because the Church was utilizing the existing communities it did have a strong, vital and enduring base.

But that is no longer the case. The average parish today no longer has a genuine community upon which to build, and it is perhaps this more than anything else that causes the seeming lack of vitality to be so prevalent. No community of work, of recreation, no knowledge of neighbor. The fact that in many parishes we have a score of trades and professions represented, the fact that persons of all different cultural levels are represented, that all economic levels participate in the same unit looks good until we begin to examine the results. And we discover that you don't have anything to talk about to your fellow parishioner with the exception of the gospel read in the Mass on Sunday. You have nothing in common. It is quite difficult under these circumstances, if not impossible, to realize that the other fellow is a person, that he is a son of God and that we must share in his joys and sorrows if we are truly to build a community both for God and man, here and now. Indeed Father Boylan says that suffering "deepens and strengthens our character and personality and gives to it an insight and power of sympathy for our neighbor that can be acquired in no other way."

Father Loew a priest-workman in Marseilles was aware of this problem of the parish when he began his work eight years ago. This small book is a summation of his work, but it is more than that. It is a study, inadvertently, of the charity which we must employ if the work in the apostolate is to succeed and endure. Of all of the books which have come out of the new French revival, of the mission to the proletariat it seems to me that this book is the most satisfactory. And the beautiful thing about it is that his criticisms hold water here in the United

States. I remember recently that a reviewer of Father Regamey's *Poverty* said that it could not be applied to the U. S. . . . that it was an interesting book and so on. If he had only quoted from that book I am sure that unsuspecting readers would have seen how far he missed the mark.

In setting the basis for revolutionary action in the parish Pere Loew quotes Peguy to the effect that revolution is "a summons from a less perfect tradition to a more perfect tradition, a summons from a less profound tradition to a more profound tradition, a progression in depth, a quest for deeper sources in the literal sense of re-sources."

A communist leader at a lecture said: "If it were possible today to win men to the ideas set forth by the speaker, there would be no need for Communism. We should have social equality then in every class and calling. But do you think that you are able, with all your speeches and lectures, to change men's outlook today? If a worker and his family were wandering around this town this very night, without means or shelter, do you mean to tell me that out of all you hearers—who call themselves good Catholics and never dream of missing Mass on Sundays—there would be a single one who would be willing to share his home with that family? And if there were do you suppose people wouldn't mock him for a fool? Can you think of a Christian industrialist, lying snugly under three warm blankets and hearing these shelterless wretches wandering the streets, who would so much as get out of bed and give them one of his blankets? Certainly you can't, in spite of your lectures. We Communists have a mission to fulfill. What a comment from a pagan on us. Look at these Christians, see how they love one another."

"Thus from the religious viewpoint, even more than from the economic," says Father Loew, "it is of the utmost urgency that we should enter into a common life with the masses, a real sharing of their lot."

And Father Loew did begin to share their lot and he came to the conclusion that while "every age expresses itself in monuments the only monument which our own has produced is the slum." He discovered that when men think in terms of religion they "mean generosity. Fellow-feeling, kindness, unselfishness, well and good; but clearly these are purely natural virtues. If 'Christian instincts' means those notes which distinguish a Christian—even a half-hearted or indifferent Christian—from a pagan, we can only say that these notes no longer exist."

And then Father Loew discusses the implications of marriage, of Holy Communion, of Baptism, of burial and death, even. These are the things which we still have in common with some people, it is on the basis of the slight remains that we must begin to rebuild, to re-evaluate and to re-form the parish. It may mean of course that we will in a good many instances have to be honest, and when we take a survey of our neighborhood check and see how many actually go to Church and the sacraments. I know of several parishes in one of the largest dioceses in the U. S. where the number who fulfill their Easter duties are under forty per cent, and yet there is a complacency which is astounding there among

both the priests and the laity primarily because the church is jammed at every mass on Sunday. But is this figure admitted publicly? He discusses the problems of the priest workmen, of the establishment of new communities which are in effect parishes on the factory basis. Whatever natural means of community life we have, he says, they should seize upon it and try to develop new concepts of what the parish is, how the communal aspects of Christianity can be developed.

I can't urge you too strongly to get this book, which will pull you on your knees in thanksgiving that all is not dead in the Church, which will inspire you to pray that soon, before it is too late, that men in our own country will begin to consider the problems which confront them as Father Loew has done, that the problem of the Church is not one of budgets, of public relations and high financing but of human persons, sons of God. This book will make you weep with joy at the possibilities ahead and with sadness for how we have failed our high destiny.

By JACK ENGLISH

Books Received

THE LIFE OF CHRIST, A SPIRITUAL CONFLICT, by Rev. Edward L. Murray. Catholic Cultural Center, Pittsburgh. 200 pages, \$2.50. This book stresses the need for all of us to be always striving to know Christ better in order to love him better. "It is not without significance that spiritual writers should call special attention to the vehement love for Christ that animates the proficient in the spiritual life, in addition to the general love for Christ common to all Christians and the insatiable desire to acquaint one's self with Christ's life and virtues as favorable signs of interior growth." The study of Christ's life as a bitter interior as well as exterior conflict is an approach which the author called a historical-philosophical one, and it is one which will be new to the minds of most readers who are not too familiar with other lives of Christ, or only with those who follow a page by page exposition of the gospels. That Christ, who is God, should suffer "interior conflict" is something which does not occur to us, despite the fact that we are told that He was tempted as all men are. Fr. Murray builds up and illustrates his thesis with quotations from authorities—forty authors, to be exact—as well as the Bible itself. It is good to see Father Hugo listed among the others. The first edition of this book came out in 1948 and has the imprimatur of Bishop Boyle. It should have been reviewed then, especially since I found it such a treasure, but to handle a book briefly which was of such importance made me put it off. Hereafter we are going to try to list our important books received, and indicate, however briefly, their importance to our readers.

THE MARY BOOK, published by Sheed and Ward, \$4.00. 412 pages and 13 illustrations. A collection of poetry and prose from many writers of many lands, assembled by F. J. Sheed. The dust jacket in bright blue with bright stained glass-like pictures of our Lady is so beautiful that we bound it around the edges of the book to preserve it. It looks like Jean Charlot's work. There is everything in the work from Chaucer to Belloc, Chesterton, Unset and Claudel, it is an inspiration to read; it is a meditation book for the year. St. Augustine said "The flesh of Jesus is the flesh of Mary." How we should love her! This book makes us know her more.

NEUROSIS AND SACRAMENTS,

The Lay Apostolate: China to New Mexico by Donald L. Hessler, M.M.; The Holy Family Press, Pontiac, Mich.

In 1947 Father Donald L. Hessler was sent by his superiors to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to effect an improvement in his health which had broken under the rigors of internment in a Japanese prison camp during the war. For two years Father Hessler, under the guidance of Archbishop E. V. Byrne, was engaged in a lay apostolic venture in the archdiocese of Santa Fe which he describes in detail in this pamphlet (first published as an article in the *China Missionary Bulletin*).

Starting from the premise that there is no longer any true distinction between home and foreign missions—the distinction having become obsolete—

through the rapid paganization of Christian societies—Father Hessler outlines the plan whereby the beginning of a strong lay apostolate was established in New Mexico. The need, pointed out by the Holy Father, of intensive rather than extensive development of spiritually mature Christians was emphasized and carried out through the adoption of the pastoral technique of Christ Himself, the "little flock" or small group method in which a family-sized, homogeneous group gathered to "study together, pray together, work together, play together," preparing themselves to work for the apostolate in their own environment.

Weekly meetings were held for each group (which were often formed as a more serious element of an already established parish organization) and these meetings held precedence over all other forms of parish activity. The priest in charge of the group acted as spiritual director but the major responsibility rested in the hands of the lay leaders as quickly as they could be trained.

The meetings were supplemented by "Days of Christian Living" during which several groups gathered for what consisted of a "week-end training course, a day of recollection and a social reunion." Father Hessler devotes a large section of his article to the "Day," to the "work, study, private and public meditation, personal and corporate prayer, discussion, spiritual reading, silence, eating together as a family and Christian recreation" which he regards as an act of obedience to His Holiness, Pius XII's plea to "restore Sunday to the Lord."

Father Hessler goes on to say that not only was the small-group technique practiced successfully among the laity but that it proved fruitful as well to the priests engaged in spiritual direction of the lay apostles. These priests also met together for discussion and prayer and agreed that penance and poverty must be emphasized in their lives. With the desire of spreading their ideas to other priests they came to the conclusion that seminarians must be interested, and as a result several seminarians have already spent vacations in New Mexico learning and teaching. Priestly criticism of priests was judged necessary to avoid mistakes, and fraternal criticism among the laity was advocated for the same reason.

Throughout his article Father Hessler stresses our need for the Mass as a central source of spiritual strength; he speaks of it as "excavated treasure" and tells us that active, intelligent participation in the Mass is most necessary to realize the fullness of Christian living. In many New Mexican parishes the Dialogue Mass in English is being used and frequently Offertory Processions are held in which each participant offers his own host to the celebrant. Father Hessler points out too that daily Mass is primary to the lay apostle if he is to mature spiritually and is not to expend his zeal and energy on too natural a plane.

Although, because of its size, this pamphlet is necessarily limited to a brief account of the basic techniques and accomplishments, of the New Mexican apostolate nevertheless it is an excellent outline from which a priest and a group of embryo lay apostles might begin the study of establishing an active apostolate in their own parish. It lists the books which Father Hessler found most valuable in forming and encouraging his apostles, and reminds us constantly that we must always return to primary sources for our strength, the Mass, the Sacraments and the encyclicals of the Popes. And he reminds us, priests and laity alike, that "any unit of the Mystical Body can only be measured in its spiritual vitality by the number of mature lay apostles it has produced, each working in his own parish or mission environment, supporting himself in the same occupations as the rank and file of the people from which he came."

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"I want each soul to understand how great and unique is her own destiny. Write that." "It is love that makes reparation, because that which offends God in sin is the absence of love. But when suffering is joined to love, the proofs of love given through suffering are a true reparation offered to God. It is giving God something that He does not have in His heaven. Therefore I chose suffering so that all my creatures, even the most miserable, like yourself, might have something precious to offer to God."

"Ask me for two graces for the common life; to be indulgent with others, letting the tares grow with the good grain; and the strength silently on every occasion, without relaxing, to overcome evil by good."

Betty Bartelme.

From the Mail Bag

Road to Peace

Dear Friends in Christ:

We have marked with great concern that no Catholic Workers have come through the mail since our country has been at war. As if it were not enough to be sick at heart over this unreasonable and wicked action on the part of those we are supposed, through the teachings of Christ and His Church to reverence and obey; there is also the very frightening probability that the voices of true thinking men are being forcefully silenced. In all this we beat our own breast and know that we have failed Our Lady and neither prayed enough nor turned our faces firmly down the long dark way of poverty and love and sacrifice. It is the high road to peace—the only way. God help us find it—soon.

Here is a small offering—a thanks long due God's poor for the many blessings we continue to receive from His bounty.

This summer there has been a glimmering of the community life we hope for, since groups from two to four different families have stayed here. We work together and make our Jubilee pilgrimages to the little Chapel just up the hill. Father Tobin's kind words of hope "give it a couple of years trial at least before you can hope for your community" keep our spirits up.

I scarcely dare hope to hear from you, but if we could know the work is still going on well, it would be a great encouragement to us. May God bless you all and give you strength sufficient in these dark times.

Sincerely in Christ Through Mary,
MAYANNA MANION,
Benedictine Milk Ranch,
Rt No. 1, Box 101B,
Scott's Mills, Oregon.

Rebound

Dear Friends:

Enclosed find twenty-five cents for a year's subscription to the Catholic Worker.

I have always been a Catholic but during my Sophomore, Junior and Senior years in Bishop Loughlin it was nominal Catholicism. For in actuality I propounded Birth Control, Capitalism, Socialism, Social Engineering and a host of other insidious evils.

I first became acquainted with your paper through Mr. Francis Fabinski then teacher of French at Loughlin. Needless to say as a good capitalist I bitterly attacked and reviled the paper. Since that time a personal revolution has occurred. Due to the brilliant teaching and advice of Brother B. Andrew of Manhattan, I began once more to become Catholic in practice, i.e., in belief in Church dogma, for despite my falling out I always attended Mass and other services. I began to read your paper and Integrity Magazine. At present I am reading Peter Maurin's (R.I.P.) "Catholic Radicalism." Like Thomas, I, too, can cry "I believe O' Lord."

More than belief in dogma I have become a devoted follower of Distribution and Decentralization. My admiration for you and all your fellow workers knows no bounds. In my spare time, I should like to help you if I could.

May God shower His blessings upon you and your work and may you live to see it triumph.

Yours for Catholic Action,

JAMES TIERNEY,
4822—90th Street,
Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

P.S.—Please let me know your new address and tell me if I can help you.

Blessed Martin Home

Dear Friends:

Enclosed please find two checks for ten dollars each. One is to be forwarded to William Gauchot for Brother Martin's place in Cleveland. (I do not know the address.)

Our Brother Martin's House here is still in existence but it is standing still. We have room for only four of the really helpless and we know of several times that many who are in old folks' homes and institutions for feeble minded—neither of which is an even break for a young person with a good mind. With the help of God we will find a place with more room some day.

John Gabala stopped in my office recently for a very brief chat. I hated to see him leave and I hope he comes back. He seems to have the gift of Understanding.

After reading about Charlie O' Rourke, I wish I had known him. Perhaps I met him last summer but do not recall the name.

May God bless you and help you all in all things which are directed in the right path.

Sincerely,

WM. F. MITCHELL, M.D.,
637 Overbrook Drive,
Columbus, Ohio.

Behold the Spirit

Dear Friends:

So good of you to have sent me Alan Watts' Behold the Spirit. Now I have nearly finished reading it, come to find it a really splendid book. Not being a Catholic, he looks at the Church more or less in a human light. But his estimate of her is as fair as he can be in his present state.

The good thing about this book is that it is written by one who really understands Hinduism, Zen Buddhism and Taoism. In this respect, it is certainly even more valuable than Danielou's The Salvation of Nations, which represents the view of liberal-minded priests of the West without really understanding the spirit of the Orient.

I wish to subscribe to the Catholic Worker. Can you do it for me, and ask them to send me the bill?

Sincerely Yours in Christ,

JOHN C. H. WU.

Farming

P. O. Box No. 115
Whitefield, N. H.
St. Peter Claver

Dear Friends:

Would you please change our address? We have now definitely moved to Whitefield, N. H. We used to get 100 copies of the Catholic Worker in New Brunswick, but two or three copies would be plenty here.

Did you go thru this section on your trip to Nova Scotia? It's very beautiful and looks even more so to us after coming from New Jersey. It is a town of 1,800 people, with a Catholic church, a few stores, hospital and bank. Right now we are living in town in a five-room apartment, where Stan has set up his bindery, but some time during the next few years we hope to buy a small farm in the vicinity. There are plenty of quite low-priced farms around here. Some very nice ones for between \$2,000 and \$3,000. Even though we are still living in a rented apartment, the difference between our life in New Jersey and life in New Hampshire is terrific. For \$20 a month we have the first floor of a large house, a huge porch, backyard and garage, and a beautiful view of the mountains. I hope you will get sent out on another lecture tour in this direction, so that you can visit us. Certainly enjoyed reading about your trip.

I am enclosing a card with our price list. If you have any spare space on the bulletin board and could put it up for a little while it might be helpful, both to us and anyone looking for such a place. If not, you can give it to anyone who might inquire.

Sincerely in Our Lord,
Betty Tyburey.

Appeal

Dear Friends:

Your kind book ON PILGRIMAGE to hand. Thank you. You may know that I am no more in the Mission, but in the above address. Such good books are quite welcome as your charity.

In this big town I am going to be the apostle of the scavengers and vehicle pulling people—over 7,000—who have very little religion and morality. Please pray for my success. Your good help—charity—is requested to feed them occasionally. I do pray for you.

May God bless you.

Sincerely,
Thomas Kalam, S. J.
Leo XIII
Alleppey, S. India

Escape

September 11, 1950.

Dear Robert Ludlow.

Congratulations for your article, "Insane Will Triumph." Indeed, "Psychologically the Christian must always be kin to the Left, to those who are in opposition, to those who are not satisfied, to those who hope."

It seems to me that is why we have lamentably failed in the Korean situation. We did not study the problem in terms of the millions of Asiatic people who need rice and a piece of land. It is because we failed to give hope that we are at war today. To pin it on Communists is but an escape mechanism which may satisfy pagan consciences, but not those who belong to the judeo-christian tradition.

Cordially yours,
Claire Huchet Bishop.

A Worker's Prayers

Come with us Lord, it's getting late,
Work's finished, the job's over for today,
And it's getting dark,
A dark night in a poor flat,
Night has come,
And we no longer know our way.

We're the workers, the poor, the masses.

We're the abandoned, those who have nothing,

No light, no hope,

Not even a little love,

Not even a tiny spark of real happiness.

Come with us Lord, it's getting late.

Don't come in triumph or in Glory,

Don't come as leader or prophet because we wouldn't recognize you,

(We don't even have that, the power to recognize you).

But come as one of us,

A Worker!

A Brother!

Come with us, Lord, it's getting late.

So you could understand our human misery better, Jesus, you became a worker like us.

You know our souls and their sufferings better than we do. Satisfy them, Jesus, a worker like us.

If at times we stumble

in the dark,

Raise your hands towards us.

Let their light shine on our path, Jesus, a worker like us.

Hold us back if error levels us

away from You,

Who'll protect us, say to us,

Take Courage.

Who except you?

Jesus, a worker like us.

Who but you can satisfy our

hunger for justice,

Jesus, a worker like us?

We've searched for you so long,

And finally we've found you,

Stay with us, Jesus a worker

like us.

One day the sower went out to sow his seed, to sow across the whole earth down through all the ages. And the seed of Holiness fell on the soul of Paul and on the souls of the other Apostles.

And on the souls of Blandina

And on the souls of the other

Martyrs,

And on the souls of the Con-

fessors,

The Virgins, the Popes, the

Abbots and the Holy Women.

And the seed of Holiness

fell on the soul of Francis of

Assisi

and of Clare and John Bosco

and Therese of The Infant Jesus,

And on the soul of Bernadette,

The Little Shepherd Girl.

And the seed of Holiness

continues to rain down

on the souls of miners,

Dock workers, beggars, steel work-

ers, printers, bookkeepers, ste-

nographers, actresses, singers

and fish dealers.

It's true all the seeds won't

spring up,

But the Harvest promises to

be great.

Translations of two poems

found in Abbe' Godin's Missal

"Ave Le Christ."

Evening Prayer

Of Saint Augustine

Watch Thou, O Lord, with those

who wake, or watch, or weep to-

night and give Thine Angels and

Saints charge over those who sleep.

Tend Thy sick one, O Lord Jesus

Christ.

Rest Thy weary ones,

Bless Thy dying ones,

Soothe Thy suffering ones,

Pity Thy afflicted ones,

Shield Thy joyful ones

And all for Thy love's sake.

Amen

Vocations to the Ill

Some months ago there appeared at the quarters of a certain Civilian Public Service unit located in a mental hospital, a gray-haired, slender, tense-looking individual, wearing the uniform of a captain in the Merchant Marine. He remained a few hours and departed. His visit, though it seemed quite natural while it lasted, left ringing in his hearers' ears the wisdom of a prophet.

Years before in France, this man had encountered a group of monks. They belonged to a religious order which believed in associating with those who opposed them in order to reveal to their enemies the spirit of godliness by which they were motivated. Upon becoming acquainted with one of these monks, the captain was advised to seek employment in a mental institution. "This will be one of your greatest living experiences," he was told, "one of your finest educations."

Years later in America, the captain accepted a job as attendant in a mental hospital. There he worked for the patients' welfare, learning from the extremes of their behavior the natural functionings of human nature. He worked at the institution until he was discharged for protesting the abuse of patients by other attendants. As the captain told his story, his eyes began to sparkle. "I have been to college, I have roamed the seas, but here in the institution I find my Alma Mater. More than that, it has left me haunted—haunted by the thought that here are men and women who need help and there are so few who will come to their assistance." His voice dropped low, and he looked into the faces of the young men about him and as though he could trace the course of destiny, he said in measured words, "You men will be haunted too. You have given your time and energy, but that is not all. As long as your suffering brothers need help behind these walls, you will hear their cries of despair, and you will quicken to their needs. You, too, will be haunted."

Reprinted from WE ARE ACCOUNTABLE by Leonard Edelstein. Pendle Hill Pamphlet Number 24.

Coming Collapse of Industrialism

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selves off from all past traditions in their obsession with "Progress."

There is no such thing as "Progress." The Machine Age grew out of a creative tradition, not Scientific Progress. In the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries the men of West Europe were greatly creative. They possessed bold visions of things which were possible in the mechanical field. But there were also mediocre people, stupid people, greedy people, people of poor character and little intelligence. These fowl invented the myth of "Scientific Progress" in order to fasten themselves to the great creative tradition and suck its blood. Today they have about sucked it dry. "Scientific Progress" is a vampire proposition, pure and simple. It is a mystique, a belief that "Progress" goes forward without creative labor, in a quite automatic manner. The reason for the invention of this myth is not far to seek: The people who invented it were people of little, sterile minds, people who were not capable of creativity. They battered shamelessly upon the minority of talented suckers who kept the whole show going. They are still at it today. But there are not many talented suckers left for them to batter upon. The Machine Age is falling into mediocrity. Creative careers have become so profitless that intelligent young men shun them like a plague. Creativity is becoming a bootleg proposition, no longer recognized by the powerful, but once again hidden in basements and cellars, shunted away from the mainstream of life, which grows sterile and hopeless.

It is a thing which has happened time and again in history, in all of the arts and sciences. Mediocrity, having no treasures of its own, seeks to batter upon creativity, which it can only befoul and destroy.

The modern crisis, the modern nightmare, has resulted from the befoulment of the creative traditions of Christendom. It is useless to argue "political issues" and "ideological struggles." It is also disappointing to see so many American Catholic magazines parroting the sterile propaganda of Capitalism.

The powers which technological nations possess are powers based upon a creative tradition, and such powers are enormously different from the more primitive kind of power. A primitive tribesman armed with a stone club is a simple and obvious proposition. But a man in a jet airplane armed with atomic bombs is dependent upon centuries of culture, upon the activities of millions of people whose cohesion in a common cause must be secured somehow. If the mystique of cohesion is shattered somehow, then the lonely man in the airplane will be quickly reduced to the stone-age level, if he survives at all.

In the history of the arts and sciences, a creative tradition has always proven to be a slippery thing. If it is ignored, neglected, or abused it will be lost, with absolute certainty. If public morality declines it will be lost. The general level of ability will decline, and men will be reduced to a more primitive level of operations. All of these unfavorable factors are present in world industrialism today.

The plain fact of the matter is that the world today does not have a high enough level of culture and morality to support technics, and technology at their present level of complexity. Therefore the world is delivered into a crisis of the most appalling magnitude and intensity, a crisis of which nobody can foresee the ramifications, the full consequences, or the end. This terrible tension created by the gap between technics and morality must be discharged somehow. The U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., both saddled with a failing system of technics and technology, perform amazing geopolitical gyrations. They

are almost like acrobats. But neither nation undertakes the one and only thing which would resolve the crisis in a manner healthy to the welfare of the human race. Neither nation attempts to revive and rejuvenate the great creative tradition which produced the Machine Age in the beginning. Both maintain the fable which hold that mass-production is the best of all possible means of production. The technicians and bureaucrats of both nations have renounced conscious thought. They merely parrot discredited fables which nobody really believes, least of all themselves. The case for mass production has not been made. It has bankrupted the greater part of the world and reduced the majority of the world's two billion people to beggary. Mass production, far from being wealth-giving magic, is simply contemptibly bad mechanical practice. The overhead charges in a modern mass-production establishment are insanely high. The whole world is filled with creeping inflation, merely because overhead charges in these vast mechanical monstrosities of Detroit and Manchester and Stalinabad are too high. But mass production puts centralized control into the hands of mediocre, stupid people. So mediocre, stupid, vicious and predatory people continue to support it, with blythe disregard for the facts and for the welfare of Mankind.

Today we have with us the professional Christian "civilization-saver," who is always telling us, usually in a book, how civilization can be saved merely by having everybody assume laudable attitudes. The Twentieth-Century Christian "civilization-saver" is the counterpart of the Nineteenth-Century Christian sentimentalist. He has no depth of scholarship, no real grasp upon the facts of the modern crisis. When you go muckling into these facts they smell nasty, so why do it? Some people apparently think it downright "un-Christian." I must tell you plainly that the present crisis cannot be varnished over with a thin veneer of "Christian" pap. The corruption of the mechanical and economic world by the manifold villainies of the last 150 years are sufficient in themselves to create a virtually insoluble crisis. It is vain to hold out material hopes to the masses of the people today.

In the past it was the habit of scientists and educators to pose as a group of magicians who were engaged in a benevolent conspiracy to confer some untold ecstasy upon the whole human race by means of "Progress." And in the past the masses supported these pretences. But in the Twentieth Century the masses have tasted the bitter tea of esoteric slavery. They, the Pagan masses, now hate Science madly. They hate everything intellectual. This hatred is often overlooked, since it enjoys no literary recognition. Scientists and the intelligentsia ruthlessly suppress any genuine proletarian expressions. And so the psychic wounds of the proletariat fester in silence until they break out in an insane fury of destruction, as in Germany under Hitler.

An example of scientific censorship came to light recently when a group of Scientists became angry with the Macmillan Company's best-seller *WORLDS IN COLLISION*, by Dr. Velikovsky. This dramatic, well-written, rather silly book was felt to be an insult to Science. So a group of influential scientists threatened to boycott Macmillan's extensive list of textbooks unless the firm withdrew the Velikovsky book. Macmillan's became frightened and released the book to Doubleday, which publishes no textbooks. This is ONE case of censorship. But the Scientific gestapo is busy all the time, kicking popular culture in the teeth at every opportunity, ruthlessly throttling the naive, native creativity of the people, undermining the public welfare, and prostituting itself to any predatory or anti-creative interest which pays

its prostitute's fee. The men who dominate Science today are not the men their grandfathers were. Properly speaking, few of them are interested in Science at all. They are consumed with contempt for everything which does not spring from their own power-lust, their own undisciplined desires. And, more and more, they are filled with fear of the Pagan masses whose interests they have abused so shamelessly.

Well they might be afraid. One of the chief factors in the decline of the Machine Age is the vast increase of primitive sophistication among the Pagan masses. In the Manchester Era, and much later in the U.S.A., the masses were naive and easily deceived. But the life in the industrial slums is highly educational. Today the masses have learned the cheap tricks of technics by experience. They have learned how to "beat the system." They are no longer really susceptible to propaganda influence. They refuse any longer to behave in a manner conducive to a successful Science of Technics. And by their voiceless but ruthless pressure they throw up revolutions like the Nazi revolution in Germany. They'll do it anywhere, at any time, when Science has lost its morality and its sense of responsibility for human welfare.

The time has passed when we might expect Scientists to display



some understanding of the elementary principles of honor and good sense. They continue to sit about in universities and talk of "freedom" after having sold the masses into the slavery of technics. They have destroyed culture, art, popular religion, and indeed the whole basis of civilization. They have junglized the whole world. They have perverted mechanical practice until civilization itself is today an economic and mechanical monstrosity. It is specious to seek any good of such hypocritical men, men who have so little regard for honor and truth.

In geopolitics, it is axiomatic that a "System" which has lost its legitimacy cannot survive, cannot be supported by any means whatsoever, and simply must be liquidated. This is a painful prospect indeed. But legitimacy is always the price of survival, and the achievement of legitimacy is a price which the intellectual leaders of modern civilization are not willing to pay. Modern Science is sunk deeply into a suicidal neurosis. Its motivations, its aims, its desires, and its methods are more and more futile and purposeless. In simple truth, it is sinking into the oblivion of all the other decadent arts and sciences of history. This is because it has taken extreme brilliance as the sole criterion of soundness, and has taken no thought of legitimacy. A System which would maintain its legitimacy must always seek the greatest good of the greatest number in Society. But Science has sought to force Mankind into its ruthless pattern, regardless of any good or evil which might result.

What can the individual do about any part of this?

Frankly, not much. The question is sometimes asked, "Can Christians support Capitalism?" My answer is that you can try it if you feel lucky. Just don't ask me to place any bets on your efforts, because I won't do it. I place my

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Maryfarm

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sacrament that enlightens the mind to apprehend the beauty of freedom and gives the will the strength to pursue its goal. The vision of Christ the Emancipator, Christ the Free Man dazzles with its power. Yet at the end of the summer present reality knocks one down; we are forced to recognize how few of us wish to be really free. Most of us, young and old, sell ourselves into slavery so soon. Coming to a free society, as I envision Maryfarm; they fail to cast off the mental chains of the "boss" and "slave" mentality. Early Christians endured physical martyrdom; but the Christian of the American 20th century walks into black hell each time we witness the abasement of one man to another; each time the smile of servility creeps onto the face of the insecure and fear glints madly in the eyes of a hungry man. And the most oppressive sight of all that almost breaks the observant core of objectivity in us, is to watch the domination of one personality over another. This dedication to the ideal of freedom and the dignity of each person who comes into the commune; the total giving of self to this ideal is the duty of each Christian anarchist.

Yet the psychological states of most workers coming into the commune make us realize these persons rather desire security. We cannot split on this in them who grew stuntedly in an environmental forest of State and Government rules and regulations or the atmosphere of suffocating lust and greed of private competitive capitalism. In the Church the emphasis is continually "Authority" and that is meet and just. But in a Christian anarchist commune the emphasis must be freedom. The modern worldling and the wrecked worker that entered our commune this summer cannot understand Church authority in a lay group; the word is twisted in their minds to mean "Boss" and they then wallow in their slave mentality and fail to grow in freedom. A Christian commune cannot be run like a convent. Both types of communal living have their place in the Church. But we must choose; are we anarchists or are we lay people whose mind is Authoritarian? The words of Eric Gill comfort me: "All decent people are ultimately anarchist; certainly all Christians must be; anarchy must lead us to heaven; nevertheless a Christian politic should always be one which leads in the heavenly direction, looking to anarchy as its guiding star."

To live and suffer with the people—all kinds of people—not to rule them or plan how to handle them, not to scheme how to change them; but to love and live with them is the task of any Christian who falls in love with the Freedom of Christ; and faces his own responsibility. I remember Irene telling me of the book she was reading quoting the difference between the anarchist and the State mind; the state mind dominates; the anarchist must live with.

We worked, played and prayed together in our commune with the spirit of voluntary poverty penetrating our practical and spiritual decisions. We were a cosmopolitan group; a Spanish translator, an artist, a writer, scarred veterans of the Labor Battle; two girls who endured nervous breakdowns; three family groups of 14 children; two ex-seminarians and two ex-nuns; and many discussions waged on these concepts of freedom and authority with them. They had the convent mentality which is hard to break, but if the laity become conventual minded we are not growing in our own organic way, and we must talk about this continually. Father Foley our chaplain endured and blessed us all.

In our work together we tried to realize the external cooperations that flow from the inner unity of daily Mass offered together. We tried to see "all things

new" in re-creating the farm; goats and chickens, compost piles and gardens, repairs and a great deal of re-stocking of food shelves by canning our beans, tomatoes, and jellies from our vineyards and crab-apple trees. The storeroom has beauty of color, wine and ruby red, deep purple, and pale green, and the red of tomatoes enchant the eye. We are poorer than ever; the great bread-baking experiment is temporarily suspended; the electric light company gave us a three week extension which ended on St. Francis Day; He will turn off the light if \$19.00 is not paid. We have given hospitality all summer to over forty people; and sixty and seventy during retreats.

In our play together we put on plays, created songs and poetry and heard the lays of a story troubadour all summer long. In our prayer together we learned to fight through our moods of depression and boredom and violence led by the blinding light of the Blessed Sacrament in our midst; the retreat conferences and prayers; a daily recitation of the hours of Prime and Compline and rosary for those who wished gave us renewed strength. In any Christian commune the strength of communal prayer must always be the fortress against the struggle of personality differences and levels of thought and work.

Now a new season is beginning and with it come two new retreats. Father Joseph Buckley of Brooklyn, who is very active in Catholic lay groups will conduct one weekend retreat, from Friday night October 20th to October 22nd. Our dear friend and fellow pacifist, Father Chrysostom Tarasevitch, OSB, will come from his abbey to give a Thanksgiving retreat on the Sermon on the Mount.

Maurin Farm

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Worker sometimes praise us for zeal and charity, we often think that the great bulk of the work is done, and must be done, by people who come in to help for a longer or a shorter time, or who send us clothes to give to the poor, and money to feed them. We want to raise more food for these poor. So we are asking those in the New York and New Jersey area to join us in our Saturday work days, to help produce food. Far more than man and machine, man and man must run this farm. St. Paul said that we should work with our hands in order to give away to him in need. We are far too well aware of the limitations of time and the shortness of the day, and we have many sick and old to care for. We ask your help.

Some of our friends who have already started weeding bring a sandwich or a piece of fruit when they come, because they like to feel free to descend on us at short notice, without that uncomfortable feeling of overburdening the cooking facilities. It makes it easier for us too. We are planning an elastic and informal supper table, with big dishes or potato salad and coleslaw, or baked beans, and plenty of hot coffee.

Sundays

The crowning of our week at Peter Maurin Farm will be the Sundays. The weekdays have their own joys of work, but Sundays should be a foretaste of the joys of Heaven. The theme of the Liturgical Conference this year was "Restore the Sunday." On the Feast of Christ the King, October 29, at two o'clock, we shall begin a series of Sunday Conferences, preceded by Vespers, and followed by Compline. Our old friend, Father Coffey, who teaches Philosophy at Immaculate Conception Seminary, Huntington, Long Island, will open the series that day, and bless the farm. We all wish to grow in knowledge and love of Christ, our Redeemer, and Mary our Mother, Cause of our Joy, House of Gold, a garden enclosed.

Saint Francis Today

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question of how to resist evil—not of whether to resist it.

Bear Arms

With the material at my disposal I could not say whether St. Francis would have called himself a pacifist in so many words—I do not think he would have reasoned it out that much. Indeed he did not so much argue against the use of violence as he ignored it as a possibility for the Christian. It was his hope that all men would conform to the ideals he set down to regulate the life of a layman in the world and of which he made a rule for his Third Order. And one of the rules, one not stressed today and one indeed deleted from current Third Order rules, is the prohibition to bear arms. It was this rule, together with that against taking oaths, that helped to cause the downfall of the feudal system. So, while it may be true that Francis was not conscious of any role of social reformer, it is nonetheless true that the life he thought proper for the Christian to live is one which would make impossible social injustice or that fruit of social injustice which we know as war. But it also was not a vague "I hate war" attitude. It had teeth in it—there was the concrete rule which he laid down forbidding recourse to the sword. And, as St. Dominic did not approve of the forceful suppression of the Albigensians, neither did St. Francis approve of the forced suppression of the Moslem. Rather he sought for their conversion. So that it seems a fair conclusion to state that St. Francis would have dealt with current problems in much the same way as did Gandhi.

It is, of course, a joy in these days of ideological and democratic totalitarianism to read of St. Francis and to know (as the Abbe Englebert presents it) of his devotion to that liberty which is found in Christ. That liberty which will never permit the "common good" to be an absolute but which upholds transcendental values as realized in the person (and therefore in society) as superior to the will of a monarch or the will of a majority. Indeed the Poverello can well be claimed as a Christian anarchist. He did not want his Order to become a highly organized affair, he did all he could to discourage that. He forbade his brethren to accept or to seek for favors from the papal court. He insisted on a maximum of liberty within the Order—so that he rebuked those who would add to the number of fast days or increase the severity of the fast. For he could not separate joy from Christ. He would have been a scandal to the Jansenists for like His Divine Master, he came eating and drinking. That I say was the spirit of his life, though many was the fast and severe the mortifications he placed upon himself.

Nature

Little Brother of God! The green-brown earth beneath you feels warmer that you tread there. "Addio, holy mountain . . . May the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit bless thee, Monte La Verna. Peace be to thee, beloved mountain. We shall not meet any more." Francis was conscious of the redeemed earth, of the affinity of all creation. And so he loved all creation. He believed in the bodily resurrection of Christ and His ascension into heaven. In the assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin. He would have rejoiced at the proclamation of the dogma of the Assumption, for is it not a testimony to the redeemed earth, to the holiness of matter and a pledge of our own divinization? All things are absorbed in God, and yet all things retain their individuality and uniqueness. For, says St. Thomas, "since it is natural to the soul to be united to the body, it is not possible for the perfection of

the soul to exclude its natural perfection."

Pacifist

If we were to follow St. Francis as He followed Christ—if we were to follow Francis to the extent that Gandhi (perhaps unknowingly) followed him, we would "learn war no more." We would supplant capitalism with cooperation—we would accomplish the revolution. But always we tend to look back, to hanker after natural morality and the old ways. And since we have thought that man could not transcend the old ways we have preached, as Christian truth, the obligation to conform to natural morality. To be concerned only with the justice of the good pagan, the rules of cricket and the ordinary decencies of man. But St. Francis, who lived in days of war and rapine and plunder, did not see fit to make the norm of behavior the goal of his life, nor was he content to judge morality from the standpoint of unaided reason. Rather, without theorizing about it, he ignored the obvious solutions, the solutions built on natural morality and the rules of fair play, and went beyond to that Kingdom of Christ which transcends the natural. And he believed that now was the time for each to go that way—not to wait till it became the collective ethic of the community. And so I feel sure that, should St. Francis be with us, and, as he most certainly would, knowing that war today violates not only natural morality but Christianity itself, he would teach us our duty as individuals, not to wait till mankind and the governments of man eschew war, but to refuse to bear arms here and at this time as he forbade the members of his Third Order (an Order he thought fit for all men to join) to bear arms in his day.

And the teachings of Francis would spell the end of capitalism, for capitalism could not breathe the air of Franciscan poverty. For St. Francis felt that all men should embrace poverty, not in order to become collectively wealthy (as do corporations and some monasteries), but in order to divest oneself of impedimenta on the journey to heaven. For, if we have the spirit of poverty, then the less we actually possess the more we possess God. And this is an ideal that is psychologically antithetical to the capitalist ideal whereby economic self-interest dominates. That is why, from the Christian standpoint, Communism is more perfect than other economic systems. Distributism, for example, is a good natural system, but Communism (not that Statism that employs the Communist ideology) transcends it in the economic order, as man transcends nature in his advance to God.

Gubbio

Little Brother of God! And the green-brown earth and the wolf of Gubbio. The wolf of Gubbio. Today he would symbolize our Communist brethren whom we blame for the evils of the world and would exterminate. St. Francis pointed out to the people of Gubbio that perhaps the wolf killed because he was hungry. Perhaps if we had been aware of the hunger of the people, perhaps if we had sought an answer in terms of this hunger, hunger for food and for land (as Claire Huchet Bishop points out) perhaps then we could approach with love this wolf of Gubbio and, like St. Francis, subdue him with love. We, as a people, are committed to another course. But we as persons have the duty and obligation in Christ and St. Francis—yes and in Gandhi, to assert the superiority of the transcendent over "nature" and governments and to refuse obedience.

According to the Christian ethic if it is morally impossible for one to avoid serious sin it becomes imperative that one accept the

grace God gives to live supernaturally. And yet if one is cognizant of the moral impossibility today of participating in war and not contributing to acts that clearly violate the Commandments one is not met by the theologians with a reminder of the supernatural aspect of Christianity but rather one is presented with considerations of the "common good," the right of self-defense, double effects, indirect killing. All of which indeed have their place, but we have replaced Christianity with them. We still insist on constructing an ethics of war as though it were no more than an encounter between two individuals in a wrestling match. And yet even here we fail to realize the nature of violence, how it is opposed both to nature and to freedom. "Violence," states St. Thomas (Voluntary and Involuntary Acts, 5th article Summa) "is directly opposed to the voluntary as likewise to the natural. For the voluntary and the natural have this in common that both are from an intrinsic principle; whereas violence is from an extrinsic principle. And for this reason, just as in things devoid of knowledge, violence effects something against nature: so in things endowed with knowledge, it effects something against the will." And therefore it is that, even apart from the supernatural, violence offends natural morality. And those who would uphold violence as a means, or would sanction war, regress from the full implications of even natural morality.

All of this would have made little sense to St. Francis. For him there was the example of Christ and that was sufficient to make him instinctively reject violence as a method. For he realized, as St. Thomas taught, that in reality you cannot separate the means from the end and if the means are violent the end will also be violent. For you cannot fulfill all the conditions for a violent act and then suppose that, in the process, you will be extricated from what you have conditioned yourself to be. Man's end is happiness and chiefly contemplative happiness. This can be lost, says St. Thomas "by certain occupations whereby a man is altogether withdrawn from contemplation." The violence of war is one means for such loss, the psychological violence of industrial capitalism is another means. For violence itself reduces the agent to a sub-human and unnatural level. As such he cannot perform human acts, as such he cannot therefore contemplate or attain that happiness which is distinctly human. That happiness which is the message of St. Francis to the world.

Easy Essay

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transform the people of bad character.

Liberty or Security

Patrick Henry said "Give me liberty or give me death." Patrick Henry wanted the power to think, the power to choose, the power to act. Many people today are willing to give up liberty for the sake of economic security. When everybody looks for economic security nobody gets it. But when nobody looks for economic security and uses liberty trying to be what he wants the other fellow to be then everybody gets economic security.

(Reprinted)

Chrystie Street

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nights you can literally mop up the blood of the drunks who have been flung out of the taverns smack on their faces.

Like so many other pretentious homes our walls hide a skeleton or two. For a couple of weeks after we first moved in we were awakened nightly by a huge old rat that frequently leaped on our beds scurrying around for food. Bob Ludlow set a few rat traps on the floor but our brother rat was too blasé for such obvious means of liquidation. The animal finally departed from our premises the day a beautiful black and grey streaked cat adopted us. Our new cat is expecting kittens and consequently is very affectionate. Unlike some people our cat's affection is not a torturous gnawing possessive type but she is satisfied with a sort of hit and run petting and will quickly leave you alone to pursue other diversions. Yesterday afternoon I watched her share a garbage can in the block with an elderly garbage picker. Both the man and the cat seemed to understand each other's plight that reduced them to eking out a living from such revolting sources. She dug quietly away for scraps of food as he gently tugged at the rags and bottles.

Last night a drunk knocked on our office windows and beseeched us to pray to Saint Joseph for him. The poor old man thumped on his chest and accused himself of all his faults over and over. He blurted out to us that he once had visions of becoming a Saint but now he realized that it was too late in life to ever achieve that high goal. Then he continued on, enumerating the virtues of Saint Joseph to whom he had a deep devotion. This man asked for nothing except someone to listen to him and offered to contribute to the work when he is a few dollars ahead. He praised the work and ourselves to the skies. We of course drank in these sweet compliments and with tongue in cheek thought to ourselves that the poor fellow really wasn't very drunk.

Police

On a warm Tuesday afternoon of last week, I found myself sitting on a doorstep of a doctor's office which is located in a sort of middle class neighborhood up town. I was waiting for a friend who was in consulting this doctor free of charge. As I sat there coating my lungs with nicotine, a priest came out of a convent next door in the company of another man and woman. The two lay people walked west and the priest walked towards me. As he passed he smiled and said "hello." I thought it was a nice neighborly like gesture especially since we were complete strangers to each other. Consequently my eyes followed him as he walked down the sidewalk a few yards where he cut across the street to a parked police squad car. He spoke to the police a minute and they subsequently drove over to visit me. One of them jumped out of the car and proceeded to ask me what I was doing. I replied in answer to their question as to why I didn't wait in the doctor's home for my friend, that I disliked taking up any more of our doctor friend's time and space than was necessary. Nothing of what I said was believed by our brilliant policemen and they decided to drag the doctor out to identify me. After they had acted like typical bulls in the China closet they apologized to the doctor and excused themselves by claiming how intent they were on protecting people's property.

It was all very exhilarating to see the Pope come out again last month and denounce the Capitalistic system. He said, "The Church, in fact, has pointed out not only the abuses of capitalism and of the rights of property, which such a system promotes and defends, but has also taught that capital and property must be instruments of production for the advantage of all society and a means of supporting and defending liberty and the dig-

nity of the human person." In the same talk Our Holy Father warned against Communism and exhorted the priests to live austere lives. Now if only we Catholics and non-Catholics alike will heed the words of our Holy Father and concentrate on the evils of Capitalism as well as we have knocked ourselves out over Communism I think we will be able to create a world with a Christian atmosphere. In any event we can not remain indifferent to the flagrant violations of Christian principles inherent in the present Capitalistic system. For a beginner in this direction we would like to see in our papers alongside the profits accrued by some corporation in one year a listing of the number of injuries, deaths and untold injustices that were instrumental in amassing this blood-stained money.

Lectures

Our Friday night lectures have been packed to the doors and they are nights that we look forward to. For once we can list a couple of speakers in advance—Dorothy Day speaks on October 13th; Caroline Gordon, novelist and teacher, will talk on October 20th. You can be sure that other speakers shall be arranged for succeeding Friday nights. During the past month around the CW people have been mentioning Gerald Manley Hopkins quite a bit so we obtained a speaker, Father Mulloy of Brooklyn to tell us about that poet. Father Mulloy was properly enthused over Hopkins and the talk was very well received. From what little I have read of Hopkins I am quite certain that he cannot be over-rated. I think Hopkins has proved to be one of the greatest arguments against that erroneous attitude that a Catholic artist is necessarily limited in his art simply because he is a Catholic.

For the past Sunday or two we have been visiting Bellevue Hospital since it was brought to our attention that volunteers are desperately needed to assist patients to attend Mass. These particular patients are not able to get down to their chapel unless outside volunteers help them into wheel-chairs and push the chairs down to the chapels from the various wards. After the Mass there is a need for individuals to distribute Catholic literature among these poor people. We were feeling quite virtuous getting up at 5:30 to perform this chore until we met a Mr. Nicholas Wright who is eighty-two years old and has been going to Bellevue for twenty-five years to help these people. Any of our readers who might be interested in this good work should get in touch with us at once. Our very good friend and worker Peter Carey introduced us to that Sunday morning apostolic work. Peter, a married man with six children has a full time job as an electrician but manages to get an awful lot of work done at Bellevue and here at the Catholic Worker. For fifteen years or more he has been coming to the Catholic Worker taking care of all the electrical work that we needed done. We would have been completely lost without Peter when the house first opened up at 115 Mott Street and at our present address. Like Charlie O'Rourke, Peter too has always been very unobtrusive about all his help.

Chicago

During the past month I spent a week in my home town, Chicago. It is a good city to be in or to be from. Chicago fairly crawls with Catholic Activities and it is away ahead of New York in that respect. While I was out there I heard of a Monsignor Peter Meighan who has been doing a tremendous amount of good work among the newly arrived and unwanted Puerto Ricans. The details of the work he has been doing impressed me no end.

I paid several visits to the Peter Mauria House of Hospitality at Grand Ave. and Green street, on Chicago's near north-west-side.

(Continued on page 8)

Christ Plays In Ten Thousand Places

(Continued from page 3)

speak in terms of "newness," and rightly, despite the Pope's resentment against such terms (one must remember that he was primarily engaged in a necessary act of discipline), today, those signs are great, indisputable facts creating problems of increasing urgency: the phenomenal growth of man's knowledge concerning the physical universe and the terrifying growth of his own consciousness, of knowledge about himself; the awe-inspiring achievements of man's power, his science and his politics, seemingly having turned against him, ready to destroy him without mercy. And although Pope Pius XII in his recent Encyclical, "Humani Generis," probably fearing another Modernism, appears unappreciative of several of our attempts to answer these problems, it would seem imperative to speak in terms of "newness," to speak of psychological change in man, and, yes, "of new needs of the Christian soul." A few men of vision have spoken and are speaking in these terms: Fathers De Lubac, Danielou, Guardini, D'Arcy and Lombardi; Gabriel Marcel and Robert Pollock.

In the crucial periods of spiritual crisis in the history of Western man—especially, the Early Christian Era, the Dark Ages and the Protestant Revolution—there had always been Christians who had experienced a vision of what could be and, finding the existent civilization not to their liking or harmful to them, the existing states of mind and social means inadequate for the attainment of their ideal, had invented ways and means to better realize the truth, created new institutions, thought out new and more penetrating approximations of reality, and afterwards, mankind was found to be enlarged, possessing new values.

The early Christians, drunk with the newly born vision of life in God, found the mighty, thousand-year-old Roman Empire unacceptable and withdrew from it into the catacombs and willingly died at the hands of beasts rather than be contaminated by it until one day it capitulated in the person of the Emperor Constantine. Upon the ruin of that great social structure, after a brilliant but erratic flowering of Christian culture, the days of Athanasius, Ambrose and Augustine, came the Dark Ages with the barbarism from the North and the constant little wars; according to Chesterton, the ages of asceticism, of expiation from pagan nightmares which made possible the incomparable Middle Ages with their childlike faith. In time, the social structure of the Middle Ages also fell apart, and a growing nationalism and the dissipating influence of the later Renaissance brought on the disastrous Protestant Revolution, provoking the Church to a counter reform, with St. Ignatius Loyola founding the Company of Jesus, a spiritual army and truly one of the great spiritual creations whose member formed a mobile unit ready to enter any field of learning, any country. St. Francis Xavier, the greatest missionary since St. Paul, after ten exhaustive years of activity, in India and Japan, died on the coast of Japan looking with regretful eyes towards the shores of China.

It is to be noted that such periods were marked by great social changes, breakdowns, and that these social upheavals were salvaged and redeemed by spiritual means, by faith, each upset calling for an emphasis on some truth of God, for the realization of something implicit in the original deposit of faith or for a new possibility of life in God through Christ; the human calling to the divine and the Holy Ghost ever ready with His seven gifts, for God, as said St. Bernard, is always awake anticipating our own earliest awakenings.

Now a great social change is taking place in our time. In 1901, Henry Adams, still searching for an education at sixty-three, traveling in Russia, pondered over the enigma of that country; in his "Education," he recorded his reflections at that time, sixteen years before the Russian Revolution: "... Russia was too vast a force to be treated as an object of unconcern. As inertia, if in no other way, she represented three-fourths of the human race, and her movement might be the true movement of the future, against the hasty and unsure acceleration of America. No one could yet know what would best suit humanity. . . . And she is moving in our time and some are petrified by the ordeal that her movement means: no black and white affair, but a new synthesis of painful loss and gain.

One thing is certain, however, the uncertain future will be redeemed only by spiritual means, by the power of love. Christ said that He had many sheep that were not in the fold and in our time, reaffirming that truth by an outstanding example, He raised up Gandhi, who fell in love with the Sermon on the Mount and by sheer spiritual power kept two nations at bay. In the end, Gandhi, a martyr to love, leads us back to Christ, the Supreme Martyr to the redemptive powers of love.

(To Be Continued)

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OUR LADY OF THE WAYSIDE FARM, AVON, OHIO

Coming Collapse Of Industrialism

(Continued from page 6)

bets on propositions which I consider to have a chance of success. Mass-production, either Capitalist or Communist, is not among the propositions which I consider to have a chance of success.

In the end it will not make any great difference what you do or what attitudes you assume. That is, it will not make any great difference in "The World," meaning "The World" whose Prince is condemned already. For the pseudo-scientists, in all of their contemptible whoremongering with the creative resources of Mankind, are dependent upon the great creative tradition which arose from a thousand years of Christian faith in Western Europe. And a creative tradition is always based upon religion, and never upon anything else, least of all this sorry pack of charlatanism referred to as "Scientific Progress." A creative tradition is not a product of anything in this world. It is derived from the Kingdom which is not of this world, and which is not under the control of this world. Arts, inventions, and the higher and more complex sort of skills generally have never flourished except within the framework of a great religious culture. And they have never failed to die when the religious traditions which gave them birth have been abandoned. They have never failed to die under the cold blight of Mammon-worshipping, or under the curse of mechanistic controls, which are always set up by mediocre people in order to plunder the creativity of others who are superior to themselves.

We should dismiss the "ideological struggle" with the contempt which it deserves. It is of no real importance. The Machine Age is, for all practical purposes, over. Those who would look to the future should seek to lay the foundations of simple craft industries which will survive the debacle of complex technology, and which will clothe the naked human race when the steam jennys cease to whirl. It is impossible to operate such industries today except in a few isolated instances. Laws, customs, public tastes shaped by silly advertising, and the control of raw-material supplies are all rigged to favor mass-production. Only a few luxury industries support the custom craftsman. Nevertheless, craftsmanship in a small shop still provides the best NATURAL economy. It would provide the best PRACTICAL economy under a healthy system of regulation. Craftsmanship on a commercial basis is impossible only because of the perverted time-work-money relationship which grew up under Puritanism. We simply cannot afford the appalling costs of "cheap mass production." The whole world is bankrupted and pushed ruthlessly toward atomic war by the galloping bankruptcy of the mass-production economy. There seems little chance that this tragedy will be avoided, for the Scientists and other intellectual leaders of temporal Society refuse even to discuss the problem honestly.

We shall then one day come to a time when industrialism will have been destroyed, when Mankind will be naked and helpless beyond any previous instance in history. Domestic skills have been destroyed on a worldwide scale. Who shall restore the ability to spin and weave cloth? Who shall restore the ability to make the necessary things of life? Will this task not fall to monasteries, as it did in the early Middle Ages? Or will it fall to little groups of intelligent distributists who will maintain a bit of skill here and there? It is time to think upon these things. Distributism, now considered a "crank" idea by many people who consider themselves practical, may be of real historical importance in a future time when men will have to make drastic changes in their way of living.

Cross Currents

To start an intellectual review in the face of the war raging in Korea may seem to some a culpable retreat from active responsibilities into the safety of an academic cloister. But although we have greater awareness today of the person behind the thought, and of the insufficiencies of rationalism in the face of the mysteries of grace and of sin, sane realism—not to speak of Christian charity—forbids our abandoning the intellectual lie to (the "intellectual," i.e., the self-styled one), the currently-dominant American Ph.D. mind. Against the "digest" mentality we must publish the original article, in the

tortuous complexity of the search for truth in its subject; against the reduction of Russians—whose redemption was as dearly bought as our own—to the status of the Reds of the Hearst editorial cartoon we must develop a greater sense of the reality of the Mystical Body; against the confusion between the spiritual and temporal orders, we must develop a greater sense of their autonomy as well as their inter-relation in history, and avoid the dangerous confusions possible in talking of Christian sociology, the Catholic novel, and the Christian state. Satan, that master of lies, thrives on confusion; if we can bring to even a small American audience examples of sanity and clarity in working out the implications of religion to the intellectual life, we will have done a great deal.

CROSS CURRENTS has been called into being as a quarterly review, primarily as a service to the American intellectual community, to bring before a general audience outstanding articles from foreign and out-of-the-way sources that suggest the depth and variety of modern Christian thought. As might be expected, we will rely heavily on such outstanding publications as the Dublin Review, Blackfriars, Esprit, Etudes, Dieu Vivant, Economie et Humanisme, La Vie Intellectuelle, Hochland, Frankfurter Hefte, Wort und Wahrheit, Stimmen der Zeit, Schweizer Rundschau, Revista Metafisica, Humanitas, Cronache Sociale, for reprint suggestions. Hoping to break down some of the academic and spiritual isolation that persists in America, we are soliciting the cooperation of all men who have come to realize the insufficiency of purely human solutions to the evil they have encountered in our society.

Accepting the primacy of the spiritual, CROSS CURRENTS will be engaged in the secular order, and will cooperate with groups striving to transform our social institutions in accordance with the requirements of justice and charity. We feel strongly that Christianity must not be identified with surface morality, the present economic order, nor with any of the temporal realizations which it may have inspired in different ages. In the crisis of unity which marks our time, it is more than ever necessary to confront the problems raised by the advances in modern thought: Christianity must assimilate and use the truth wherever it may be found.

CROSS CURRENTS would like to aid in the forming of more Christian minds; to be a small part of the answer to the challenge posed to the conscience of the intellectual in the late Cardinal Suhard's pastoral letter, *Growth and Decline*.

Among the articles we expect to use in early issues are Emmanuel Mounier's "Christianity and Civilization," an address to last year's Semaine des intellectuels Catholiques, by the late editor of Esprit; Emil Brunner's "Christian Sense of Time" from Dieu Vivant, No. 14; Henri de Lubac's "The New Man," a constructive and penetrating analysis of the Marxist and Christian views of man, from Dublin Review, Spring 1948; Nicholas Berdyaev's "Christianity and Anti-semitism"; Jean Danielou's "The Present Directions of Religious Thought," from Etudes, September, 1946; Gabriel Marcel's "Theism and Personal Relationships," a representative essay by this year's Gifford lecturer and leader of the Christian existential-

ists; Karl Barth's "The Church Between East and West," maintaining the transcendence of Christianity which can be limited to no political bloc; Franz Josef Schoningh's "What Is Christian Politics?," from Hochland, May, 1949; and Bruno de Solages' "Christianity and Evolution," which contains a helpful introduction to the thought of Teilhard de Chardin. We will also present material by Romano Guardini, Martin Buber, Ida Gorres, Max Picard, Helmut Hatzfeld, Jean Rimaud, Maurice Blondel, Paul Vignaux, Ernst Karl Winter, Marcel More, etc. Each issue will contain a supplementary bibliography of other recent material which seems deserving of special mention. We have no office, no paid employees, and at present are unable to give anything like just payment to the authors whose work we are using; any kind of financial assistance will be appreciated.

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We will be glad to send an announcement concerning CROSS CURRENTS to any friends of THE CATHOLIC WORKER who might be interested. We are anxious to contact teachers and graduate students willing to check reviews in their field, and competent translators will be especially welcome.

Joseph E. Cunneen,
Managing Editor,
CROSS CURRENTS

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 7)

This house has been just recently opened and its appearance is enough to give one pause. It is a very dilapidated two story frame building which has been unpainted for years. The roof has a few holes in it and two-thirds of the windows are missing from both floors. The first floor is uninhabitable and is a shambles of plaster and junk. About eight men are living on the second floor which is nicely cleaned and painted. The gas hadn't been connected and they were cooking their coffee on a stove heated by wood. On visiting that house one's impressions are not very clear since you are immediately appalled at the terrible poverty within. And when I entered the house I couldn't help but compare it with our house here on Chrystie and wanted to flee at once. Two very able young men, Will Mische and Fred O'Connell, are the leaders and founders of the Chicago Peter Maurin House. Fred and Will also have another house operating on Hubbard about six blocks distance from Grand and Green. The place on Hubbard street is a third floor four room flat and houses about eight men. Besides operating these two houses the staff dish out soup to the hungry along Madison street, Chicago's skid road. We hope many of our Chicago readers will get in touch with this group and find a way to participate in their good work.

Tom Sullivan.