

CATHOLIC



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The Poor Man of Assisi

By ROBERT LUDLOW

On October the 4th, in the Roman Rite, there is again the feast of Saint Francis the Poor Man of Assisi. His life, patterned so closely on that of Christ will always be to us what we would be, the measure of our shortcomings, the spirit in which we should operate even when circumstances make the literal observance of his mode of living impossible. Could you run naked through the New York streets? Or operate from no fixed abode? Could you, in this, our day, prohibit learning? We could do none of these things and yet, in all, our model is St. Francis. For we can no more be slaves to the literal observance of these things than we could be, to the minutiae of Pharisaical regulations. We must operate within the age, an age which figures in the general plan of Divine Governance, as well as did the age of Francis.

* * *

While all this is true we must not, in our rationalizations, forget the weightier things of the law—the permanently valid message of St. Francis. The spirit of *joyous* detachment. Not the glum, longfaced Jansenism of the conscious reformer the splenetic raller at the clergy—with these St. Francis had nothing in common. He was no precursor of the Reformation, no Martin Luther, even less he was no John Calvin. But because he loved much he has become beloved of many who do not sympathize with his orthodoxy. In that way too, He emulates Christ. But it should not be forgotten that St. Francis is as much a product of Catholicism as was Torquemada. He was a

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Lets Keep the Jews

Easy Essays by Peter Maurin

A Mystery

The Jews
are a mystery
to themselves.

~~They are not a nation;~~
although the Zionists
try to build up one
in Palestine.
They are not a race,
for they have intermarried
with many other races.
They are not a religion,
since their belief
calls for one Temple
and the Jewish Temple
has not been in existence
for nearly 2,000 years.

In Spain

St. Vincent Ferrer,
a Spanish Dominican,
succeeded in converting
25,000 Jews.
When the Spaniards decided
to drive the Moors out
they also decided
to drive the Jews out.
St. Vincent Ferrer
tried to convert the Jews;
he did not start a crusade
to drive them out.
Driven out of Spain,
the Jews found a refuge
in Salonika

which was then
under the Turkish flag.
Spanish is still spoken
by Jewish workmen
in Salonika.

In the Papal States

The Popes never did
start a crusade
to drive the Jews
out of the Papal States.
Jews have lived in Rome
and the adjoining territory
since the Roman Empire.
The Roman Empire
protected the Jews
living under its rule,
and so did the Popes
in the Papal States.
The Jews themselves
admit the fairness
with which they were treated
in the Papal States.

In the Shadow of the Cross

While the Spaniards
refused to keep the Jews
the Popes consented
to keep the Jews.
The Jews
were the chosen people
and they are still.

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Since August first I have been staying at Peter Maurin farm and first I gave myself the excuse for this great joy and comfort by saying that my daughter needed me. She had her sixth baby, a girl, August 9. This time instead of waiting a month beforehand, my

help came for the month afterward, when it was needed most. I was there to drive her to the hospital where she had a happy six-day stay, visiting with half a dozen other women in the ward, none of whom could nurse their babies. She has been able to nurse all of hers. The two previous she had at home. I had a most enjoyable time taking care of the other five. Mary is at the giddy age of two, dancing and singing and shouting all the day long. "Rowdy Irish," David calls her. She is beautiful and good, and it is most edifying to see her fold her little hands in prayer at each meal. Nickie thinks the act of folding the hands, the gesture, is enough and dives right into the meal. He is the shoutingest member of the family. When Tamar got home I

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Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels—October 2

Behold I will send my Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Take notice of him, and hear his voice.

(Book of Exodus, Ch. 23, 20-23
From the Breviary)



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Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

September of this year marks the third anniversary of Saint Joseph's House of Hospitality here on Chrystie street. Short as this period may seem in comparison to our sixteen years on Mott street—still there were moments when we seriously doubted our survival till now. There were those last few frantic months on Mott street when we were in a wild search for a building to occupy after we had been notified by the new owners to move or be thrown out on the street. Once we were established on Chrystie street it appeared we were "snake-bitten," everything seemed to go wrong. It was one thing after another. However, we failed to realize just how wrong things could go until we found ourselves scorched with our April Fire. We won't forget that fire and I guess we won't let anyone else forget it.

Preventives

The death of Jack Simms and the terrible burns suffered by the other six men as a result of the fire are bound to remain in our memories for a long time to come. In order to avoid a further such catastrophe, a member of our household, John Stone, has volunteered to act as a night watchman every night in the week. We have also engaged an iron construction company to erect a fire escape on the front of our building. This will cost some six hundred dollars which we cannot afford. However, we feel that it is necessary in our situation to take on this added expense.

Aside from our many trials and

tribulations at this location we have had many happy experiences. For one thing we are no longer confronted with that accusation that we lack that particular rugged appearance which most Catholic Worker houses of hospitality are noted for. The true signs of a Catholic Worker house of hospitality are bed bugs, lice, cockroaches, rats and defective plumbing. All this standard equipment we have and more. The floor of our much used laundry basement is partially giving way—one spot is covered with a piece of tin. Due to the heavy traffic in our kitchen a foot wide strip of the linoleum has been completely worn through. Sizable chunks of plaster have been pounded off the dining room walls as a result of the frequent moving about of the tables in the daily process of cleaning. Several windows in the house are cracked or the glass is actually missing. The two bottom stairs leading up to the front entrance of our house are torn loose from the braces and each person's ascent or descent can be heard on the second floor.

Overcoats

It was quite chilly this noon and Smoky Joe, who has charge of issuing the men's clothing, brought up the overcoats which have been donated to us during the summer. The coats were stored in the cellar. Joe gave out the eighty-two overcoats to all those who were in need. When all the guests in our house were outfitted with a coat Joe called a good number of men from the daily soup line and the

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A Lay Catholic Community

(Report of 1952, September)

The aim of this community is described in the provisional Rule as "A school of the Lord's service composed of men, women and children, engaged in farm and craft work, having all things in common and holding to the counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience, that in all things God may be glorified." The membership at the present time is twelve adults and eleven children, made up of four families and four single men and women.

The community was started in 1940 as a political experiment by a small group of young people holding pacifist and socialist convictions. They felt that society was disintegrating from within and that the way back to a more creative life was through a different economic structure and the discovery of a new pattern of human relatedness. Possessions were pooled and income shared; anyone who wished could join; there was no form of authority or discipline beyond the natural one of earning sufficient to live on by working on the small community farm.

After a few years, with considerable changes in membership and the usual difficulties of human relationships, it became obvious that the primary assumption of the political materialist doctrine that man was entirely conditioned by

circumstance had been proved false. The tendency to disintegration seemed to lie within each person whatever the external context might be. This realization left a vacuum in which nothing from the past had any life, and belief of any kind was impossible. The response to this was to throw out whatever remnants of a hollow culture remained and to attempt the return to a primitive instinctual basis—and to let the unknown happen.

Eventually, the necessity for a radical process of change in the natural person before community living was possible led to contact with Jungian psychology—which opened the way to the writings of the Hindu and Chinese mystics and in time to the Christian mystics. Some members visited a Catholic monastery, periods of meditation were started in the community life, and one by one, over a period of three years, the members were all received into the Church. The Divine Office grew up out of the set periods for meditation and a provisional Rule, based on the Rule of St. Benedict, was drawn up and accepted by all the full members.

The community has in this way grown to a position of comparative stability—but the form is still in the process of emerging and the

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Hiroshima Fast

By AMMON HENNACY

"I got a letter from one of my sons in Korea this morning. My three other boys will go to jail before they go to another foolish war. God bless you for your sign about war; that's just what it is: murder," said a woman to me as I was on my 8-day picketing and fasting. She referred to my sign: DRAW THE LINE AT MURDER

REFUSE TO GO TO WAR.

In contrast a man went by with his wife and said: "Drop dead!" "Can't do it, Mister," I replied. Rik had done a beautiful job on my leaflet, printed in the July-Aug. CW, on blue paper. I was nearly out of Feb. CW's containing my tax statement so did not give out any unless people asked for them.

Now for the first time in my fasting I went to Mass and Communion each morning. I had worked until after dark for several nights in order to finish work that I had planned, and up until Wednesday noon. I had eaten my last full meal Tuesday noon and only toast bread until I commenced my fast at 4 p.m. Wednesday. I had written the following note, enclosing my blue leaflet, to 165 of the clergy in and around Phoenix. And as usual I had notified the police, the FBI, and the tax man, of my picketing, telling them that what I was doing was clearly subversive, but no worse than it ever was. "Please pray for the success of my fasting and picketing in this the 10th year of my open refusal to pay income taxes for war, if you can in conscience do so. My attitude may appear too radical but I feel that something as radical as the Sermon on the Mount is needed in this wicked world. I too believe in a personal religion but if in matters of social concern I act just as unbelievers act, then I am a fraud. If you have time stop and say hello to me as I fast

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Summer at Maryfarm

I am a French Canadian girl. There was a time when I knew very little about the United States. That was when I arrived at Maryfarm: March 7, 1953. Today the large unknown country has revealed to my amazed eyes the profound beauty of its heart; for a summer at Maryfarm makes you exclaim: "Why wasn't it longer?"

You know of course, you faithful readers, that Maryfarm is that kind of a charmer. Its people take hold of your affections. Its farmhouse with its special smell and its atmosphere touched by tangible details at each moment, offer peace to the spirit; moments of God for all eternity. During the summer, people come from all over the country, for a visit, for a retreat—for a challenge with oneself—and we are very grateful to have them with us; therefore the doors are wide open and here take place the concrete results of the power of love. People that are driven to the extremes of human misery, knelt down and thanked God for their tremendous suffering; others recovered from an interior conflict that kept them in darkness and away from God for a good length of time; to some, God has shown the emptiness of their lives although it was obvious that they thought they had the "perfect life"! Yes, these events, we have seen.

Also, some of our young people came here and to our delight, we have been with them in joy and deep understanding of the Love of God. Some of them on labour day week end went away, leaving in our hearts the great nostalgia of heaven. That is Maryfarm!

All sorts of things happen at Maryfarm during summer. For in-

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The Will of Man Is a Fortress

By CORBETT BISHOP

"Courtship," "marriage," "honeymoon"—and then too often unhappiness. Courtship should never end, marriage is its consummation and fulfillment. The honeymoon period should be infinite. Too often they end. Happiness becomes too often a memory, a burden. Jesus and His followers court in grace those as yet unattached. They woo and win to the Infinite Happiness.

When men of the world woo it is the casting of a spell and means seduction. They violate finally courtship, marriage, honeymoon, and happiness. They violate person and personality.

In World War II in some C.P.S. camps the honeymoon period is said to have ended. A few were able to discern the character of war and those who meant to force their will. "The forcing of one's will" is the definition of war given by Von Clausewitz. Registration and conscription are the big Rapes. If either of these is recognized, prison, the army, or any forced alternative, will scarce be recognized as related to a honeymoon. Too often the victims remain illusioned and dupes.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?" (Amos 3:3) Can a fountain bring forth bitter and sweet water? Can a man serve two masters? Can light and darkness co-mingle? Can men of peace collaborate with men of war? There seems to be considerable interest in the news of "Progressives versus Reactionaries" among the released U.N. prisoners. There's no general agreement relative to conscientious objectors to registration and war. There's too little Light, walking towards the Light. Too little evidence of Sweet Water; too much recognition of a wrong master. Too much collaboration, "co-operation," and subservience by the men of Peace to the wily men of War.

* * *

From the current Mennonite Central Committee Service Bulletin p. 5 "There continue to be glowing reports on the work of 1-W's"—Men of Peace, Conscientious Objectors. It is evident, however, that the honeymoon period is over in some institutions. One 1-W dismissed from his job in a mental hospital because he was caught sleeping while on duty. In one mid-western mental hospital several 1-W's have been caught sleeping on the job. The hospital administration has been patient up to this point, but now is beginning to take action.

* * *

"Morale of the men is generally good. There is not enough sense of cause and mission on the part of some men. The feeling exists that 1-W service is just another job. Some men tend to compare their work conditions with work at home. Whereas they should compare them to that of men in the military service."—there follows quite an accent on the SS threats, attitudes, and actions, nothing of the Prince of Peace.

The mental enslavement that allows a job, a tax, an arrest, a trial, a cell, draft card, classification, draft board, an army, a nation, to be forced as the victims possession amazes and yet is quite usual. To accept the ideal of a civilization, a nation, rather than those of God, Life, Peace, is to lose. It means being led to the sear and blast of the H-bomb and death. The standards of civil life have more appeal and normality for me than do those of "the Service." The ideals of men spell the difference in their achievements. If salt loses its savor it's time to purify or buy anew.

* * *

Quite a few individuals during World War II, at the cost of prison, etc., cut loose the collaboration and subservience to the Selective Service system, C.P.S., Army, etc. The one group to cut loose on a moral and religious basis was the Catholic Worker. Apparently the number of collaborators is larger and the number of conscientious objectors smaller at this time. Perhaps still the children of the world are wiser than the children of light.

I think it well to repeat. "The will of man is a fortress." Neither man nor the devil can force the will of any man and God Himself does not. The will of man is an absolutely impregnable fortress. We are created free agents. Free to choose right or wrong any time we may choose to choose.

Pacifist Conference at Peter Maurin Farm

While the Catholic Worker Pacifist Conferences pass no resolutions and decide nothing, the 2 or 3 days spent in earnest and utterly unfettered conversation give me at least a steady that any dissenter from the current "norm" (?!?) needs to keep from throwing in the sponge or going nuts.

Even the C.W. account of the first conference last year was so non-committal, readers who had not attended had a feeling it was a failure. In a way it was better than this year's because Miss Day was there for the whole 2 days and we did not have to suffer a violent non-pacifist at every meeting.

Suffering anti-pacifists is something I do not do well and am always angry at myself afterwards. This time Ammon Hennacy poured oil on the very troubled waters in a way that would have made our State Department long to have him in the tight places they often find themselves. And while on the subject of Ammon, I was most pleasantly surprised to find him looking better, much younger, more serene and saintly than last year. This maybe because of his conversion. Not being a Roman Catholic I was afraid his conversion would clip his wonderful wings, tame him and tone down his tongue. But it has not.

My second surprise was to find

Hisaye Yamamoto and Paul there. At first I thought they had come for the conference as I had. As Betty Lou Ginty and Mary McCordle knew we were friends they put us in the dormitory and I soon learned she was there to stay. My next shock and one which will take years to get over was to learn I was the first link in the chain which led her to take this step. It happened shortly after the war when she began writing for the Los Angeles Tribune. A column of hers disclosed she knew nothing of the rocky road to peace but announced she was going to follow it. As my crew was full to overflowing with all the warmongers' pious and hypocritical mouthings of "peace" I sat down and wrote Hisaye one of my better bad-tempered letters, outlining the thorny path and perhaps over-emphasizing the guts one had to have to keep on it.

Now, I can remember as long as memory is granted me, her quiet "You are really the reason I'm here, Yone." Then, "But I don't think there will be more peace in the world because I am here."

I had no answer. There would be no peace if every pacifist renounced the comfortable world: There aren't enough of us to count. But our action, I am certain, would

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MORAL DILEMMA: THE MUDDLED MARRIAGE

By GERALD VANN, O.P.

One of the pastoral problems which loom very large in these days is that of the Catholics who, having entered upon a marriage which the Church cannot recognize as such, then find themselves tortured in mind by their consequent separation from the sacramental life of the Church, and long to return to it but see no way of doing so. What is to be done for them? How are they to be advised?

It is as useless as it is heartless to say simply that they have only themselves to blame; that they sinned in contracting a marriage which is no marriage at all, and that the Church will receive them back when, and only when, they renounce it. In practice this is harmful, since it may well drive them completely and finally away from the Church. In theory it is bad theology, because it simplifies what is in reality complex, and refuses to face all the facts of a human situation. Ethics is not an exact science, precisely because its business is with the complexities and untidiness of human action in the concrete; and indeed the ultimate ethical judgment, as to what A is to do here and now, is not a question of science merely but of art, the art of prudence. We might well recall here some wise words of M. Maritain: "Some people imagine that morality measures our actions, not in the light of the just human ends which they ought to be aiming at in the given circumstances, but by a forest of abstract formulae which life must copy like a book . . . In reality the principles of morals are not theorems or idols: they are the supreme rules governing a concrete activity the aim of which is something to be done in certain definite circumstances, and governing it through more proximate rules and above all through the rules, which are never set down in advance, of the virtue of prudence . . . They do not seek to devour human life; they are there to build it up."

In the first place, we have to be very cautious in speaking of a situation of this sort as simply the result of the sin of the person concerned. Objectively wrong, yes; but subjectively the action may have been good, or at least, and more probably, have had quite a lot of goodness mixed up in it. There are no doubt some who, faced with a choice between a forbidden marriage and the Church, leave the Church with hardly a qualm and with a serene finality: with them this article is not concerned. Sometimes it can be due to a momentary aberration; sometimes to a period of agnosticism, atheism, communism, which later on is seen to have been itself an aberration. Sometimes the motive is quite simply a very human inability to give up the love and the happiness involved; and sometimes perhaps quite simply an inability to make the other human being concerned suffer—and even where such a tenderness and generosity of heart is but one element in a complex of motivations it must command our respect and sympathy, and, however misguided objectively speaking, must surely do much to redeem the situation in the eyes of God.

None the less, the lover of "theorems and idols" will argue, the situation is a sinful one, and the only right course of action is therefore to give it up: a refusal to do so will only show that the lament for the lost sacramental life of the Church is in fact insincere. Far from it: the essential fact we have to face is that the situation is one to which there is no perfect solution. To continue in it is to sin; but to abandon it may also be to sin. This is most obvious if there are children: who, having been brought into the world, have a right to their parent's love and care, to a home and a family life. But even apart from that, a contract has been entered into, which is none the less a contract because in the eyes of the Church it is not a matrimonial contract. True, there have been moralists who have not shrunk from asserting that a contract which is immoral is therefore invalid, not binding: a supremely abhorrent example of the kind of abstract theorising which pays no attention to the human realities of a human situation, and so falsifies the situation. Contract or no contract, the fact is that one human being has taken upon himself the care and responsibility for another human being, has profoundly changed another human life, and another human heart; and he cannot now simply shuffle out of his responsibilities or pretend that all this never really happened at all.

You have, then, let us say, a marriage which cannot for one reason or another be put right by the Church, and in which the non-Catholic will not agree to abstention from sexual intercourse: what is the Catholic to do?

The first thing to be made quite clear is surely this: that the situation necessarily precludes full communion in the Church's life but does not necessarily preclude closeness to God. The contrite heart, we know, God will not despise: it is precisely the contrition which brings the soul close to God. But how, it may be asked, can a soul be close to God if the sin continues? To which the answer is: because though the sin continues, it continues in a deep sense a *contre-cœur*, unwillingly. (To be thus unwilling it is not of course necessary that on another level it should not be desired and enjoyed: the only necessity is that, if conditions permitted, it would in fact be foregone.) The situation here is similar to that of the man who is battling, unsuccessfully, against an habitual failing: and who, though he continues to sin, grows in the love of God by the very fact of his battling for God's sake. But will not this constant contrariety of wills and desires, this division of loyalties, set up an intolerable psychological tension and produce neuroses and so forth? Yes, indeed, it easily may; and it is just here that pastoral care is so necessary.

The situation does not preclude closeness to God: it may indeed produce it; but only if certain conditions are fulfilled.

The first is constant prayer. The prayer of sorrow, of course: sorrow for having created this situation, and for the continuing evil in it; but also, equally, the prayer of acceptance. The situation is due perhaps to a mixture of motives, good and evil; and now it means for you partly great happiness and joy and partly great unhappiness and sorrow; and the texture of your daily life within the situation will be similarly compounded of good and evil: it is this mixture, this untidiness and muddle, that you must put into God's hands—he will not repudiate it, who takes upon himself the sin of the world. Then, having so begged God to have care of it, and at the same time having accepted it back from his hands in the sense of seeing it as something you must live through as your way, however tortuous, to him, you may hope to achieve a certain tranquillity of soul: accepting the joy, simply, as it comes to you, but also not trying to evade the sorrow.

Secondly, it is essential not to be led, by the fact of the one continuing infringement of God's law, into thinking it useless to try to keep God's law in general. On the contrary, the attitude must be: since I am failing in this, at least I will make every effort to do God's will in everything else, and to do it more fully, more perfectly, every day.

Thirdly, the prayer of sorrow must be constantly associated with



Easy Essay

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for God does not change. Because the Jews did not recognize Christ is not a good reason for acting towards them in a non-Christian manner. The presence of the Jews all over the world is a reminder to the world of the coming of Christ. The Jews who refused to accept the Cross find their best protection in the shadow of the Cross.

In Germany

Under the shadow of the Cross the Jews were protected; under the Swastika they were persecuted. The Cross stands for one thing, the Swastika for another thing. The Cross stands for race equality; the Swastika stands for race superiority. The Catholic Church stands for human brotherhood, the Nazi regime stands for the expansion of one race at the expense of the other races.

In America

The English Puritans found a refuge in America. The French Huguenots found a refuge in America. The German Liberals found a refuge in America. America is big enough to find a refuge for persecuted Jews as well as persecuted Christians.

In Palestine

America can produce more than it can consume. What America needs is more consumers. More Jews in America means more consumers for America. It is said that the Jews flock to the cities and become middle men, and that there are too many middle men in America. But in Palestine the Jews are building both cities and country. What the Jews are doing in Palestine they can do also in America.

the thought of God's mercy and with the hope that goes with it. A holy Russian Staretz, praying to be shown the way to humility, was told by our Lord: Keep thy mind in hell, and despair not. And the *Theologia Germanica* explains the first part of the sentence for us: 'Christ's soul must needs descend into hell, before it ascended into heaven. So must also the soul of man . . . When a man truly perceiveth and considereth himself, who and what he is, and findeth himself utterly vile and wicked, and unworthy of all the comfort and kindness that he hath received from God, or from the creatures, he falleth into such a deep abasement and despising of himself, that he thinketh himself unworthy that the earth should bear him, and it seemeth to him reasonable that all creatures in heaven and earth should rise up against him . . . And it seemeth to him that he shall be eternally lost and damned, and a footstool to all the devils in hell, and that this is right and just . . . And therefore also he will not and dare not desire any consolation or release, either from God or from any creature that is in heaven or on earth; but he is willing to be unconsoled and unreleased, and he doth not grieve over his condemnation and sufferings . . . (but only over) his own guilt and wickedness . . . This is what is meant by true repentance for sin. And he who in this present time entereth into this hell, entereth afterward into the kingdom of heaven.'

Afterward: but it is not a question simply of one state following upon another. The one is the effect of the other. The darkness is creative. It is essential—and this is the fourth point—that this should be made clear. It is here that the way to a fuller tranquillity can be found; but much more than that, it is this above all that brings good out of the evil—and a good, as we shall see, which might never otherwise have been achieved.

To attempt all this is a formidable undertaking, needing all the help available. And is all help from the Church to be denied? It need not be so; and surely ought not to be so. It is just here that a wise and understanding pastor can do so much. Anything that will give a sense of not being wholly cut off from the Church, of not fighting a lone battle, will be invaluable. For instance, the sacrament of penance is unhappily ruled out; but would it not be a great help, in default of it, to go sometimes—and preferably regularly—to a priest and to kneel and pray the prayer of sorrow and receive his blessing? Again, though the sacramental absolution is ruled out, there is no reason why the advice which is so often sought in the confessional need be. And while nothing can be done which might seem to give approval to the situation, there is every reason for giving private encouragement to be faithful to the Mass and the other church services and to prayer.

In ways such as these the people concerned can be helped to turn what otherwise might seem just a hopeless and insoluble muddle into something creative and valuable. Certainly, as their numbers increase more and more so the need of a constructive policy for them becomes more and more imperative. To leave them without help and without hope is to run the risk of losing them forever for the Church; to help them with wise and sympathetic guidance and encouragement today may be to produce saints for God tomorrow. For in this valley of tears it is perhaps only rarely that holiness is fashioned out of the radiance of unspilt innocence, being more commonly, through God's power and mercy, made out of the darkness, the fumbleings, the falls, the tears, the confusions, of hearts which, if they do not for many long years learn to live wisely, at least learn, perhaps despite themselves, to live deeply.

Felix culpa: the answer is always the same. The prodigal, after his exile and his penury, would love his father and his home far more deeply than his self-satisfied brother who had never left them. If the Good Thief was thus promised paradise it was not in virtue of some abrogation of ordinary divine justice, but because heaven was already in his heart; because he had found on his cross a love which transformed him in a way it would never perhaps have done had he lived a respectable, conventional life. The lost sheep will thereafter cling the more closely to the Shepherd for having known what it means to be lost. St. Peter is made the Rock on which the Church is built, and is three times invited to declare his love for Christ, after having three times denied him, because out of the sin came a creative sorrow which gave him a depth and a passion of love for his Master which he would otherwise never have known. And if love covers a multitude of sins it is not in virtue of some sort of divine pretense that the evil is not there, but simply because the evil has, through the power of creative sorrow, become the stuff out of which the love is made: a love which can only be known to those who, having lost God, come to understand—and therefore to long for with all their hearts—what they have lost.

There is one other thing which perhaps may be said. The supreme longing of the Catholic in these cases is that his love of God and his human love may somehow come to be completely compatible. Should he not be told, then, that if in the ways described he keeps close to God, and accepts the suffering he has brought on himself as a form of creative expiation, God in his mercy will make this the means to the end desired: that through it, in the end, his partner may come to share his faith and his love?

"The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light." It is surely a supremely important part of the pastoral office today to see that the people who sit in this darkness shall, through it, come to see the Light Inaccessible—for them inaccessible in so specially tragic a sense—and shall not lose sight of it until such time as, their problem resolved, God may take them wholly to himself.

1. *Humanisme Integral*, pp. 221-2.

2. The pastor cannot of course condone, still less encourage, the continuance of things which are sinful. What he can do, and what if he is a realist he must do, is to accept the facts as they are and then go on from there to see what can be done to make the best of a bad job—or, rather, to bring good out of the evil.

3. Between the complete apathy of the lapsed Catholic who 'couldn't care less' and the burning longing to return to the sacraments of one who has really found faith and love and been overwhelmed by them, there is of course an infinite variety of degrees of sincerity and insincerity, of fervour and carelessness. It is for the pastor to judge as best he can of each case as it comes to him; and to plan accordingly. In this article, however, we are concerned, as seems right, primarily with those of the depth and strength of whose sincerity and sorrow there is no question.

Reprinted from
BLACKFRIARS,
September, 1953

(Reprint from Easy Essays)

FROM THE MAIL BAG

From the Land

R. 1, B. 156
Mt. Angel, Oregon
September 8, 1953

Dear Friends in Christ,

Several have written in answer to the last letter in the Catholic Worker—families, an individual, a student. The letters are humble and hopeful; the diversity of personalities a sign of the wide appeal of the idea. Art, however, punctures the bubble of my consoling thoughts by reminding me that I have stirred deep desires and have no reality to offer, no inch of land of our own to share and nothing substantial saved to meet an opportunity. We must begin the planning on a very real zero. It looks impossible without a substantial boost, but nothing is impossible with God. In saner moments this Village plan seems no dream, but rather one of the basic necessities for sustaining existence—and it's no go alone. How can one person plan a community?

Between present conditions and the organic functional society at which we are aiming is a chasm to be compared with the Grand Canyon. Even getting to the canyon rim is struggle enough. The first step is down, way down. All the heroic trail blazers have left danger signs and even cross-marked graves (and Dorothy Day worries in the night over us and over our ailing children). But the plague we are trying to escape is worse, God knows. It seems to me that the bottom of the Canyon is the establishment of communities for mutual aid. From there it is up the other side—mostly rough and unbroken, but still upward.

The communitarian projects in Europe should give us courage to dare a little in freeing ourselves from the slavery of both part-time farming and wage earning. That is the only solution I can see to Julian and Mary Pleasant's "temporary compromise." At least it is a more endurable compromise, for I agree with their ideal, "part-time farming for the good of the community." These groups in Europe are of all sizes, with and without technical training. They find an "economic expression," often learning the trade, as a group from scratch. Sometimes great boldness was necessary in finding a market and the proper financing, but they have scored triumphs enough to spread a new hope in man's destiny. What an inspiration to the good old American business initiative (but with the good of many at stake and not the making of an "empire" under a "captain of industry"). They emphasize this "economic expression"

as a means to an end—the development of the whole man—the supremacy of the spiritual. Second only to our desire for a

might have a chance for the liturgical expression of our love for God. It is a temptation to put this first and to move into All Saints

has done this and already God seems to be blessing their sincerity and enthusiasm. May the Holy Spirit guide us



more whole and therefore holy family and community life is the wish that we might have the Blessed Sacrament close, that we

parish where Monsignor Tobin has all sung or dialogue Masses, daily Complin for his parishoners, the beautiful custom of whole wheat hosts . . . Knowing that many feel the same longing, we took the liberty of obtaining from Monsignor some assurance that we may get a priest. Father can only say, of course, that those who persevere in asking have always won their cherished favor, granting sufficient numbers. There seems to be a tentative agreement on from thirty to fifty families in the English land movement and Japanese cooperatives.

One other feasible plan is to attach our families to a small mission church and go to work amongst the immediate neighbors, trying to interest them in the apostolate, hoping to convert them to the ideals of a Christian Village . . . One of the first "villagers"

all. It is no small risk for men with large family obligations to detach themselves from the job security they have already built up and venture on such uncertain ground. Perhaps for many the role will have to be simply one of prayer, study, planning, advice. Yet the successful establishment of a few groups composed of families and individuals—young and old—all seeking God's will in all things would give hope and impetus for the reign of the Holy Will: sicut in coelo et in terra.

Sincerely in Christ the King,
The Manions

South America

Sociedad de Hermanos
Primavera, Alto Paraguay
Paraguay
July 25.

Dear Dorothy,

I have spoken about the Catholic Worker during my visits to the three villages here and each time have resolved to write to you, and now that I'm laid up for a few days with an infected foot, I have the chance.

It certainly is true that the "Worker" is the most appreciated of all the literature that comes here; people were very interested in what I had to say. I have never been in a group that seems to understand and live the ideas that the Catholic Worker represents as they do here. They have an open door to anyone who wants to come here and live with them and during the 31 years the Community has been in existence, this faith has been tested by severe poverty many times.

Poverty is very much a part of life here, partly because the "open door" brings in people unable to produce, to work, and also because they feel a strong urge to strain their resources to the limit that brothers may be sent forth to bring the news of this way of life to others and to bring the Community in contact with the outside world. The food is very simple, mainly starches with a fair amount of meat since it is the cheapest form of protein here. Houses are made of wood frame with clay walls and floor and thatched roof. They are simple and very beautiful.

You would also be interested in the sort of anarchism that prevails here. Not quite the same as at the Worker but there is a great openness to the "Spirit" which means that each occasion is treated as separate and there is no precedent or code of laws for dealing with trouble or various aspects of life. There are very few forms. The length of time in the novitiate depends upon the inner development of the novice, and his reaching clarity on various things which the Community feel important: that he is called of God to this life of brotherhood and Community, that he is willing to accept and give brotherly admonition (there is no criticism of a person behind his back). It may be six weeks or over a year but the decision is mainly that of the novice combined with the observation and counsel of the community.

The Love which binds the members of the Brotherhood together is not a sentimental love but a strong and profound union of men in Christ. There is a very real understanding that it is only by God's grace that they are able to continue in this way. And this Love has united people of all kinds from former tramps and alcoholics to intellectuals, ministers, socialites, businessmen, people with mental troubles, farmers and working men. It is a beautiful thing to live in such a unity.

Love,
HECTOR BLACK.

Cleveland Catholic Worker in Distress

Our Lady of the Wayside Farm
Avon, Ohio

Dear Dorothy,

Possibly you have heard that we are being evicted from Bl. Martin House in Cleveland. Have been in court already and now our final date is Friday. Still have no place to go—the rents are outlandishly high. Several priests have joined in the house-hunting so we hope Bl. Martin will come through with something by Friday. We wanted to buy the house but no sale. Bill went to see a lawyer this summer and discovered we could sell the farm or part of it. We thought we could buy the house and be finished with rent worries. Also we are being taxed off the farm. City water was voted into Avon and during the past year our taxes have been more than doubled. They were \$76 a year, now \$195. We hate to close Bl. Martin House because the breadline has been steadily increasing. The men serve a hundred or more a day.

All this has been going on and Bill has had to depend greatly on the men to look for places because we have had his Mother and Father with us all summer. His father is dying of dropsy.

We were really exhausted when some good friend mentioned our problem to the Grail, and God bless them, they sent us Josephine Shelzi of Boston. She has been with us for a month now—a great help and a daily joy to have around. You probably remember her. She visited you at the house and helped a couple of days.

The children are all fine—getting big—especially our baby David. No new baby on the way yet. Seems funny without a little one around.

You are in our thoughts and prayers. Please keep us in yours.

Love,
Dorothy Gauchat

NOTICE

Ammon Hennacy will speak in Philadelphia the first week in November. Later he will speak in Baltimore, Washington, Boston and Springfield. Those interested can write to the CATHOLIC WORKER, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. C., for time and place of meetings.

Appeal for Spanish Refugee Aid

The one group of people who have been decimated by both Communists and Fascists are the refugees from Franco Spain. No one else is helping them. It is up to those of us who abhor both Communism and Fascism to help our friends who have worn themselves out in Franco dungeons.

Out of a \$50,000 budget for itemized hospital and family care and the shipping of clothing and needed articles but \$5,600 is used for administrative expenses. Pablo Casals, the renowned cellist, is chairman of the Fund.

We of the Catholic Worker are proud to join with other radicals in asking aid for these victims of the Franco Terror which imprisons not only Socialists and Anarchists, but Catholics who ask questions and who are only as far to the left as a New Deal Democrat in this country.

Send money or clothing to SPANISH REFUGEE AID, INC., 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y. Nancy Macdonald, Executive

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

C. G. JUNG

TWO ESSAYS ON ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY BY C. G. Jung. Trans. by R.F.C. Hull. Pantheon Books Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. \$3.75. Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

"A hurtful thing hurts yet more if we keep it shut up, because the soul is more intent on it; whereas if it be allowed to escape, the soul's intention is dispersed as it were on outward things, so that the inward sorrow is lessened," St. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, g. 38, Art. 2, Pl-11.

From Tertullian on down (as Father Victor White points out) Christian writers and Saints have known and accepted the existence of the unconscious; modern depth psychologies have merely treated of this matter from a more secular, scientific angle. They did not discover it. Jung points out the relevance of depth psychology to the religious individual inasmuch as analysis calls on us to abandon all our most cherished illusions, calls on us to overthrow the existing order within ourselves, in order that something better take its place.

The virtuous are sometimes disturbed by the unconscious and it becomes part of their virtue to deny it exists. But then the virtuous are peculiarly susceptible to the power instinct. I mean those whose virtue consists in self-denial. I mean those whose "Christian Love" and "social responsibility" compels recognition, those with a "mission." Precisely these are commonly blind to the existence within them still of a predominant fault which seeks to enlist the ego in its service. And since there is in all of us a natural resistance towards overcoming our predominant fault and since analysis of the unconscious would bring this to light, it is understandable why there should be in many an instinctive aversion towards modern depth psychology.

And, says Jung, what is called "will" in the individual is called "Imperialism" in nations. The will to power upon which Adler built his inadequate system. And it comes, in individual as in nation, from lack of love. Jung states that, though logically the opposite of love is hate, psychologically its opposite is the will to power. When love is repressed, the will to power dominates. But the solution is not to repress the will to power because then it attacks you from the rear. Rather it is to bring it into the open so as to produce what Jung calls a tension of opposites. For, he points out, every process is a phenomenon of energy and all energy can only proceed from a tension of opposites. Those of us then who have a cause, who adhere to an ideology, should pause now and then to consider these things that might well be in our unconscious. To determine how much of our defense of a position is a defense of our ego, how much our idealism conceals a will to power. To realize that one or other basic instinct is always seeking to dominate, to enlist the ego in its service. Jung writes that the only person who escapes this domination is the one who knows how to separate himself from the unconscious—not by repression but by "clearly putting it before him as that which he is not." To distinguish between the ego and non-ego and in this way find the material to which he will have to accommodate himself. I believe it is in this that a well balanced spirituality would consist. It would consist in non-identification of the self with what Jung terms the collective unconscious.

Collective

I believe a distinction is in order between Jung's concept of the collective unconscious (i.e. those elements in the individual's unconscious derived from the experience of the race) and membership in the Mystical Body of Christ. For the individual to identify himself with the collective psyche means that he will, as a rule, try to force the demands of his unconscious upon others because of the feeling of universal validity that comes with such identification. This being encouraged by a tendency to monism that is a pronounced characteristic in such. But a genuine concept of membership in the Mystical Body—and by this I mean one free from identification with the collective psyche—is dualistic inasmuch as the individual is never under the pantheistic delusion. He knows there is a distinction between himself and God. Between revelation and the recipients of it. And he knows that God proceeds in freedom and wills man to do so. Therefore he will be averse to the use of force or undue pressure in advancing the cause to which he adheres. The individual, on the other hand, who identifies himself with the collective psyche, will succumb before the grandeur of his vision and will expand to pathological proportions.

Whatever one may think of the system of C. G. Jung, it must be conceded that his is a more flexible mind than Freud's or Adler's. For the latter two each in his way (and Adler more so than Freud) gave way to a monistic conception of psychology. They each discovered a rule by which human behaviour could be measured and into its pattern practically every case could be fitted. If Jung has an idee fixe of similar nature it is his concept of the collective unconscious. Yet he is far from using this as a universal solvent for all cases.

Social Aspect

Of interest to readers of the Catholic Worker will be Jung's observations on the effect of societal organizations on the individual. He states that the morality of society is in inverse proportion to size, for the greater the aggregation of individuals the more individual factors are blotted out and with them individual responsibility and the morality and freedom necessary for this. That the bigger the organization the more unavoidable is its immorality. That, in a sense, every man is worse when in society than when by himself. Here we recall the saying in the Imitation of Christ—"whenever I am among men I return less a man."

But all does not go well with Jung and there is one area of his thought I must vigorously reject. It is this business of racism and anti-Semitism. Jung emphatically denies these charges, and of him personally I would not be able to judge. But his explanation of this and the results his theory leads to are quite deplorable. "Nature," he states "is aristocratic and one person of value outweighs ten lesser ones." p. 149. Then, in reference to his concept of a collective racial psyche, he states "The cheap accusation of anti-Semitism that has been leveled at me on the ground of this criticism is about as intelligent

New Missal

Large St. Andrew Daily Missal, by Dom Gaspar Lefebvre, O.S.B., with vespers for Sundays and feasts. E. M. Lohmann Co., St. Paul, Minn. Cheapest binding, \$6.25. Reviewed by Dorothy Day.

We have tried all kinds of missals, but this, with its Kyriele, the music of half a dozen Gregorian Masses, and innumerable hymns, its copious notes and lives of the saints, is a veritable encyclopedia for the layman. Throughout there is new and larger type, the ritual has been enlarged especially with the addition of the liturgy for the sick, proper feasts for the dioceses of the United States, and new Masses such as that of Saint Marie Goretti and Saint Louise de Marillac, The Mass for the feast of the Assumption, and the Easter Vigil. It is always good to keep remembering that as we learn in the catechism the purpose of our lives is to know, love and serve God. Certainly this new edition, presented so attractively, will help us grow in the knowledge of God, so that we may love and serve him better. Our first service is worship, adoration, and here we learn how, with the saints, with the seasons, to adore, praise, and thank God.

Liturgy

Sermons on the Liturgy For Sundays and Feast Days by Pius Parsch translated by the Rev. Philip T. Weller \$5.50 Bruce Reviewed by T. E. Kleiy

To those already acquainted with Father Parsch's Liturgy of the Mass, it will be welcome news that this book has recently been published in English. Father Parsch seems to have the uncommon ability of combining deep erudition with the magic of the common touch. Both of these have brought him success in interpreting the liturgy and inspiring an intense love for it among lay people in Europe. Father Weller, the translator mentions, having parished these sermons for the past three years.

Each sermon is introduced with a brief foreword setting it in the spirit of the season. Then the Mass being taken as a whole, the separate texts are explained in a refreshing manner and occasionally enlivened with apposite illustrations from the lives of the Saints.

Father Parsch in his introduction states his aim throughout. It is the "building up of a true Christian culture the basis which lies in the formation of a man's heart." In his former work, *The Liturgy*

as accusing me of anti-Chinese prejudice. No doubt, on an earlier and deeper level of psychic development, where it is still impossible to distinguish between an Aryan, Semitic, Hamitic, or Mongolian mentality, all human races have a common collective psyche. But with the beginning of racial differentiation essential differences are developed in the collective psyche as well. For this reason we cannot transplant the spirit of a foreign race in globe into our own mentality without sensible injury to the latter, a fact which does not, however, deter sundry natures of feeble instinct from affecting Indian philosophy and the like." p. 149. I think it is apparent what mischief this reasoning can lead to: Applied specifically to the Jews it could be utilized, as the Nazi did, in this manner. The Jews are a foreign race with a distinct racial collective psyche which it would be harmful to transplant among Germans who have their own collective psyche. Therefore Hitler was justified in his measures against the Jews. This is the use that can and has been made of these ideas. They do not represent Jung's conclusions as far as the specific issue of Jews in Germany is concerned. Nevertheless I hope Jung will get around to re-evaluating these concepts in the light of what they lead to.

Jung holds that the rebellion against God, the substitution of the individual or collective ego for Him, has led to a dislocation and disharmony in modern man. For Jung religion is not a regressive substitute for incest but the fruit of psychic energy which, if properly utilized, liberates man from confinement to the infantile. When rationalism is in the saddle and the non-rational (and this for Jung includes religion) is repressed into the unconscious, then individuals and nations are forced to live the non-rational in their lives. Which results in violence of all types—wars, quarrels, fanaticisms. And the Jungian solution does not lie in a regressive movement into the animal unconscious with free reign for the instincts but rather in the more strenuous way forward into higher consciousness. For his own clinical experience has proven to him that the libertine, by repressing morality, is as much subject to neuroses as is the victim of an unwise and scrupulous asceticism.

Etienne Gilson

CHOIR OF MUSES by Etienne Gilson. Translated by Maise Ward. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.50. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

No tale is more often twice-told than that of a grand passion, and no happy ending has half the appeal of tragic lovers, parted but faithful to the ideal love. Dr. Gilson has chosen six couples of whom one at least, Petrarch and Laura, exemplify the classic pattern of love always fresh, eternally flowering without fruition.

Gilson's approach, however, is not the classic one. Rather he has proposed to use his examples as the basis for an exploration of the artistic personality in its search for transcendent love and beauty. To this end he has selected for his choir women who have been the source of inspiration to men of genius, women who have played the part of Muse, and whose remoteness, for the most part, in a physical sense has released in their lovers a creative force which finds its expression in a masterpiece.

These are no ordinary lovers, these geniuses and their muses. In their love there is no fulfillment in a usual sense; in general no consummation of their passion. They are frustrated lovers, but the frustration is self-imposed. It is desirable and necessary for productivity, and when that necessity vanishes the lovers part. The artist, it would seem, cannot face his Muse and view her as a woman. Reality destroys the self-created vision, and the source of inspiration goes dry.

Which is not to say that these loves were trivial. Petrarch loved Laura, most perfect Muse of all, throughout his life—but he loved her not as the gradually aging mother of a large family but as the vision who had captured his heart one Lenten morning and held it securely through the long creation of the Sonnets. Baudelaire, more cynical, chose his Muse, Madame Sabatier, with calculated deliberation; used her as the inspiration for his greatest work, and retreated when her unwilling-

of the Mass, he advised that his book should be read "not only with the eyes but also with the heart." And since in true eloquence, heart speaks to heart, as Cardinal Newman knew so well, this book of sermons or rather sermon material should do much for both sacred eloquence and the instruction of the laity since it is soundly based on the liturgical texts and prayers of the Mass throughout the ecclesiastical year.

come invitations destroyed her usefulness to him. Auguste Comte, after the death of his Muse of Positivism, Clotilde de Vaux, elevated her to a deity and quite literally worshiped at her shrine. Wagner drew from Mathilde Wesendonk the climactic experience of "Tristan" in which he enfolded and enshrined their love which lasted exactly as long as the physical creation of the work demanded. Goethe fled from his muses but wrote as he ran. Maeterlinck chose a Muse with literary aspirations whose usefulness as inspiration ended with her demands to be named as co-author with her genius—but not before she had played the part assigned her for twenty years.

Now does such love, making its unique demands and restricting itself in certain areas (without, however, being unnatural as the author makes clear), have a special meaning, a meaning beyond a mere sublimation of the senses in the higher interests of art? Gilson's point, which he proves effectively, is that the artistic genius is inclined to seek transcendental values in a love of a high spiritual order which he equates with religion—though not necessarily Christianity. The tendency is to idolize as well as idealize the object of love—perhaps most clearly illustrated in the story of Comte and Clotilde—and from this source of idolization the artist renews his creative power as the saint refreshes himself in the love of Christ. One might say that his pseudo-religion of love fulfilled in art is parallel to true religion directed toward God, but that the two have no meeting point.

It is this parallelism which plunges Gilson into the problem to which all of these character studies point, the relationship and possibility of reconciliation of art with sanctity. The similar paths of the saint and artist have likenesses too obvious to ignore, and this, as Dr. Gilson stresses, is the point of danger for the artist. In his struggle for perfection in creation and consequent absorption in it, he finds himself unable or unwilling to engage himself in a commitment demanding the single-mindedness of growth in holiness. Dr. Gilson quotes Jacques Rivier's concise summation of the division, "My God, take away from me the temptation of sanctity. It is not my job." Is then the artist to be excluded from the company of the beata by virtue of the exercise of his talents? Must he find his god in his work and, temporarily, in the inspiration which feeds it? Gilson offers alternatives. The artist may allow "grace to devour the idol" and trust God to see that his talents are not destroyed, or, like Pascal, he may drop his tools and turn attentively, silently, and exclusively to God. These are dramatic choices, but they have their own logic in that genius does not admit mediocrity and cannot fail to recognize true greatness.

Dr. Gilson handles his difficult theme with originality and with an analytical perception of the artistic mind which precludes the casual judgment. His observations are penetrating but stated so deftly that there is never a hint of the heavy hand. One of the most enjoyable things about the book is the play of wit displayed in rounding out the characters of his little dramas, a wit suffused with warmth and untouched by malice. Dr. Gilson combines the qualities of both scholar and artist and exhibits both to their best advantage. It is obvious that he tackled "Choir of Muses" lightheartedly and got a good deal of fun out of writing about these odd and interesting people, as well as such pleasure in developing the more serious underlying theme. Examples of belles lettres such as this are delightful undertakings for a new publishing season. May Dr. Gilson come forth with many more.

Announcing a Book of Willock Cartoons

Ed Willock's cartoons and jingles, which have been the most popular feature of INTEGRITY magazine, are now collected under one cover. They are outstanding for their humorous, satiric penetration into modern secularism, industrialism, urban civilization, contemporary marriage and family life.

Order the WILLOCK BOOK — fifty cents a copy from INTEGRITY, 157 East 38 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

stayed a few days more, and then I took four of the children to Peter Maurin farm where they slept in the same room with me in double decker beds. My nights for a time were disturbed—I was always jumping up to see if they were covered, or falling out of bed. Now a month later, I have the two oldest who have started back to school. Tamar says it is very quiet at home with only four.

Writing

With the piling up of letters and articles to write, and the book which is moving along again, I have plenty to do here on Staten Island and I can combine baby sitting with writing, which is after all a talent God has given me to be used. Sometimes when I am going around the country on speaking trips, visiting our friends and readers, I feel like Dickens' Mrs. Jellyby. Certainly travelling is one way of getting out of writing too. Always I am trying to get out of it, and yet it is a thing I love to do. But if I can avoid it by housecleaning, by doing the family wash, by dishwashing, cooking a meal, I am very avid for those tasks. "After all, this is living," I say to myself, "not writing about it." And, "St. Teresa of Avila always used to write by night rather than interrupt the work of her houses and foundations during the day."

But when I look at the pile of letters before me, I take myself to task and sit down for days at the typewriter. Here is a letter from Fr. Conrad Pepler, Dominican, editor of "The Life of the Spirit," and head of a retreat house in England, asking for an article on peace for the Christmas issue. I am very happy to be invited to write on peace for a Dominican magazine. These hounds of God are searching out truth, and sifting the true from the false, and they would not be inviting me if they thought I was writing contrary to the mind of the Church.

And here is a letter from Father F. H. Drinkwater, a famous writer and sociologist, also English, who differs from us on the subject of war. He commends the article on the Rosenberg case which appeared in the July-August issue.

The next letter in the pile (and I am taking them as they come), is from Abbot Joseph Gabriel Walzer who is founding a monastery in North Africa and who was formerly the Arch Abbot of Beuron, Germany. He is speaking at the Catholic Worker headquarters in New York, October 9, about his work.

The next two letters are from Paraguay, South America, from some of the society of brothers, in Primavera, asking for one thing, for an article for the Plough, their quarterly which has been revived after many years, and which is published at Bromdon, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, England. We hope our readers will subscribe. The price is \$2.50 a year, post free.

One letter reads, "Hector Black told us you were very pleased in reading in our first number of the Plough, to see an article by Alfred Delp, S.J. and to see we are open to the Catholic testimony when it is given in clarity of spirit. We have actually received a great deal of inspiration from Catholic writers. Delp, who spoke a very powerful and clear word to his generation in Nazi Germany, has been read by us in very many of our meetings. Others who have had much to say to us—Karl Adam, Dietrich von Hildebrand, who wrote *Transformation in Christ*, and *Marriage and Purity*. This year we have used Romano Guardini's *Der Herr* (The Lord) a great deal. Do you know this work? Is there an English translation of it? One of our American members who does quite a lot of translating from the German translated long passages of it from it which we read at meal times. Do you know Henri de Lubac's (S.J.) *The Drama of Athelst Humanism* which treats of the writings of Feuerbach, Marx, Nietzsche, Comte and the answer which Dostoevsky gives to their disbelief. I could mention many other Catholic writers who are important to us. At the same time as saying this, we do see, of course, the great discrepancy there is between Catholic practice and the testimony of a few enlightened witnesses."

Philippines

How delighted I was also to receive a letter from Brother Denis who sent his regards to the two John Thorntons who had been associated with the CW. Brother Denis was a friend of Fr. Roy in Baltimore, and a friend too, of the retreat movement which has had such an influence on our work. He sends his regards to Frs. Hugo, Meenan and Farina out Pittsburgh way. Also he answered a question I put to him a few years ago as to circulating the paper in the Philippines. "I spoke to Fr. Walter Hogan, S.J. whose boys are publishing a monthly called 'The Free Worker' and whose name was in the news for daring to sponsor the cause of labor here. His reaction to the CW was that though he and the boys liked the paper in general, some of the articles offended the Filipino sensibilities, and he didn't think he would be successful in getting rid of copies. He meant, by the way, articles dealing with pacifism principally."

Fr. Marx

Which reminded me of a visit we had yesterday from Fr. Marx, the 15th of 17 children, born in Loretto, Minn. and now going to the Catholic University and writing his thesis on Fr. Virgil Michel. He too commented on how our pacifism offended and lost us circulation.

"You are regarded," he said, "as has-beens, as a phenomenon of the depression years," and he said he was glad to see us so very much alive and growing still. He spent five hours with us talking about the early days of the work and of the influence Fr. Virgil Michel had on Peter Maurin and the Catholic Worker in general. What a great loss we all suffered when this great priest died at the age of 48. It will be most interesting to read Fr. Marx's thesis and we hope it is published so that it will reach many libraries. Fr. Michel and Peter used to talk of liturgy and sociology, liturgy and community, liturgy and work until the early hours of the morning. It was Peter who brought the work of Emmanuel Mounier to Fr. Virgil's attention, and encouraged the translation and publication of *The Personalist Manifesto* by Longmans Green in 1938. The foreword itself, beginning with "the man in the street" the "end of an era," reminds one of the round table discussions that always went on in Peter's lifetime and are going on still.

It always amazes me how some controversial issue so offends peo-

ple that they cease reading the paper, and then, having ceased reading, it they think it is a dead issue, that it is fading away and declining and soon will cease to be. I am happy to report, and to prove, come to think of it, by these very letters, that the Catholic Worker movement is very much alive, and "it makes to think," as Peter used to say.

Guatemala

Another letter came from Guatemala from a priest in the missions, who said he had been reading the paper with profit for the past two years. "The more I see of mission work and all work connected with the purpose of saving souls, the more I am convinced of the need of the corporal works of mercy. Here in the Indian pueblos, some of which have been untouched by the church for generations, we found it difficult to start the Church again, but with free clinics the suspicion and coldness invariably breaks down."

Pacifist meeting

Our second Labor Day pacifist week end was a great success, although it was an exhausting week end of talk, and of course not all were in agreement, which is as it should be.

Ammon Hennacy, who kindly makes notes on what he is reading and sends them to me, made the following notes of the conference which I read with much amusement.

DOROTHY DAY—We need more love and patience and while the best that we do isn't so much, yet it is a haven of greatest value.

DICK DONNELLY—Felt that pacifists should pay more attention to the economic factor; that we attempted to do a lot but were not consistent.

MARTY CORBIN—Gave a good factual account of laws about the CO, and praised the non-registrant absolutist position.

AMMON HENNACY—Told of his prison and tax refusal experiences. Only said the word "pipsqueak" twice. Second talk he defined anarchism as printed in "MAN" in 1940 and the definition in preface of his Autobiography. Stressed that majority rule was wrong; that all things worked together for good to those who loved God, but not to those who only "talked" about it. That Christian Anarchism succeeds in 4 places where Capitalism and Materialism fails: (1) War—Gandhi salt march, etc. (2) Crime—Osborne of Sing Sing. "Peace, brother" when robbers held up Fr. Divine's folks. Restaurant hold up. (3) Liquor—Voluntary cooperation with God as the AA does and not laws and pledges. Parable of dry road and wet road and detours calls for tolerance. (4) Indians—History of the tricks of the white man from 1798 to present. Details of the pacifist anarchist Hopi.

We each have our own vocation, but don't spend all your life alibi about what it is. Arnold Winkelreid story. Hard on myself but tolerant with others. Carry sword as long as you can advise to Polish priest who believed in defensive war. He saw terrible events so don't ride him too hard. If you be: Have in violence you must get there "justest with the mostest." Better kill the tyrant than to cringe, but better to conquer him with love as the way of Gandhi teaches. Story of Swiss town. Unlatched door-story of Quakers and Indians.

BOB LUDLOW—Spoke on Depth Psychology. No distinction between individual and collective ethics. Roots of war not only in the medieval economic system but in our own personality. This change needed. He favors Jung among the psychologists. The conflict between the ego and the collective unconscious. When we identify ourselves with the latter, especially without any sense of humor, we become neurotic. A danger of pseudo-saints linking themselves with God. A real identification with the mystical body is o.k.

NOTE—A soldier from Harrisburg, Pa., who read his first CW came.

(Continued on page 8)

The Poor Man of Assisi

(Continued from page 1)

saint because of Catholicism, there was no doctrine of the Church he ever denied, his devotion to the Holy Eucharist was deep, abiding, profound. His obedience to the Church and to the Roman Pontiff unquestionable.

* * *

He fought oppression as it was exercised in his time by war and feudalism. Not indeed by the direct methods used in our day, on these things it might well be said his voice was not heard in the streets. But by forbidding members of the Third Order—lay people who came to number many thousands—to bear arms or to take unnecessary oaths, he struck a blow at feudalism and the wars which supported it from which it never recovered. The rich, the lords of the day, clamored for his suppression by the Pope. And the Pope refused to suppress him. It is this same spirit of St. Francis, teaching us detachment from the things of this world, which would strike at the roots of a selfish capitalism, of a narrow nationalism, and of the wars which make these possible. St. Francis upheld always the right of the Christian to live the Sermon on the Mount. A right that could not be denied by the State for its purposes or by economic overlords for their purposes.

* * *

He knew also that the earth was redeemed, knew that the sun was bright and red and good, knew that water was chaste, knew purple grapes and the joy of wine. The silvered black of night, the still damp dawn. Knew that in Christ the world could never be ugly again, that love had made all things new. That if there was evil, if there was ugliness, it came from the will of man, not from the material universe. His compassion was not with man alone but with every creature, in the waters below, in the heavens above. Perhaps he envisioned for them a life beyond, a natural happiness suited to their capacities. So that they too felt the impress of redemption. In Christ all things live again—that St. Francis realized and that is what he would have us realize in ourselves and in society.

Pacifist Conference

(Continued from page 2)

gain us other converts. While I simply gave up a pleasure-seeking and entertaining life, people have listened to and respected me for it. But I still live too soft. I'm Ammon's favorite word—a pipsqueak.

The most astonishing incident was the attendance of a Jehovah's Witness on Sunday, his quiet acceptance and the overwhelming Catholic support of his right to quote the Bible to prove some of his contentions altho' that quoting seemed to defeat their man. (I am no theologian and most of their talk soars over my head). It was this and many things that Ammon said that make me believe more firmly than ever that the lowly mouse—the Catholic Worker—will save the Lion that is the Catholic Church.

The thoroughness of the feeling that each house is a family was brought out by Isidore Fazio when he recounted the first time he went to live in the N. Y. house. He had a \$70 suit, a \$100 overcoat and a \$12 pair of sun glasses. He soon couldn't find them and rushed to find Dorothy. He found her sitting and talking quietly to Peter in the office. He told them of his loss with much indignation and expected them to ignite also and at least start a search. But they sat as calm as before. He then demanded: "Aren't you going to DO anything?" (We could hear the anguish that had been in his voice for those clothes had been precious in his sight.) Dorothy answered: "But those things were not really yours."

I marvelled at Betty Lou's efficiency in lodging and feeding so many—nearly 60. She and her assistant, Mary McCordle, look like teenagers, yet have the poise of the Madames of the Sacred Heart. There was a small contretemps

with bed bugs, but Mary did a thorough job with DDT. I used to put my faith in sulphur candles and a complete sealing of the room but I now would use DDT and close the room up for the day. Certainly the smell of it should kill anything. People get so excited about bed bugs but they are no worse than mosquitos as far as their bite is concerned and no great amount of work should be entailed in getting rid of them, if they haven't gotten a great start on you, only care in closing them in the poison with which you choose to kill them. The poison is important. Mother told me kerosene is useless, "it doesn't get the eggs. She also told me to be suspicious of women who acted as though they'd never encountered bed bugs or cockroaches, "Probably had to live with them in their youth." One of my husband's favorite stories is about a call he paid on a very stylish aunt, who lived nearby, when he was 5 or 6. She was sitting on her porch surrounded by stylish friends and after greeting him asked, more from politeness than curiosity, "What is your mother doing?" He answered with the matter-of-factness of a small boy, "Huntin' bed bugs." He still remembers the horror that engulfed him. His father was a country doctor and often in confinements and pneumonia cases he would have to spend the night or considerable time in poor farm houses that had the critters and would bring them home on his clothing. Servants also used to carry them in. Probably still do to those who can afford them. Servants not bugs.

Thank you again for your soul-warming hospitality.

Yone U. Stafford

Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist

By Ammon Hennacy
280 Pages, Illustrated

Indexed
Introduction
by Dorothy Day

A penetrating presentation of what happened to the body and within the soul of a man who refused to register for two wars, has been a tax-refuser for ten years, and tries to carry the same uncompromising loyalty to the Sermon on the Mount into every area of his daily life.

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Hiroshima Fast

(Continued from page 2)

and picket in front of the old YMCA."

I had sent my leaflet air mail to the Mayor of Hiroshima and to Manalil Gandhi in Phoenix, South Africa. I received but one answer which was from a leading Methodist minister, who did not agree with my ideas but who praised my stand. I knew beforehand of the approval of the half dozen priests who appreciated the CW. As usual the Associated Press sent a favorable factual message on the wire about my activities and the local radios reported it each day, one announcer even reading my entire leaflet. But the local dailies, per their policy, refused to "dignify" themselves by mentioning my name.

I started the fast weighing 142 pounds. The scales also poured forth a slip with the dubious information that read, "Don't always follow the line of least resistance." The first day I lost 2 pounds and the second day which was exceptionally hot I lost 5 pounds. I slept that night for 14 hours and awoke refreshed.

One friend who was an usher in a Catholic Church and also a veteran, had always been cordial to the CW, but he felt that the plan of the American Legion to take the profit out of war and make the big shots who make war go to war was a better method than my tax refusal and picketing. I told him that I was winning my battle against the government each day and while this was only a step forward, his way was no more than conversation about it. I said that this method stood as much a chance of succeeding as a butcher putting vegetarian signs in his window. That those who make money and fame out of war would never stop. It was up to us to refuse to take part in war.

Fasting

Now on the third day I was weak but never a bit hungry. Several people on park benches nearby told me of a young man who had gone on a 62 day fast. They said he ate his lunch at the park. That day I introduced myself to him and found he had suffered from arthritis, stomach ulcers and chronic nightmare. He went to my friend Dr. Shelton in San Antonio and after 40 days of nothing but water to drink, all of the accumulated toxic poisons had been washed out of his body and he commenced to get stronger. He was entirely cured at the end of 62 days. Of the 25,000 people taking fasts there in 30 years only one person had endured a longer fast; that being 68 days. A priest in Phoenix had taken a 30 day fast there and had been cured. My friend had lost 57 pounds but had gained it all back again. I visited with him each noon and envied his vegetarian diet of pears and grapes. He had been raised a Catholic but believed in no religion at present. He was interested in my ideas and felt he would never go to war but he did not feel that it was his job to propagandize about it.

Other friends I met told me of a man in Phoenix whom I knew who had been given up by the doctors because of tuberculosis of the kidneys. He had read in some book that in ancient Egypt those with such trouble had laid in the hot sands. Egypt was too far away so he came to Arizona and for 6 months literally lived in the sand. He was entirely cured. He is a strict vegetarian these past 20 years and in good health.

The Mormon wife of a friend of mine told me of her grandfather who in the old days had several wives. At the age of 86 he discovered that he had diabetes. He fasted 68 days at home and cured himself and lived 9 more years in good health. But Mormons are used to disciplining themselves so his fast was not as difficult for

him as it would be for the regular flabby American.

My other sign read: "Thou Shalt Not Kill," HIROSHIMA WAS A-BOMBED AUGUST 6, 1945. JUST 8 YEARS AGO TODAY. As penance I am Fasting these 8 days IN MEMORIAM.

This was enclosed with a black border. The six story Veteran's Bureau was across the street and many men in uniform went by. One soldier asked me what kind of lies I was peddling. I told him I was peddling no lies, but the right side of a very important question; that he had better read it and see what it was all about. He read it as he walked along. Another soldier did the same. Generally soldiers refuse to take the leaflet or tear it up.

Near quitting time on the next to last day a young fellow whose appearance marked him as of the nervous intellectual type, and not a rowdy, stopped and asked me if this was my sign that I was carrying. I told him that it was. He said that I had better call the police for he was going to take the sign and tear it up and dance on it for no Communist could carry such a sign in his town. I told him that I was not a Communist; that I was a Catholic and an anarchist. He replied that he was a Catholic. I asked him what parish he belonged to and it was mine also. I inquired if he had been at mass the last Sunday and if he noticed me selling CW's in front of the church. He had been to last mass and had not noticed me. I told him that if he had looked closer he would have noticed a candle burning before the Blessed Mother for the success of my intention in this picketing and fasting. He didn't believe it. I asked his name and he told me but would not give me his address. I said I did not believe in the police and if he got any pleasure out of fearing up my signs he could do so. He took them and tore them off the standard and danced on them there on the sidewalk. He refused to take a copy of my leaflet or of the CW, muttering "Communist, Communist." I advised him to see our parish priest and get straight on the matter of the CW. He promised to do so. I then called the priest and told him of what had just happened. He did not remember the name of my patriotic friend.

I wanted to see the AP man on another matter so went to the newspaper office. Here I saw my friend with my signs telling a reporter about the Communist he had found. I recognized the reporter from pictures I had seen of him but I had never met him. The reporter said that I was not a Communist for they all knew of my picketing activities for years. The patriotic Catholic said he was a veteran from Korea and repeated that no one could carry such signs in his town. The reporter said he was a veteran of two wars and he had fought for just such things as the freedom of Henny to carry his signs and picket; that if the young man did not like my signs he could do as the pickets in front of the White House in the Rosenberg case did: get other signs and picket the pickets. The reporter also said that I was standing up for the freedom which was true Americanism, and although he disagreed with my ideas, that the patriotic young man was acting like a Communist or a Fascist in denying me freedom. He picked up the signs saying, "Here Henny take your signs; they are yours, not his." The young man said he would take them away from me. I replied that I was too tired carrying them anyway and would simply give out my leaflets the next day as Rik was away and I had no cardboard to make new signs. The young man said he would come down next day and tear up any signs that I had. The reporter told him that he was breaking the law and he was lucky he opposed such a person as Hen-

nacy who would not take him to court. I left him still arguing with the reporter. The AP carried this story and it was reported over the radio. Some of the newspaper men wanted me to prefer charges against my assailant to make a more exciting story. I refused to do so, explaining my Gandhian principle of non-violent resistance to evil and that as an anarchist I could take no recourse to law under any circumstances. The next day the young man did not show up. I phoned my priest and he had not come around to ask about the CW.

To Maryfarm

All during my picketing the employees of the tax office, including the three Catholic tax men whose job it had been to get my tax money, were cordial. There was not a mean look from anyone in that office. This was the first time this had happened. Several friends came and walked around the line with me. Only about a dozen people tore up my leaflet. Many stopped and cordially approved of my picketing. About half a dozen grunted disapproval. There was not as much traffic as there had been other years at the postoffice. I had not met the new head of the tax office so as I finished my fast I introduced myself to Col. Wood and expressed my appreciation of the cordial attitude of his coworkers toward my picketing. He asked me the difference between a Communist and an Anarchist and seemed to understand my explanation.

Ginny and her boys came up and broke the fast with me around 3:30 on the last day as we all drank juices at the juice bar. I left for New York on the 4 p.m. bus. I had bought more fruit than I could eat but I nibbled at it on the way. In Prescott, I phoned the former head of the tax bureau in Phoenix and talked to his wife, Mrs. Stuart, Democratic National Committeewoman. They own the Prescott "Courier." She was pleasant as usual and told me that they had a story on my fast that day. So off I was with Platt and Barbara Cline in Flagstaff and now I could eat mashed potatoes and other soft food. Platt made a recording of my experiences. He had a fine Third Mesa basket which I took to New York for Dorothy. The next evening I spent with Hqi friends in Winslow and by Saturday I was visiting with Msgr. Garcia in Albuquerque and my good friend Rev. Soker of St. Paul's Lutheran Church there. Reagans had moved to Arkansas and the letter I had sent to Al and Catherine Reser must have gone astray or they had moved, for I couldn't find them. By Sunday morning I was in Sante Fe welcomed by Peter and Florence van Dresser. They had a meeting for me that afternoon. I did not have time to go to El Rito to see their Organic House heated by solar heat and with windmill for power. I will stop there on my way back when I visit my daughter Carmen. Carmen is with her sister Sharon for a retreat at Mt. Shasta. I visited the nearby Trappist monastery and spoke to two monks who are CW fans and had lunch with the nursing sisters where I had spoken last year.

As I left Tuesday evening I was pleased to see a good factual write-up on the front page of the daily NEW MEXICAN. This paper goes to nearby Los Alamos, so perhaps for the first time those who make the bomb could learn of opposition to it. A social worker told me that there were more maladjusted children from the homes of Los Alamos workers than from any other strata of people from the state. The gloom of this blood money thus defiles the next generation. A few days with my family in Cleveland and I arrived at Maryfarm, with Father Casey. I understood more this year than last and read some Catholic literature that I should have read long ago. It is too soon to evaluate the effect of this spiritual retreat upon me. Just now I am at Dave Dellinger's at Glen Gardner, N. J., proof-reading my autobiography.

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 2)

remaining garments were quickly grabbed up. We sincerely trust that our readers will replenish our supply of coats in the near future. We are also in need of men's shoes, socks, suits, shirts, underwear and hats. While I am at it, we need a station wagon or a small truck. Our present station wagon, fifteen years old, is in desperate condition.

Tenement Treatment

A middle aged Puerto Rican woman, dropped into our office about three weeks ago. She lives in a tenement building in our area where she pays fifty-five dollars per month for an unfurnished room. The owner of the building refuses to comply with the requests of the tenants for the much needed repairs around the house. This lady had a letter which she asked us to address for her to the Complaint Dept. of the Municipal Housing authorities. After we heard her story, we said we would be glad to and suggested that she come back and see us if she failed to receive any action on this letter. Ten days later she returned and reported that nothing had come from her request. However, she had written another letter and showed it to us. The second letter was a duplicate of the first but was almost impossible to read. We typed and mailed a letter to the Complaint Dept. for the lady and asked her to return to our office if our note failed to produce any action. Thus far we haven't laid eyes on this woman and we do hope that this means the difficulties are cleared up for her.

Al Lingis

Everyone in our house was more than favorably impressed with a young college student, Al Lingis, of Saint Charles, Illinois, who spent the summer working with us. We have seldom come in contact with such an industrious and fine personality. Al hitched hiked to and from New York. During the period that he was here he gave himself completely to the work and asked nothing for himself. We pray that Al will return to us again.

Screwballs

During the early part of the month we have enjoyed a visit with a priest friend of the Catholic Worker and one who is vitally interested in the lay apostolate. He spoke of how effective the lay apostles could be in the life of the Church. He was quite complementary towards the members of the Catholic Worker but was also quite frank in his criticisms of us. One of the points that he emphasized was that we have been too cluttered up with "screwballs" down through the years. By "screwballs" he meant those of us who are lacking in schooling, tact, balanced personality, spiritual soundness etc. On the other hand, he said, he had been among two other groups of lay apostles and was so favorably impressed with their normalcy that he mentioned it to their leaders. They said, "Father we have a screening process which keeps out the screwballs." This screening process Father thought would be beneficial to the Catholic Worker. What did I think about this? "Not to give you a short answer, as the Irish say, but I don't think there would have been any Catholic Worker if such a screening was mandatory from the beginning of the movement. For some unknown reason the type of person who has been attracted to the Catholic Worker and remained any length of time has always had some kind of a kink which would automatically prohibit him from successfully passing such a screening test that you mention. No, I would be against this strict screening in the Catholic Worker because I believe that the good holy flame which ignited many good movements begins to die once the rigid requirements for entry are put into effect."

Last Saturday morning a tall colored man appeared in our dining room half carrying a white man who was ill and injured. This good Samaritan said he had found the old man a way up the street and asked us to take care of him. He handed us a dollar and said that he had to report to his place of work. The men in the kitchen placed the stricken person on a mattress in our courtyard. Paul Curtin, who helps Roger O'Neil in the dining room, called me and said that the man was obviously in need of a doctor.

Bath

An ambulance from Gouverneur hospital arrived twenty minutes after our phone call. The sick man rejected the ambulance attendant's suggestion that he permit himself to be taken to the hospital. He finally gave his reason, "I don't want to go to the hospital since I am in need of a bath." Several minutes elapsed before we were able to persuade him to change his mind. Careful of the man's injured shoulder and wrist, we placed him on a stretcher and carried him out to the ambulance.

Gouverneur Hospital

The attendant asked me to go along to the hospital with the ambulance—chiefly, I gathered to help him transfer the old man into the hospital from the ambulance. We were wheeling the patient into the emergency admission ward in less than ten minutes after we drove away from Chrystie street.

After we turned the patient over to the doctor's examination, the attendant requested that I wait around in case there were some questions that I could answer for the doctor. The doctor ignored me and turned his attention to the patient. The man's right shoulder and left wrist were dark blue from the bruises. He was also very hoarse and his voice was barely audible. The doctor checked the heart and the blood pressure and then started a rapid series of questions at the patient who was in severe pain, befuddled, and finding it harder all along to answer with enough volume for the doctor to understand. The doctor appeared oblivious to the source of the man's pain and wrestled with the hopes of pulling the man's shirt and sweater off of him. I was disturbed at the pain this was causing and suggested that scissors be used to cut the garments loose. This suggestion was accepted and rejected within twenty seconds. With the help of two attendants the doctor finally removed shirt and sweater. The struggle being over the interrogation resumed with the doctor interspersing with personal complaints: "I am late for dinner as it is. They said there wouldn't be many patients on Saturday. You know I specialize in obstetrics and this is not my type of work."

A second doctor appeared in the room and started in on the patient with the identical questions put to him by the first doctor who was still at his side. At the same time the late comer began to move the bruised wrist of our friend, thus causing added pain. This was more than I could witness further and I returned immediately to Chrystie street, realizing that this was not the first bitter experience we have had with the city hospital Gouverneur.

ED WILLOCK

As we were going to press we received the sad news that Ed Willock is in critical condition as a result of a third stroke of paralysis. We beg the prayers of our readers for Ed, Dorothy and their nine children. We also know that they are in need of whatever financial assistance you may be able to render. Their address is R. D. No. 1, Orangeburg, New York.

A Lay Catholic Community

(Continued from page 2)

following description is of a life which is likely to change in details during the next few years. The daily work consists of farming (mainly dairying), a small pottery, painting, woodcarving (just beginning), building and housework. There is a large farmhouse containing three flats, rooms for single people, a communal kitchen and dining room, a cottage, the farm buildings and workshops, and the community chapel and uncompleted library. The families live and eat in their flats except for the midday meal which is in common—this is prepared by one of the women on weekly rota, the other women doing the housework and washing.

The Divine Office is said in English: Lauds and Prime at 6 a.m.; Terce, 9 a.m.; Sext just before dinner at 12:30 p.m.; None, 4 p.m.; Vespers, 6:30 p.m.; and Compline, 9:30 p.m. The rhythm of the Office and the work throughout the day has been one of the most important ways in which the life has begun to grow together into one piece.

There are four categories of membership—associate, postulant, novice and full; full members undertake: (i) to become oblates of St. Benedict, (ii) to obey the Rule and decisions of the community, (iii) to make a gift of all their possessions to the community, and (iv) to promise stability in the community life. The senior oblate's responsibility is to see that the Rule is kept and to bring to the notice of the community any problems which should be discussed and solved. The planning of the life is carried out by a council of three members who meet every week, but no decision of this body (or of the senior oblate) is operative until it has been discussed and passed by the weekly general meeting of all the full members. Each section of the work has its manager, and the aim is to decentralize responsibility as much as possible.

At the present time, Mass is celebrated in the community chapel on Sundays and Thursdays, but it is hoped that daily Mass will become possible in the future.

All this, of course, is only a very sketchy outline of outward appearances; the more important problems remain untouched. Some discussion of these problems would help the community to find its bearings in the Church into which it has just been born.

Concern is sometimes felt by Catholic visitors that the community impinges too much on the integrity of family life. The experience of the community so far has been that families have grown together rather than the opposite—but the starting point has been outside the Church, and as no Catholic family has yet joined fully, this evidence is not conclusive. What does seem clear is that the Christian family should be closely knit to other Christian families in the Church—that the parish should be a community in which the members are interdependent in every aspect of their life.

Private Property

The community is in the peculiar position of having come into the Church without private property and with the conviction that common ownership (voluntarily and in a small group only) has a very great spiritual value in removing barriers between people and forcing a man to stand naked to his fellow man. On the other hand, the Church has stressed on many occasions the necessity for private property. The two may not contradict each other as much as this suggests, however, because the teaching of the Church is directed against forcible large-scale collectivization and large-scale capitalism, both of which deprive the worker of independence and any sense of stewardship over material

goods. The community life is directed towards developing this stewardship and responsibility for material goods, but a member is not, of course, free to do what he likes with these goods. Is this latter a necessary part of the teaching of the Church in this matter?

Prayer

It seems possible that by means of the Office and the community life generally that growth in prayer could be a natural one, rather than an isolated, self-conscious struggling up a ladder of stages and categories. It is much more difficult to retain illusions about oneself living and working with others than when alone. There is no escape from the persons, the situations, or the moods which are difficult, and these are the means sent by God for transforming our self-will; whereas an individual living today in a large city finds it only too easy to avoid the difficult person, to change the unpleasant situation and by-pass the mood.

Unity

The tremendous importance of unity grows more apparent with each problem the community has to face. Even if a theoretically wrong decision is made, this is of no importance providing the members remain united in charity. God will set it right in his own time—whereas an opinion (even if right and leading to greater efficiency) insisted upon to the point of division, removes us from his guidance and inspiration. This in no way lessens the responsibility of each member to express any opinion he may have on a subject under discussion, but the freely given acceptance of the community decision should follow as the necessary complement.

Apostolic Work

The apostolic work of the community lies in prayer and hospitality and hardly at all in discussion or exposition. The young person of today is usually pagan, whether nominally Christian or not, and words mean little to him because the symbols have been drained of life by continual lip-service. He is separated from the Church by an abyss not of his own making and only love and the grace of God can lead him over. It is not a neglecting or falling away from something once known (in this case words are often necessary), but a total ignorance of what life is about and an inability to understand what the Church is saying—a traveller lost in a strange country with no maps and little knowledge of the language. Often the only way is to chatter in a pub and make some sort of contact, at the same time praying that the Holy Spirit will lead him blindfold by the hand.

The reason why a community like this has happened seems to lie in the strange situation in which Western man is placed. He leads an atomized, split life with no roots in Nature, no roots in any localized human community, no supernatural roots. This inevitably seeps into the life of the Church and religion becomes yet another department instead of the source which binds everything together. "And all they that believed were together and had all things common. Their possessions and goods they sold and divided them to all, according as every one had need." From *The Life of the Spirit*, April 1953.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

Also a J.W. with his good looking Catholic girl friend who had just read her second copy of the CW. Felix the atheist anarchist took part.

MIKE GUNN—An old friend of Peter's told of Peter.

I opened the conference, on Saturday morning, and spoke for an hour, and all Ammon could remember of my talk were twenty words. It proves to me, what I have often said, that on such subjects people scarcely listen to a woman. Her talk is called "inspirational" and so on, but war and peace are matters that concern men and they must battle it out. I have the notes from which I spoke, and I not only talked on the examination into the problems of war and peace which were going on at other conferences, such as the Catholic Social week in France this year, but on the counsels and precepts, on means and ends, on poverty and war. I contrasted the words of St. Ignatius of Antioch, the Bishop Ford of Maryknoll who went to martyrdom rejoicing, and giving up all material wealth, schools, hospitals, churches, even life itself, desiring to suffer with Christ, with the fulminations in the Catholic press, which contributed to the sum total of hatred and strife in the world. Thank God we have the spirit of love and martyrdom growing in the Church today. I told also of a need for a community to meet the problems of pacifism, and read from *The Life of the Spirit* of a community of Catholic pacifists in England which has been in existence since 1940, an account of which, will be found elsewhere in this issue.

It did seem to me that my talk had substance and practicality. Ammon's summing up convinces me it is better to stay home and write—at least you have the record of your words before you, rather than wander the high ways

and by ways of the country like a Methodist woman preacher!

Sunday joys.

Staying home will give me a chance to taste the joys of home life and the country these lovely fall days. We have revived, here at Peter Maurin farm, a long defunct organization called the "Hot chocolate and Sunday afternoon walking club," which was founded by Gerry Griffin and Joe Zarrella, on Mott street, at the time when my daughter was about twelve years old. Those were city walks which a group of them took, but we are going to roam the country side, down Claypit road, to find clay pits for pottery; to the Arthur Kill, at the foot of the road, to explore fishing possibilities from the old skeletons of barges down there, and for sketching parties (Rita Ham and Stanley Becker are the artists.) Both these walks only mean a mile. Most of us prefer the beach, but that means over four miles back and forth and we end up by going by car and walking on the beach. This is to be an authentic walking club.

Then, vespers at five, and singing in the evening if anyone wants to sing. We have a guitarist to accompany song.

And yet, some talks.

I mention these joys and I recall that in spite of my preceding paragraphs, not so far back, I cannot stay home all the time. I do indeed have to go when I am called, and speak when I am invited, and this coming month, October, will find me at Gould Farm, Great Barrington, Mass., October 10, 11; for a meeting of psychiatrists, clergymen and social workers; at Earlham, a Quaker college at Richmond, Ind., October 15; at Fr. Ehman's parish, Watkins Glen, New York, October 21. Aside from this, my program keeps me home for the rest of the winter, thank God.

Summer at Maryfarm

(Continued from page 2)

stance, we killed 57 roosters a few weeks ago, young ones—(They were "culls" that had been given to us last winter)—a delicacy for the palate but a conspiracy for one's soul; naturally you want to eat and eat again. We become rich on so little at times. Did you know that we have a very fine cat? Let me introduce you—the name is "Minou," a cat with a temper like a twelve inch gun, but a cat with a sense of humor, for "Minou" has only one kitten by the name of "Minet"—we are ready to let you have "Minou" any time, immediately, rats will disappear in your house. Is it not an interesting proposition?

Joe Cotter canned and canned delicious tomato juice, tomato puree, chili sauce, string beans, peas, corn and almost himself—for Joe starts early in the morning and stops late at night. Preparing for the winter! Louis went to different orchards and begged for apples; one of them is giving us all the wind-falls. Apple sauce

in perspective for the winter; "thank you" to our generous donor. As you can see, God does not neglect the material point of view. Our fields gave us fine and real production this year and John and all the family, enjoyed farming, loving the sky over them and having great confidence in the divine Providence.

One of the very dear members of our community, left us recently: Joe Fratelli. Every one followed him in his journey with prayers and thanksgivings. The character of Joe was so attractive, he was sustained by a rare energy and a prodigious desire of youth and I think that his need of sun in his life will be for a long period of time the only sign of his age, for Joe was a very mature, conscientious and responsible young man. He had great kindness and true simplicity and love. He was devoted to the rest of the family. When you were looking at him, the strength of the soul and the will power were appearing to you, not as words any more, but as a person alive and aware of them every minute of the day. Joe is gone in fact but he will remain in our hearts forever. Our young Charlie is gone also; yes, he has a job and he is simply living again, looking forward to be a millionaire one day.

And those are some of the small incidents of the summer at Maryfarm. Now, do you know why I have discovered the profound beauty of our exquisite country "The United States?"

Here I would like to thank our distinguished benefactors for their real generosity; if Maryfarm has been able to give hospitality to so many people, you are responsible and please accept our humble prayers. God be with you.

Rolande Potvin.

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