

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Upside Down Strike

By IRENE NAUGHTON

News of a revolutionary strike technique, a non-violent Gandhi technique, and the first creative approach to the unemployment situation, comes from Italy in a dispatch in the N.Y. Herald Tribune, March 18.

Barrett McGurn writes of the extreme contrast of wealth and poverty between Prince Torlonia and the one hundred and twenty thousand poverty-stricken peasants on his sixty square miles of rich farm land, the Fucino estate. "The condition has provoked such contrasts that Communist agitators have been able to goad the valley's normally peaceful people into a new kind of demonstration, known here as the 'upside-down strike'."

The upside-down strike consists in doing unrequested voluntary work for the prince on his hundreds of miles of drainage canals and farm roads, and then demanding payment. Forty thousand work-days of labor have been forced on the prince in this way in recent days, despite protests from the prince's representatives that the work has violated the most basic principles of private ownership. Italy's government tacitly has given approval to the "strikers," however, for a government decree since the disorders has compelled the prince to give one hundred thousand man-days of work to local unemployed between now and the start of normal spring activity.

Complaints by the prince's representatives that the canal and roads have no need of the work have been ignored.

If one can forget for a moment the desperation and anguish that is behind all this, and it is easier for us over here, the situation is not without its grim humor, and the discomfiture of the profiteering prince and his representatives filled with poetic justice.

Forcing one's services on the boss! The right of the worker to withdraw his labor has won its place mainly through the solidarity of the working classes in the struggle.

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Maryfarm

By JOHN McKEON

If you sleep in the Carriage House at Maryfarm these days it will be the birds, in all likelihood, that will wake you at dawn. Thrush, finch, robin, sparrow, rook and crow start their chorus as the night mist turns pearl colored and begins to lift in slow swirls, studied and graceful in motion as a gypsy's shawl.

Opening your eyes in the cool darkness you lie there for a moment, listening and shifting comfortably beneath the mound of blankets and as your sight clears you exhale forcibly, experimentally, but the vapor of your breath is invisible and does not smoke in clouds before you and you sigh gratefully: the winter is past. You look up at the massive naked timbers that serve as ceiling supports, smoke blackened, axe scarred and pitted with age; thinking dreamily for the thousandth time, unwittingly, "They built well in those days: with few tools, but with honesty and good materials and sound craft"—and then the day is on you and you are awake.

One dawn last week as we rolled

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Peter Maurin

This month is not only the anniversary of the first issue of The Catholic Worker in 1932, but the first anniversary of the death of its founder, Peter Maurin, French peasant and philosopher, who lived with delight and zest the life of a poor worker. His is the program of indoctrination and love, exemplified by houses of hospitality and farming communes which we have been trying to establish throughout the country these last seventeen years. There are at present ten houses and six farms. He envisioned a society in which "it was easier for men to be good," a long-range program which was neither Marxist nor Capitalist. He taught the practice of the works of mercy and voluntary poverty as a way of alleviating immediate needs and making a beginning of a new order. It is a green revolution in which we can all play a part.

The Problem of Labor

By ROBERT LUDLOW

This month, which is dedicated to Mary, starts as the month of the working class. It is also the anniversary of the death of Peter Maurin. It is the fate of all leaders that their death is the signal for factions to begin, for endless discussions as to just where they stood on this or that issue. And there is always the attempt to regard their word as final revelation—to rest the case with their death, to admit of no development.

It has been said, for example, that the use of the term Christian Anarchist among us here of late years is a departure from Peter—that it has done much harm to the movement. Such an assertion can only be made by those who have not viewed world movements as a whole, who do not see that there are two directions—that there is political action which leads inevitably to Statism, and there is direct action, which is anti-State and personalist and anarchist. And Peter clearly stood with those who were not political actionists.

Peter was opposed to the New Deal; he believed that the best government was self-government. He did not incline towards organization. He advocated decentralized units which he called a village or regional economy. He constantly referred to the works of Kropotkin and Eric Gill. So that it seems to me but verbal quibbling to deny that he was, in fact, a Christian anarchist. It is the word people object to—even though it accurately describes what Peter stood for, people will fight shy of it because it is a "bad" word. And yet it is the only word which conveys un-

mistakably the opposition to the modern centralized State that permeated Peter's outlook. It is the only word which is historically and unequivocally the descriptive term of those who believe the State, as we have known it in history, to be an instrument of oppression.

There is no more reason why we should drop the name anarchist than there is that we should drop the name Catholic, because, in the minds of some people, Catholicism is synonymous with evil.

Having stated where, in my opinion, Peter stood on these matters, it is well that we should turn our attention to the problem of labor in these days and to see why it is that labor unions have become props of the capitalist system rather than instruments of revolution, as they should be. When the question of anarcho-syndicalism was a live issue among unionists, and when it seemed that it was but the flip of a coin that decided Eugene Debs to prefer political action to direct action there was the possibility that, had labor but chosen the former course, the whole outlook and direction of the movement would have been revolutionary.

A Wrong Choice

But, once labor decided to go political, and thus of necessity to go the way of compromise, and to go so far along the way of compromise that eventually the whole movement turned into a business whereby employer and employee, with the same materialist mentality, bargained over exclusively economic interests, it became evident

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Puerto Rican Families Dispossess Rats

By DAVID MASON

Here is something that makes a man want to run shouting through the streets and into the council chambers of the high and mighty, to burn the ears of the rich and the powerful with insistent questions: Look! You must see this! Who is responsible? What are we going to do about it? Here are twenty-three persons living in a windowless cellar in the foul and ugly East Side of this great metropolis. Not dogs or cats or guinea pigs. Twenty-three human beings.

Our own brothers and sisters; men, women and children. One family with seven children. Seventeen children in all; and six adults. All of them living in that dark cellar of a six-story tenement because they could find no other place to live when they came from Puerto Rico. And now the man who permitted them to shelter themselves in that dark hole has been fined and threatened with imprisonment, treated like a criminal, for the act of a Samaritan.

The newspapers said that the Rev. Salvador Suarez brought the people here from Puerto Rico. Yesterday I talked to his wife in the little store-front church on the street floor of the tenement at 331 East 100th Street, and she assured me that this was not true. The twenty-three flew here, as so many thousands have flown, to escape from that island pest-hole of destitution. The fare is cheap, because the planes are loaded to the limit, and beyond the limit of safety; it is like a trip on a crowded bus. They fly here with hope, because this is a big country, and they believe there is always an opportunity for employment, one place or another. They are workers, make no mistake about that. Talk to them about "a philosophy of work," and most of them probably wouldn't understand you, but they do have a tradition of work and the habit of work.

How They Got There

The twenty-three persons in the cellar, Mrs. Suarez told me, are all relatives of the man who is superintendent of the tenement. He met them when they landed in New York, and took them to the cellar because they had no place to go. The church owns the tenement, and the Rev. Salvador Suarez permitted them to stay there. They paid no rent for the hovel. Two of the families are on relief, and the Welfare Department will not pay rent for families living in

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On Pilgrimage

The most severe crisis in the seventeen years of our existence is facing us now. Today, May Day, is our anniversary. It was on this day that we got out on the streets for the first time with the first issue of the Catholic Worker. Today we begin our eighteenth year of publication. And today, we are faced with the need to find ourselves a new home. Since 1936 we have had our office and our hospice at 115 Mott St. Unlike any other paper in the world, we were compelled by our very readers to do something about the crisis and the solutions we were writing about. Unlike any other paper in the world, our readers came to our doorsteps and asked food, clothing and shelter, and we could not say to them, "Go, be thou filled," but we had to serve them. Unlike any other paper in the world, our readers packed their suitcases and came to stay for months at a time on our farms and at our houses of hospitality to argue the points made by the paper. Hospitality is a word which Peter Maurin taught us to construe literally.

The situation is not hopeless. We

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Poverty Incorporated

By DOROTHY DAY

Everybody tries to be so helpful. Dave Mason suggests that we form Poverty Incorporated and sell shares in order to get the down payment for the new home we have in mind. And Stanley recalls that it was the dream of Dan Orr before his death that we take over the Empire State building. Not that we would not be able to fill it. Especially if we had suites for each of the men on our breadline and for all the families in the Municipal lodging house and for the women who are now sleeping in Grand Central Station and Penn Station and are being picked up from Park benches and from hallways and given thirty days for their homelessness.

But we don't like the Empire State Building. It is too big. How obvious a thought. Nobody likes bigness, not even all of us who live in a city of nine million people (almost the population of Canada). People don't live in big cities because they like bigness but because they want to be little, to lose themselves in the mass, partly so that they will not be judged for their failure, and partly because they can thus escape their responsibility themselves to be

big of heart and soul, as the son of God, creatures of body and soul, temples of the Holy Ghost, are supposed to be.

Since writing our SOS last month, stating that our building at 115 Mott street was sold and we would have to move at once we have found the place we want. It is two adjoining buildings, with backyard, in a poor neighborhood, and there is adequate space for kitchen and laundry and dining room and meeting room and dormitory and office. There is a backyard in which to hang out our clothes. We can be clean and quiet and decent. We can go on with this work we started seventeen years ago, and which we cannot give up now. When I saw Archbishop McIntyre on my January trip to the coast, he told me then never to give up the work we had started, that it was a difficult and delicate and dangerous work which God evidently wanted us to do. I quote this, and I am sure he would not mind, to show that many Bishops as well as priests are dear friends of the work and wish us to continue.

We are not incorporated how-

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THE MONTH OF MAY

This is our Lady's month, and we turn to her especially now in this time of life and growth and blossoming, and we turn to her especially to teach us how to love. It is what we are here for, it is why God has given us our life. The two commandments of life are to love God and to love our neighbor. We are here to love.

The great problem of the day is to build up this love, to feed it, to strengthen it, to make it grow into the force that can overcome hatred and war. Loyalty Day parades with such vicious banners as "Down with the Red rats," have no place during this month of May, this month of our Lady. The Cardinal has asked us to come this day to the cathedral to begin a month of prayer, in this time of so grave a crisis. The one thing to pray for is to learn to love. Love is wisdom and wisdom is the most active of all active things.

"Not death itself is so strong as love, not the grave itself cruel as love unrequited; the torch that lights it is a blaze of fire. Yes, love is a fire which no waters avail to quench, no floods to drown; for love, a man will give up all that he has in the world, and think nothing of the loss."

And who epitomizes this love so well as the Blessed Mother, from whom we received Love itself, a Love which died for us. "To love God is to give oneself wholly to God, but to love our neighbor is also to spend ourselves wholly for our neighbor."

When old Billy Duffy lay dead on the floor beside his bed, it was Christ Himself who lay there dead, Christ in one of His least. He has said this to us and we have to believe it and it is a terrible thought, a terrible exercise of our faith. We begin to realize how we need to pray to love each one near to us with whom we sit down to eat.

"We love God as much as the one we love the least," Father Hugo said once, and it is a way of examining our conscience as to how much we love.

When our life is over we will be examined as to how much we have loved and it is on this that we will be judged.

Grave crimes are being committed throughout the world, there is torture and slavery and cruel death, there is deceit and lying and hate, and we are not being ostriches, hiding our heads in the sand when we repeat that we must see Christ in His most degraded guise, we must see Him in all men, and we must pray to learn to love.

If we do this, then we can be sure, as St. John of the Cross said, "Where there is no love, put love, and you will take out love."

Mary, Mother of fair love and of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope, pray for us. Pray that God will take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh to suffer and to love. In this is all grace of the way, all delight.

Poverty Incorporated

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ever, so there is no chance of our selling shares in Poverty, Inc., nor chances for a car or a television set, so we will beg and try to raise the money. The place we have set our heart on is ideal. We don't want to look anywhere else. We have stopped looking and have started praying, the rosary novena, one to St. Joseph, Mother Cabrini, St. Paul, Miraculous Medal — in other words we are praying continually without ceasing. It is continually on our mind, in our hearts, on our lips. And all of us feel the same way, the folks on the farm, here at Mott street, our friends and readers. We must go on with the work.

And what is the work but to love God and our neighbor, to show our love for God by our love for our neighbor. When Jesus was asked who was our neighbor He told the story of the good Samaritan. When He pictured the last judgment he listed the corporal works of mercy. The recent Popes have called for participation of the laity in the work of the hierarchy and the work of the hierarchy that

Jesus stressed was "Feed My Sheep." We really should be praying to St. Stephen too, on this job of finding a place since the apostles and disciples had to call him and others in to serve tables. The women were active even before the death of Jesus, the Mary's and Martha's and others.

Always the Poor

We believe not in big, impersonal buildings, lodging houses, homes, institutions with a capital letter, there is so much of that, and people get lost, but work done by a group of individuals banded together with a sense of personal responsibility.

Just the same, we did not know what we were getting into when the Catholic Worker started in May, 1933. We certainly never expected breadlines, with hundreds of men lined up for coffee and for soup. When we started giving a hot cup of coffee (and all the bread they wanted) to all who came, coffee was 19c. a pound retail and we got it for less. Now it is 63c. a pound, unground, by the hundred-pound sack. It would be an insult to St. Joseph not to go on

serving coffee. Certainly, the coffee line is impersonal enough, but they probably know us better than we know them. They come in for clothes, for carfare, for help to fill out forms, and when they can get a bed nowhere else, when all the flop houses on the Bowery are full, or they are just out of the hospital, then they stay with us for a while and we get to feel them part of the Catholic Worker family. Peter Carey, who works with the St. Vincent de Paul at Bellevue and with the telephone company also, and who used to head the Catholic Union of Unemployed, says that he meets many a man in his contacts who has been straightened out by the CW. We see only the crises, of course.

Woman's Need

And as for women, we always have a dozen with us. They are women who have been in hospitals, jails, mental institutions. And they too, many of them, get helped and many of them stay for long periods. Sometimes we feel that we are not doing them any good and that they would far better be in one of the institutions on Long Island, where they could receive the medicines, the sedatives, the baths and other therapy but when we call the hospitals, they either refuse to take them or return them to us the next day. Literally, there is no place else for them to go. Not all are in such desperate straits in regard to illness of mind or body. But all are desperate when they come.

It is terrible to hear of a woman

OUR LADY OF CHICKENS



so frantic for a place to sleep that she will accept the offer of any man's bed. "If you are picked up on a park bench, in the station, or in a door way, you get a jail sentence," one woman said to me. "You don't know what you'll do when you are exhausted with hunger and sleeplessness."

There is a most terrible crying need for a shelter for women, a Catholic place where they can get straightened out and look for work and remain while working until they can find a room. Most furnished rooms are desolation and abomination. There are no rooms in girls' shelters for less than \$18 a week, for two meals and room, and that room to be shared. And as for free shelter, the one Catholic place which offers that puts the woman to work in its laundry so that she can neither look for work nor save for a room. It is a vicious circle.

A Double Dwelling Needed

A hospice for men and women, where there is a place for a family life together, where all without exception, even those who come to get help, can have their share in performing works of mercy, where we can have meetings and discussions as to the nature of man and his destiny and the kind of an order where it is easier for him to be good—this is our aim in running a House of Hospitality. It is a place where we can show our love for each other. It sounds so simple, but it is a hard job. Only those who know how hard it is have a right to say it.

A Matter of Mood

Some days when it rains, and the cellar is flooded and drowned

rats, and soaking newspapers and old mattresses contribute a peculiar odor of decay, and the walls drip and the bannisters are slimy and the lights have to burn all day even on the top floor to dispel the gloom and one of the women has had one of her spells (for several days and nights), cursing and walling—then it is indeed hard to love one another.

On other days, like this afternoon, when the sun is shining and the women have been cleaning house and washing clothes, everything looks bright and cozy and you forget the verminous walls and the fact that you have just bought some DDT to be used like talcum powder. All you can see then are the nice things, the fact that the little fig tree in the window is covered with tiny figs, the milk bottle vase of forsythia is in bloom, that someone has washed the windows, that Joe Cuellar keeps the office neat and clean, and that the sleeping quarters have clean bedding and that there is an empty bed for a guest and that the women are sitting companionably around the teapot in the front building and sharing buns.

The children shout in the streets with joy that the Winter is over and gone, the playground is open at night and the street is bright with people and lights, the sap is rising, one lives again after the cold and rain, the death of Winter.

Then we can say with the poet Maxwell Bodenheim, "I know not ugliness. It is a mood which has forsaken me."

A "Gimme" Novena

We are not at all abashed at saying that we are indulging in what is generally termed a "gimme" novena. We are told to ask by Jesus himself.

"Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you."

This novena is generally termed the rosary novena. For three novenas (nine days each) you ask for what you need in temporal and spiritual favors. And then whether or not you have received your request, you start three more novenas in thanksgiving. It takes, you see, fifty-four days and I do know that before the time is up you are overwhelmed with favors of one kind or another. I would be so bold as to say you really get your request! And here is the kind of a story that infuriates those who term us superstitious.

My acquaintance with the rosary novena began back in 1937 when one of the girls who came to help us with the children we were taking care of for the summer began to make it to get herself a husband. She had met someone she loved and so she started to pray. Every night, before she went to sleep, when the dormitory of sleeping children was a bit of heaven and the smell of sweet clover filled the barn where we lived, she would sit with her dark head bent under the oil lamp and pray her beads with the little blue book in her hand. In the fall she was married.

So I started saying it, in order that we might purchase the farm which adjoined the hill-top farm we had bought the year before. The price was four thousand dollars and we needed a thousand to make a down payment, the butcher-owner holding a mortgage on the rest. He was a Syrian separated from his wife, who lived in Lebanon.

Before I was through the first two novenas a donation of a thousand dollars came in to make our down payment. I was so overjoyed and so dizzy with success that I probably started the end before I finished the beginning. Anyway, to buy the place, the signature of both husband and wife were needed, that being the law of Pennsylvania. So Mr. Boulous, the butcher, signed the deed, and sent it to his wife, who signed it in beautiful Aramaic, which was the script of our Lord's day, and had it notarized and sent back to Easton, Pa.

It took a time, and when it came, it was defective and had to be sent back to Lebanon, far over the seas to the Near East. Weeks

passed, months passed, and somehow the money that came in for the farm was all eaten up; it had been frittered away in grocery bills, because the work of feeding people, after all, is never done, but goes on and on three times daily, day after day, and will go on as long as we shall live.

When I realized that the money had been spent, was no longer in the bank, I girded my loins and started another rosary novena. Before the first three novenas were over and done, once again a thousand dollars had come in once more. (We do assure you that such offerings are few and far between. I cannot remember when the last one came.)

We Are Confident!

There have been other pleas, other critical occasions, just as vital, just as crucial in the true meaning of the word, when we have made this novena. And before the novena was well under way the cross was lightened and one wore it as a knapsack filled with all good things one could not do without on this, our pilgrimage.

Yes, I am pretty sure when I say that somehow or other we are going to be able to raise the money needed to make our down payment on this ideal double house, with sufficient room for a real true House of Hospitality. We will lose some of our destitution, and still retain our poverty in these more spacious rooms which once housed thirty nuns.

The furnace is shot, but there is another to be put in to take its place. And we have plumbers and electricians with us who can make repairs. There is an old washing machine big enough for our needs which was left in the place when the nuns moved, and also many beds and chests. There is room for our office and files to be on one floor, and Charlie, who has heart trouble (he is in Bellevue right now) will not have to walk up any flights of stairs. There is a back yard with hedges and a few trees where we can hang our clothes. "Trees," Joe Monroe beamed when I told him, "Oh, I've been talking about trees, if you only knew how I missed trees." We will hate to leave Mott street and our neighbors will miss us. But our family will go along, and there are the poor and the homeless also in this new neighborhood.

How the money is to come we know not. But we believe, we hope, we love.

And if any of you, our readers, want to exchange your mansions on earth for mansions in heaven, if any of you want to get rid of your goods and wish to choose the poor to be your burden bearers for you so that you will have them a hundred-fold in heaven, I beg you to sow in this field, and abundantly, so that you will reap such a crop that you will never hunger for any good thing.

DOROTHY DAY.

APPEAL

Yes, I have been generous to my poor Sister Superior and her old comrades who are sick and ailing. She has three younger volunteers who are helping her after their work of teaching and school has been dissolved. Again I appeal to you to keep the promise to publish their appeal in your columns. No help from the N.C.W.C. I am waging an unequal struggle to keep them supplied with necessities, to break their diet of Polenta and potatoes. If you only knew how grateful they are as they receive the packages. I ship bulk orders from "Dobrovoljni Odbor Inc." 245 W. 18th St., N. Y. 11, N. Y., official agency to Yugoslavia. Prompt delivery is positive, I am not working now, and am sharing my bit with them. They belong to the Order of St. Augustine, the Motherhouse of which is in Vienna, Austria. Their address is

S. M. LYRA STOKALUK
Foynica Kiseljak
Jugoslavia, Bosnia

Kindly give them a chance to live.

Thanks,
V. STOKAL.

The Problem of Labor

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that long-range objectives had all been sacrificed for higher wages and lesser working hours. So that now it is a major job to get the average worker to so much as listen to more fundamental issues, such as the abolition of the wage system and of an acquisitive class society. It is not possible to have a class-conscious labor movement when there is an acceptance on all sides of the same materialist standards as the ruling class exhibits and when labor wishes little more than to emulate and pattern itself after the comfortable middle classes. It is the fault of Christians that, by aligning ourselves with the status quo, the specific Christian emphasis on non-attachment to material goods, on the desirability of voluntary poverty, was lost on movements of the left, and thus was withheld from them an attitude and belief that would have distinguished them from the class enemy. Consequently, since there is so much in common between labor as it exists in the individual psychology of those who compose it and capital, as evidenced in the psychological make-up of representative capitalists, unionism in this country has taken on a progressively collaborationist outlook, and has long since discarded any hope or desire to eliminate the ruling class.

This is mistakenly taken by certain Christian economists and sociologists to be indicative of the soundness and "Christian attitude" of organized labor, and it is held desirable that capital and labor patch up their differences and, as good brothers, settle things at the conference table. Which carries about as much sense as to maintain that pacifists should sit down with their good brothers, the military generals, and iron out some compromise whereby one can be pacifist and still maintain an army. True charity does not consist in confirming people in their errors. In this case it consists in frankly facing the problem of class war and realizing that it will cease only when all recognize all as brothers and not as instruments of exploitation, and the effect of this will be the non-violent liquidation of the capitalist class.

But, as long as labor remains the psychological counterpart of capital—as long as labor counts on a play for power and trusts to legislation and governmental intervention, so long will this deadlock continue and revolutionary activity be relegated to a few fringe groups.

Liquidate

When the social ideal becomes one in which it is held desirable that all people have the necessities of life and no one beyond that—and to have such an ideal argues a complete revolution in personal values—then will labor adhere to an ideology which distinguishes it from the self-interest of traditional capitalism and which will form a basis for worldwide brotherhood such as has been lacking up to now.

Then may the call go out to the capitalist class, for the sake of Christ and their brothers, to liquidate and become one with the workers—so that there will be one class, as there is one God and one common brother who is Christ.

Class collaboration is, therefore, an evil thing unless it has as its aim the elimination of class. There should be but one class, the members of which perform different functions, but in which no one exists to be exploited by another. This, then, is the ideal to be worked for should we desire a society that realizes in any degree the teachings of Christ.

Strikes

What do the majority of strikes evidence today if not the total lack of solidarity among workers? Is it not a case of one group of workers gaining their ends at the expense of other groups of workers? One group gains higher wages, the capitalists pay this increase by increasing prices, which means that other workers are penalized to pay the higher wages of the striking group. So that all it amounts to is a merry-

go-round within a system which must be itself destroyed before any real remedy will be found for labor as a whole.

One of the conditions within labor that will have to be corrected before anything can be accomplished is that of labor leaders and labor lawyers, practically all of whom serve to keep the unions non-revolutionary.

There is John L. Lewis, for example, an arch conservative who from time to time gives off what sounds like militant and revolutionary utterances which in reality reflect the temper of the miners but do not reflect the temper of John L. Lewis. For he has a fairly consistent record of cooperation with the capitalist system. And when it comes to a showdown his role is to put the brakes on the demands of labor. This is a typical outcome of business unionism and it is an inevitable outcome of political action.

There is no example in history of a revolution which proceeded by political action which did not end by betraying the principles that initiated it. So that when political actionists refer to anarcho-syndicalism as utopian and impractical and unreal they are speaking with a history of repeated failure of their methods before them. The burden of proof lies with those whose methods have repeatedly failed—those who advocate justice through the State, by parliamentary means, by New Dealism or by running labor candidates to replace conservatives. The triumph of the labor government in England is no more than a triumph of one set of bureaucrats over another. It has not brought about the abolition of class society, or worker ownership of the means of production and distribution.

Political action is the preliminary to Statism and whether Statism exists in the name of labor or of capital or of any other class it is but the organized means for the exploitation of man.

I. W. W.

Labor, in this country, made its great mistake in not going along with the I.W.W. in its belief in direct action and control of unions by all the members. As a result of this rejection there has grown up a class of professional labor leaders and lawyers who have misled labor by curbing any permanent revolutionary and direct action of the workers and by establishing a bureaucracy the support of which leads to excessive dues and initiation fees.

The A. F. of L. in particular has been guilty also of fostering an aristocracy of labor, of pandering to the skilled and white collar workers rather than furthering justice for all workers. The C.I.O., which started out as an attempt to remedy this situation, has ended up—the way all political action movements end up—as little better than the A. F. of L. What revolutionary groups exist in these unions are unfortunately committed to political action, so that they offer no new approach, no new methods, they have only those methods which have already demonstrated failure.

All this leads to the question of method. And the question of method is essentially one of means and the means are the important thing because it is, I believe, psychologically sound to state that one never (in this life) extricates oneself from the means by which one advances to a goal.

Now the goal that most men will deem desirable, even those men who would proceed by violence, is a society in which everyone is at peace with his neighbor and there is a sufficiency of goods for all. Even the capitalist will say that he believes in this (he thinks peace will be maintained better with him on top). But we will never have this type of society as long as we condition ourselves to violence or as long as we hold the absurd position of those who hold that, once the revolution is accomplished, we will shed our aggressiveness and hate and settle down to loving one another.

Every modern war has proceeded on this assumption—at least, on the part of naive moralists and idealists who fail to realize that we cannot work up a passion without providing for its release. War, among other things, is the release for unsuccessfully sublimated sexuality. And it is a release which is socially harmful.

Non-Violent

Likewise with labor—it is an absolute prerequisite that direct action be non-violent action. For only then will the goal of labor, a goal which all admit is one of peace and brotherhood among men, be possible of attainment. Only then will the means serve to condition the individual to what the individual must be if such a society becomes a reality.

That means there is a need for a dual union—a Gandhian I.W.W. which will combine the anarcho-syndical approach with non-violence and which will seek to win the workers away from the old corrupt politically-minded unions and which will eschew business unionism and class collaboration. For as it has been seen that for one man to own the body of another man (formal slavery) is un-Christian, so will it eventually be seen that for one class to exploit another is un-Christian and that as all are broth-



ers in Christ Christian anarchism approaches as near to this Christian ideal as it may be possible to get this side of the grave.

I do believe these are ideas well in accord with the spirit of Peter Maurin and that it is well to consider them seriously on this anniversary of his death. As he stated, "If we make the right decisions in the age of chaos the effect of these decisions will be a better order. The new order brought about by right decisions will be functional, not acquisitive; personalist, not socialist; communitarian, not collectivist; organic, not mechanistic."

And again he states, "Freedom is a duty more than a right. Man has a duty to be intelligent. Man has a duty to choose intelligently between two alternatives. Man has a duty to act intelligently, using pure means to reach pure ends. To use impure means to reach pure aims is to take the wrong road. You cannot go where you want to go by taking a road which does not lead you there. Having pure aims and using pure means is making the right use of freedom."

APPEAL

The Bruderhoff Community in Paraguay would greatly appreciate receiving copies in English of the early Church Fathers and the mystics. Please address them to

DICK WHITTY,

Sociedad Fraternal Hutteriana Primavera
Alto Paraguay, South America

Upside Down Strike

(Continued from page 1)

Let us consider for a moment the revolutionary idea of the right of the worker to force his labor on the world, to refuse to be frustrated in the exercise of his God-given capacities of soul and body, to insist on offering his services to God and man. Work is a right and a necessity, work is love made visible, and the lover must love.

There is a beautiful incident in "The Story of Ivan the Fool," by Tolstoi where Ivan, who is ruler, is told that a thief has made away with some valuable. Well, says Ivan, no doubt he needed it. To him that is an end to the matter, and to me that story is linked up with the peasant expropriations, and with this whole magnificent idea of the worker insisting on offering his work. It is a case of a literal fulfilling of the promise, always strange and unreasonable to our worldly wisdom, that "the meek shall inherit the earth."

If the unemployed here were to bypass the capitalists and owners who don't find it profitable enough to employ their services, and go to those who need them, and if necessary, barter reciprocal services, what a quiet revolution would be accomplished. In Canada recently I visited a district where the lumber trade is in a complete slump because they have suddenly lost their English pit-prop market. The pit-props are used in the mines. Able-bodied men find themselves without work or food for their families. And yet in Canada, as elsewhere there is an acute housing shortage. In housing in the U.S. and Canada both, the stalemate is the contractor and builder who has decided that the high taxes taken by the government and the rent ceilings have taken away what he considers his "legitimate" profit. So he only builds luxury homes. He is not interested in harboring the harborless; he is utterly callous to the desperate families huddled in one room. The anguish of the poor, and the tears at night that are part of our human condition, do not move him. "Business is business," he would say in surprise if you should say these things to him, and with this phrase, he would, like Pontius Pilate, wash his hands of the poor. But God is not mocked, and many of our consciences will be quickened at the Judgment.

Side by side with the boss we

must place the Buildings Trades unions themselves, who have also been profiteers in the situation, and just as interested in maintaining a scarcity market to keep the price of their labor high. And may God forgive the culpable ignorance of our schools which turn graduates out onto the bread lines every year, like babes in the woods to perish. Pastic carpentry should be taught every man, and production in the home, every woman.

The first principle of a philosophy of work illustrated by this upside-down strike is the principle that the organization of work is the right and responsibility of the workers and that the owner or capitalist has no right to say who shall work or when he shall work. One of the greatest mistakes of the labor movement has been to allow the owner to wield this club over labor.

Peter Maurin wrote: "The power of bourgeois capitalism is based on the power of hiring and firing." The great significance of the Hiring Hall in the Maritime Industry was that it reclaimed this right for labor. There should be hiring halls or their equivalent organized by labor in every industry.

But the hiring halls lacked vision in another direction, and it is this particular lack of vision of the labor movement which is betraying it as a revolutionary movement. That is why the labor movement should study the upside-down strike. The right to work is as fundamental as the right to strike. It is a basic principle of a just economy that whatever work there is in the world should be shared and the proceeds of that work according to the Christian principle adopted by the Communists, from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs. Labor-saving devices belong to the human race as a whole and not to owners.

The labor unions threw themselves squarely into the power of the owners when they permitted the employers to use machines to put men out of work.

One of the most interesting features of the co-operative movement especially the producer co-operatives, to my mind, is that they quietly and non-violently bypassed the dealers and middlemen and employers who blocked up the road to mercy. They included the profiteers out, as the saying goes.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

have found the house we want, and if the dear Lord who has multiplied our loaves and fishes these many years, wants us to have it, we will. It costs twenty-five thousand dollars. Most people pay twelve or fifteen thousand dollars these days for an ordinary home for their families, when they are considering a home at all. Prices in New York City are of course high. We do not mind discussing our finances frankly. When schools and convents are built our diocesan papers talk about the hundreds of thousands they cost, emphasizing the expense to which we are put to maintain our parochial school system. There is a need to be frank about costs.

We have 65,000 copies of the paper each month which go out to many readers all over the country. Some copies may be read by a whole family or school. Other copies may be used to line garbage cans with. We do not know how many readers we have. We may have ten thousand readers to subscribe for ten friends each who are bored and do not read the paper. How can we estimate our reader strength. Just the same, if everyone who is interested in the work could help us, we would soon have our house. We are going to make our appeal this month, by letter, by word of mouth, and we are doing it here too. Maybe you are saving money for old age, or for the education of your children and so on. Maybe you will loan us

money if you cannot give it. If people have trusted us enough in the past to dispense their charity for them (and people have sent us as much as \$1500 at a time to be spent solely for Europe) then perhaps they will trust us now to use their money for this emergency and pay them back in a year or two, without interest.

It does indeed seem an enormous sum to raise. We need big donations as well as small. We have only a month or six weeks to raise the money, so we implore your help. Ask your friends, your fellow workers.

The Long Fast

During Holy Week this year a group gathered in Washington at a settlement hospice called Inspiration House, to fast for peace for the week. It was a time of intense penance and prayer. Many of those fasting engaged in demonstration and the distribution of literature. Aside from distributing hand bills at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception on Palm Sunday, I spent my time in the penance we set out to do.

Here are some of the things Gandhi has said about fasting:

"In the case of fasting of this nature, there is not much scope for it to thrive or become popular for the simple reason that it is such an agonizing process that ordinary human nature shudders at the very thought of having to undergo it. It is only by training that the body can do without food for any length

(Continued on page 7)

A Personalist Priest

By William Bryar

Martin Carrabine will change his address, his title, his base of operations. Happily none of these changes will touch the irreducible minimum, the man and the Christian. This constant in the small world which is Chicago is enough for anyone who will know and see, enough for any such to discern what Catholicism is essentially about. It is the good fortune of our age to find in France writers such as Congar and De Lubac

whose adjustable categories allow them minimally to describe the nature of Catholicism without freezing and distortion. The paradox about "creative" thinkers, to the effect that they must have seen and known and experienced the elements of their "creation," is suggestive here in that Martin Carrabine in his own and perhaps unique way carries about in his person all of the startling elements of Catholicism. Here we

Integrity—It's a Magazine

For four years (well almost) Carol and I have been amassing material and getting it down, more or less, in time to the printers, and getting it back with a nice red and black cover that says, INTEGRITY, at the top and, at the bottom, month so-and-so, volume such-and-such, subject this-and-that. On the inside cover, since the first issue, is the legend: "INTEGRITY is published by lay Catholics and dedicated to the task of discovering the new synthesis of religion and life for our times." This, we realize, is more admirable for its brevity than for its clarity. So let me expand a bit on what this grand policy means in principle and practice.

Thanks to our elders in the new Catholic tradition, among whom we prominently number Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, there are more and more people who have reached a certain maturity and a certain volubility in the Faith. These people have contracted a peculiar kind of madness plus the added ability of being able to communicate, via the written word, the same madness to others. By devious means and miraculous ways we have contacted these people and they have been kind enough to supply articles for us on the subject which lies nearest to their heart and hand.

The madness referred to above is that strange ability to take the Gospels as gospel-truth and act as though the Pope were actually infallible. This madness is usually accompanied by other aberrations such as a doubt that the human mind can answer unaided all the questions that it can raise, a suspicion that an increase in the number of bathtubs has not brought us any nearer to God, and a grim pessimism concerning the ability of the machine to do much more than break down.

Thus from month to month you will read such suggestions as—that undertakers should meditate upon the interment of Christ, that parents should escape insecurity by having more children, that scientists should study theology, that workers should become scholars, that the rich should become poor and the poor holy. In other words we advise all citizens to embrace the folly of the Cross if for no other reason than that the cross is not half so foolish as the *Wall Street Journal*.

Our writers also urge that we become more methodical about this madness, that we organize our various Christian efforts into a union that is moral rather than mechanistic. The world we live in is organized and oriented to profit and power. The isolated efforts of individuals can do little more than relieve a local condition, whereas Christian personal responsibility (as advocated by the Catholic Worker) implemented by a moral organization (such as the Y. C. W.) can in time reform the institutions of society and re-orient it to Christ.

Where does INTEGRITY take it stand? I, personally, am more concerned about placing an emphasis than taking a stand. The symbol of our Faith is a sign of contradiction. The proper Christian position is one of crucifixion, nailed to two positions, one of which contradicts the other. INTEGRITY insists upon the primacy of the supernatural and the indispensability of sanctity. We place our emphasis there in an effort to counterbalance the message of those who feel that nice, decent people can change the world. We place an emphasis on voluntary poverty, because only those who are poor in fact and in spirit can display a magnanimity and generosity that will defy the conventions of a slot-machine social system. We look upon mass production and advertising as the law and the prophets of the prevailing order, and for that reason we damn them periodically, and try to restore in their place personal initiative and a loyalty to truth.

Although admitting that some of our modern institutions may retain their present structure and be reformed from within, we place stress on the need for new institutions and decentralization. Instead of sticking by his screw-machine for the next twenty-five years so that he can get the fellow beside him to go to Confession, we urge the worker to consider getting out of the factory to prepare the way for others to make their entrance into human Christian shops and deorganized communities. Some workers must remain in the lump, leavening it, while others should be establishing Christian yeast-cake factories, that is, houses of hospitality, retreat houses, decentralized communities, work shops, Christian mental hospitals, new schools, etc. Those who consider this escapism, and an ivory tower program ought to try it some time. They would be surprised how very earthy and carnal and realistic such enterprises must be.

Our writers then are apt to be distinguished more for raising a large family or raising merry hell in this institution or that, than for academic achievement or literary ability. They are all educated in the Maurin sense; that is, they can handle situations as well as subjects.

Editing INTEGRITY has been an educating process for its editors. We have been extraordinarily blessed in having seen the Holy Ghost made manifest in so many persons and so many places. It does us a world of good, and we hope the same benefits accrue to our readers.

ED WILLOCK.

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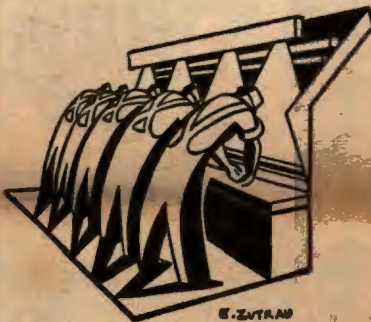
CITY

ZONE

STATE

have a source for an American ecclesiologist, should one happen along.

The first note is a very positive one, though we can perhaps best state what it is not. It is the rejection of a facile "rationalism," particularly that kind which is most fashionable in orthodox circles. This rejection is defined by a series of operations which can be related to the two topics of "faith" and "personality." In the first case Martin Carrabine has actively maintained the basic nutriment for supernatural faith in various centers of life in the city. Instead of striving for intellectual domination or a materialization of the sources of spontaneous activity he has striven and often succeeded in establishing personal or communal relationships which are themselves the full circle of faith, the testimony of God incarnate in human society and the fruit of this incarnation. He has quite often said "persons before projects." He hardly needed to add "persons before ideas." Granting that there is a problem of faith in our time, how better to render manifest the rightness and reality of faith than to show us it at work as the form or soul of personal relationships or common life. The principle is not as simple as "learning by doing." The principle is older, "ex nihilo nihil fit." Christian life alone is sufficient to beget its like. His operative answer to the problem of faith for already Christian youth is heavy labor, to encourage and cooperate with spontaneous common Christian life. The pudding having been eaten and eaten heartily, the reflective powers will



have that required for right reflection, will be tempted to affirm the void only against the witness of mouth and stomach and partners at table.

Moral precepts and ideological systems are not anything to do. However, there is a certain thinking and a certain saying which is like the song on a march or a hike. There is a certain blending of self with what is happening and what will happen. This song and this blending in the case of Martin Carrabine have deeply affected and Christianized numbers of Chicago youth—without the aid of classrooms and playing courts and enormous expenditures of disciplined personnel and wealth.

It seems odd to locate a man's activities as an answer to a question. But, if we do, we can solve some of his distinctive work by saying it answers to questions that have been specifically asked, not questions asked for the sake of asking, nor answers given simply because one likes the sound of the answers or feels that the questions to them should be asked. Curiously enough, the specific questions asked are so often so directly related to literal Christian revelation that it is shockingly simple to answer if one but hears the question. Martin Carrabine is the rarest of men, he listens.

A second note in this Jesuit's life is quite as positive. Again many negative descriptions of it come to mind, as a rejection of a boxed "humanism" or a boxed "clericalism." The alternative is not boxed, is not monistic, is not geometrical. He is not satisfied with an isolated self-improvement or self-perfection on his own part or on that of others. On the other hand he is not satisfied with near-sighted, unique pursuit of formally religious and ecclesiastical interests. His interests reach the

A Pacifist Saint

From Butler's LIVES OF THE SAINTS. First supplementary Volume by Donald Attwater published by Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London, 1949.

March 12.

ST. MAXIMILIAN, Martyr

A. D. 295

The passion of St. Maximilian is one of that small collection of precious documents that is an authentic, contemporary and unembroidered account of the trial and death of an early martyr. It runs as follows:

In the consulate of Tuscus and Anulinus, on March 12, at Theveste in Numidia, Favius Victor was brought before the court, together with Maximilian. The public prosecutor, Pompeian, opened the case, and said, "Favius Victor is here with Caesar's commissary, Valerian Quintian. I demand that Maximilian, son of Victor, a conscript suitable for service, be measured." The proconsul Dion asked the young man his name, and he answered, "What is the good of replying? I cannot enlist, for I am a Christian"; and added when the proconsul told the usher to take his height, "I cannot serve. I cannot do evil. I am a Christian." The proconsul repeated his order, and the usher reported that Maximilian measured five feet, ten inches. Then the proconsul said he was to be given the military badge, but Maximilian persisted, "Never!—I cannot be a soldier."

DION: You must serve or die.

MAXIMILIAN: I will never serve. You can cut off my head, but I will not be a soldier of this world, for I am a soldier of Christ.

DION: What has put these ideas into your head?

MAXIMILIAN: My conscience and He who has called me.

DION (to Favius Victor): Put your son right.

VICTOR: He knows what he believes, and he will not change.

DION (to Maximilian): Be a soldier and accept the emperor's badge.

MAXIMILIAN: Not at all. I carry the mark of Christ my God already.

DION: I shall send you to your Christ at once.

MAXIMILIAN: I ask nothing better. Do it quickly, for there is my glory.

DION (to the recruiting officer): Give him his badge.

MAXIMILIAN: I will not take the badge. If you insist, I will deface it. I am a Christian, and I am not allowed to wear that leaden seal round my neck. For I already carry the sacred sign of the Christ, the Son of the living God, whom you know not, the Christ who suffered for our salvation, whom God gave to die for our sins. It is He whom all we Christians serve, it is He whom we follow, for He is the Lord of life, the Author of our salvation.

DION: Join the service and accept the seal, or else you will perish miserably.

MAXIMILIAN: I shall not perish: my name is even now before God. I refuse to serve.

DION: You are a young man and the profession of arm befits your years. Be a soldier.

MAXIMILIAN: My army is the army of God, and I cannot fight for this world, I tell you, I am a Christian.

DION: There are Christian soldiers serving our rulers Diocletian and Maximian, Constantius and Galerius.

MAXIMILIAN: That is their business. I also am a Christian, and I cannot serve.

DION: But what harm do soldiers do?

MAXIMILIAN: You know well enough.

DION: If you will not do your service I shall condemn you to death for contempt of the army.

MAXIMILIAN: I shall not die. If I go from this earth my soul will live with Christ my Lord.

DION: Write his name down . . . Your impiety makes you refuse military service, and you shall be punished accordingly as a warning to others.

He then read the sentence: "Maximilian has refused the military oath through impiety. He is to be beheaded."

MAXIMILIAN: God liveth!

Maximilian's age was twenty-one years, three months and eighteen days. On his way to death he said to the assembled Christians, "Beloved brethren, make haste to attain the vision of God and to deserve a crown like mine with all your strength and with the deepest longing." He was radiant; and, turning to his father, he said, "That cloak you got ready for me when I was a soldier, give it to the licitor. The fruits of this good work will be multiplied an hundredfold. May I welcome you in Heaven and glorify God with you!"

Almost at once his head was struck off.

A matron named Pompeiana obtained Maximilian's body and had it carried in her litter to Carthage, where she buried it close to the holy Cyprian, not far from the palace.

Victor went home joyfully, thanking God for having allowed him to send such a gift to Heaven, whither he was not long in following his son. Amen.

poles of self-perfection and self-immolation of which D'Arcy speaks, and they are brought together in the recommended synthesis. His ends are plural as the beatitudes and the works of mercy are plural. It is not muddled-headedness which leads at the same time to strenuous efforts for negro equality, for strong unions, for the extension of the Jesuits, for a wider devotion to Mary. It is true that the establishment of the mentioned secular values or alliance with them may produce benefits for the Church. The prediction is probably true and Martin Carrabine is aware of its weight. But the connection is too secondary to explain his full dynamic of motivation. Here is a man who does see Christ in the negro and in the working man. I am sure he does.

I don't know how well he fulfills the directive writings of St. Ignatius and the commentators on them. I am quite sure he is quite like Ignatius himself. And if he has not been called before the canonical Inquisition as Ignatius was I am sure Chicago has a full

supply of non-canonical inquisitors who have their own ways of making difficulties. Undoubtedly he is also quite willing to go along with a certain type of ecclesiastical monkey business, sensing that if you don't have at least some ecclesiastical monkey business you don't have an "ecclesia" or not a very extensive one. What is easy to forget is that this middle position taken standing up allows progress on many fronts only with a not very metaphorical imitation of the sufferings of Christ.

We can consider the two notes, one involved with the establishment of Christian life and one with its plurality of ends, and ask the implication of these two. It is not a digression to wonder how a man operates at full speed who also listens and sees. He is deeply aware of the tragedy of the Spanish situation, of the fallings in the Catholic schools and in the secular schools, of so many hypocrisies and vagrancies in this our city. In view of so many things the urge to move on on any front can so easily wane. The axes can fall

(Continued on page 6)

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

The Drama of Harry Sylvester

A Golden Girl, Harry Sylvester, Harcourt Brace 255 pp. \$3.00.

At the first reading of *Golden Girl* this reviewer was tempted to dismiss it as a preposterously concocted farrago of sophomoric sexual attitudes and bull fighting that could better have been titled "A Yale Boy in Peru" with the emphasis on the word "Boy." On second reading however (a penance of no mean proportions) he emerged with the feeling of having witnessed an essentially tragic spectacle: that of a writer in the process of getting a literary hernia from struggling with the weight of his spiritual problem.

All creative writing (and the word is used advisedly in regard to Mr. Sylvester's latest effort) is a thinly disguised symbolical exposition of the writer's problems, physical, mental and spiritual. Through the medium of his talent the writer strains his private agonies into the mold of his chosen art form, short story, novel or belle lettres and the finished product is held valuable in relation to its ability to catch your eye and hold your attention. No matter how valid the problem it fails as a work of creativeness if in the exposition it fails to hold the interest of the reader. And in failing to meet this requirement Mr. Sylvester commits the one unforgivable sin for a writer: he bores you. He bores you on every page of the 255 pages in the book. Not since Theodore Dreiser, or the early Hergesheimer, or the James T. Farrell of Bernard Clare has there been a writer with a greater talent for making lively issues dull.

One has a strong hunch that were it not for the fact that Mr. Sylvester in *Golden Girl* is shadow boxing with his favorite literary adversary, the Catholic Church, the book would have had difficulty in being accepted for publication. But since it has been and since undoubtedly there will be secular reviews that will hail the private polemics contained in it as "sincere and powerfully sustained criticisms of the Church's reactionary attitudes on sexual and marital relationships" a serious treatment is called for.

The story line of *Golden Girl* is adequate, with a little chiseling and tauter treatment, for a short story or possibly a novella. Stretched to full novel length the mixture is too thin to simultaneously support both the interior philosophical speeches and interest in the action. The dramatic (sic) situations after having been laboriously contrived, are allowed to bog down in a welter of speeches that neither further the story line nor broaden the sketchy dimensions of the characters involved. The story itself is narrated by an ageing Yale boy named Albert Murdock, a mine operator who has lived in Peru a good many years and who is engaged in the timely occupation of smelting cadmium for use in atomic research. This, states Mr. Sylvester flatly, has given him a guilt complex. You'll just have to take that statement or leave it because you'll never find further substantiation for that shy brief confession of our hero, Mr. Murdock. Perhaps Mr. Sylvester felt no need to enlarge on what he thought was a generally accepted proposition in the western world today: that everyone connected with atomic research, no matter how peripheral, has a guilty conscience. Apart from that Mr. Murdock is a master of the simple declarative. He rarely questions why or how. It is stated flatly that he wonders, realizes, is aware of, is unaccountably angry, or unaccountably dismayed, or given to savage passing dislikes for this or that character but of motivation or exploration of feeling there is none. Mr.

Murdock is a limp fish in the hands of his creator.

Coming down from his mint, high in the picturesque Andes, as the seasonal rains approach, Mr. Murdock descends to Lima on the Peruvian Coast, bringing with him some of the seasonal fog. He meets an old friend, Conway, a hardware salesman. "Conway," says Mr. Murdock, "was haggard. By what I never knew. He drank excessively yet there was about him an open and anachronistic honesty." In the next couple of hundred pages you are given the full treatment of how he got that way.

Conway, it develops, is another ageing and thwarted stud, by Yale out of Georgetown, who can make respectable time in any conversational race away from reality. It is Conway who bears complainingly the burden of the author's opinions. In his cups, or out of them, he is given to statements like, "Conway," she said to me, "if I knew how to pray I'd pray for you. But people like you and your Church have poisoned the springs of prayer." He is also in the habit of confiding shyly to girls that he is a verse writer, a couple of appalling samples of which are presented by the author with a straight face.

Together they meet the *Golden Girl* of the title, or perhaps it should be the Cadmium Girl, since she explodes the remainder of the narrative into more pieces than Humpty Dumpty. This *Golden Girl*, one Terry Morley, is from the States with solid connections back home but somewhat on her uppers in Peru. She is a ravishing creature really, reminiscent of Iris March or Lady Brett in what she can do to men's hearts and she is projected by the author with all the penetrating depth of a Pepsi-Cola jingle. One of these heroines with a mouth that "in repose could have been a wound, contrived and shapely, bled almost white."

Albert gets quite worked up over her. In his simple declarative way he lets you know that though he has been for years bestowing his favors only around the "bordellos down in Callao" and has never made a "respectable" woman "happy," yet he finds that Terry is singularly favored. "Scarcely one woman in ten," he says, "responded so vividly and well to love making . . ." One wonders what he was using in the way of experience as a comparative yardstick. The Kinsey Report probably. One gets the uneasy feeling that if Albert ever did peek in the door of a "Bordello down in Callao" or anywhere else and an inmate turned and said boo to him he would drop in a dead faint in the entry.

Conway is also smitten. He is a boy that takes his sex life seriously, never having had any. "Have you ever wondered," he says "why so many of the unmarried Irish Catholic men go around together?" It's a question that bothers him because he returns to it elliptically, again and again, and finally spells out his sober conclusion: It's because they're more than half way to becoming fairies. Why? Equally obvious: They abide (so Mr. Sylvester says) by their Church's teachings on matters of sex. This is a state of affairs that Conway is pantingly anxious to change, at least personally, and his object is, you guessed it, The *Golden Girl*. He bores her, however. A fallen away Catholic, she can't stand all this talk about Virginity, Our Blessed Mother, Purity, and what they are doing to poor Conway's libido. Her's is the gayer, more carefree way of expressing her obsessional neuroses. "Despair is my master," she says, "or I his mistress." She actually talks like that at times, or at least on page 168.

Conway's frustration tolerance

is further tested by the intrusion of a bull fighter, sketchily and persistently referred to as "the greatest since Belmonte" who sends her tickets to his fights. An even greater master than Albert of the simple declarative in his own language, he addresses her in a note as "Gentle Lady" and sums up his feelings in a sentence that obviously strained his powers of expression. In its entirety it is: "I burn." There is also a poet who is a Second Secretary in our Legation down there because "writing and the Foreign Service traditionally go together" who provides brief competition. There is a double conflict presented because, it seems, the poet Secretary is involved with the wife of a German national, also a hardware salesman and this makes everyone, including the *Golden Girl* feel quite snide toward the Second Secretary. For a brief time. This side issue is summarily resolved by having the wife go back to the hardware salesman abruptly. A fallen away Catholic, she finally decides to accept the responsibilities implicit in her marital decision. Probably, Albert says, "the Catholic tendency toward immolation."

An Irish American monsignor is presented on the scene briefly, surely the most improbable monsignor this side of the Soviet



Politprop Bureau, who is interested in having Pizarro canonized. This monsignor, who speaks with a roguish brogue, is deeply and prudishly embarrassed upon finding out, while visiting the shrine of St. Rose of Lima, that an altar has been erected on the spot where once stood the bed that St. Rose was born in. Having made Mr. Sylvester's points, that the Church has fascist sympathies and is appallingly prudish even where sanctified sex is concerned, he vanishes from the scene.

There is also a good deal of wandering in and out of bars, restaurants and bullrings in a vain attempt to heighten atmosphere consciousness. The effort fails lamentably. Not all the huffing and puffing of Mr. Sylvester, the dragging in of stray tags of Spanish, the naming of Peruvian drinks, the use of Spanish syntax in conversation translated by Albert, the mention of the Apristas, the local political party—none of it manages to lift the story out of the locale of Canarsie. And pretty bad Canarsie at that. In the late 1930's James T. Farrell gave a now famous bit of advice to would-be writers of proletarian novels: "If you don't know what to do with your hero—kill him. It at least provides an absolute solution." Mr. Sylvester follows it to the letter.

Torn by his failure to conquer a comparative roundheel like the *Golden Girl*, "the greatest bull-fighter since Belmonte" drives his Rolls Royce over a cliff. Equally torn, Conway wanders into the line of fire between Peruvian troops and striking Indians and is also killed. Heartbroken by the providential removal of two such unmitigated bores the *Golden Girl* wanders off to the clammy embraces of an ancient satyr with a "dewlap of veiny flesh that all but obscured his collar and the knot of a mauve and lemon tie." We have it on the Second Secretaries' authority though that he (the satyr) has been offered "between one and two million dollars for

The Drama of Atheist Humanism

THE DRAMA OF ATHEIST HUMANISM by Henri du Lubac S.J. Sheed and Ward \$4.00

Father du Lubac approaches philosophical and historical problems with a fairness all too rare among Catholic authors. "To refuse a man the right to inform us of what he thinks," states du Lubac, "and to arrogate to oneself the right to understand him, not as he understands himself but 'as he ought to be understood' is a very subjective principle of exegesis." It is in this spirit of eirenicism that he has written this valuable and scholarly treatise.

I was particularly interested in his treatment of Auguste Comte—in seeing Comte's evaluation of Catholicism, his attraction to Catholicism as a cultural and political phenomena. And how, in effect, this coincides with the treatment of Catholicism by certain orthodox Catholic historians who reduce the Faith to a European cultural phenomena—which identifies the Faith with political regimes of an authoritarian character. And how this "political Catholicism" is psychologically akin to positivism and marxism and fascism. How it takes on a military character characteristic of Mohammedanism rather than of Christ.

Of this Father du Lubac comments, "If we wish to regain a strong Christianity, (that 'galvanic Christianity' as it has been aptly called) our first care should be to save it from deviating—as it now threatens to do—towards a 'power' Christianity." p. 72.

It is well to take this to heart in an age when there is a distinct danger that Catholics will set forth on another crusade to win people to Christ by murder.

Comte disapproved of the Christianity that was non-political—he

had no use for the primitive Church. He blamed the Christian emphasis on the worth of man as an individual—contending that it was at the bottom of anarchism.

Comte was right in this contention. For Christianity is really no more favorable to power governments than it is to slavery. Though Comte is more properly an agnostic than an atheist yet, in rejecting a theistic basis for ethics, and rejecting also all ideas of the rights of man, he laid his system open to the criticism of Antoine Bauman whom Father du Lubac quotes, (p. 156) "If one rules out the hypothesis of a God who is master of the world . . . I cannot see on what reality you can base the notion of a right enabling the individual, as an isolated monad, to set himself up in front of the other beings around him and to say to them: 'there is something intangible in me which I conjure you to respect because its principle is independent of you'."

Speaking generally of those who join the Marxists, Father du Lubac says "they are, in some cases, more Christian than those who oppose them . . . contemporary atheism is increasingly positive, organic, constructive . . . Marx's doctrine, never plain naturalism, always paid as much attention to man's spiritual life as to his material existence."

Besides Marx and Comte, Father du Lubac treats of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche and Dostoevsky. And it is in Dostoevsky that he sees more of a solution than in the others. "Actually Dostoevsky" he states "attacks neither science nor philosophy, he merely ridicules the man who has become their slave" p. 205. And of the character Kirillov he says, "in him extreme atheism joins hands with sainthood." p. 192. This is a book, of course, which all our readers can profit much by.

R. L.

his air line by a big company." This apparently more than makes up for his appalling taste in neckwear to Terry, who is nothing if not liberal.

In the final scene Albert and the Second Secretary are left to console each other. Albert has one of his characteristic hot flashes. "Maybe you can say why we're here? I mean, with the Callao bordellos a matter of minutes away . . ." The Second Secretary isn't having any. He'd rather talk instead. Albert's ire is aroused, probably at never having his bluff called. "I think you're a smug bastard," he says. The secretary concurs with the charge of illegitimacy but disclaims the smugness. "No longer—thanks to Terry. Even you, Albert—." And so they part.

That Mr. Sylvester means this ridiculous burlesque of "The Sun Also Rises" to be taken seriously there can be no doubt. It is appallingly obvious that his sympathies are involved with every one of the chief characters. It is likewise obvious that he holds the truth of three propositions to be self evident: A. The Church's attitude toward secular sexual mores is reactionary. B. Some happy medium should be found between "the hysterical preoccupation of the Catholic Church with virginity and the temple prostitutes of the Hindus." C. The Church's attitude on sex, if adhered to, inhibits artistic growth.

That theological primitives exist among the laity this reviewer does not doubt. He numbers among his friends a charming old reprobate of seventy who persists in believing in reincarnation, although he is a practicing Catholic, because "he had such fun here he's sure God wouldn't deprive him of the joy of doing it all over again," as well as some who believe that there is a particular department

in the Heavenly Civil Service whose sole function is to take care of their complaints here on earth. But even they admit, when pressed, that their attitude is wilful and laugh it off and carry whatever private doubts they may have to the confessional. Mr. Sylvester is the first theological primitive in this reviewer's experience who is not only straight faced in his primitivism but beligerent as well.

One is forced to the amused conclusion that what he really wants is the Church's sanction to sin. The Church is liberal; how liberal Mr. Sylvester forgets. In another age he would have paid with his tongue for his spoken conclusions. But not so liberal that it would compromise its essential beliefs to indulge anyone's libido, for any reasons whatsoever. In that league, as a Catholic, you either put up or shut up. You either sin and take the consequences or you don't and take the rewards, but you don't cry about your choice either way.

And about the inhibiting of the artistic impulse because of following the Church's teachings on sex and being able to write and not being able to write, Hemingway long ago had the last word: "You either can do it or you can't and alcohol won't help you do it and drugs won't help you do it and women won't help you do it and no one can help you do it but you. If you can do it the good feeling is all yours and no one else's and if you can't do it don't struggle with it, just shut up quietly and go home and go out and be a plumber or a bartender or a fisherman and be happy because it's no crime that some can and some can't. You can still be a man and that's no small job either." To which this reviewer adds a heartfelt Amen.

JOHN McKEON

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 1)

out of bed and dressed and stumbled out of doors we were greeted by King, John Filliger's dog, coming across the muddy yard from the barn. Trailing behind him, so close that their muzzles almost touched the dewclaws on his hindlegs, were the two female mongrel puppies that Barney, the caretaker of Blessed Martin farm, had boarded with us when he went to the city to the hospital. At six months it would be difficult to tell just what their bloodlines are. Parti-colored, built long and low, with shaggy coats and pointed muzzles, it is almost a certainty that a caln, a scottie or a roughcoated dachshund figured somewhere in their family tree in the not too distant past. Timid and shy with people they stumbled hastily behind King, using him as a bulwark as soon as they saw us, but King, waving his tail, began to bark and make short sorties in the direction of the open fields, looking back at us over his shoulder. The puppies, betrayed and left bereft by their protector, looked at him in astonishment but we understood very well. His passion for hunting is as great as our own and whistling up the puppies we started out behind him.

The day bid to be fair. Before the sun had lost its redness and risen above the alders by the duck pond it was apparent that it would be warm. There was a hushed stillness to the mist-drenched fields and sounds carried far: the muffled thunder of a stallion's hoofs on the wooden floor of a neighbor's barn, a dog's choked barking from a distant hill hung on the air. The puppies listened intently to these intrusive noises, ears cocked, and then galloped clumsily after King, following as close to him as they could, trying by true primal instinct to learn meaning by imitation, copying his motions as he ranged widely through the bramble patches and the brush beyond the cleared fields.

His course took us far afield in a wide semi-circle behind Maryfarm but our luck was poor and despite the fairness of the day he failed to start even a rabbit. After an hour or more we found ourselves on the land of a neighbor whose fields border ours and clambering over a stone fence we struggled up a steep rise and slumped gratefully to the ground in the lee formed by the walls of a ruined and abandoned farmhouse. It is a landmark in the district and though only the shell remains it remains intact. Built of fieldstone on a foundation of hewn-rock two hundred years and more ago, it belonged to one of the prevalent gentry of the time, descendant of the Dutch patroons whose land-grants from William of Orange read "Three leagues on each bank of the river named Hudson in a location of his own choosing, or if he choose not to have a divided property then six leagues on either the east or west bank." Kings were free with grants of land beyond the seas in those days. The gentleman chose his pleasure well, on an eminence overlooking the broken country rolling away to the Hudson. He, or his slaves and servants, cleared the land, fenced it with miles of loose shale, planted orchards and crops. Now nothing remains but the shell of the house standing naked to the wind and no one remembers his name in the district.

King lay at our feet quietly as we smoked a cigarette. A light fresh westerly wind dried the sweat on our forehead. The puppies wandered off into the ruined orchard below and the scene was drowsy with warmth and peace. At the foot of the hill below us a young apple tree had started, the shoot pushing sturdily upward. God orders things very well. A handful of years ago tiny worms, eating voraciously into the meat of an apple on a tree in the orchard beyond had withered it. The stem, weakened, had parted in some stray gust of wind and the apple had fallen to the ground. Small birds,

thrush, sparrows or partridge had pecked it open industriously as it rotted to eat the seeds. One they had missed and the wind had carried it to an open depression in the ground, had blown dust over it, rain had watered it and the seed had sprouted, dug tiny roots stubbornly into the rocky soil, had survived, and so the cycle would be repeated.

As we lay there a gleam of white on the ground beside us caught our eye. Reaching among the litter of acorn hulls and withered leaves that carpeted the hill we picked it up and identifying it at a glance were about to cast it away when an impulse made us examine it closer. It was merely a small'shell, discarded by its former owner in favor of a new dwelling. Bleached to the color of a pearl by sun and age it was so frail that the pressure of a thumbnail was sufficient to pierce it and yet the beauty it manifested was imperishable. A concentric circle on its outer, convex surface, more perfect in form than a jeweler's needle etching jade, gave mute testimony to the former owner's age. He had lived five years, a long time for a lowly snail, creeping about in the twilight for grubs, carrying his ponderous house on his back. And his shedding of it was also purposive: as it rotted it would enrich a tiny portion of soil. Why was it necessary that so lowly a thing be so beautiful? The prodigality of beauty in the Divine Plan that staggers the imagination, makes each separate snowflake a miracle of design, flutters light through blown dust to make sunsets epic poems of color, makes no blade of grass or solar system exactly alike, splatters beauty unending across the vision of man until in the end one is reduced to dumbness before it. Perhaps that is why, in the end, the contemplative elects silence.

We were turning it over and over in our fingers, musing, when the puppies gave tongue. We jumped to our feet, King ahead of us, and when we got to the bottom of the hill they were in full cry. King leaped the stone and barbed wire fence, made reckless by the note of hysteria in their yapping, and when we came up to them they were barking frantically and making short feints at the base of the fence that borders the orchard. King nosed around quickly and then woofed heavily. The puppies had discovered a badger's earth. Quite possibly they had seen him emerge, or submerge, which would account for their excitement.

King started to dig frantically, hurling pebbles backward with every scuffle of his powerful forequarters. We got down on our knees and scooped out the loose earth to deepen the trench and give him more room to work in. The puppies kyied excitedly, telling each other, and us no doubt, fabulous tales of the strange monster's appearance. But then again, if you are a six month's puppy and come face to face with your first badger it probably is a terrific thing. As bad as meeting a tyrannosaurus or a mastodon walking down a side street some dark and rainy night.

The badger had chosen his earth well. The entrance ran back under the fence to packed clay and shale and in twenty minutes we had several deep cuts on our hands, were plastered with clay and the pads of King's forepaws were bleeding. There was a mound of earth behind us and the trench was three feet long and two deep. We rested, panting. Looking down we could see the tips of the badger's forepaws emerge and then quickly withdraw. He was at bay but the problem was to draw him. The roof of his den was shale, impossible to dislodge unless one had a pickaxe. Prodding with a sharp stick was likewise impossible because the trench was too shallow. A lighted sulphur candle would do it or a dachshund. We looked at the puppies who were trembling at the rank, wild

animal odor and felt pity. King hurried himself forward again.

It is difficult for us to respect a mongrel though no harder to love him than any other dog, trained as we were in childhood by an uncle whom we adored and who despised mongrels, teaching us that a dog who was not a thoroughbred was worse than worthless, not even worthy of being destroyed. A lover of courage in all its forms, but above all the physical, his favorite animals (or people for that matter) were gamecocks and pit bull terriers, in whom courage is bred to an almost insane degree and who will give combat on sight to any of their species, regardless of size or odds, either killing or dying in the attempt to. The proudest moment of our childhood had been the time he had gifted us with a pit bull terrier puppy. But King, though a mongrel and another man's dog, had long since earned our respect. When his blood was up in a hunt he would close with anything, regardless of cost. He was ready now but surveying the situation we dragged him off reluctantly.

The badger could go no further. He was lying there quietly in the last few feet of burrow with ample room to move, gathering all his energies to a single simple purpose, knowing that he must die and resolved to fight to the bitter end. Drawing him in those narrow quarters King would be cruelly punished, perhaps blinded by those terrible forepaws before he could accomplish the feat.

We left the badger in peace and walked slowly back over the fields to the house, tired out. King walked open mouthed, his tongue lolling and favoring his bleeding forepaws, and the two little female



puppies trotted at his side, looking up at him adoringly, wet eyed in panting admiration; proving that it is not a man's accomplishment that women render homage to so much as the fact that he gives himself to it without stinting.

Crossing the yard to the house we saw Father Foley, our chaplain, coming from the kitchen, his white hair gleaming like a helmet in the early morning sun. Unthinking, we cut across his path, eager to tell of the hunt, when something in his manner gave us pause and we shoved our cut hands into the pockets of our corduroys. He nodded gravely at us as he came abreast. "Been out hunting?" he asked mildly. We were suddenly aware of the role we stood before him in: "shameless criminals" in Augustine's phrase, having missed not only daily Mass but breakfast as well in favor of a badger hunt. "No luck I suppose?" he said. We shook our heads dumbly and he passed on to enter the remodeled chicken house that is his living quarters. We breathed more easily when the door closed on him. There are so few things one can say to a priest on an occasion like that.

When we entered the long tunnel-like kitchen at the rear of the house for our coffee Albert Cripps, the new junior of our community since Johnny Olsen left, was holding forth. Those of us in the CW with left-wing political backgrounds are sorely tried by Albert, haunted as we are by the old reflex that makes us see a fascist under every bed and deviationist tendencies and obstructionist tactics in every newcomer who is only

A Personalist Priest

(Continued from page 4)

and there are so many and prediction is difficult and operation presupposes confidence. If there is the most persistent operation, and there is in this case, and there is also a keen awareness of the weaknesses of men and institutions, then we do well to consider what may be the working object of confidence and trust.

The particulars of Martin Carabine in these last fifteen years provide some background for the remarks above. In Chicago there is a union or assembly of representatives of all the school sodalities in the city. The organization has at least weekly meetings and a permanent office which is in a constant series of activities. Our man is the director. There are probably some important organizational defects and potentialities not realized. Such a situation is not rare in student circles. He rides the cars every day to and from old St. Ignatius High School on the near west side. To the directorship add numerous trips every year for the giving of retreats, handling of sodality affairs,

talking up a breeze while trying to get his bearings in strange surroundings. Albert loves discipline, order, unity, duty, the exact person in the exact place at the exact time—a life of action based on logic as pure as that of astral physics, wherein the factors of human impulse and free emotional reaction in a given equation stand at zero: a hypothetical periphery enclosing a vacuum. Albert reminds us with sharp discomfort of ourselves at a not so distant period.

Most of the men on the farm were standing around the kitchen having coffee, listening to him: John Filliger, Joe Cotter, Billy McDonough, John Murray and Hans the alternate cooks and Reggie McCormack, all of them either ex-soldiers or seamen, the "involuntary celibates," all senior to his nineteen years and to whom practically everything in the way of natural order disaster has happened at one time or another. "There is no reason for a man to be a failure in life," Albert was saying, standing there in the center of the kitchen, coffee cup in hand, tall, smiling and assured, his brown curly hair falling over his forehead. "I do not intend to be a failure." The men keep silent, looking at him in hardbitten amusement, savoring the words "I do not intend." John Filliger says dryly, "That's right Albert, You stick with it." Albert smiles uncertainly and finishing his coffee goes out to the woodpile. He is no sooner out the door than Hans Tunnleson, "The Skipper," slams his coffee cup on the table in fury and starts striding up and down an invisible feline head, five steps forward, turn, five steps back, turn. Joe Cotter, our bunkmate, winks at us and nods toward Hans. "Condition red," he says. "Battle stations on the double."

Hans is a small, withered husk of a man, the perfect prototype of the old salt who has been everywhere, done everything, seen everything and had everything happen to him. The Chief Petty Officer whom young seamen refer to in exasperated despair as a "metal man"—behind his back. Someone with silver in his hair, gold in his teeth and lead in his pants, though there is little or none of it in his. He is one of the last of the "Iron men" who made the passage 'round the Horn in sail in the old days when watches were four hours on and four off around the clock, one hundred and eighty-three sea days from New York to Shanghai, driving all the way. The days when you fell out of your bunk in a blow to the tune of "All hands and the cook aloft to trim sail!"

He surveys us all in fury and raises his eyes aloft, praying perhaps for patience. "I not know how dot kit koot be so stupid!" he says. "How dey koot make dem so

cooperating with the projects of others. He was the man behind the magazine Today, leaving full autonomy to its lay editors though sharing in financial worries and criticism. Most important, add to this a steady flow of visitors to the office for personal advice or confession. Not the only priest in the city but an indispensable one.

He has recently been transferred from this Chicago Inter-Student Catholic Action to do the general sodality supervisory work for the midwest area. Happily part of his time will be spent in an office in Chicago.

We have tried to describe a man to contemporaries who should have the privilege to know him. We spoke of his embodying the elements of Catholicism. In trying to carry the description into detail the notes fell most naturally into a division of three. It is not paradoxical that simple truths should be permanently manifest and arise from time to time in particular clarity. The three notes are curiously like faith, charity, and hope. The elements essential to Catholicism are curiously like these three.

stupid in dis country." John Filliger laughs. "He's only nineteen." Hans ranges him up and down in bitter contempt. "Nineteen? Ven I vas nineteen I been at sea five year already. Collitch! Dot's all kits in dis country tink of. Collitch! Edjucate dem out of brains dey haven't got."

We forbore breaking in, remembering the time when we had been foolish enough to observe to the skipper that a degree might have its uses and he had rounded on us and said "Andser me dis: If everybody has a PhD who iss gonna clean d' toilets in d' supway?" There were footsteps on the back stairs and Jane O'Donnell entered the kitchen in an apron, her hair bound in a cloth and deep in her spring cleaning. She pauses to survey the lot of us in disapproval, standing around doing nothing but drinking coffee. Nothing so terrifies a man as the sight of a woman with her hair bound up and her arms full of dust mops and brooms and the group dissolves instantly to tasks far afield before she can ask our assistance to lug this or lug that.

The winds of change are on us in the CW, blowing many of us far afield for a time. Jane O'Donnell to Detroit, Irene Naughton to Nova Scotia, Helen Butterfield to Cleveland, Ohio, and ourselves to Albuquerque, N. M., shortly. Maryfarm Newburgh is to be no more, shifting, God willing, to Staten Island. We are to be dispossessed from Mott St. shortly and forced to find living quarters for fifty or more house people, men and women, and a line of five hundred, a superhuman search on a crowded island like Manhattan where a line of men on the street, shaping up for a bowl of soup, is permitted only in the immediate vicinity of the Bowery.

The CW this winter has been like a good ship where the crew know each other's strengths and weaknesses and bear with them and there is a very human desire in all of us to ease up, prolong associations, take a breathing spell. The winter was long, the problems hard, the going rough, the debts many, relief a long way off. But the logic of our predicament is inexorable and change imperative. Life is movement, movement change. The quality of the lay apostolate is that of seeds, the purpose of seeds is to be scattered far afield that they may quicken in alien ground. One doesn't join the apostolate for a safe existence but to be utilized for a purpose that transcends one's own wishes. And weary or not the time is on us when we must spend ourselves without stint, that the CW may survive and go forward and prove itself worthy of all our friends' prayers and material support.

JOHN McKEON.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)
of time. The undisciplined and weak would soon give up the idea. "I firmly believe that by this means one can convince the world of the sincerity of one's view.

"Fasting for light and penance is a hoary institution. It can be observed commonly in Christianity and Islamism while Hinduism is replete with instances of fasting for purification. But it is a privilege if it is also a duty. In my own case I have assumed this right for the present occasion.

"In my opinion fasting for purification of self and others is an age-long institution and it will subsist so long as man believes in God. It is the prayer to the Almighty from an anguished heart."

Bayard Rustin, Leader

About forty people engaged in the fast, led by Bayard Rustin, Negro secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Ammon Hennacy drove from Phoenix, Arizona with two Hopi Indians who wished to visit the Indian Commissioner and with Joe Craigmyle who had just recently been released from jail for non-registration. Ammon came to Mass with me each day, at the Sacred Heart Church which was far enough from the house to mean riding on the street car and then walking three blocks besides. Joe came on one occasion and another time a young mother from Tracy, California who had left her children with friends to accompany an old Negro woman. They rode five days and nights on a bus to arrive on time to begin the fast on Sunday. The fast had started at midnight Saturday. On another morning, the young editor of the Peacemaker from Yellow Springs, Ohio accompanied us.

Mary Houston and Mabel Knight gave me staunch support, coming to visit me and helping me on Palm Sunday to give out my leaflets, visiting me evenings. I had my last meal with them at St. Peter Claver Center in Washington, and when I left, Mabel took me to the train. I was forced to break my fast on the fourth day to return to New York due to the serious illness of Charlie O'Rourke who was taken to Bellevue after a heart attack. He was on the critical list for several weeks but is better now. I resumed the fast Good Friday and Irene Naughton kept me company for that day. Dave Mason continued with the fast in Washington.

Physically the fast was difficult only the first two days when I suffered dizziness and nausea and a peculiar nervousness that was most distracting. Psychologically the suffering is the keenest. Not to have that communion three times a day, when you sit down with your fellows and break bread with them makes you feel withdrawn from the land of the living. You feel a sense of death, a dying to this world which is most literal. I do believe a woman feels this most keenly because she is the nourisher—it is her function to feed the baby, the child, to prepare meals for the family.

Never before, however, have I felt such joy and strength from Holy Communion. If we feel such a dying when food is withdrawn from the body, how great is that suffering, of which we are so unconscious, of the soul at not being nourished. And I do not mean by Holy Communion alone, because by the nature of man's and woman's work, it is often impossible for them to receive every day. I am a firm believer in evening Mass for the workers. But the nourishment which comes from spiritual Communion, from the receiving of the Word through the Scriptures, from spiritual reading! We can have that, if we will, wherever we are, wherever we are placed in life.

"Too Much Sorrow"

Last night at the supper table one of the girls in the House of Hospitality broke down in the middle of the meal and suddenly

cried out, "Too much sorrow, there is too much sorrow. I am tired of it." She began to cry, with her face all twisted up like a child's the tears running down her cheeks.

And it had indeed been a week end of sorrows. First one of the men in the house who had come to us off and on between jobs, who had made a retreat with us up on the farm at Newburgh, broke down mentally and begged to be sent to the hospital. Then we woke yesterday morning to the news that old Bill Duffy had died sometime in the night. He was found lying fully clothed by the side of the bed, on the top floor of the rear house. He had been with us for ten or twelve years and helped us by keeping the hot water boiler going and sweeping out the yard and halls and emptying the ash and garbage cans. He lived and died in poverty, and I could only thank God that he died with us and not in some doorway on the Bowery. The Franciscan priest from Precious Blood Church came hastening through the streets wrapped in his brown cape, and old Bill received Extreme Unction and conditional absolution. We knelt around the body later and said the Rosary and some of the boys sat with him reading the office of the dead while they waited for the body to be taken away. We will have a requiem Mass this week and we will have to make our arrangements for the funeral today.

The girl who cried was thinking of her own sorrows, not old Bill's because he had lived a long life, he was over seventy, and we know that God in His mercy and love for all His little ones holds him. "He will overshadow thee with his shoulders and under his wings thou shalt trust." Many a time with us deaths and funerals are happy occasions, not sorrowful. A door is opening into refreshment, light and peace, after long grinding years of poverty and pain. And I say this not with any lack of appreciation of life which is beautiful to us all and to which we cling, knowing no other. But we speak in faith.

APPEAL

Dear Friends,

I have received an urgent request from one Fr. Yanko Weinigerl of Lukovdol, Yugoslavia, where he asks a favor for him and the people of two parishes for rosary beads, incense and a silk, if possible used, antependium. Please put a notice to this effect in the Catholic Worker, those having usable rosary beads, medals, crosses, etc., send them to me and I will forward them to the good priest for his people. Perhaps some priest or religious has incense or a antependium he could donate. I know God will bless this generosity a hundred fold, also you for placing a notice to the above-mentioned in the Catholic Worker. Thank you in His name, Father's name and mine.

In spiritual rebirth,
WILLIAM KURETICH
157 Raessler St.
Boonton, N. J.



E. ZUTRAU

Homeless Puerto Ricans

(Continued from page 1)

cellars. The family with seven children is on relief.

"I don't know why the newspapers say my husband brought these people from Puerto Rico," Mrs. Suarez told me. "We have ten children of our own. How could we bring so many people here?"

She is a plump, motherly little woman, her calm, dark olive face unlined and set off by a thick braid of black hair wound high at the back of her head. Married at seventeen, and she has borne fifteen children. She and her husband are both Puerto Ricans; they have been in this country many years.

Now they must pay a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. For, I said, the act of a Samaritan. Well, what else could you call it? Suppose the Samaritan our Lord told us about had found twenty-three persons lying beside the road. Could he have taken them all to an inn and made himself responsible for their keep? Not unless he was a wealthy man, and not then, even, if there were no inns with accommodations for so many persons. So if all he had was a cellar, and he took them into it and sheltered them, I think Christ would still have called him the Good Samaritan.

The Law Speaks

So the mighty City of New York hales Salvador (Saviour!) into court and Magistrate Eugene R. Canudo says that these four squalid coal-bin apartments are absolutely the worst he has ever seen. This is not the first time the law has descended on Suarez. He has received, before this, one suspended sentence, one \$25.00 and two \$50.00 fines. Now, he must pay \$250.00, or spend thirty days in jail, and another thirty-day sentence hangs over his head. He must get the people out of his cellar by June 26, or else.

Well, Magistrate Eugene R. Canudo, an Assistant Corporation Counsel Bernice Rogers, and all you building inspectors, do you think Salvador Suarez wants to go on paying fines and serving jail sentences? Don't you think he would be happy to see those twenty-three persons move out of his cellar into decent homes? What do you think he should do? Put them out in the street? If he did that, the city would have to do something about it. But what has the city to offer? The Municipal Lodging House! That overcrowded travesty on charity! There is a family living over my head who were there, and another on the second floor of this tenement. What do they say about it? "All you think about while you're there is how to get away from it!" After the Muni, a three-room cold-water flat, five flights up, looks like heaven to them. A family can cling together in the poorest hovel, even though it be a cellar, but the city separates them when it undertakes to shelter the poor. Women and

children must go to one shelter, men to another. "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder—" oh, we must forget that when we become objects of charity!

As most of our readers probably know by this time, we ourselves are about to join the ranks of the evicted and the dispossessed, and we have been searching frantically this past month for a new home for the Catholic Worker on this inhumanly overcrowded island. Our search has led us into most of the poorest nooks and corners in downtown Manhattan, and we can say with certainty that virtually every inhabitable or semi-inhabitable building is occupied. The tenements and other structures that are empty prove to be in such a state of disrepair that it would cost many thousands of dollars to restore them. The sad fact is that, with few exceptions, no one is reconditioning them. We did find, in the course of our search, one building which bears an important relation to this story. It is owned by the Department of Hospitals, and served as a dispensary for many years, until about eight months ago. It is a large building, fifty by 120 feet, two stories in front, one story in the center and two stories in the rear, located on Spring Street near Mott only a few blocks from our House of Hospitality. We inquired about the possibility of renting it, only to learn that it could not be rented; the City Hospitals charter forbids the department to rent its buildings. Anyone who wants the building must buy it. The price: \$60,000. Sixty thousand dollars! So it stands idle, occupied only by one man, a caretaker, while the city waits for someone who wants it badly enough to pay that price, and twenty-three persons live in a cellar under the Holy Ghost Pentecostal Church at 331 East 100th Street.

A Recent Development

The cellar on East 100th Street represents, of course, only a tiny corner of the frightful problem of the homeless family which confronts the whole nation, and many other nations as well. This is a problem which has assumed major proportions only in recent years. Before the first World War, homes of some kind were available for virtually every family in this country. Many of the homes were nothing to brag about, but a poor family could usually find a place to live at a rental which was within its means. The working man expected to pay, as a general rule, one week's pay or less for one month's rent. My own family moved about a great deal when I was a boy, and I can remember big, comfortable houses in and around Philadelphia that cost as low as \$8.00 a month. Houses with enough ground for a garden and chickens, some of them were. Later on, during the war, when I was "on my own," and traveled from coast to coast several times, I met many homeless men, but not homeless families, with the exception of gypsies and some families on the Pacific Coast which followed the fruit harvests up and down the coast, but even these latter families usually had some place where they could rent a house during the off season. Now you can see homeless families everywhere—in bus stations, in relief offices, in jaloopies on the highways, on the sidewalk in front of the homes from which they have been evicted.

An Important Question

Who are the homeless, and why are they in that condition? Senator Ralph Flanders, of Vermont, asked these questions recently. "When we were discussing the housing bill in the first session and the second session of the Eightieth Congress," he said, "as perhaps you know, I supported public housing, but all of the time the thing which fundamentally worried me was: Why are there so many people with such low incomes that they cannot afford to pay economic

rent? It seemed to me that we ought to know more about who they are, and how many there are, and what is the cause for these unsocially low incomes of people who cannot pay their way."

Senator Flanders' highly pertinent question was quoted by the American Journal of Public Health (March, 1950), in an editorial which went on to say: "We all realize the fact that a substantial proportion of our population (whether it be one-third of the nation or more or less) does not earn enough to provide the basic necessities of healthful living. . . Too rarely, however, have we asked ourselves the question put by Senator Flanders in the passage quoted above. Is not this, however, a very vital question for all of us who are interested in public health and national well-being? No one today knows the answer."

The Dispossessed

Part of the answer is that homes are not being built which the poor can afford to rent, especially the poor with large or medium-sized families. The fact is that the places which were available to them have been demolished, to make way for housing projects, and the slum dwellers who are dispossessed for this purpose are not the families who get the new accommodations. Charles Abrams, a New York attorney writing on "Human Rights in Slum Clearance" in Survey (January, 1950), says: "The condemnation power forces people out of their homes. Leases are broken. Churches, settlement houses and restaurants are rooted up. All this in the name of 'slum clearance.' . . . When the new buildings are ready for occupancy, few of the displaced families move back. Most of them are ineligible. Associations have been disrupted. Some of these displaced families have spent their savings setting up elsewhere and cannot afford the move back. It may be contended that they are eligible for public housing projects, but it is a record event when as many as a fifth of the displaced people ever get into the projects. In the long run, people are forced out of the old slums into worse slums. The theory that you clear slums by tearing them down is a myth. If it were true, an earthquake would be the best form of slum clearance."

"The hardship from overcrowding is particularly acute for non-whites. Overcrowding for such families is four times as severe already as for whites. When evicted they are barred from the new areas built with public aid. With demolition of the older areas now to be undertaken at an accelerated rate, conditions are today near crisis proportions. . . Chicago turned down an ordinance barring racial discrimination; other cities are evading the question. Only San Francisco and New York City have adopted the more liberal view, while Pennsylvania is the only State with a statewide nondiscrimination policy."

"Housing Is Homes"

Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch, writing on "Housing Is Homes" in The American City (February, 1950), says that if we are making the attempt to gain a higher level of civil rights, "we may well look forward also to the rights of people in their home life. Demolition, rehousing, the building of new neighborhoods, should not be the prerogative of any one group at the expense of another group. This is a matter of integration which demands creative thinking rather than a roughshod battle between private and public forces."

Yes, we agree with Mrs. Simkhovitch when she says that while housing is one of those words that lead one into the strangest and widest array of topics, "housing is pre-eminently homes." Homes are what must be provided, and without delay. The place to make a start is with those twenty-three persons living in the cellar on East 100th Street, and the many others like them.

Religion is Politics: Politics is Brotherhood: Brotherhood is Poverty

By ERIC GILL

The best and most perfect way is the way of love. This applies not only to life but also to teaching. The best and most perfect way to inculcate, for example, the virtue of honesty is to show that love implies it. It is probable that no other method can ever be successful: for though we are rational beings, inasmuch as we are persons—have free will, are intellectual in nature and are masters of our actions (at least in part)—and a miss is as good as a mile, and if I say THANK YOU even once, I am forever removed from the world of stocks and bonds, yet we use our reasons so rarely and fitfully and with so rash a carelessness—without training or discipline; we follow our prejudices and predilections with such confidence and impudence that any appeal based upon rational argument is unlikely to be successful.

Moreover the lovely has a wider reference than the reasonable; what we love we do not merely desire—it is something that, whether consciously or not, we recognize to be right as well as good, not only desirable but also as it ought to be; and the fact that this recognition is arrived at by that leap of the intelligence which we call intuition, and not by discursive reasoning and the painful process of thinking it out, step by step by logical argument, seems to show that reasoning is both unnecessary and absurd—an affair of dons and intellectual prigs.

In spite of all this and because, to-day, we live in a world professedly rational and ruled by reason and calculation, by the scientific method of observation and measurement (though this is a great illusion, for few people are more unscientific than scientists when they are away from their instruments, few more irrational than men of business, either in or out of their counting houses, and few more foolish or sentimental than engineers when they sit at home in the evenings), in spite of all this it may be useful to show how profoundly stupid are the notions of those who seek riches and that the acceptance and honor of poverty is plain common sense.

We Christians believe in God; we call him Father, to designate the fact that we love him as a person. To know the will of our father is obviously the first object of intelligent children, who have attained to the use of reason. There is nothing arbitrary about this—it is stupid to do anything else, it is stupid to act contrary to our father's will or even in ignorance of it. And if this is the basis of domestic life it is also and equally the basis of social life and therefore of human politics. Perpetual warfare and the resulting disorder and misery cannot be God's will for men. To discover his will and to act upon it must be the first rule in all human affairs. Therefore it is that we may say: religion is politics. For without religion, a knowledge of God's will, an answer to the countryman's question "What's it all for" there can be no real politics but only the shifting sands of irrational selfishness and violence. Is not this common sense? For obviously it is not in accord with our nature to desire disorder, pain, disease, ugliness and insecurity; and how can we achieve peace, "the tranquility of order," how to achieve loveliness, unless we know the will of our Father who is in heaven, the author and sustainer and ruler? What will can be effective against His? What can be more sensible than to love the Author of all that is loveable and of all that we love, and to do His will?

And as religion is politics, so politics is brotherhood. For the only possible, first principle of political action must be the brotherhood of men. The brotherhood of men is directly implied by the Fatherhood of God. To enable men to live in harmony together, to establish peace among men of good will, to maintain justice and to protect the humble from the depredations of the brutally selfish and acquisitive, the thieves and the gluttons; these are the business of politics. Attempt to maintain the opposite. It is absurd! Who could seriously affirm that the object of human politics was to enable thieves and robbers to carry on undisturbed? That may seem to be the chief business of national government to-day; but no politician would admit it. We are all the children of one Father, and if children, brothers. All wars are civil wars. The doctrine of sovereign states is a superstition. The doctrine of higher and lower races is based simply on the determination of the powerful to over-awe the simple. For the simple races are not without courage; they are only lacking machines. And the powerful races are not enlightened, they are only clever—with the cleverness of ants and wasps and spiders. Politics is brotherhood—how to contrive the hierarchy of man. How to arrange our affairs so that the better shall not be at the mercy of the worse. How to ensure that the merely cunning and grasping shall not reduce their brothers to slavery. How to reduce the man of money to his proper subordination.

Politics is brotherhood—and brotherhood is poverty. That is the secret, revealed two thousand years ago and, in spite of countless

saints and prophets, hardly yet known to men . . . Brotherhood is poverty. Imagine the opposite! Let us say that in order to achieve the brotherhood of men we will bend all our energies to the job of getting rich. We will worship those who have much and despise the poor. We will so order our parliaments that rich men can control law-making and poor men have nothing but votes. We will so contrive our law-courts that only the rich shall be able to afford the charges of those who plead. We will so arrange the business of production and transport that those who lend or invest capital shall be able to reduce those who work to "a subhuman condition of intellectual irresponsibility," thus causing them perpetual shame and discontent, and so sowing the seeds of hatred and violence. And having done all these things we will then attempt appeasement by means of a large police force and greater armaments. Such politics may enable a few to acquire riches, but it will certainly never achieve human brotherhood.

If there is one thing more than another which stands out in the Gospels, it is our Lord's doctrine of poverty. To go without, to give up, to lose rather than to gain—to have little rather than much—that is His positive teaching. Blessed are the poor in spirit, the humble, the common man, the common workman, the simple women—mothers of children "How hard is it for a rich man to enter heaven!" But in spite of all this and in spite of the obvious failure of the politics of those who seek riches, we still refuse to believe. We still think our Lord's teaching is only a counsel of perfection; that it doesn't apply to us—to ordinary men and women; that it only applies to those called to heroic virtue. We still do not see that it is plain human wisdom as well as divine revelation.

All our politics are based on a denial of the Gospels. Our capitalist society is founded solely upon the notion that those who have money have the duty to get more, and that those who have none must be enslaved, or exploited, or "employed"—until machines make their existence unnecessary. The Fascist societies want to create empires and become as rich and great as the others. The Communist societies want to make the rich poor in order that the poor may become rich. But the Church of God wants to make the rich poor and the poor holy.

This is the circle of human politics: When we have accepted poverty there will be peace among men. Only when we make peace shall we become the children of God. Only when we love God shall we love our fellow men. Only when we love our fellow men shall we have peace. When we have peace we shall have poverty, and when we have poverty we shall have the Kingdom of Heaven.

(Reprinted from The Plough)

Letters to the Editor

Wm. Gauchat complains in *The Catholic Worker* (March, 1950) about the exploitation of which American citizens (The Puerto Ricans) are victims at the hands of 1st class Americans, The Gloucester County Board of Agriculture, Inc. The picture is dark enough and it is realistic too. Not only as a Christian, but also as an American who fights for decency in his Country, the author of the article has done his duty.

Now there is a small detail that puzzles many Christians living in America but having left their relatives behind in countries that are supposed to be under Catholic social regimes, Corporate States, praised by American sociologists for having put in practice the "social principles of the Social Encyclicals." (We know that it is not in *The Catholic Worker* that we read such enthusiastic praises). Not long ago we saw *The Denver Register* boasting that they, with *The Brooklyn Tablet*, rivalled the *Hearst Press* in the courage of upholding Franco! A little after, the Managing Editor of *The Tablet* happened to go to Spain and Portugal on his way to Rome as a pilgrim and he found there the amount of wages laborers are to be contented with, in spite of their first class citizenship in the Motherland.

Let us compare, if you please.

Your poor Puerto Rican is paid 60 cents an hour, taking off 5 cents, discounted for the labor agency hereinafter called Association, say 55 cents an hour, or \$4.40 a day. (I do not mention the ten dollars a week he has to pay for his scanty food, for the Corporate State laborers pay too for their scanty food out of the salaries *The Tablet* is going to describe).

"Four or five dollars a week is the salary of many in Spain and Portugal" . . . (In a week those white laborers earn as much as the Puerto Ricans do in a day!)

"A laborer, *The Tablet* continues, who works a ten hour day (italics only are mine) gets as little as 70 cents for the "entire day."

The writer goes on showing us that the white collar worker is not treated better, in proportion. But as it is only the collarless worker from Puerto Rico that I have come to comfort, if comfort there is in knowing of even worse

treated brothers, I may be allowed to stop here.

Another edifying explanation (edifying, I mean, for the bolsters of "Encyclical" dictators); you feel indignant and rightly so, about the miserable relief pittance the N. J. Administration extends to migratory Labor at the end of 5 months engagement: \$24.50 a month. The farm hands of the blessed Peninsula, when they cease digging do not receive a penny relief from any Administration.

I abstain from carrying the comparison further and from bringing in second class citizens of the "Christian" dictatorships: the Negro workers of the Colonies, in favor of whom (to save them from laziness) the paternalistic dictators have re-established forced labor which the Portuguese Republic had abolished as disguised slavery. You have seen yourself the book written by a Colonial Governor who defended himself from sending more laborers to the San Tome Island planters, since these were paying imported laborers one dollar a month, while remaining in their native Country (Angola), working for European Enterprisers, they received only a little less than 2 monthly dollars! (Morna, Government of Angola).

Devotedly yours,

M. L.

I could imagine how surprised you will be to hear from me, under the circumstances, because as you know we are only allowed to write to our very close relatives, unless by request are otherwise permitted by the warden for special reasons. My special reason, dear Ammon, is to thank you and Dorothy Day for all your thoughtfulness in sending me all the reading matter. Words could not express my deep gratitude. Wherever a person could be there is always an opportunity to see the work of God manifested through the faithful servants. I am getting along fairly well, considering circumstances. The rest of the sisters too are fine, though lonesome for our dear ones as could be imagined. The sacrifice for any cause does not lessen the tender instincts of feelings of a motherly heart, but through faith one could only receive consolation and peace and patience to overcome all.

Just received the Catholic Work-

er and read the article, Brothers in Peace. So encouraging to hear of such people. Would like to know more about the Molokans.

(The writer of this letter is a Doukhobor and the Molokans she refers to are another Russian sect of pacifists, who have lived in this country for the last fifty years. The Doukhobors came over to Canada in the time of Tolstoi after bitter persecution in Russia.)

After reading the article by Robert Ludlow, in No. 8, I was surprised how close the question of a just war is coming to a head. It is quite obvious that the time is coming when the churchmen will have to say, yes, we justify all wars, otherwise they will be contradicting themselves.

We hear about strikes and struggles for higher wages, etc. For instance people will achieve what they demand which is material welfare, but will this solve the problem? Can there be peace on earth when the teachings of Christ are out of the question. Without God no equality on earth will be a success. Thus the prediction of catastrophe. No wonder He wept when He watched Jerusalem. I admire greatly the beliefs of the Hopi Indians. How true are the example of people as grasshoppers in pursuit of the dollar. This refers to our people too. All these drastic measures could have been avoided of which you no doubt hear, and of course the results of us being in here being one of them. All this is on account of the spiritual relaxation of the majority. In other words, drastic ailments of the spiritual sense,

Now I will let you know how we occupy our time. We do our own cooking, washing, etc. Some go to work in the sewing room; when quiet read or memorize hymns or psalms, or sing, knit, or do even some fancy work to break the monotony. I still find it hard to sit up at night, it is not necessary but the news from C.B.C. comes on at ten o'clock, and in order not to miss them I force myself to keep awake, but do not always succeed.

But I wake up very easily, usually about three or four a.m. and then is the only time when I feel free even if locked up till seven. I read some but find myself thinking more. Do you think God will grant us the pleasure of meeting? Oh, there is so much to share, so many things to discuss. I wanted to write so many things but have not even started, it seems. Have you any books on meditating? Or Ghandi's writings? Your article concerning taxes was wonderful. Again I will thank you workers of the vineyard. Will close with love as ever and always.

Helen Demoskoff

P. O. Box 22—
Kingston, Ontario

(Perhaps some of our readers will send meditation books, and the writings of Ghandi as she asks. Ed. note.)

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