

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Poverty Is to Care And Not to Care

By DOROTHY DAY

Last May I wrote an article on Poverty and Precarity, using the latter word of Fr. Crenier who spoke of the need of religious orders to embrace precarity. That article was translated and reprinted in Giordani's *La Via* in Italy. We could write for the next twenty years, as we have been writing for the past twenty, of poverty and its joys and sorrows, and still not clarify all that is meant by it. St. Francis was the little poor man and none was more joyful than he. But he began with fear and trembling, with tears, hiding out in a cave from his irate father, expropriating some of his goods (which he considered his inheritance) in order to repair a church and rectory where he meant to live. It was only later, that he came to love Lady Poverty. He took it little by little; it seemed to grow on him. Perhaps kissing the leper was one great step that freed him from attachment to worldly goods, to his fastidiousness, or fear of disease.

Sometimes it takes but one step. We would like to think so. And yet the older I get the more I see that life is made up of many steps, and they are very small affairs, not giant strides. They may loom large in our consciousness, they may look big, but they are but boulders on the way that we have overcome. I suddenly remembered last month that I had kissed a leper, not once but twice, consciously, and I cannot say I am much the better for it. My progress has been no swifter. Once it was on the steps of Precious Blood church early one morning. A woman with cancer of the face was begging (beggars are only allowed in slums) and when I gave her money (no sacrifice on

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Our Solutions to the Puerto Rican Problems

By EILEEN FANTINO

Recently a group of New York officials met in San Juan, Puerto Rico, with the officials of the island. The group consisted of top New York City and state officials including Borough President Wagner and the commissioner of most of the major city departments. They were guests of Gov. Louis Munoz Marin of Puerto Rico. Expenses were paid by the island government. At a week long conference an effort was made to plan a course of action which would help the 376,000 Puerto Ricans in New York City and the 50,000 yearly who will leave Puerto Rico to establish residence here.

The main recommendation was for increased Federal aid to Puerto Rico so that it could build up its own economy to the extent that migration no longer would be necessary. It now receives \$18,000,000 to \$20,000,000 yearly from the United States government for welfare, hospitals and roads. The lowest amount given to any state is \$49,000,000, which goes to Mississippi. The Commonwealth stated that it did not wish to promote migration. It was pointed out that in some cases migration of the cream of its labor force was actually injuring the island economy. The Puerto Rican representatives at the conference pledged that they would help inform potential migrants of the hardships to be faced in New York and that they would continue to teach English in the schools to make "orientation" smoother. Plans were made for an exchange of workers in the social and health fields for mutual understanding of the problems.

A report was issued at the time of the conference by the Mayor's

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Three Aspects Of Joseph Stalin

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Three aspects of his life require comment at the death of Josef Stalin: Stalin as a man, as a political figure, and as the creator of institutions.

Speaking of Stalin as a man, there is no question of what must be said: his death can only be met by sorrow and by hope, sorrow that a human being has died, hope that he found His peace before he died.

"The Mediocrity"

The other aspects of Stalin's death are not so easy to comment upon. But it is certain that the line taken by the New York Post, and some other papers throughout the country, that Stalin is the greatest "mediocrity" of the Russian Revolution, must be rejected. The idea is chiefly associated with Leon Trotsky who pictured Stalin as a ward-heeler on a grand scale.

For whatever else Stalin may have been, to have led a nation covering one sixth of the earth's surface, and to have expanded its hegemony to one third, is not the work of a mediocrity. It means, at the very least, that Stalin was an organizational genius. Its fuller significance will have to await more complete information.

Yet this raises a serious problem, one that Simone Weil attacked (unsuccessfully, I think), in her "Hitler and the Idea of Greatness." In the West—and perhaps it is a commentary on the development of our thought—"great" has come to be quantitative, not qualitative. It refers to the magnitude of achievement and not its moral quality. Taken in this, its ordinary sense, there is no doubt that Stalin was "great"—and so were Nero and Caligula.

The semantic problem aside, this much is at least certain: it is not only inaccurate, but dangerous in describing Stalin as a "mediocrity," because such a facile judgment will lead to the misunderstanding of what he did, and of his significance.

"Stalinism"

The question of Stalinism is the most complex of the three. And it is certain that a rounded judgment must wait the passage of time and the collection of data.

One caveat. The moral estimation of the political is an almost impossible task. It transfers the analysis of the actions of a single human being to the plane of na-

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Emmanuel

By KERRAN DUGAN

Today all France knows about Emmanuel. Maybe all America does too. In case it doesn't, it won't do any harm to lift the bushel a little from its light.

Paris was just becoming aware of the phenomenon sprouting like a flower from its most miserable suburbs when Louise Demellier told me the story one night last October.

We were in a sparsely, crudely furnished house rich with the history of the mission of Paris but externally anonymous among the similar dwellings and shop buildings of the furniture makers of Montreuil. Louise had just returned from a meeting of workers in Lyons. She told me about that, and also, with a great deal of fire in her words and in her eyes, about the plight of the working class in France and the uncompromising effort at remedy that it calls for. From this she went, quite logically, to the subject closest to her immediate labors: Emmanuel. Quite logically, because Emmanuel was leavened by an awareness of the plight of the Parisian working class and as part of an uncompromising effort to remedy that plight. It was founded by a man who had never been what people would call a bad

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The Reason of Rationalism Is a Myth

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Nicolas Berdaev had one constant theme throughout his writings which could be summed up in that statement from one of his works published since his death (1)—"the reason of rationalism is a myth. The supposed heroism of fearless refusal of all belief in a higher, spiritual, divine world, refusal to accept any comfort, is also one of the myths of our times, one of the means of self consolation." He points out how, in politics today people, as a rule, speak not of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, but of "right" and "left," of reaction or revolution. As such man is falling away from integral truth and is concerned with the isolated discovery of separate truths which do not help him. It is as though there were a collective phantasmagorical life which has caught us up and in which our beings participate so that we no longer are disturbed by reality, indeed, in a triumph of extreme idealism, we have created our own reality and have built up our social systems, our politics, our ideologies exclusively from our illusory beings and since, within themselves, they bear a logic which we see (though no one else

might see) we are troubled no longer by doubts—we pursue a straight course.

And yet Berdaev himself is fascinated with the subjective, to him the subjective is truth, the objective comes from the fall of man and progress towards the supernatural consists in overcoming the objective. His own epistemological position seems to be somewhere in the realms between moderate realism and an outright idealism, but to understand the intricacies of his reasoning I must refer you to another of his posthumous works. (2). I cannot agree with Berdaev that truth is the ego and not the non-ego. It seems to me that truth contains both, that even in psychological terms, maturity comes when the ego and non-ego manage to live together in peace. To cut one or the other off opens the way to the world of fantasy. However, Berdaev's use of terms is such that I may be quite mistaken as to his position in these matters. I am inclined to think that he will not be remembered for any specific contribution to epistemology.

Nor could I regard Berdaev as a safe guide in religious matters.

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Life Imprisonment—Without a Trial

Last month, the Supreme Court of the United States handed down one of the most dangerous decisions to have been made in recent time.

The case involved Ignatz Mezel, an alien. Mezel had been marked as a "bad security risk" by the Attorney General, and was ordered deported. But Great Britain, the country of his birth, and fourteen other nations refused to accept him as a deportee.

The Supreme Court held that he could be detained on Ellis Island "indefinitely"—presumably for life.

This unprecedented sentence was the result of an administrative proceeding. But worse, the Attorney General had found Mezel deportable ON THE BASIS OF INFORMATION WHICH WAS KEPT SECRET. The Supreme Court ruled that this was constitutional.

Administrative hearings of all kinds have come to play a large role in the American government. Although they often have judicial consequence (the life-detention of Mezel), they are not subject to judicial safeguards with regard to evidence and the right to cross examine.

In several of the most crucial eras of our life, these hearings are becoming more and more secret. In loyalty and security proceedings, the accused is not informed of who made the charge against him. Sometimes, he is not even informed of all the charges—some are kept secret. In some cases these processes have been used for union-busting.

In Franz Kafka's novel, *The Trial*, the hero, K. is condemned for a crime whose nature he is never informed of. The book is a surrealistic allegory of God and Original Sin. Yet this surrealism has now become all too real: it has been approved of by the United States Supreme Court as a constitutional process. The result is one more tragic loss of freedom in a nation becoming more and more a garrison state.

Garment Worker's Co-op

Readers of "The Catholic Worker" who are employed in New York City's garment industry are well aware of the state of crisis to which this industry has been brought by the workings of our irrational economic system. Contractors are forced to engage in continued under-bidding; as a result, the price workers receive for their garment has been steadily decreasing. In spite of this reduction in prices paid to the workers, there is a widespread tendency to move the industry to other regions of the country where labor is even cheaper.

The existing union, which organized the shops in this field, has shown itself to be incapable of solving the basic problems of the individual worker by assuring him a just price and regular employment. Unfortunately, the garment workers have up to now had to depend entirely on the union for an improvement of their condition.

We are appealing to those New York garment workers who are concerned with personal responsibility to unite in a co-operative venture which will be the nucleus of a group dedicated to forming a consciousness among rank-and-file workers of the need for co-operation and for relying on themselves for a solution to their problems. No plans have been formulated yet and we are interested in arranging an initial meeting to found such a group. We welcome participation from any workers who are or have been employed in the garment industry, regardless of their political or religious orientation. However, we are limiting the group to actual workers and we will not include, attorneys, union bureaucrats or other professionals connected with the industry.

We ask those who are interested to communicate by writing or telephone with: Isidore Fazio, 77 Pillings, Brooklyn 7, New York, GL 3-4884.

Ghandi's Son Arrested

On February 4, Manilal Ghandi and Patrick Duncan (the first white man to be arrested in the current campaign) were sentenced for their participation in the non-violent action against South Africa's apartheid racist doctrine.

Ghandi was fined \$140 or 50 days in jail, Duncan \$280 or one hundred days of hard labor.

Their crime? "Having behaved in a manner calculated to cause Africans to resist and contravene the law"—that is to have protested against the most racist laws in existence since Hitler died.

RETREATS

The dates for the summer retreats at Maryfarm, Newburgh, New York, will be July 18th for the week following, and August 23 to 29th. The first retreat will be given by Fr. Paul Judge and the second by Father Marion Casey. Both retreats are basic, are made in silence. We are giving early notice so that our readers can plan their vacations to take in one or the other of these retreats. From now on there will be a monthly day of recollection at Maryfarm and we are setting aside the third Sunday of the month for this. If we can arrange retreats for June and September we will notify our readers.

We Appeal to You in the Name of Saint Joseph

Month of St. Joseph, 1953

The Catholic Worker, 223 Chrystie St., New York 2, N. Y.

Dear fellow workers in Christ:

I am writing this appeal at Maryfarm, where our rural house of hospitality and retreat-house is crowded to the doors. Every bed in the carriage house is taken although half a dozen of those beds are for transients who drop in from the road for the night or week end. The three tables are full in the dining room and there was so much extra company on Sunday that it looked humanly impossible to stretch the food to cover the additional guests who showed up unexpectedly. Yet it is a miracle that is performed over and over again at The Catholic Worker. The stories in the Lenten Gospels about the cruse of oil which was not diminished, and the pot of meal which was never empty is repeated again amongst us.

We have been reading the story of the Pilgrim who learned to pray without ceasing, and since reading it, we notice how that theme recurs over and over in the Mass. It is necessary to pray "at all times and in all places," it reads at the beginning of the Preface in the Mass, and the ending of the Preface is over and over again WITHOUT CEASING we should call upon God. Ask and it shall be given you, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you. So we have come to you, our readers, again and again, asking you to come to our assistance and give us what we need for food, clothing and shelter.

We none of us can do very much for each other, and really, it seems that God does not expect very much of us. He asks us each to do just a little, and He will do the rest. He asks us to give our mite, like the widow's; our few loaves and fishes, like the little boy's; our handful of meal, like the widow's; our mess of pottage like Habbakuk's; he asks us to wash in the Jordan, a simple cure in the face of so gigantic a physical evil as leprosy. He asks us to do just a little, and then He takes hold and does the rest. He will do the rehabilitating, in His own good time, He will change the heart, taking away the heart of stone. He will comfort the afflicted, and give strength to these all but overcome by moral conflicts.

We have been working for twenty years trying to perform the works of mercy listed in the 25th chapter of St. Matthew. And what change is there in ourselves or those we try to serve? Who can measure these things? "To persevere is to progress," a saintly abbot told me recently. What change have we made in the social order? All I can see is that Anna, who shuffles around in four coats and three hoods and in a man's oxfords, who used to peer in the door and be served her food in the yard like a dog, now is no longer afraid and comes in to sit down with her fellows. She, and thousands like her, have heard the good news, "Call no man Master, for all ye are brothers," and are growing in the knowledge that to live this doctrine means that we must be subject to every living creature and then we will be like Him, serving rather than being served.

We know each other as brothers, in the breaking of bread, serving around six hundred or more meals a day in New York, besides these at Peter Maurin Farm and Maryfarm. At Peter Maurin farm Hans and Ed baked 19,200 loaves of bread this past year, and that in flour alone has cost about \$2000. The wholesaler is content to be paid twice a year, and Tony the grocer and the Essex street market also wait. And twice a year, we look at our empty hands and wonder what to do. And then when we read these Lenten lessons we are cheered.

May God prompt you to help us, giving us what you can spare, or indeed what you cannot well spare. The widow was starving when she was asked to give her last bit of meal. But we can assure you that God will return it a hundred fold. It is an historic fact. So again, in the name of St. Joseph, we appeal.

Gratefully in Christ,

DOROTHY DAY

LOMA

By AMMON HENNACY

"Loma-num-daa" . . . "Loma . . . " "Loma . . . " "Loma . . . " Thus spoke the four female relatives of my friend Thomas B. Banycya, as they were washing the body, and then very carefully the black hair, with yucca suds, of the new baby boy, on this, the 20th day after birth. This will be only one of perhaps a dozen names given to this Hopi boy before he reaches manhood; for at the initiation around the age of six when he is told that it is the uncle who brings gifts and not the masked Kachina; and at the puberty initiation when full responsibilities of manhood are impressed upon the youth, different names are given. Which one will he keep? No one knows. It is the name that sticks that he will have.

"Gentle turn of the head of the coyote." "This Kachina has a very fine coyote pelt around his neck."

As near as an outsider can discover this is the meaning of "Loma." He was born Jan. 17th in this same room where the Hopi christening occurred. Fermina, the mother, had expected the baby for a month but, as true Hopi always act, she did not worry. The baby would come when it was the right time. Her mother delivered the baby in a few minutes and then called in Thomas, the father, who was in the next room.

Fermina is of the oldest and most respected clan in Oraibi, that of the Bear from which leaders come. Thomas is of the Coyote or Fox Clan, but membership comes through the mother, so Loma and his three year old brother Thomas are of the Bear Clan. When small Thomas saw the baby he ran to a rear room and brought a baby bug-

gy for his brother, saying, "Now that is good; I'll have a brother to help me chase chipmunks."

The christening took about half an hour and during this time there was a constant prayer chant which said, in free translation: "May you not have any sickness during your long life and when you die may it be in bed quietly without pain. May you grow to be a 'strong Hopi' to uphold the true Hopi traditions of peace and fruitful work on the land: the Hopi Way." Each of the four women who had thus named the baby wrapped him in a blanket—the four winds; the four directions; the ancient ones. Then for the first time was the new baby allowed to have the rays of the sun upon him as he was presented with open arms to this symbol of Massau'u, the Hopi name for God. Platt, and two Quakers: Fern and Peggy Church of Ranchos de Taos in New Mexico witnessed this christening.

Oak Creek Canyon

I had planned to attend this christening, as Thomas had sent word as to the time. However Joe Craigmyle's car needed fixing and it was not until Saturday, Feb. 28th, that he and Johnny Olson and I left around noon for Hopiland. We drove up Black Canyon Road and through the nearly deserted mining town of Jerome built on the side of the mountain. Here, for miles we drove through a dense fog. I left a CW at the Catholic church in nearby Clarksdale. Next stop was beautiful Sedona midst the jagged red rocks where western movies, including Broken Arrow, are made.

Platt Cline

Continuing through beautiful Oak-Creek Canyon and into a snow storm we arrived at dark at Platt

Cline's. They had expected us and Barbara had, as always, a fine Mormon meal. The storm raged outside and we were glad that we had brought in the oranges, tangerines and grapefruit from the pickup which we had brought for the Hopi.

In the morning, after 20 miles of snow on the road to Cameron, we

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PROTEST MEETING

The Franco terror has struck again. Thirty-eight socialist leaders were arrested at a secret meeting at which they were planning assistance to impoverished members of their movement and friends. One, Tomas Centeno, died mysteriously in the basement of the prison to which he was taken. The International Confederation of Free Trade Unions has denounced his death as murder. Those who wish to protest can get in touch with the Committee to Defend Franco's Labor Victims, Room 405, 112 E. 19th Street, New York City.

A mass meeting will be held at Freedom House, 20 W. 40th St. on the twenty-second anniversary of the founding of the Spanish Republic, Wednesday, April 15 at 8:30 P.M. This meeting will be preceded by two picket lines protesting the atrocities committed by the present Spanish regime and commemorating the past victims of Franco's terror. These demonstrations will take place from 12:00 noon to 1:00 P.M. on Monday, April 13 and from 5:00 P.M. to 6:00 P.M. on Tuesday, April 14 in front of the Spanish Tourist Office at 485 Madison Avenue. We urge our readers and friends in the New York area to show their solidarity with the workers of Spain by taking part in these activities.

MARYFARM

By MARIE KNISLEY

On the eve of St. Patrick's Day Dorothy came from Peter Maurin Farm bringing Stanley for the Day of Recollection the next day. Mollie came back with them after a month's visit. She was happy to be back, so it was quite a reunion. There seemed to be more than the usual number of God's Ambassadors so the dining room had to swell and expand to take care of the increase. There was a scurry for more cups and soup bowls. By the way we are low on dishes and sheets and pillow cases and towels. And with summer coming on we will have many more guests, both from the highway and also for retreats. If anyone has any extra supply they could spare, we would appreciate them bringing or sending it to us.

Then after the dishes and Rosary the kitchen was a busy scene of activity; with the cook and helpers preparing the dinner for tomorrow, so that the next day would be free for conferences and quiet meditation.

On the feast of St. Patrick we had two Masses and a homily. Then about 10:00 A.M. Fr. Fiorentino came bringing Beth Rogers and Mary Therese and quickly the Day of Recollection was under way. It was a fruitful day—Father talked about the Royal Road of the Cross, and penances, and living for God, in such a way that it inspired all of us with a desire to make a better Lent. We are grateful to Father for making the day possible for us. Our guests started leaving soon afterwards, and quickly our family was small again. Oh, yes, we are planning to have more Days of Recollection, at least one each month.

For the feast of St. Joseph we have flowers to adorn his and Our Lady's statues. One was a gift from the Orange Lake Florist Company and the other from Mr. Herman, florist. We are grateful to both of them for the added beauty in our chapel.

We have been doing a lot of singing lately. There are a number of young people staying with us, part of our "family," so we often gather in the Conference room or dining room and sing and sing. Then Max reads us some of his poetry. (Maxwell Bodenheilm and his wife Ruth are staying with us for a few weeks while Max recuperates from a broken ankle.)

The grates in the furnace have worn out and so one day we let the fire go out and Joe climbed inside and mended them with a couple of pieces of grating. We told him he was just like the Three Youths in the fiery furnace.

We have been having lots of good help in the kitchen lately. One man came in with a badly burned arm. He stayed on so that we could dress it for him morning and night. He has shown his gratitude by his continual service in the kitchen. One day Charlie made some raisin bread and came in for a great deal of bantering. Someone even suggested that he make some green raisin bread for St. Patrick's Day.

Lent is almost over. The days have gone by so quickly. It is good to feel Spring in the air, and to be thinking about making gardens, etc. We wish our friends a happy Easter, with all the graces and joys of the day.

Love of Work

"If an American economist happens on the phrase a 'love of work,' the chances are he will want to correct it. He will suggest that what is meant is not a love of the work, but a love of the things for which the money paid for the work can be exchanged. The products are chiefly appreciated not for their intrinsic qualities, but for the physical effort which they save, or for the artificial excitement which they generate among men and women during the leisure time industrial progress has borrowed for them." WAR AND HUMAN PROGRESS, by John U. Nef.



BEHOLD THY KING COMES TO THEE
MEEK AND SITTING UPON AN ASS

Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

In the Catholic Worker we never seem to lose contact with anyone we have ever known. It was only yesterday that we were wondering about an old friend who used to frequent our Friday night meetings. Of course he phoned us two hours later. "I am out of work and homeless. Could I come down and stay with you people for a few days?" Our beds were filled but we managed to find a place for him to sleep.

Monday night after we had gone to press with the March issue a rent collector showed up. We knew him when we were on Mott street. He is still friendly with us even after he had been so kind as to rent a few apartments to some of our friends who had turned out to have been slightly difficult individuals. One of our friends that we had arranged for an apartment with this particular real estate agent had come close to setting the apartment building on fire.

On this visit our friend was in search of a tenant who had also acquired an apartment through knowing us. Although we did not have an actual hand in securing the apartment. This tenant is behind in his rent some six months or more. It seems as though the agent has been unable to make personal or any kind of contact with this delinquent tenant. The agent informed us that it isn't because this man is without funds in fact he knows of a big concern who owes a good deal of salary to the quarry, who ignores the money with complete abandonment. "However," the agent said, "this company's book-keeper is going nuts from this sum of money being on their books so long. Each time the auditor comes in to go over the books he repeats the same question as to what kind of people do they hire."

One of the advantages of living here at the Catholic Worker is that you are able to attend such lovely events as a ten o'clock high Mass at St. Francis on 31st St. of a Feast day such as that of the Annunciation. Today was the day. I thought of our friends and readers who would have loved to have attended this Mass but instead had to be stuck in some miserable office or factory at the time the Mass was going on. In a way it was kind of sad to realize that this great feast would slip by in many peoples' lives without even their awareness of it. There I was up in Church sitting in one of the front pews like a king with three lovely vested priests on the main altar; the choir in fine form and the church all brightly lit up.

After Mass our high spirits were brought low when our printer phoned us and said that we would be unable to go to press 'til Spy Wednesday instead of the previous Monday (Mar. 30) as planned. It seems as though our printer's schedule of work for this Monday was overloaded. Right after lunch we took the bus down the Bowery to Pearl street to see our printers.

None of this telephoning for us, we always agreed with Peter Maurin on the value of personal contact, especially in search of a favor. When we finally talked to the man in charge we stumbled all over ourselves trying to impress him with the necessity of permitting us to go to press Monday instead of Wednesday. We told him as things stood we are going to have a hard enough time getting people to help mail out the paper Tuesday and Wednesday night of Holy Week—they all want to attend Tenebrae services. As far as mailing out the paper on Thursday and Good Friday night—that time for labor would be out of the question even if they were willing to help. Our good printers kindly agreed to our original printing date.

This afternoon a couple of photographers from a local newspaper (Daily News) paid us a visit. It seems as though one of their men wrote a story on the house and they wanted a few pictures to go with it. This is always a terrible problem as to how far you should cooperate with this sort of publicity. You are painfully aware of how the Daily News practices a type of journalism that you have deplored all your life. At the same time you are at another level of thinking, "who am I to get so ivory pure about journalistic prac-

tices when this type of publicity will help feed and house the poor that come to us." However once you begin to weigh ends and means you know you have lost. You either know at the outset what you should do in such a case or you don't. As it happened I fled the decision by hurrying off to the printers to appeal our date of press.

Although every bed in our house is constantly filled we have a steady stream of men who come each day in search of a place to rest their heads at night. Tonight, a cheerful little old man came in—just to get in out of the rain. It has been raining here in town for several days. This latest night visitor wasn't too concerned about where he would stay for the night but he was worried about the two cardboard boxes which held all his belongings. He said he had spent all afternoon searching for a place where he would be permitted to check his remaining possessions. We felt compelled to apologize for all the beds being taken, I don't know why but we did, however we said he was welcome to leave his clothes with us and if he didn't mind he could sleep on a table in our library. This arrangement pleased him he said and besides he liked the idea of sleeping on boards since it would make him

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The Colossus of Controversy

He Always Wanted the Last Word

Saint Thomas left the dining room alone;
And stepped into the garden with a groan.
The rain was tears in his Gargantuan gloom . . .
The sun a funeral torch . . . the earth a tomb.
He dallied underneath a dripping arch,
As mournful as the wailing wind of March.
He missed three ladies who had left this earth
In love with him . . . he missed his comrades' mirth
When they would play the clown and pass the bowl . . .
His dignity indeed sat on his soul.
He lacked the stimulus of argument
Around the table; for the time was Lent.
None spoke except the prodigy appointed
To read aloud and plague the Lord's anointed . . .
Who groaned between great mouthfuls of spaghetti
That they must bear such frightful fiorettil.

But now the sun was shining through the rain;
And Thomas put away his inward pain.
His arm dipped elbow deep into his habit
From which he suddenly drew forth a rabbit.
He cried, "Who put it there to play the clown?
And what is this? A sceptre and a crown?"
There too, O trickster's! in a bulging bag
Three pomegranates gleamed. "What is the gag?"
He wondered. How he juggled with all three;
And jested, "Here I toss the Trinity . . .
Here too, I contemplate the Triune Key
Of the great Galaxy . . . a glistening dream . . .
Compared with arguments I make supreme.
Who can surpass 'The Summa,' so sublime?
I want the last word till the end of time."

A statue of the Virgin stood nearby:
But Thomas had forgotten who was nigh.
"O Thomas! Thomas! Have you lost your head?
This is the time of prayer!" the statue said.
Thomas replied, "Who speaks? Whence have you sprung?
This is the time of silence. Hold your tongue."

C. R. C.

On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

This last week of Lent and the climax of Easter are the peak of the year. As a holy season it is unmitigated joy. Somehow the sufferings of daily life, the uglinesses around one are suddenly changed, lighted up, transformed. Love, suffering, joy, all go together. It is a mystery. "With desire, have I desired to eat the Pasch with my disciples," our Lord Jesus Christ said. Holy Thursday gives us the strength for Good Friday.

Many years ago, Ade Bethune made a little booklet, illustrated and illumined with texts, THE WAY OF THE CROSS. The note of the little pamphlet which is now out of print is joy. "You shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy, and your joy, no man takes from you." From station to station, as Christ proceeds from Pilate, taking his cross, falling beneath it, meeting his mother, Simon of Cyrene, Veronica, falling again twice, encountering the women of Jerusalem, being stripped of his garments being nailed to the Cross, dying, being buried,—through all these Stations the refrain is repeated, "My Yoke is easy,—My burden light . . . Fear not, for I have conquered death . . . In the world you shall have distress, but have confidence, I have overcome the world." And it ends, "My grace is enough."

Joy and gratitude go together. Gratitude to God for everything, giving thanks at all times and in all places. And it is a good time to thank our readers who are helping us in so many ways with the work. The letters that come in with help to pay the bills are very reassuring. One reader tells how she has turned her house into a house of hospitality for her poorer relatives, often the shiftless ones. It expresses the folly of love. Another is knitting cheerful afghans for us. Bishop Haas of Grand Rapids and Archbishop O'Boyle sends us help and good letters and this is just the beginning of answers to the appeal which goes out during the month of St. Joseph. We are praying we have enough to catch up on the bills and republish the book of Peter Maurin's essays which is being redesigned by David Way, and illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. Next editions will be sewn, not stapled.

I have had a few hours of spinning last month at the Peter Maurin farm. Madeleine Sheridan of Canada, sent me a spinning wheel last year, and Lauren Ford of Connecticut a fleece of one of her sheep, and Ammon Hennacy the

(Continued on page 8)

Saints

Felix and Adauctus

Felix was arrested in the reign of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian on the charge of professing the Christian faith, and taken to the temple of Serapis. There he was ordered to offer sacrifice. Instead he spat in the face of the brazen image which immediately fell to the ground. When this happened the second time in the temple of Mercury and a third time in the temple of Diana, he was accused of impiety and practicing magical arts.

He was tortured on the racks. He was then taken out to the second milestone beyond the city, on the Ostian way, to be beheaded. On the way a certain Christian recognizing Felix stepped forward. As he saw him being led toward martyrdom the stranger cried out in a loud voice: I also live by the same law as this man, worship the same Jesus Christ. He then embraced Felix and they were beheaded together on the Thirtieth of August. Since the Christians did not know the stranger's name he was made illustrious under the name of Adauctus, "the one who was added," because he was added to the company of the holy martyr Felix in winning the crown of martyrdom.

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Jacques Maritain

THE RANGE OF REASON by Jacques Maritain, publisher. Charles Scribner's Sons—New York, pp XII, 227—\$3.50. Reviewed by Francis Murphy.

M. Maritain in the present work discusses the contemporary intellectual and moral problems which exist in society. Some of the essays were addresses to various groups, the members of which were sometimes homogeneous while at other times they were definitely heterogeneous. Consequently, the subject matter and its treatment is at times inclined to be rigid and again very loose and flexible. The essay entitled "The Possibilities for Cooperation in a Divided World" is the inaugural address to the Second International Conference of U.N.E.S.C.O. which was held in Mexico in November 1947 is an attempt by the author to find agreement on the practical notions by which the ideal of U.N.E.S.C.O. may find fulfillment. In this essay M. Maritain is not stressing speculative principles but an affirmation of the same set of convictions concerning action.

In the essay entitled "The Ways of Faith" (which was the Inaugural Address to the *Semaine des Intellectuels Catholiques* in Paris in May 1949) the author is concerned with what he believes to be the greatest failings in the contemporary use of the human intellect. These failings M. Maritain finds are: (1) Mental productivism which is the growing body of mental artifacts and symbols in which reality is lost and formulae substituted and (2) The primacy of verification over truth which the author explains as "We take more interest in verifying the validity of the signs and symbols we have manufactured than in nourishing ourselves with the truth they reveal" (pp. 208).

However, the most interesting and most pressing problems are discussed in the essays entitled "The Meaning of Contemporary Atheism," "To Exist with the People," and "The End of Machiavellianism." Here the central problems are all related and could be conceived as the one and identical problem viewed from different aspects. In the essay on atheism M. Maritain distinguishes practical atheism which is the most common and unconscious form in which the active validity of beliefs never fructify in action. Absolute and positive atheism is something altogether different from the above concept of atheism. The author calls it "An Act of Faith in Reverse Gear" by which the subject actively erases the concept of deity from human consciousness. It is atheism of a Feuerbach (Etienne Gilson defines Feuerbach as an "inverted theologian") and a Nietzsche. In philosophical language it is known as the doctrine of alienation. "Absolute atheism starts in an act of faith in reverse gear and is a full-blown religious commitment. Here we have the first internal inconsistency of contemporary atheism. It proclaims that all religion must necessarily vanish away and it is itself a religious phenomenon" (pp 106). Maritain gives its deepest meaning when he finds absolute atheism is "a translation in crude and inescapable terms, a ruthless counterpart, an avenging mirror of the practical atheism of too many believers who do not actually believe." (pp 117).

In dealing with Machiavellianism the author again makes distinctions. He distinguishes moderate Machiavellianism (which is the end term in Western bourgeois politics) and absolute Machiavellianism which is the methodology of the twentieth century totalitarian dictatorships. Both are nurtured by the same root. Absolute Machiavellianism is merely more consist-

ent with itself inasmuch as it follows to completion the positivist pragmatic basis upon which it stands. But this is seen as no ordinary development in the political order. Politics has swallowed ethics. "Machiavellianism is no longer politics, it is metaphysics. It is a religion, a prophetic and mystical enthusiasm" (pp 144).

The other essay which I stated as having particular importance is "To Exist With the People." Class is a social-economic concept, race has little if any meaning but people is a social-ethical idea. People here designates the multitude as well as the lower levels of society or in a negative sense the mass of non-privileged persons. "But in a positive sense the people may be considered that moral community which is centered on manual labor—a moral community made up of the bulk of those who labor with their hands, farmers and workers, and the various elements which in point of fact are socially and morally bound up with them" (pp 122). It is communion or existence with the people so understood which is the ethical category for action in the modern world. Maritain understands this order to be superior to the social and political action but not excluding them. Thus there may be unity and action despite disagreement. Therefore, to oppose communism is not necessarily to oppose the people. "Separated from existence with the people, the common good of the political community would become artificial and fragile, and the mission of the church (her very life) would not be fulfilled." (pp 124) and "In order to efficaciously apply the social doctrines of the Papal encyclicals there is a previously required condition: Namely, to exist 'With the People.'" (pp 126).

It is gratifying to find such sentiments expressed by an orthodox author of Maritain's standing. The essays more or less revolve around this point, to permeate present society in its existing and ever progressing forms with the spirit of the Gospels. However, this reviewer feels there is, despite the evils present in modern society, a great deal of good. This good often appears as an apparent evil when all it needs is Baptism in Christ and the quickening of its spirit by the order of supernatural charity. The entire Cosmos was made for His glory and it is no mere accident that many of the present strivings of contemporary society regardless of their seeming remoteness from Incarnate Love seem poised and waiting for their complete statue when Christians, "Knights of the Faith" wish to penetrate them with love signed in the Mystery of the Crucifixion.



Marriage

PROMISES TO KEEP, by William E. Walsh, P. J. Kehedy and Sons, New York. \$3.00. By Beth Rogers.

The Walshes became (temporarily, at least) famous a few years ago when *Life Magazine* ran a picture story on them—the saga of a man who earned his Ph. D. while raising a family of twelve children. Here is the story of the family, full length.

Promises to Keep is by a wide margin the liveliest contribution yet to the literature of marriage that is appearing in Catholic circles these days. It is also one of the most thoughtful. At the beginning of their marriage in the early 'thirties, the Walshes lived with Avis Walsh's father, and it was then that their philosophy of marriage, of poverty, and of Christianity developed, summed up in Christ's sermon on the lilies of the field and His exhortation, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." It is appropriate, and maybe significant, this being the story of a whole family's relationship to God, that the Walshes learned this wisdom through their children.

The Walshes are a family in the great tradition, a real community of work and play. They meet all problems with love, humor, and a kind of wild exhilaration. It is difficult to forget the great fiasco of the Project Chart, Bill's one recorded attempt to introduce real scientific efficiency into family activities.

The book is also the story of a vocation to teach. Bill Walsh's insistence on earning his Ph.D. against the odds of raising a large family in poverty, was not a tour de force. Countless overambitious teachers have labored mightily for their doctorates as the means to more money and, above all, to respectability and prestige. Bill had none of that spirit. The Ph.D. meant that he could go, a Christian teacher, into university teaching, where Christianity is so badly needed, and eventually into administration where he could help form educational policy. Symbolically, the degree stood for trust in God, for love, for the attainment of the impossible.

These Flowers In Her Eyes Are Fair

"With pearls they say that God makes April rain:
But here on earth do raindrops pearls remain?
So poetry: in Heaven, perfect . . . here
Who seeks a finished verse will seek in vain."

—From the Arabic

My bluebells that the bards may ring,
I bravely offer you.

Rosemary of remembrance, cocklebur
Of bitterness, I also bring.

What does a mother do
When bleeding fingers break and blur
A fresh bouquet of flowers

From strange, forbidden bowers
And blithely brought to her?

These flowers in her eyes, are fair;
And she would make of them

A coronet, behold! a thing of art,
To her more beautiful and rare

Than Sheba's diadem.

And I would play that youngster's part.

Mother, my offerings

Are tiny, crumpled things:

But take them to your heart.

C. R. C.

Carl Sandburg

ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$5. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

In an almost Biblical sense this country has been a land of giants. The Swedish giants made their settlement on it and they filled their world which was bounded not by seas and mountains, but on all sides by the flat line of the horizon and the movement of the prairie grass.

Carl Sandburg stands in his own right as one of these, though it was his father who thrust down the tenacious, transplanted roots into Illinois soil. Nevertheless it was the son who set the mark of himself not only on that land of space, but on the wider reaches behind the hills and along the coastal shores. It would be hard to find an American under forty who, having gone to school within the continental boundaries, would not recognize Sandburg's name or be able to chant "The fog comes on little cat feet . . ." "Hog Butcher to the world." A lesser number might remember his folk tales, his books on Lincoln, and perhaps might wonder what kind of man was this, the son of poor immigrants, yet so representative of American life.

They will find answers in this autobiography of a boy, not yet an artist but with the tentacle equipment and prodigious memory which has been his mainstay during his many years of writing. They will discover to begin with that here is that rare creature, a modest man.

There may be other autobiographies written which are more dramatic or whose literary qualities are of a higher order than this, but one will hunt a long time before finding a more self-effacing author, one so patently lacking in egocentricity. It is one of the engaging qualities of the story that its hero should be the observer rather than the observed. It is unfortunate that at times this virtue tends to defeat the purposes of autobiography.

For one thing Carl Sandburg occupies rather unique a place in the minds of Americans. He is not only the poet, the teller of tales, the historian of the great. He is a personality whose shaggy, white head rises a few inches above those of his generation, who has something to tell about himself to people who want to hear it. These people want to know what he thought about, how he happened to become a poet, how he became interested in Lincoln. The answers are here but the reader digs them out for himself. To be sure Sandburg has something to say about his reactions to the phenomena of the day—and to ordinary living as well. He has a great deal more to say about the reactions of others; "us kids" is a favorite euphemism with which he covers the bolder "I," and while this does not bury the boy Sandburg too deeply, it tends to cloud the scene, and obscure what might better have been a more sharply etched portrait.

Furthermore, thanks to the author's fantastic store of facts, faces and prairie lore, there will probably never again, in the United States, be a town so fully chronicled over a twenty-year period as Galesburg, Illinois. However, not all this material holds up in the translation from life to literature. There is, for example,

a chapter titled "Kid Talk—Folk Talk" which is without originality and whose only charm lies in a certain nostalgia it may possibly evoke. One feels that here Sandburg's memory serves him badly—much of this sort of thing is better forgotten or at least incorporated into literature with more conscious artistry.

The same kind of criticism may be made of many of the anecdotes which he tells of the townspeople. Again and again they stop short of fulfillment. One feels cheated as the drama unfolds, only to find the curtain drawn before the third act. Life itself is not so disappointing. Once again the feeling arises that it is the incomplete concentration on the central figure, Sandburg himself, which is responsible for the lack of climatic effect. The devices of the novelist are not necessarily expected in the biographer, but they have their uses in underscoring.

On the other hand the reminiscences concerning the Sandburg family are warm and revealing. When Carl Sandburg talks about his mother and father, about his brothers and sisters, about the relatives and Swedish friends who were as close as relatives, they come through live and solid. It is not difficult then to detect Sandburg's worth. It is all there in his ancestors, in his training, in the rectitude instilled in each of these people for whom he has such deep affection and admiration. That Carl Sandburg is a man of strong character and lovable temperament should not be surprising when one examines the environment which produced him, and the home which nurtured him.

His experiences "on the road" and in the hobo jungles, his service in the Spanish-American War, his jobs, the boys with whom he went to school, played, worked, and loafed, these are vivid highlights in the book. He remembers dozens of incidents which are full of life and the vigor and pleasure of adolescence. Not all his memories are happy ones, but none of them are bitter, and all are tinged with an aura of security and stability which one would feel is typical of the man.

Certainly this is a healthy slice of American life taken by and large, and one which is going to be familiar to a good many readers regardless of their age. The small towns don't change much basically—the gray frame houses near the railroad tracks are still there, the single main street stretches away, the children tell the same jokes, but now there is something missing which Sandburg found in his Galesburg. When he was growing up in the late nineteenth century there was still a simplicity and an innocence about life in a small town which has since been overlaid with mass-produced sophistication. This simplicity is one of the greatest attractions of "Always the Young Strangers" and it is pleasant to think that Sandburg at seventy-five can look back at his boyhood and recapture the wonder and curiosity of those growing-up years so exactly. It almost, but not quite, atones for the lack of the yeast of wit and dramatic impact. And while it doesn't raise Carl Sandburg to the heights of literary excellence, it leaves him his laurels as the master of the folkways, and certainly inspires in the reader a tremendous respect and admiration for the author.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER

223 Chrystie Street, New York 2, N. Y.

The Long Loneliness by Dorothy Day
Published by Harper & Bros. \$3.50

On Pilgrimage by Dorothy Day
Published by the Catholic Worker \$1.00

POVERTY

(Continued from page 1)

my part but merely an alms which someone had given me) she tried to kiss my hand. The only thing I could do was kiss her dirty old face with the gaping hole in it where an eye and a nose had been. It sounds like something but it was not. One gets used to ugliness so quickly. What one averts one's eyes from one day, can easily be borne the next.

Another time I was putting out a drunken prostitute with a huge toothless rouged mouth, a nightmare of a mouth. She had been raising a disturbance in the house. I had been remembering how St. Therese, whose feast is also this month, said that when you had to say no, when you had to refuse anyone anything, you could at least do it so that they went away a bit happier. I had to deny her a bed but when that woman asked me to kiss her, I did, and it was a loathsome thing, the way she did it. It was scarcely a human normal mark of affection.

One suffers these things and forgets them.

But the daily, hourly, minutely giving up of one's own will and possessions which means poverty, is a hard, hard thing, and I don't think it ever gets any easier.

You can strip yourself, and you can be stripped, as Koestler wrote in his story of a French concentration camp, but still you are going to reach out like an octopus and seek your own. Your comfort, your ease, your refreshment, and it may mean books, and music, the interior senses being gratified, or it may mean food and drink. One giving up is no easier than the other. Cups of coffee, cigars, jealousy of time etc.

Personal Affair

These are things we all know about, or should know about. It is a personal affair, such poverty, for the celibate, willing or unwilling.

How does property fit in, people ask. It was Eric Gill who said that property is proper to man. And St. Thomas Aquinas said that a certain amount of goods is necessary to lead a good life. The recent popes wrote at length about justice rather than charity, that should be sought for the worker. Unions are still fighting for wages and hours, and it is a futile fight with the price of living going up steadily. They are fighting for partial gains and every strike means sacrifice to make them, and still the situation in the long run is not bettered. There may be talk of better standards of living, every worker with his car and owning his own home, but still this comfort depends on a wage, a boss, on War. Our whole modern economy is based on preparation for war and that is one of the great modern arguments for poverty. If the comfort one has gained has resulted in the death of thousands in Korea and other parts of the world, then that comfort will be have to be atoned for. The argument now is that there is no civilian population, that all are involved in the war (misnamed defense) effort. If you work in a textile mill making cloth, or in a factory making dungarees or blankets, it is still tied up with war. If one raises food or irrigates to raise food, one may be feeding troops or liberating others to serve as troops. If you ride a bus you are paying taxes. Whatever you buy is taxed so you are supporting the state in the war which is "the health of the state."

Renting

When the Catholic Worker started back in 1933, it was possible to rent all the apartments one wanted. One could always have a home in the old law tenements which after all had water and toilets and could be heated very satisfactorily with gas or pot bellied stoves. Such heat was more satisfactory very often than the steam heat which went off in the night, and which stayed on during warm spring or fall days. Housing reform

has meant that thousands of such buildings have been closed down, not repaired and refitted for occupancy, and all the new housing has not sufficed to take care of the people. It is not only that our municipal lodging houses are full of families, as well as single men, unemployable and migrant workers; other old law tenements are overcrowded as they never were before with a tremendous influx of Puerto Ricans and all the other poor who have not been able to pay the new rents charged. There is no knowing how many stay in these old tenements, in one apartment. There is not the strict supervision of one's company and relatives that there is in the housing projects.

The Enslaved

We had no trouble renting even with five children in the family. Now it is quite another story. It is all but impossible, and then only with the help of the law, to rent an apartment or house for a family with children. Most of the young families in the Catholic Worker movement have had to buy, seeking a down payment from loans, from the G.I. bill of rights, from family friends, from relatives, or in some cases, saving it with grim self denial, cutting out

be poor. Given health of mind and body, of course.

But the fact remains that every house of hospitality we have is full. There is the breadline standing outside 223 Chrystie St. every day twice a day, two or three hundred strong. Families write us pitifully for help. This is not poverty, this is destitution.

In front of me as I write is Fritz Eichenberg's picture of St. Vincent de Paul. He has a chubby child in his arms and a thin pale child is clinging to him. Yes, the poor we are always going to have with us, our Lord told us that, and there will always be a need for our sharing, for stripping ourselves to help others. It always will be a life-time job.

So Many Poor

But I am sure that God did not intend that there be so many poor. The class structure is of our making and our consent, not His. It is the way we have arranged it, and it is up to us to change it. So we are urging revolutionary change.

How much land does a man need? Some of us only need the six feet to hold us when we die. Some of us need a half an acre and would have a hard time tilling that. Some need 3 acres and a cow. We need shelter and we need work and our days are spent in earning them. It should not be so grim a proposition to raise the funds to help them. Every other



every superfluity until a necessary down payment has been saved. Steady work is presupposed of course, a city job, civil service, the kind of a job that will make a bank feel sure of the home owner. The fact is, we are not a nation of home owners. We are a nation of people owning debts and mortgages, and so enslaved by this instalment buying that we do indeed live in poverty and precarity.

The only way to live in any security is to live so close to the bottom that when you fall you do not have far to drop, you do not have much to lose.

Honorable Occupation

The argument may go this way, but we still can choose what seems to us the most honorable occupations, which have to do with human needs. We can choose the kind of work most necessary to do, and if possible where there is no withholding tax for war. Ammon Hennacy in working by the day, at hard farm labor, has not paid income tax for years. One can so cut down one's standard of living that no income tax is required; families with many children pay no income tax. One can protest in many ways this contribution to the atom and hydrogen bomb. If one owns property the government then can take a lien on it. If one has money in the bank, the government can confiscate it. So truly such protest as this calls for the most profound poverty and a voluntary doing without property.

Voluntary Poverty

All this is by way of saying that poverty is no longer voluntary, no longer a counsel, but something which is laid upon us by necessity. Even in the natural order, it is more profitable to be poor, to deny oneself, to do without the luxuries in order to have the necessities of food, clothing and shelter. The merchant, counting his profit in pennies, the millionaire with his efficiency experts, have learned how to amass wealth. Following their example, and profiting by the war boom, there is no necessity for anyone, so they say, nowadays, to

type of building is going on in the country and the family still lacks land and home. Peter Grace once said to us, "If you paid the peons in South America more than seventy-five cents a day, they'd only work a couple of days a week, only for enough to live on." I have heard this statement many times from other employers, whether they too were employed by a corporation, or whether they were responsible as employers.

Deadly Sin

There have been many sins against the poor which cry out to high heaven for vengeance. The one listed as one of the seven deadly sins, is depriving the laborer of his hire. There is another one, that is, instilling in him the paltry desires to satisfy that for which he must sell his liberty and his honor. Not that we are not all guilty of concupiscence but newspapers, radios, television, and battalions of advertising men (woe to that generation) deliberately stimulate his desires, the satisfaction of which means the degradation of the family.

Providence

Because of these factors of modern life, the only way we can write about poverty is in terms of ourselves, our own personal responsibility. The message we have been given is the Cross, Christ and Him crucified. "The apostle must bring faith in providence back into the world," Fr. Regamy writes. "He must show what Christianity asks of us . . . I would betray Christianity if I did not repeat his law . . . trying to get to the depths of men's hearts, to its most secret place where the most depraved man is as innocent as a child." We believe this but on the other hand we have seen the depths of the faithlessness and stubbornness of the human soul, we are surrounded by sin and failure, and it is a mark of our Faith in Christ and our brother to believe this. So we must continue to write, to appeal and to beg for help for our work and for an increase in a love of poverty which goes with love of our brothers.

EMMAUS

(Continued from page 1)

Christian or a bad priest, but for whom there came a moment in his encounters with the poor when he touched the raw skin of their spirit and said, like Vincent de Paul once did, "Forgive me, God, I did not know."

* * *

About two years ago, Abbe Pierre (an impressive man even in physical elan, with his black beard and pale features; what is known—and also what is not known—of his Resistance activity during the war is another of the external factors that help explain the almost exorbitant respect in which he is held by those who know him) was a deputy in the French government and secretary of the Commission for National Defense. It happened that the landlord of the place where he was living boosted the rent one time too many, and the Abbe began a search for other quarters. What exactly he had in mind when he rented a large house and piece of property in the suburb of Neuilly-Plaisance, a house and property badly damaged during the war and rotting away since then, I, for one, do not know. What is known is that soon after he moved in and began to repair the place, homeless couples began to move in, too, little by lit-

metal, rags, bones, paper, and that commodity immortalized in the chant that the French chiffonniers sing as they push their carts through the streets, "peaux de lapins" (rabbit fur). Others sort, transport, sell.

* * *

If one is in the junk trade in France, he rents a city dump and becomes official scavenger thereof. It was thus that a large team of men from Emmaus, some of them with families, found it necessary to locate themselves last fall at a sprawling dump in a northern suburb of Paris, far from Neuilly-Plaisance. The location was to be of some permanence, and it was apparent that better living conditions would have to replace the tents, trailers, and shacks being used. During the winter (I have learned since my talk with Miss Demieller) the Emmaus construction workers finally found enough time to spare from their other labors and have already made considerable progress toward the third city in the commonwealth of Emmaus. (The second city, "Cooquelcots," was built not long after the first one, and near the latter).

* * *

The reason that the construction workers took so long in getting around to the third city is that Emmaus' ideal extends beyond itself, and the construction crews spend most of their time building homes for working class families throughout the Paris suburbs. There is government aid for such construction, but the financial going is still difficult, the greatest part of government reimbursement not coming until one year after a house has been built.

Emmaus named with those Gospel men in mind, who weary and disheartened, found cause to resume their homeward journey with new-found reason for living.

Abbe Pierre has had to leave the community more or less to the hands of its citizens, but he is still in close contact with both it and them, and he says, "It is always they, they above all others, who live at Emmaus, who speak to me of God."

"We have succeeded," he says, "because in this community which grew little by little and which gradually rough-hews its rules, three conditions are observed: we gain our bread ourselves, which assures us independence; we form a community whose cement is charity; and we leave our door always open. Thus those who yesterday had nothing today know the job of giving."

To Mass a Velos

The moon is down,
The dogs are still,
We wait for frost.

Fly up the crows into the lifting
Mist while giving tongue.
They're on the scent of my
Thin and quiet wheel on the
Long thin road to
Eat the thin round Bread that
Souls in the thin grey lines may be
an
Alleluia.

Steep and long is up, but
Down's a lark and
Tears are in my eyes for I have
Eaten length of days.
Feed, I can, a thousand more and
None can drink me dry tho' I
Nurse them all my hours.
My heart's Three Wells that
Feed my breast that
Feeds the haggard thin, grey line,
the
Sunken face, the
Bleeding face, the
Splitted face of Jesus,
—John Stanley

tle, and, on Sundays, children were getting into the habit of using the grounds for their play.

* * *

About the time that the first large family came, he saw the course events were taking, and with his own money, plus a collection that began among his fellows in the halls of Parliament (he had not yet left his duties there), he purchased a large number of barracks at the one-time prisoner-of-war camp at St. Denis, dismantled them with his own hands (aided by some of the first few citizens of Emmaus), and reconstructed them on the property at Neuilly-Plaisance—a strictly illegal action, in view of the Paris housing laws (laws whose point is a little hard to see, for all their objective reasonableness, in the context of the present desperate situation of Paris housing). During the building, Abbe Pierre was reminded by friends that he did not have permission to build and might be brought to court. "Good," he said. "It will give me a chance to shout the truth."

The news spread quickly, among those desperate for such news, that the "cure-depute" was building houses. It was not long before the barracks and the old mansion were filled and the four and one-half square mile tract in Neuilly-Plaisance, which the Abbe had decided to buy on a ten year installment plan, became "Champleury," the first of the "cities" of the Emmaus community.

Although some of the families have become economically independent of the community (but even these, when they have troubles, take them to the community rather than to the civil authorities), Emmaus on the whole is a community of work as well as of habitation. It supports itself—and builds itself, quite literally—by the two diverse trades of construction (carpentry, plumbing, etc.) and "junk."

Most of the men newly arrived at Emmaus enter the junk trade. Some collect and scavenge the

Joseph Stalin

(Continued from page 1)

tions. Within a single human being, it is difficult to tell when evil is-willed and when it is unconscious. This difficulty is multiplied endlessly in the case of nations. The political must be placed within its context of time and place, and judgment does not involve an imputation of personal malevolence, but of objective wrong (thus, the pacifist does not judge the soldier to be evil; it is quite possible that a soldier is personally far more virtuous than a pacifist).

In considering Stalinism, then, it is important to realize the historical situation in which it grew, and to estimate its significance in this context.

The Background

Russia entered the twentieth century far behind the great European industrial powers in its production. Industrialization was still so fledgling that a great many of the urban workers divided their time with work on the farm. Labor unions were, by western standards, small, concentrated in a few of the great cities.

The Czarist autocracy was still in full sway. It had been weakened by the debacle of the war with Japan, but it was still able to rescind most of the freedoms which it granted during the revolution of 1905. The peasant system of the mir—the Russian commune—had been weakened by various laws, and the emancipation of the serfs, accomplished in the 19th century, had to a large extent proved illusory.

During this period—and indeed, reaching far back in the 19th century—there were revolutionary groups bent on overthrowing the Czar. The Russian intelligentsia had been much affected by Western European ideas. Its revolutionaries were often westernized—as Plekanov. Yet there was an indigenous Russian revolutionary tradition, including the Narodniki, a back-to-the-people movement of the last half of the 19th century, and the terrorists, men like Nechaev (whose activity probably supplied Dostoevsky material for his novel, *The Possessed*).

The Conspirators

Given these conditions, it was more or less inevitable that the revolutionary apparatus would take on a conspiratorial character. There was little freedom in Russia for the publication of ideas (though there were periods of "legal Marxism" in which even Lenin published his work, though toned down), and the radical centers were in exile. Their work was chiefly done in an underground fashion.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, a critical meeting of Russian Social Democrats took place in London. As a result of the convention, two factions emerged: the Bolsheviks (from the Russian for "the majority") and the Mensheviks ("the minority"). Lenin led the Bolshevik faction—even Plekanov sided with him in the original vote.

The question which split the Social Democrats was two-fold (or rather, different sides of the same coin). First, it was a question of organization. Lenin wrote a great deal about his "democratic centralism" during these years, and the theory does not sound too bad. But, in practice he intended (and carried out), a tightly disciplined, centralized organization of revolutionaries, an elite vanguard of the inevitable proletarian revolution. The second question concerned the revolution itself. The Mensheviks held that Russia must go through "a bourgeois revolution," i.e., the conquest of civil liberties by the rising bourgeoisie during the transformation from feudalism to capitalism. Only then, they held, could a proletarian revolution of the working class take place.

Lenin held out for the possibility of more extreme revolutionary action. Eventually, he accepted Trotsky's theory that both revolutions

could occur simultaneously, or at least continuously.

1917

This was the background for 1917. In February of that year, the Czar was overthrown by a liberal-social-democratic coalition pledged to carry on the war. Lenin returned to Russia from Switzerland on the famous sealed railroad train (the Germans hoped that he would weaken or destroy Russia's participation in World War I as an ally of France and Great Britain). During the war, he had maintained a position against it (proclaimed at a conference at Zimmerwald, Switzerland), calling for action to turn the imperialist war into a civil war of proletarian against capitalist.

Between February and October, 1917, a revolutionary situation developed among the Russian people: dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war, the desire on the part of the peasants for more land. Lenin alone realized how revolutionary the situation was. He raised the slogan "Peace, Bread and All Power to the Soviets." In Petrograd, Russian bourgeois democracy fell, and the revolution had begun. Stalin

During these events, Stalin had been a loyal Bolshevik from Georgia, a man of the second rank. He could not compare with either Lenin or Trotsky in importance, or in activity. After October, there followed a period of war communism, in which the Red Army, founded and led by Trotsky, destroyed civil and foreign resistance to the new government.

However, even before Lenin died, the problems of applying a Marxist theory meant for a highly developed industrial democracy to a country such as Russia had resulted in the curtailment of freedom. Freedom for other working class parties was suppressed. Various deviationist groups were jailed (the "Democratic Centralists" among the first). Yet at all times, there was the hope that the revolutionary situation in Germany would burst and create a workers government which could join with the Russians. Meanwhile, more liberties were taken away. In the name of the Revolution, Trotsky crushed the uprising of anarchists and left-socialists at Kronstadt.

When Lenin died, there were two candidates for his power. One was Stalin, who controlled the Communist Party organization. The other was Trotsky, the hero of 1905, creator of the Red Army and brilliant dialectician. During a struggle of five years, Stalin's control of the Party apparatus tipped the balance. Trotsky and his "Left Opposition" were expelled.

Then, with great ruthlessness, Stalin proceeded to destroy the right wing. The purges resulting from these internal struggles continued far into the thirties.

Capital Accumulation

During this period, the basic problem which the Stalinists faced was that of capital accumulation. It was necessary to industrialize Russia, and they intended to do it as fast as possible. Two results flowed from this. First, the capital for this process was taken from the workers in the form of depriving them of their part of the increased productivity. Secondly, in order to accomplish the task in this manner, a bureaucracy came into being, a new and privileged class of engineers, plant managers, party functionaries, who, unlike the western capitalists who had presided over capital accumulation in Europe and America, did not own the property from which they deprived their status. This was accomplished by the fiction of "nationalization": theoretically, the property "belonged" to the Russian people.

In the mid-thirties, the nationalist elements implicit in Stalin's "socialism in one country" (and in a backward country at that) became explicit. Eisenstein began to make his movies glorifying the Russian past—Alexander Nevsky, Ivan, etc. Soviet history books which previously had devoted half their space

to the entire history of pre-Soviet Russia, and the other half to the fifty years of the revolutionary movement, now began to emphasize patriotism.

This meant that the Communist Parties in the various parts of the world were no longer part of an international movement, but organs of Soviet foreign policy. Thus, the Russians betrayed the Spanish revolution in 1936-39; thus they signed a pact with Hitler—and the obedient parties followed every twist to the line, often at the expense of the labor movement in their own country. (During the War, "the Patriotic War" according to Stalinism, the American CP did not mention Jim-crow in the armed forces once, and encouraged workers to produce more, and not to strike.)

At the end of World War II, Stalin was able to create a ring of satellites around Russia, and thus to create a buffer to capitalist encirclement (capitalist encirclement was no pipe-dream; the intervention of the Western powers during "War Communism" and their obvious hostility during the twenties was quite real). In China, a native Communist movement seized power from Chiang. Significantly, this was done more or less on Chinese initiative. As the ultra-conservative General Wedemeyer has remarked, "Chiang could have beaten Mao with broomsticks if the people had been with him."

Stalin was now the acknowledged head of one third of the earth, and as such he died—and, strangely for a revolutionary, died in bed. What is the significance of all this?

There is no doubt as to the magnitude of Stalin's accomplishment. Russia's industrialization has gone forward at an almost unprecedented rate. The standard of living in Russia is, according to interviews in such conservative publications as *Look* and *U.S. News and World Report*, higher than it ever has been before.

But the cost of this had been terrible: too terrible. Freedom has completely been suppressed. The militants of the October Revolution had been executed or exiled by their own comrade-in-arms. The hope of a democratic workers fatherland had become the front for a privileged bureaucratic class. The cry which had been raised in the 19th Century, the cry of humanity, had become an inhumane despotism. The only argument in its favor had become efficiency.

Judgement

Yet this is one sided. For at least part of the responsibility for Stalinism rests squarely on the shoulders of the West which did not provide a humane solution to the problem. And despite what has happened in Russia, Stalinism is still the focus of hope for great numbers of revolutionary colonial peoples who do not see its reality but only its myth.

But there is a more basic question. To the oppressed, it may well sound convincing to argue: it will be necessary to kill some, and destroy liberty, in order to industrialize and to provide for our children's children.

And to this—which is the basic rationale of Stalinism—our reply must be twofold. If murder and the destruction of freedom are the means, murder and destruction of freedom will be the end, for now, and for the children's children. And secondly that this rationale will achieve victory unless the West can create a program which seeks the aims of October, 1917, but with the right of freedom.

Of Stalin, this can be said. Neither at the bar of morality, nor at the bar of history, is he a devil. This is to misunderstand him and his creation. Morally, he is a man, a human being, for whom we sorrow. Historically, he is part of a context whose roots are partly in the Czarist tradition, partly in the Leninist tradition of organization, and partly his own creation.

In his latest book, Albert Camus writes: "Does the end justify the means?" Perhaps. But what jus-

Puerto Rico

(Continued from page 1)

Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs on the work it had done since its beginning in 1949. It said that many more Spanish speaking welfare workers were operating, that programs for teaching English were established, that helpful pamphlets had been distributed, that recommendations for increased Federal aid to Puerto Rico had been heeded, and so on. The Puerto Ricans were not enthusiastic about the good that had been done. Some of the New York departments were praised for their work but Fernando Sierra Berdecia, Puerto Rico's Secretary of Labor, said that he had seen no movement from some of the departments to help the situation. He criticized the Mayor's Committee at a meeting held at the University of Puerto Rico and asked for increased cooperation.

An example of the lack of common sense was the firing of the only two Spanish speaking minimum wage investigators in the New York area. These Federal employees had recovered for Puerto Rican workers \$200,000 in wages of which they had been deprived. They were fired in the name of a budget slash. In 1951-52 there were 4,422 minimum wage and overtime violations in the city. Of these 2,108 involved wages in companies employing personnel with Spanish names, mainly Puerto Ricans in needle trades, jewelry and novelties industries.

In the report issued by the conference it was pointed out that the Puerto Rican contribution to the city's economy was not to be minimized, "building maintenance, garment, clothing, and textile factories, hotels and restaurants, toy, novelty and plastic plants, and many other aspects of the city's economy would be critically injured if all of the Puerto Rican's elected to go elsewhere." What is apparent here is that the Puerto Ricans are "cheap labor" and targets for exploitation.

The work being done to "orientate" the Puerto Ricans to life in New York is not getting at the cause of the trouble. Thousands are migrating here. Thousands more are being farmed out to the mainland to help with our harvests and then shipped back home to work the short sugar season. The New York Times gave the statistics of seasonal and year-long unemployment in Puerto Rico as a total of 109,000. The estimated number of people living in slum areas, shacks or hovels with no sanitary facilities at all is 90,000. There is no choice at present but migration. Efforts have been made to spread the influx to other areas besides New York City where nearly one out of twenty is Puerto Rican. There is no housing left in New York but illegal housing and the hospitals are overcrowded.

The Welfare Department has stated that the Puerto Ricans want to work and are the fastest to get off the relief rolls. The Puerto Rican government runs an employment office in New York which places an average of 600 each month. Why do these people have to leave their homes in order to find work that can give them a chance for survival? The "Times" points out that at the close of the sugar season 100,000 are unemployed, 60,000 go back to their own

farms. There are 40,000 of these workers who have no farms of their own. The yearly per capita net income in Puerto Rico is \$399. A minimum diet alone costs \$200. There is never any reference to the tracts of good land we have taken over for our military installations and radar bases. This land is the bread of the people because of the mountainous character of most of the island.

The proposed solution to these problems is industrialization and an increase of United States capital as well as Federal Funds. This means that the industries would not be owned and operated by the Puerto Rican workers but by the American capitalists who have much to gain there in wealth and power. It would be a case for the Puerto Ricans of selling the horse to buy horseshoes. The position of the United States in Puerto Rico is vague. We have not proposed statehood. We hold Puerto Rico with an iron hand and are very reluctant to withdraw even though we acknowledge the right of people to govern themselves, have a real voice in the laws which bind them, and to have control of their own economy without outside interference and ownership. Beneath discussions of the "Puerto Rican problem" is the current of a bad conscience trying to justify itself. The roots of the problem have not been touched. Have we gone to Puerto Rico to give or to get?

Third Hour

There is a last hour appeal for the *THIRD HOUR* issue VI, now in preparation. The publication, let me recall, has articles by representatives of various Churches: Catholic, Russian-Orthodox, Protestant, Protestant-Episcopal, etc. They do not attempt to discuss dogmatic problems, which divide them; they have found a common ground, as stated in issue V: the primacy of the Spirit, the search of social justice, in the light of Christ, the meaning of prayer and sacrifice, the values of religious culture. The name: *THIRD HOUR* was chosen in commemoration of the PENTECOST, for it was in the *THIRD HOUR* that the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles, so that they could speak all tongues, and preach to all the nations. The *THIRD HOUR* contributors are people who certainly do not think themselves worthy of the Apostles; but they do speak in various tongues and address themselves to various nations, peoples, groups. If they were engaged in controversy, if they wanted to prove that one group is better than the other, one people, more wise, and more deserving . . . they would probably find a lot of support. But since there is nothing of the sort, the voices of *THIRD HOUR* have been silent for two years. Do you want issue VI to come out, then help the people of the *THIRD HOUR*: they have their issue all planned, but in order to face once more the technical expenses, they have appealed for donations. The issue will present:

W. H. Auden

Dorothy Day

Anne Fremantle

Helene Isoulsky

Arthur Lourie

Denis de Rougemont

Rev. Alexander Schmeemann

The *THIRD HOUR* people have figured that they have at least one hundred friends, who, if they each sent \$5, could start this issue VIth going. This sum has been collected already in part, but if other donations don't come, there will be another slowdown, another silence. So lets hope for the best.

Address and checks made out:

THIRD HOUR FOUNDATION,

INC.

221 E. 10th St., New York 21, N. Y.

LOMA

(Continued from page 2)

whizzed along on a clear highway through Tuba City, Moencop, and on to Hotevilla.

Coming up the mesa into Hotevilla we struck mud. I saw Ezra, a CO, and waved to him. He stopped his car and we visited. He is a nephew of Dan. Soon we were in Dan's home unloading some citrus. He called in Earl who could translate and we asked questions and answered them for an hour. It was Dan's father, Leukoma, who was the leader of the Hostiles in 1906 when the army imprisoned him and other Hopi, threw them in vats and cut their hair and put them in chains in Keams Canyon and later in Alcatraz. They kidnapped the children and took them to schools to make Christians of them by force. The women were left to starve in brush huts on this high and cold mesa. Today Hotevilla people carry water on their backs from the springs at the bottom of the cliff; water their gardens in the same manner; and will not have the government electricity, wells and pensions.

The new highway being built by the government from Window Rock to Tuba City is completed except for a few miles west of Hotevilla, and it ends coming from the east at the top of the mesa at the entrance to Old Oraibi.

Thomas and Fermina

"Where's Ammon now?" asked five year old Lena, whom I always call "Little Owl."

"I suppose he's got to Wickenburg by now," answered Thomas. Then in half an hour she and Sue would ask where I was. And so it kept up all day. They had about given me up because of the storm when Fermina was out chopping wood and saw us coming in the driveway.

Soon Fermina served us Hopi corn on the cob. This is dried and hung up on the walls and taken down as needed all winter. Also a huge jar of Hopi peaches was opened in our honor. Enough mesquite was piled up in the yard to last all winter; it was hauled from 30 miles away; huge logs of it. I delighted to chop it up, as I only had small bits of it at home. It has a fragrance all its own, only rivaled by pinon.

Thomas explained the details of the last act of Interior Secretary Chapman putting his o.k. on what he had previously declared was illegal, the contract of the Mormon lawyer in Salt Lake to sue the government for land stolen from the Hopi. Only the government stooge Hopi had fallen for this scheme: the great majority refusing to ask the white judge and jury to do anything but decide in their own favor. Real Hopi deny the jurisdiction of the government, considering themselves a sovereign independent people.

Later David, whom I met when he was a weaver at the Fair two years ago, came in with Perry. He had a noncommittal reply from Senator Goldwater which he showed to Thomas. This was in reply to the following letter in which the Hopi opposed the opening up of the sale of liquor to Indians. The joke of the whole matter is that the Christian Indians who had campaigned for the Republicans and who had always supported the fake Tribal Council, the conscripting of the Hopi for war, and all of the white man's dubious benefits, now had their champion Goldwater asking for liquor for the Indians. McKay, the new Secretary of the Interior, had just set the pace by declaring that all reservation Indians should be assimilated among the whites. This is only an excuse for getting taxes from the Indians and then giving them liquor when they will be so befuddled they will give the oil, uranium, coal, and grazing rights to the greedy whites. The Governor's Interstate Tribal Council, composed of stooge Indian employees or office holders in the west, along with the capitalists who want Indian resources, met here in Phoenix on Dec. 9, 1952 and were

foolish enough to show their hand by saying in speaking of the great reforms that would come from the states "helping" the Indians instead of the Federal government, "until such a time as Indian lands are placed on the tax rolls of the states."

LETTER FROM THE HOPI TO SENATOR GOLDWATER
Hopi Indian Nation
Hotevilla, Arizona

Senator Barry Goldwater
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

We, the Hopi leaders and people, will not stop and hesitate in protesting against your bill or plans which you have recently introduced in Senate. You have done this without first giving the Hopis and other Indians a chance to express their opinions on that bill. We do not know what other things are attached to the bill to open to the Indians an intoxicating liquor.

Have you forgotten already your promises to separate the decay ideas from the good minds or plans for the Indians? You have promised our people that you will clean up the mess and all evil things that are not good for the people. You promise to correct certain irregularities which are existing among the people everywhere including in your Capitol.

Before you got into office as Senator you have invented a good machine to work with and with that machine you have done a good job in getting into office which you now hold. The machine that talk, "vote for me, vote for me." With these words you have gotten the Indian votes but not many of the Hopis fall for your promises. Yet before we make one step you suddenly reversed your good promises to bad ones. Our confidence, our views of your action caused us to doubt your ability to do good for the Indians because you are equipping us with all sorts of weapons now. You know very well that a drunken person is always ready to use any of the weapons you mentioned in your bill to harm a person. He or she can get hold of any of these things that may come in handy to strike another person. There are chair, hammer, shovel, frying pan and beer bottle, knife and gun which could be used to kill or harm a person by a drunk. This means that you are not making any better people out of the Indians. You are only making them worse! You are making bitter enemies among our own Indian people not only among men but also among women and children.

Your plans will destroy the happy homes, our Hopi religion, tradition and sacred rites of the Indian people.

We like very much for you to present yourself to us what you really are, good or bad. You must now choose either one of these two words and admit to us if you are wrong. We want your immediate reply.

We do not want any of the intoxicating liquor to be used among the Hopi or any other Indians. We repeat again to call your attention to the fact that we do not want your bill and that it must not become the law of the land. Remember this is against our beliefs, tradition and our religious rites.

Hopi Children

Among true Hopi "none are to be preferred." In school when a teacher asks those at the blackboard to do the problem and then the first one is to turn and raise a hand, all turn at once, waiting for the slowest little Hopi to finish. The Hopi have never heard of modern psychology yet for centuries they have solved age old problems that today fill the couches of psychiatrists in the outside world. The parents do not reprimand the children, but the aunts and uncles do this. And of course no Indian child is ever spanked or given a blow. So there is always peace in the household—and face. The Old

I do not think it could be disputed that, from the standpoint of the Orthodox Church (of which he was a member) his teaching is often heretical. He has been enthralled by the attempts of some Orthodox theologians to conceive of Orthodoxy in a congregationalist sense. It is the special temptation of our age to demand that religion conform to democracy. In the Catholic Church this is seen in the attempt of those who are overly anxious to prove that the Catholic way and the American way are one. Rather than to show there is no specific "Catholic way" in the political sense. But, in the Orthodox Church, there is the attempt of some to demonstrate that, in the internal management of the Church itself and in the teaching and defense of dogma, democracy is the rule. Archbishop Germanes, Metropolitan of Thyateira, in his preface to Dr. Bolshakoff's study of Khomyakov (3) (from whom Berdaev derived some of his ecclesiology) states "Nobody can deny the devotion of Khomyakov to the Orthodox Church, but his ecclesiology lacks of clearness and exactness. It can lead sometimes to perilous conclusions from the Orthodox point of view. It happened, for instance, with Khomyakov's

Adam that is in us is taken care of in Hopi tradition by the grandfather being the official goat to whom anything may be said. He knows this and takes it gracefully. Then none of the hatreds and grudges which with us pile up into diseases, neurosis, tantrums, and crime have any channelling among the Hopi. There are very few things that Hopi children are told not to do.

At Shungonopovi

Around 9 a.m. we said goodbye. In a few minutes we were at Andrew's house at Shungonopovi on Second Mesa. The family, consisting of Andrew, two grandmothers, two beautiful women of about 35 with small bright-eyed youngsters snuggling close as "bananas" appeared; a teen age boy and a beautiful older girl were seated on the floor around breakfast which was on a clean oilcloth on the floor. On the oilcloth was a bowl of mutton stew; small loaves of Hopi bread and long rolls of blue Piki; with coffee poured as wanted. All sat around on rugs and chattered happily. Fingers and spoons were all that was needed. We declined anything as we had just finished breakfast.

Soon David appeared from Hotevilla, accompanied by Paul who had been in prison along with Thomas and the others as a CO. David had clippings about the scheme of Governor Pyle to create a 12 man Indian Advisory Council; the bill being in the legislature now. The Hopi were the only Indians opposing it. The Indians were not asked what they wanted or whom they wanted to represent them; just the good stooge Republican Christians who o.k'd the new plan of depriving the Indians of their heritage fraudulently spoke for their brothers whom they were unconsciously selling out for ribbons of honor from the white oppressor.

Through the window I saw a Hopi go by on horseback on his way to tend his sheep. Another walked by with his shovel on his shoulder, going to dam up water which would come from the snow and rain down the sides of the mesa to his small patch of corn. The moisture conserved here now would germinate the grains of corn which would be dropped in a hole made by a sharp stick a foot or two in the ground when the stars told the Hopi the exact day to plant. No cultivating of fields in the wholesale dustbowl civilization of the whites, but patient nursing of the sacred corn hill by hill and small plot by small plot, midst prayers for rain; this is the Hopi Way for 1000 years. It was with great reluctance that we left several hours later.

An Evaluation of Nicolas Berdaev

(Continued from page 1)

opinion about infallibility as belonging to the congregation as a whole. I am sure that Khomyakov misunderstood what was said in the Synodal Encyclical of the Orthodox Patriarchs in 1848 about the faithful being the defenders of dogma. Everyone knows the difference existing between "defender" and "judge."

It is not to be wondered then that Berdaev often sought criterion for his religious beliefs elsewhere than in the deposit of Faith so jealously guarded by the Orthodox Church. For example, he rejects the idea of eternal punishment largely for psychological reasons. Because certain Christians seem to take a personal satisfaction in contemplating the punishment of the damned and because some theologians taught that the blessed in heaven would also delight in witnessing such punishment. What Berdaev overlooks is that, even for the things he believes in or the causes he has espoused, there are those who adhere to such beliefs or join such causes chiefly out of conscious or subconscious psychological motivations. An investigation along these lines could pretty well dispose of any belief in anything. But here Berdaev fell into the very trap he warned others against—the tendency to fall away from integral truth and to stress isolated facts to its neglect. The Eastern Orthodox Church, while rightly hierarchical, has given more scope and importance to the laity than has the West. Many of the theologians of the Orthodox Church have been laymen. This is a good and salutary thing and something the West could well encourage. But not to the extent where the laity, as such, are constituted judges of dogma. That remains, as ever, the function of the duly appointed bishops in Ecumenical Councils and to the Holy See.

Fanaticism

Berdaev has some valuable observations to make on the subject of fanaticism which we do well to take to heart in these troublesome days of mass hysteria. "Fanaticism" he states "which is the extreme form of intolerance, is the loss of inner freedom. The fanatic is slave to the idea in which he believes...he ceases to have inner command of himself, the fanatic cannot connect the idea by which he is possessed, with freedom, even when he is possessed with the idea of freedom." REALM OF SPIRIT p. 112. The obvious forms of fanaticism come to mind, we are all familiar with the religious fanatic, a slave to compulsive behaviour, who feels compelled to manage souls, to save others, to insist on conformity even in non-essentials. What sometimes escapes our attention is the compulsive character of some libertarian devotion to freedom. Anarchists with totalitarian psychologies. Who would level all things to their conception of what the universe is. Anarchists with anti-personalist leanings, who are compelled by the subconscious to impose uniformity. Who can observe no discipline in ourselves. Who are truly anarchists in the popular sense of the word (as being chaotic in behaviour) not anarchists in the sense of believing in order. There are many ways in which we lose inner freedom and the fact we adhere to an ideology of freedom is no guarantee that we do not do so out of compulsion. Here again it becomes a question of not psychologizing a truth out of existence but of recognizing that fanaticism is not a devotion to truth (even when what we believe is true) it is rather a surrender to irrational forces within us that rob us of freedom. And this freedom can only come from within, it is not something from Caesar for "Caesar does not wish to give freedom to anyone" states Berdaev it is also the contention of Berdaev that rights stem, not from the State or from nature, but from the spiritual. As such the person is

superior to any society, for his end is transcendental.

Theocracy

That is why it is a mistake for the Church to identify itself with any particular form of government, why theocracy is one of the temptations the Church has to overcome. For this world and the governments of this world are essentially relative, to give them a religious sanction is to try to convert the relative into the absolute. The result has always been harmful to the Church. And yet here Berdaev fails. He fails because he comes to the same practical conclusions that the Thomists (whom he severely criticizes) come to. For all his eloquence, in the concrete situation of life, he accepts the governments of this world and will not allow the Absolute to penetrate. Indeed he gives up hope of such a penetration. When treating of his subjectivist beliefs he warns we must not really believe the external world of soil and trees and streams do not exist—so also, from time to time, he reminds us that the world of the relative is here and we owe it our allegiance, even though we see thru it, even then we are not taken in by it. And so we must not penetrate this monistic tyranny by embodying in our actions some revolt against the temporal such as would happen if we were to refuse military service. Berdaev's ideology is no more serviceable than traditional Thomism in providing a basis whereby the world gravitates to and finally embodies specifically Christian values. He is somewhat the Rheinhold Niebuhr of Orthodoxy.

Yet, for all of this, Berdaev realizes there has at times been such an attempted penetration of the relative. For he saw it in Gandhi. He writes "Gandhi was of course more revolutionary than the communists, in the spiritual sense of the word, and just because of this spiritual revolution he was killed." R. of S p. 64. The fact that he balks at drawing too practical conclusions from his ideas should not deter us from recognizing in Berdaev much valuable material in the fight that is already on to oppose the invasion of Caesar into the things of the spirit. "When the State begins to be much interested in man" he says "it enslaves him, not only externally, but internally as well, although the realm of the spirit cannot be contained within that of Caesar." R. of S. p. 79. He points out that there is a valid concept of nationality but that it does not find expression in the State. That nationality means diversity and this is found in the different cultures of peoples whereas all States very much resemble each other. When nationality becomes identified with the State it does so to its own destruction. "There is no more vicious idea than the sovereignty of national states, embraced by the people to their own destruction." R. of S. 156.

Berdaev expounded an eschatological interpretation of history and his chiliastic elements found expression in a belief in a new era, the era of the Holy Spirit wherein, presumably, the reign of Christ would begin, the Kingdom of God realized. This can neither be proved or disproved. But we can agree with him when he states "the thorough-going acceptance of the truth of the Gospel right through to the end, an agreement to bring it into effective realization, would lead to the destruction of States, civilizations and societies which are organized according to the law of this world." B.&E. p. 48.

(1) p. 24. THE REALM OF SPIRIT AND THE REALM OF CAESAR—Harper & Bros. publ. 48 E. 33rd St. New York City, \$2.50.

(2) THE BEGINNING AND THE END—Harpers, \$3.50.

(3) THE DOCTRINE OF THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH. Now out of print. Many books on the Orthodox Church may be obtained thru Ian Mitchell, 28-Lower Brook St. Ipswich, England.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

feel like he were back in the Trappist where he once spent a year.

* * *

Through the courtesy of a very good friend we were privileged to see Stephen Vincent Benet's work "John Brown's Body" enacted on the stage by Judith Anderson, Raymond Massey and Tyrone Power. These three performers provided us with an evening that we have rarely encountered in the theatre. I have never heard anyone capture moods and atmospheres in reciting lines of poetry as did the three stars of that evening. Tyrone Power's competence in acting came as a complete surprise and Judith Anderson and Raymond Massey lived up to their expected first rate performance. However I must say that for me Judith Anderson was the standout of the evening with her brilliant acting.

* * *

A young lady was sitting in our library one day about noon. She held a five month old child on her lap. The infant was beautiful and gave me a big smile as I grabbed her tiny hand. I thought to myself she is one person who appreciates me at first sight. I was quickly corrected in this impression when the mother said, "She smiles like that at everybody." Covering my disappointment, I asked the child's name. "Cassandra," said the mother. In my usual tactful manner I asked her what possessed her to give the child such a name. "I had been fixing to have a son and had a boy's name all picked out. When a baby girl arrived I accepted the suggestion of a girl friend and called her Cassandra. However now I don't like that name and have decided to call her Casey."

The mother and child were living down the street from us in a cheap hotel room provided by the City Welfare Department. The mother had brought the child in to see if we had any clothes for either or both of them. The two of them had been living with a girl friend and family since the child's birth but the friend asked them to leave—the welcome was over. The father of the child had vanished many months ago as soon as he learned the girl was pregnant. It was reassuring to learn that the mother intended to keep and raise Cassandra, father or no. After they had returned to their hotel I still felt as though that child did not smile at everyone as she did at me.

Joe has been washing dishes in a restaurant now for a couple or three weeks. But when he was with us he kept a minute checkup on everyone in our midst. One day he told me how he had lost his rosary. He said, "I used to think that everything I lost was stolen. I just didn't lose something, it was stolen. But I remember very clearly that I had lost the rosary; no one had stolen it. Anyway I was very fortunate to be given another rosary as soon as I arrived here in the house. Without a rosary I am lost." Joe went on to tell me how he divides up his rosary for certain intentions.

"I say one decade for understanding and harmony to exist among the people who congregate in our library here in the house." I said, "You mean we don't have understanding and harmony in our library?" But Joe was serious about this situation. "You don't always see the thousand and one personal difficulties that exist between the people here in the library. The newcomers to the library and the house are frequently hanging on by their fingertips. They don't know how long they are going to stay on here and where will they go from here. It takes a few days before one begins to feel the newness wear off."

Someone claimed that I should write a sequel to the incident of the destitute friend of ours who was awaiting his priest brother to visit this country. Well, it all turned out happily as we all want our stories to do. At the time of the priest's arrival in this part of the country his brother had a job and was very well dressed. The two of them came down and had lunch with us one day. The priest radiated goodness and light and he won all of us over to him at once. I had the feeling down deep that the priest was aware of the fact that his brother was no stranger to the Bowery section of the city. But like all truly good and holy men he indicated no shock at man's weakness—whether it was his brother or any one else. This priest said he had heard of the Catholic Worker when he was overseas in the missions and that our existence and work proved to be a great source of inspiration to himself and other missionary priests. We offered no resistance to these complements. Oh, we enjoyed the meeting with this good priest no end.

APPEAL

97 Richmond Road
Cleveland 24, Ohio

Dear Friend:

A CARE for India appeal, initiated by the undersigned in 1951, in protest over Congress' inhuman delay in responding to India's famine appeal, received a warm-hearted response which has developed into a daily feeding program for several hundred starving people, through the Gandhi Mission Society of Madras, India.

A request for CARE food parcels was sent to individuals and editors of newspapers late in 1951. The generous response came during the acute drought and famine last spring and enabled the Gandhi Mission Society to set up a regular feeding station. The CARE parcels were supplemented by bulk food supplied by the Indian Government.

Bhikshu Nirmalananda, Director of the Mission, has sent reports of progress, but these reports reveal that food, though desperately needed, is not enough. Clothing and supplementary vitamins and food concentrates are also needed, owing to prevailing malnutrition diseases in that area.

The Mission will purchase clothing in India, because materials available in the U.S. are unsuitable for the needs of the Indian people. We ask those who share our concern for India's needs to supplement or alternate their gifts of CARE food parcels with cash contributions to be applied to clothing and supplementary nutrition not available through CARE. Such contributions should be made payable to the Gandhi Mission Society and sent to Francis B. Riggs, 422 N. Alta Ave., Whittier, Calif., who has been authorized to handle the Mission's account at the Whittier, Calif., branch of the Bank of America.

The flow of CARE food parcels will, we hope, continue as before. Food parcels for \$10 are supplied by CARE, 50 Broad St., N.Y. 5, N.Y. and should be sent to: Bhikshu Nirmalananda, Gandhi Mission Society, Thyagarayanagar, Madras 17, India. We hope and pray that this fresh appeal for clothing, vitamins and food concentrates will meet with a generous response because of the dire need in this area where starvation is the common lot of the people.

The individuals assuming responsibility for the continuation of this project are: Joseph A. Prachar, Berwyn, Ill., Francis B. Riggs, Whittier, Calif., and the undersigned, whose present concern is to meet these additional needs.

The initial appeal for CARE food parcels was motivated by a religious and humanitarian desire to help those so desperately in need of food. The accent has been on brotherhood and the wish to assure our Indian brothers of American friendship and fellowship in their hour of sore need.

Some of those participating in this project have emphasized this spirit sacrificially by fasting and sending the equivalent food in CARE parcels. This fresh appeal is made in the same prayerful and brotherly spirit. All contributions, however small, will be greatly appreciated.

Yours in fellowship,
Caroline F. Urie

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College Boys

By DON KLEIN

We were bright, vivacious, chattering
As we talked of peace, of jobs, of girls,
And hoped the world wouldn't die before
We had our chance to prove all would have
New glitter—the jobs, the girls, and hopes
Because we had a smattering of what
They call education.

College boys are lippy, a bit too smart,
Even for their fathers and a generation
Twice torn part by wars, a depression
And false hopes. We boys have never learned
Except to parrot and parade a little learning
For a college prof, who knows we play a game
And barter life to play a sharp charade.

We boys will work the gimmicks, pull the strings
Of a contact here and there.
Truth, a puppet, walks a staggering line, men die,
Babies cry with newborn life.
The world turns over while it can,
God holds His breath and hopes
The boy becomes a man.

God dies in boredom, seldom called in friendship
Through a bright day and deeper night by
These boys, who are poor boys, poor sons,
Not men. What can they do?
They too are dying, bored with themselves,
The world and God.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

black fleece of another. I spin as an exercise in relaxation, and to indulge in a work which the Blessed Mother must have engaged in often. When I learned how a few years ago, I asked her help especially. Gandhi's followers spin for half an hour a day as part of the village program of India, a program of reconstruction as important to our times as the non-violent resistance which is taking place in South Africa. Certainly I remember to pray for the leaders of India in the great task ahead of them when I am engaged in this delightful occupation. I am spinning the good strong wool, to knit new feet in a long pair of home-knit stockings which Ammon Hennacy wears under his rubber boots when he spends nights irragating. The stockings were knit by Helen Demoskoff, a Doukober who has just finished serving a term in prison in Ontario for conscience's sake. We hope to have a letter from her in the next issue.

* * *

As this goes to press a telegram arrives from Ammon Hennacy, announcing the death of the Old Pioneer, on whose acres he lived,

and whom Ammon admired as a man of great integrity. The telegram brought joyful news also. Linn Orme was baptised a Catholic by Fr. Dunn the night before he died. Ammon and the old Pioneer had close love foreaen other and I was happy indeed to have met him on my recent visit to Phoenix.

* * *

Tomorrow I go to Staten Island to my daughters to baby-sit for a week end, so that David and Tamar can be present at the wedding of his youngest sister in Washington, D. C. What a joy that will be. Last time I was there, Susie, 6, was showing me how she could read from her first reader and the word "Jesus" kept coming up. And while she read I thought of what the theologian Bulgakoff wrote once that many Orthodox believe that the very saying of God's name invokes His presence; and I thought too of St. Catherine of Genoa kissing the mouth of a plague stricken patient who repeated the Holy Name after her. What is that St. Bernard says? Jesus is music on the lips, honey in the mouth, and a shout of joy in the heart.

Next Issue—Our Twentieth Anniversary

Many letters have come in on family life on the land, too many indeed to print. Also I have not written about the families I have visited on my midwinter trip around the country and their interest in Christian family villages and farming communes and the difficulties in realizing these ideals. The Green Revolution will be the subject of this May Day issue of The Catholic Worker, because that was the subject closest to Peter Maurin's heart.

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