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CHURCH IN RUSSIA

By Chrysostom Tarasevitch,
O.S.B.

Did you read the book: *God's Underground* by Father George as Told to Gretta Palmer?

What impression did it make on you?

I just finished reading it... and I must say that it made on me a very painful impression!

First of all, in the book's Foreword the Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union is called the stooge of Communism. However, the late great Russian philosopher and a profound Orthodox mystic who knew Russia, the Russian Revolution, the Soviet Union, the Russian Orthodox Church, the Russian people, their mentality, culture, history, better than any of the contemporary authorities, Russian or otherwise, thought quite differently. We are going to give here a lengthy quotation from him. In 1947 he wrote:

Berdyaev Writes:

"A hostile and disdainful attitude towards the Russian Church, that is, towards the Church in Russia, is often observed among Russians abroad, as well as among non-Russians. The Russian emigration always caused damage to the Church in Russia, it wounded this Church ostensibly, by linking Orthodoxy to the old regime. In the Tsarist days, The Russian Church was expected to associate with the Monarchy, which did not grant it freedom. Today, it is expected to observe, regarding the State, an independence which it knew nothing of in former years.

"The Russian Church follows a complex and painful path. It was obliged to free itself from the weight of the past, from the ties which bound it to an autocratic monarchy, and to a class-society officially sanctioned. This liberation could not be accomplished immediately. Nevertheless, this break with the past was achieved through suffering: the Church was finally obliged to recognize the Revolution as an important event in the destiny of the Russian people. From the Christian point of view, this Church has no reason to be opposed to the principle of the social experiment which is being performed in Russia. We do not

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NO WAR AGAINST RUSSIA

—Osservatore Romano

On Holy Saturday the semi-official Vatican newspaper, the *Osservatore Romano* stated editorially that the Catholic Church was opposed to the use of violence against Russia and that any opposition Catholics were to muster against Communism must employ the Christian weapons of prayer, and the restoration of social justice in a world which is hungry for truth, even if it comes in distorted forms.

This editorial, signed by Giuseppe Dalle Torre, editor in chief, was not generally circulated in the American press and was almost completely ignored by the Catholic press, both of which have been waging a "holy war" campaign against Russia for the past two years. It is also significant that all of those writers and commentators who read into the Holy Father's Christmas Message of last year their own warmongering sentiments have been silent on this significant utterance. The *Osservatore Romano* sets what might be called the "Church line" on political and social events.

The article points out that violence has never been conducive to the growth of the Church; that violence used against her has not prevented her growth. She is the greatest witness to the failure of such tactics: "it is impossible to

paralyze an idea with violence, destroy it by force, drown it in blood. She, the Church, is the greatest testimony of the folly of such prejudice. The idea which wins over another idea is that which counts most on the abnegation and example of its followers. Communism one defeats by prayer and demonstration with works that social justice has no need to deny God in order to activate itself."

Continuing to develop the thought that Christianity today has the vital task of meeting Communism on its own ground, of challenging the economic disorder, the tasks of Christians is that of implementing these ideas immediately and that the ideas generated by Communism, answering as they do the thirst for social justice on the part of the masses of the world's dispossessed, can only be offset by the presentation and living of more dynamic truths.

"Communism is NOT only a political phenomenon, a pawn of the international party. It is first a moral and economic motive and fact, to which social injustices, made more burning by a war which raged or lasted for over 30 years, bring an always more dangerous vigor. A war and a defeated Russia would force it to mark time, NOT to give up. Liberalism and

democracy were NOT suffocated by the Holy Alliance, not even by a France turned around by leaders of revolution to the fatal necessity of worrying about their own national cause and moving in rhythm with the rest of the world. Liberalism and democracy were retarded for some decades on their march, plotted against and exploited in new ways but arrived elsewhere, equally to their own account.

"If one should think of a war with Russia, of her eventual defeat... if one should think of a Soviet liquidation to liquidate Communism, he would fall into unpardonable equivocation."

The various interpretations of the pleas of the Holy Father for peace might well be interpreted in the light of the statement of *Osservatore Romano* that "it would be ingenuous at least to marvel that the words and action of Pius XII for peace would be enough to make quiet those who want once again to have the clergy and (lay) Catholics responsible for an armed conflict in order that whatever its outcome, favorable or not, to the enemies of the Church, she and her hierarchy may be struck by the immediate vendetta if they won, or if defeated, that she may be damned by the future reprisals."

CHURCH IN FRANCE

By Henri Perrin, S.J.

I know that a lot of your readers have been readers of my German diary and I would like to thank them by giving them some echoes of my actual life. For a year and a half I have been a workman in the district of Paris. I had sought work for a long time before finding it. Finally I was employed by a manufacturer of insulators and moulded objects, a factory of plastic goods, plates, bowls, radio cabinets etc.

First of all I worked as a moulder on two steam presses; then they asked me to work as a turner. Interesting work, not too tiring, peaceful, too peaceful, because isolated. I was with a small crew of turners in a large factory of women.

In contrast to other factories, relations were slow to form; one talks little doing piece work, and salaries being small, the workmen concentrate on the job.

Only a few people knew that I was a priest. For various reasons I decided to try the experience of silence, first of all for myself, to be more definitely one of them, to get in their rhythm, their thought, into their way of seeing things.

Later on, I believed that the moment had come to reveal that I was a priest; from each side they persuaded me, saying how little can we imagine the distrust and the resentment at the heart of the people against priests and how little they are supposed to believe in our disinterestedness.

The reaction of my companions was at first some surprise, some curiosity, but there were no lively reactions or problems. Some believed that I must have been defrocked; others thought that I was forced to earn my bread; on the one side there was discreet reserve and distrust, on the other hand sympathy because of the companionship which had sprung up between us. It was only very slowly that my position was understood and confidence was given me, which was normal enough because this presupposes an occasion to explain myself and the occasion doesn't come up every day. Two kinds reacted more clearly on learn-

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Mott Street

If you turn your face towards the south from our doorway and walk for five minutes you will arrive at the beginnings of Mott street. Down there you will find yourself face to face with Chatham Square, which area seems to symbolize the confusion of the world with at least eight streets shooting off in every conceivable direction. Even the elevated, overhead, appears to have caught the spirit of indecision since it too branches off in two directions, one short run to city hall and the other to South Ferry. Chatham Square divides up the atmosphere of the Bowery since it is just about there that the flop houses, bars, and rescue missions drop out of sight. If you retrace your steps in a northerly direction on Mott St. from Chatham Square you will not

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ATLANTIC PACT

The North Atlantic Treaty has been signed by the United States, subject to ratification by two-thirds of the Senate. Ratification is expected in mid-May. The only serious opposition in the Senate is from a group of the old isolationist school, and their argument is that it costs too much. According to the mores of our times, that is the weightiest argument that can be made.

Like every other military alliance since the beginning of history, this, too, is called a "peace pact." Officially it is insisted that the pact is not aimed at Russia, but unofficially the press and the Senators over the air contradict this. They would like advance air bases to shower Russia with atom bombs and military aid to western Europe will provide this. Britain and France prefer the official interpretation. They insist that signing does not contradict their twenty-year pacts with Russia, pacts in which they promise not to join any anti-Russian Alliance.

The morality, the reasoning and the language of the diplomatist is deliberately confusing, if not deceptive. But, no matter what view you care to take, the signing of the Atlantic Pact is show of force—of atomic force. President Truman has said we would not hesitate to use the atom bomb again if the cause arose.

In the Holy Father's 1948 Christmas message, he pointed out that the Christian's weapons are prayer and love. Mr. Truman also states that, in signing this pact, we are now doing the will of Almighty God. The President's theology seems as preposterous as his presumption.

The U. N., though conceived in

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Third Hour

The title of this magazine comes from the story of the first Pentecost, Acts 2:15 when the disciples showed so well the zeal and fruits following the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

This is the fourth issue in the past three years of *The Third Hour*. The first issue was in Russian, the second in French, and the last two in English. The Editorial Staff writes: "Our work is to pursue a common spiritual and social task in which representatives of various churches, Protestant, Anglican, Catholic and Greek-Orthodox, as well as men belonging to other religious and spiritual groups, may work side by side." They speak of the Eirenic idea of peace inspiring Christians throughout the world. "The Christian elite has become and is growing

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Poverty's Progress

Women of the Muni

The afternoon sun spangled the refuse-choked East River in a veil of glittering sequins and, like an ancient harpy on her way to a rendezvous, the river hurried self-consciously past the dirty clutter of wharves and barges on its way to meet the harbor.

The social worker leaned on the sill of the fifth floor window of the Municipal Lodging House and squinted out over it. "There's about 118 unattached women sleep here on this floor." He turned back briefly into the room, waving a hand at the long lines of double-decker bunks, back to back, with not an inch to spare and the smell of carbolic covering all of them like an extra blanket. "They come and they go. Floaters, drifters,

transients, one night, two nights, a week, a month. All sorts."

He turned back to the view of the river with an expression too delicate for distaste masking his face, allowing the last phrase to fill the silence with a louder clamour than that of speech. All sorts. All sorts. All sorts. Which is to say, we've been around. We know what all sorts are. The unwanted child, the reckless, the one who took one chance too many, the one who trusted where she shouldn't have, because you have to trust somebody, somewhere, some time. The ones who wanted to get out from under the burden of shrill, parental arguments, the grinding poverty, the stupid job, the too

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The Hell It Is

Men On the Bowery

What I am supposed to write is something about the Bowery, but I wonder what anyone can tell about it that has not been said a thousand times and more. One thing is certain, and that is that if you or anyone else expects to read something whimsical or mirth-provoking about the Great Alcoholic Cesspool, you will have to look somewhere else for it, because that is definitely what I am not going to write. How could I begin to be humorous about the Bowery, when I hate it from end to end, from top to bottom, from the inside out and from the outside in, and everything it stands for?

Well, here is something I don't think you have read about in your daily papers. It happened on the

Bowery about three weeks ago. The police conducted one of their periodical "roundups" of men on the world's best-known "skid road." What usually happens in these affairs is that a large number of men are given so-called moderate sentences on the Island, where the city has need of workers to operate bakeries, laundries, etc., but this time there was something different on the program. Waiving the formality of arrest, police told the men to go to the railroad shipping offices and sign up for the jobs offered "or else." Some of the men directly concerned told us that the jobs had something to do with the railway express strike; they thought that "freight han-

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Catholic Worker Positions

The general aim of the Catholic Worker Movement is to realize in the individual and in society the expressed and implied teachings of Christ. It must therefore begin with an analysis of our present society to determine whether we already have an order that meets with the requirements of justice and charity of Christ.

The society in which we live and which is generally called capitalist (because of its method of producing wealth) and bourgeois (because of its prevalent mentality) is not in accord with justice and charity—

IN ECONOMICS—because the guiding principle is production for profit and because production determines needs. A just order would provide the necessities of life to all, and needs would determine what would be produced, and labor would receive the full equivalent of the wealth produced. From each according to his ability, to each according to his need. Today we have a non-producing class which is maintained by the labor of others with the consequence that the laborer is systematically robbed of that wealth which he produces over and above what is needed for his bare maintenance.

IN PSYCHOLOGY—because capitalist society fails to take in the whole nature of man but rather regards him as an economic factor in production. He is an item in the expense sheet of the employer. Profit determines what type of work he shall do. Hence the deadly routine of assembly lines and the whole mode of factory production. In a just order the question will be whether a certain type of work is in accord with human values, not whether it will bring a profit to the exploiters of labor.

IN MORALS—because capitalism is maintained by class war. Since the aim of the capitalist employer is to obtain labor as cheaply as possible and sell the products of labor as dearly as possible and the aim of labor is to sell itself as dearly as possible and buy the products produced as cheaply as possible there is an inevitable and persistent conflict which can only be overcome when the capitalist ceases to exist as a class. When there is but one class the members perform different functions but there is no longer an employer—wage earner relationship.

To achieve this society we advocate:

A complete rejection of the present social order and a non-violent revolution to establish an order more in accord with Christian values. This can only be done by direct action since political means have failed as a method for bringing about this society. Therefore we advocate a personalism which takes on ourselves responsibility for changing conditions to the extent we are able to do so. By establishing Houses of Hospitality we take care of as many of those in need as we can rather than turn them over to the impersonal "charity" of the State. We do not do this in order to patch up the wrecks of the capitalist system but rather because there is always a shared responsibility in these things and the call to administer to our brother transcends any consideration of economics. We feel that what anyone possesses beyond basic needs does not belong to him but rather to the poor who are without it.

We believe in a withdrawal from the capitalist system so far as each one is able to do so. Toward this end we favor the establishment of a Distributist economy wherein those who have a vocation to the land will work on the farms surrounding the village and those who have other vocations will work in the village itself. In this way we will have a decentralized economy which will dispense with the State as we know it today and will be federalist in character as was society during certain periods that preceded the rise of national states.

We believe in worker ownership of the means of production and distribution as distinguished from nationalization. This to be accomplished by decentralized co-operatives and the elimination of a distinct employer class. It is revolution from below and not (as political revolutions are) from above. It calls for widespread and universal effective ownership by all men of property as a stepping stone to a communism that will be in accord with the Christian teaching of detachment from material goods and which when realized will express itself

On Pilgrimage

There is not much around Mott street to remind one of cedars, rose plants and cinnamon, aromatic balm and myrrh. In fact, there is not much sweetness of odor around us here. But there are plane trees over on Second avenue, and tubs of olive, if not olive trees, and sweet herbs and fig trees for sale on the curb. And these are reminders of the Blessed Mother, whose month this is.

She is also the Mother of fair love, of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope. How fair is love in the city streets? It is fair no matter where it is, no matter how perverse and distorted, no matter how dark and tortured there is still in all love a suggestion, a hint of this love of God. Mother of fair love, teach us to love; make us grow in love, help us to develop these spiritual forces which will be strong as death, and will enable us to overcome the hatred in the world today.

It is one of those hot spring days and I have just returned from the farm at Newburgh. The city seems more than usually oppressive, with its noise and sleeplessness and tensions. The house is full of visitors and all day long during the Easter week seminarians and priests are dropping in. The children are vociferous in the playground across the street, and the young men roam the streets all night. The hot sun pours down, the pavements burn the feet, the congestion of people and cars is unbelievable.

By contrast the farm is peace. The other night John Filliger was ploughing until twilight what last summer was the old potato field and what this summer will be a field of oats. After the oats are harvested there will be timothy and clover in that field, which is just back of the chapel and dormitory windows, and I can smell it now, as it will be this summer, newly-cut and drying in the sun.

Charlie, our cook, who found us a new green, the young shoots of milkweed, informed us last week that we should salt down a crock of dandelion greens for next winter. But we have been eating them as we picked them, wooden bowls of them on every table. Holy Thursday we had a feast of lamb, wild greens, with dressing in the middle of the table to dip the greens in, and wine. While we ate, Michael read aloud from St. John, the story of the last supper.

Hans has been working on the barn, putting six new windows in, the frames of which he made himself. The finished windows were priced at eighteen dollars at the

lumber company, but we bought four dollars sashes and lumber, and made the frames, and now the barn, for mothers and children, will be bright and sunny. Next he has to work on screens for all these new windows and for the house, which had only meagre slide screens last year. The carriage house has been partitioned off into cubicles so that for the permanent staff there will be some measure of privacy. The "retreatants accept as part of the "putting off of the old man" the living in dormitory, but it is hard to be always sharing your room, living, dressing, writing, praying, under the eyes of others.

Hospital visiting has been a large part of the work at the farm this last month while Jane O'Donnell, who is in charge of Maryfarm, has been at the Grail. There have been two of our number to go to clinics several days a week, and old Mr. Sandford has been at St. Luke's in Newburgh, and Kay B. in Cornwall hospital to be operated on for a broken spine. Mr. Sandford has been a migrant worker who wandered in some months ago, quite old to be sleeping out as he traveled from farm to farm. He had worked for some years in the fruit regions around Marlboro, and originally he came from Virgin Islands, Virginia, if there is such a place. His heart is bad, and his blood pressure is high, and he looks very feeble as he lies, with rosary around his neck, dressed in his white gown, in the big hospital bed. He looks like the pictures of Gandhi, withered, little, the same features and shaped head and ears. Only it was a Gandhi smoking cigarettes and enjoying very much the ice cream

in common ownership. "Property, the more common it is, the more holy it is," St. Gertrude writes.

We believe in the complete equality of all men as brothers under the Fatherhood of God. Racism in any form is blasphemy against God who created all mankind in His image and who offers redemption to all. Man comes to God freely or not at all and it is not the function of any man or institution to force the Faith on anyone. Persecution of any peoples is therefore a serious sin and a denial of free will.

We believe further that the revolution to be pursued in ourselves and in society must be pacifist. Otherwise it will proceed by force and will use means that are evil and which will never be outgrown, so that they will determine the end of the revolution and that end will again be tyranny. We believe that Christ went beyond natural ethics and the Old Dispensation in this matter of force and war and taught non-violence as a way of life. So that when we fight tyranny and injustice and the class war we must do so by spiritual weapons and by non-cooperation. Refusal to pay taxes, refusal to register, non-violent strikes, withdrawal from the system are all methods that can be employed in this fight for justice.

We believe that success, as the world determines it, is not the criterion by which a movement should be judged. We must be prepared and ready to face seeming failure. The most important thing is that we adhere to these values which transcend time and for which we will be asked a personal accounting, not as to whether they succeeded (though we should hope that they do) but as to whether we remained true to them even though the whole world go otherwise.

Our Back Yard



we brought him. He cannot read or write, but he came to prime and compline and Mass at the farm, and when the leader would intone, "I believe in God," he would repeat after him, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty."

All winter long the farm has been like a convalescent home. Now the retreat season is starting and the following is the schedule for the coming summer:

- May 1 weekend—A work group.
- May 8—Puerto Rican group.
- May 28-31—Retreat.
- June 12 week—Friendship House Retreat.
- July 1-8—Fr. Brown, Louisville, Ky.
- July 17-23 — Fr. Chrysostom Tarasovich.
- Aug. 1-6—Fr. Judge, New Ulm, Minn.
- Aug. 16-22 — Fr. Casey, Regal, Minn.
- Sept. 2-6 — Discussion week, Helene Isvolsky.
- Sept. 18-24—Fr. Meenan, Norwalk, Conn.

ATLANTIC PACT

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iniquity by near merciless victors, was and is one of the few forces against extreme nationalism in the world. Officially the pact does not violate the U. N. Charter, but it certainly does violate the spirit and ideal.

War is not inevitable, not until the people think it is. How well the propagandists know this. The North Atlantic Pact is not war, but it is not a step towards peace. It is one more stick placed in anticipation of the blasphemous holocaust of millions of Russians if not all humanity. Christians should set their faces against it and all other steps leading to war, resisting with all their strength, without violence and always with charity.

THE POOR YOU HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU our Lord said. And he told us to care for them as we would want to serve Him on earth. So won't you sit down now, in your bright clean kitchen and think of 300 women and children in one dormitory in the Municipal Lodging House as described in this issue; then think if you know of any vacant or about-to-be-vacant apartments; keep looking for them and then call us, CAnal 6-8498, or write. So we may help give these evicted families a place to live again with dignity and privacy. You must help. We are all one flesh according to our Lords teaching.

SATYAGRAHA

(A Christian Way)

By ROBERT LUDLOW

The method of resistance to evil adopted and taught by Gandhi is nothing more nor less than the externalization in society of the Sermon on the Mount. Perhaps this will cause surprise to those who think that Christ taught non-resistance to evil. But this Christ never did teach, and Monsignor Knox, in his translation from the Greek, brings this out in rendering the passage "but I tell you that you should not offer resistance to injury"—and this translation fits in more nearly with the context than does the usual one "I say to you resist not evil." The devil, we assume, is evil, and St. James says "resist the devil and he will fly from you" (Jas. 4:7). For Christ it is a question of how one is to resist evil and the answer given is the answer Gandhi accepted as the basis of Satyagraha, and it is found in the Sermon on the Mount and in Romans 12:20-21, where St. Paul states "Rather, feed thy enemy if he is hungry, give him to drink if he is thirsty: by doing this, thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Do not be disarmed by malice, disarm malice with kindness."

The grace of God permeates where He will, and there are times when it departs from the usual channels of the Sacraments and gathers up those who are not of this fold. With moral certainty it can be stated that Gandhi lived in grace, that he died in Christ and in the soul of the Church. He stated this "a non-violent man can do nothing save by the power and grace of God. Without it he won't have the courage to die without anger, without fear, and without retaliation"... and it is a sentiment of the Gospels, it is basically and profoundly Christian.

Gandhi's whole outlook, as expressed in Satyagraha, is built on the premise that personal relationships and group relationships are moral relationships. That there is not one set of moral principles for man as a Christian and another for man as a citizen. That there are transcendental values that have validity in themselves and apply to all human acts, that there are no schizoid ethics.

Non-Cooperation

Satyagraha does not mean co-operation with the oppressor, it does not subscribe to that false concept of love which reduces it to imbecility so that one embraces not only the offender but the offense. If imperialism is evil, if capitalism is evil, one does not co-operate with either. If class war is a reality (as it is) one faces the reality and fights the war and when the oppressed no longer co-operate with the oppressor oppression becomes futile. Applied in this country it means that we do not sit at the conference table with the capitalist, but fight a war of love against him. That we urge him to step out of his class and join the workers, that he renounce all for justice. And we fight the war, not by injury to others, but (if we would be true to Christ's spirit as applied in Satyagraha) by self-suffering and purification of ourselves. For Gandhi also believed that Satyagraha was applicable not merely to the political field, but to the person. And one who fails to apply it to the latter is bound to fail in the political application of it. This is but the reiteration of Christ's words that these things shall be remedied by prayer and fasting.

Gandhi's method went beyond natural ethics in that he comprehended the Christian message of not offering a mere passive resistance but of returning good for evil. For he advocated non-violence even when physical weapons were available, his was a principled non-violence, it was not opportunist. Here in the United States if we would conform to this Christian spirit we would fight the

class war without hatred of individuals and in supplication to God that He touch with grace the hearts of capitalist and politician, that they dissolve themselves in the one class of workers whose only difference would be that of function. For the Christian should not live in fear, and he who uses violence does so because he fears. Violence is thus a sign of weakness which inflicts injury on others because the way of self-suffering is too difficult. But if one adopts non-violence through cowardice then, according to Gandhi, one is in a less justifiable position than he who uses violence. Satyagraha, like the supernatural way of Christ, is an adherence to a better way than that found by natural ethics. Satyagraha, a system patterned on the Sermon on the Mount, is thus a system which draws upon and supposes the supernatural. It is a mistake to look upon it as a pagan system worked out by reason alone. Gandhi himself stated that it was the teachings of Christ, which finally decided him as to the rightness of what he was gradually working out. War, he stated, has its roots not only in what is wrong in society but in what is wrong with us. In that he but echoes St. James, who says "what leads to war, what leads to quarrelling among you? I will tell you what leads to them; the appetites which infect your mortal bodies. Your desires go unfulfilled, so you fall to murdering." YOUR DESIRES GO UNFULFILLED. And so Satyagraha insists on personal mortification to offset that in us which contributes to evil. And so Satyagraha wars on capitalist and imperialist exploitation which result in class and international wars. In doing so Gandhi and those who follow this method do but embrace Christ. Catholics, who have a like ideology of asceticism, should be among those who see most clearly the truths in Gandhi's position and should be among those who see the possibility of applying Satyagraha to the problems of the west also. Alas! We are among those who understand least, we are among those who have spurned the higher way of Christ and have fought with the world and made use of the weapons of the world, we have become filth and an abomination. We are a hateful and stiffnecked people. We are too proud to learn from one who did not give formal adherence to the Church, and yet we have also failed to learn from Christ or from St. Francis. The hand of Constantine has lain heavy on the Church these many years and has taken its payment. As Christianity became legal and official and respectable it became also more negligent in opposing the world, too often have Princes of the Church conducted themselves as temporal sovereigns.

In our day, in the social order, God raised Gandhi to remind us that the Sermon on the Mount was meant for all and was to be the norm of Christian conduct in the world. If St. Augustine was able to utilize Platonic philosophy and St. Thomas likewise Aristotelianism then there is no reason why Catholics today should fight shy of incorporating Gandhi's ideas into the Faith. Especially as his contribution is much nearer to orthodoxy than that of the older philosophers, is, in fact, but the application of Christ's teachings in the struggle for justice. Satyagraha is the Christian way to fight the class war, violence is the Marxist way. Catholics who support the use of violence in international and class wars are Marxist in this respect and are quite inconsistent in berating Marxist for what they themselves accept. The United States government charges Communist leaders with planning to overthrow the State by force—and yet

the United States government has always used force to settle its own disputes. The Catholic press generally takes the side of the government in this trial of the Communist leaders and yet the Catholic press generally supported the armed rebellion of Franco and supported, in company with Marxists, the war against Germany and Japan. On the basis of the principles accepted by the United States and supported by most Catholics the Communists are justified in advocating armed rebellion against the State.

Tolerance

Another sphere in which we Catholics can learn from the spirit of Christ as exemplified in Satyagraha is in this matter of tolerance. Catholics (as far as official policy goes) are quite opportunist in this matter. In non-Catholic countries we come out for tolerance of all religions, but in so-called "Catholic" countries we have prohibited other religions altogether or placed legal restrictions on them. I know the reasons given to justify this. The Catholic Church is the one true Church and we cannot tolerate error. But we forget that God tolerates error and sin, we try to be more just than God. In supposedly protecting the faithful against error we violate the free will of man to the extent that God Himself does not. Satyagraha testifies to truth by example and self-suffering, not by inflicting suffering and disabilities on others. That also was the way of the pre-Constantine Church, which is identical with the Catholic Church of today, except that we have lost something that has to do with the spirit of Christ, and we stand sorely in need of reviving it. Our present methods of procedure align us with the worst elements of the world, we are on the side of the police. We oppose labor, we oppose land redistribution and then, if a regime gains power who will make a stab at the justice in the economic sphere, we are quick to cry persecution. If Catholics are going to throw the sponge in with the Right then let it be a frankly political affair. As far as the Faith goes there is and never has been any valid reason why it should be hitched to Rightist regimes. The concern of the parties of the Left for justice is more in accord with Christian principles, the materialism of some elements of the Left is held in common with capitalist and other Rightists and is no necessary element, shed of it there would be no opposition to Catholic teaching in what remained.

But what are we to say to the argument that Satyagraha is impractical, that it cannot be applied on a large scale because the vast numbers of people are intellectually incapable of understanding it and psychologically incapable of practicing it. There is this to say—that violence as a method for settling disputes has failed, no one should be so naive as to assert that wars in our day have determined the right or wrong of anything. Satyagraha has been tried on a large scale but once (for over a period of about fifty years) and has achieved some success in gaining the end for which it was employed in India. So the presumption of right in this matter lies with Satyagraha, violence has failed. Satyagraha cannot be said to have failed—it will have to be tried. But even if it should fail, as the world marks failure, it is still the only way left for it is the only way that does not employ means that do violence to Christian principles. Even from the standpoint of natural ethics modern war violates morality since it involves of necessity the killing of the innocent. From the supernatural standpoint—how much more is not war removed as a possible means to achieve anything whatever?

Workers

It must also be remembered that Gandhi counted among his followers many simple and ignorant people—by this I mean those without much formal education. Ignorant in the eyes of the world, wise in the sight of God. The workers are

We Need Your Help

St. Joseph's House
The Catholic Worker

115 Mott Street
New York 13, N. Y.

Dear Fellow Worker in Christ:

"Be kind, be kind, be kind, and you will soon be a saint," Ruysbroek wrote. And we are sending out our March appeal and asking your kindness, for the poor, the unemployed, the sick and destitute who come to us. Fr. Vincent McNabb said once that after the soul's relation to God, the next great topic of the psalms, the official prayer of the Church, is the poor. St. Clement wrote that it is better to benefit the undeserving for the sake of the deserving than to miss the virtuous through caution against those less good. And St. Ambrose wrote most strongly of all, "it is not for us to measure each man's deserts. Mercy does not pronounce on deserts, it aids necessity; it helps the poor without scrutinizing the merits of the case. It is written, Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor." And St. Thomas Aquinas quotes: "He who despises the poor man upbraids his Maker; Grieve not the poor."

It is hard to sit and write this in a window overlooking the breadline. Outside on Mott Street, on the sunny side of the street, there is at this moment one hundred and forty-eight men. It is easy to count them. They stand there with collars turned up, patiently waiting for soup and bread. They are there because that cave of a back courtyard of ours is already filled with men, lined up in a circle, waiting for chow. It's pea soup today and as good as several skillful cooks can make it. There's plenty of bread, too.

Tom Sullivan has charge of the funds and he has just spent the last cent for gas and electric and a dentist bill. There's no end to the expenses of having a family the size of ours, not only the line, but a houseful of men, women and children, thirty-six rooms full of them and several apartments in the neighborhood beside to pay rent on. There's the heating, kerosene, gas, coal—but at that, most of the rooms go unheated and thank God it is the end of a dank rainy winter and we won't have the heating problem much longer. Already there's warmth in that bright sun when you get out of the wind.

We scarcely know how our family came about. It's all Peter Maurin's fault with his talk of hospitality, and our writing about it in the paper. When we write about God's love for us, and our love for each other whereby we can return some of that love, then people take us at our word. It is wonderful. And, anyway, it is true that there is always room for one more, enough food for one more. A bed costs thirty-five cents a night in a Bowery flophouse if our house is full, and we can always run up the grocery bill some more. Our Holy Father Pius XII, our dear, sweet Christ on earth, as St. Catherine of Sienna called the Popes, said in a recent allocution to some sisters, that it was a good idea to run up the bills, considering the "eminent dignity of the poor." It is a good demonstration of faith. Not only faith in our Father (who is many times a millionaire) but in you, who hold His purse strings at the moment that we ask you. How He loved the widow's mite, which must have been just as hard for her to give, as it was for the rich young man to leave his possessions. After all, she must have thought "I have a right to something!" She is another one who must have loved to folly. So please, won't you show your love for St. Joseph and his holy family by helping us in our need?

Gratefully in Christ,

THE EDITORS.

not the uniformly ignorant bunch their oppressors suppose them to be. Gandhi's followers could not have reasoned on this thing with much learning, but they could and did not practice it. As many a simple Catholic achieves a sanctity and comprehension of the Faith which the learned theologian may fail to attain. Theology and religion can indeed be quite separate things. St. Francis or Gandhi both appeal to the imagination and work on the emotions of the people, and they will be followed when the logician is relegated to the classroom.

Social Service

Parliamentary and legal means of reform have proven unsatisfactory. Those who have attempted this have but succeeded in further centralizing the government, in making us all more dependent on government. Social service legislation is but an exchange of liberty for bits of security, it means of necessity supervised living, governmental snooping, impersonal charity, a tagged citizenry. It is a socialist means to patch up the holes in capitalism. The alternative is direct action by Satyagraha. This can be done by civil disobedience to unjust laws, by refusal to register for military service and by non-payment of taxes. It is an over all refusal to co-operate with an evil regime, with economic or political oppression.

It has worked to a degree in India. It is nothing peculiar to that country, but could be employed in the west. When we become Christian enough we will see that it is the only permissible alternative today. If it cannot be applied among great numbers it can be used by the individual. Individual refusal to register or to pay taxes for war purposes or to obey an unjust law has the value that was meaningful to the individual Christian who faced death rather than deny the faith. It means that one begins the revolution with himself, there is no necessity to wait for a mass movement. The Catholic who believes in the efficacy of prayer and penance, of individual adherence to values that transcend time and are compelling on conscience—for such a Catholic Satyagraha will not be a strange and foreign system that is peculiar to the east, it will be the externalization in society of the Sermon on the Mount.

Criticisms

Are there any criticisms to be made of Satyagraha? Not on the method in itself for, with variations, it can well be used as a world-wide technique. There is, however, a legitimate criticism of the use to which it was put in India. Gandhi was not God (as is Christ), and so he was subject to mistakes and error. He made two

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CHURCH IN FRANCE

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ing of my priesthood. The Christian sort, practicing Christians, C.F.T.C. etc. have received with joy and treated as a grace, the presence of a priest in their midst. On the other hand, the Communists, except for a few militants among them who have all of a sudden become very sympathetic, have treated me for a long time with reserve and distrust—a reaction which I find very normal. They are waiting my actions before forming any judgment. But with some of them, as with the others, a real friendship has been formed.

Then I left the factory in June and went to Paris in September. I could not find work until a month later. Then I worked for three weeks as a laborer in a sheet iron factory where I was fired by the owner as a bad worker, with a week's pay in advance. At this time I had a long and violent argument with the boss who was on the point of striking me. I refused to take my discharge which meant that I had to have a new interview with the inspector of work. Finally I gave in. I certainly was able to sense how the working man feels himself at the mercy of the employer and runs the risk of being from one day to the next deprived of his work.

Fortunately I found other work without much delay in an enterprise which in this district has four workshops and factories for manufacturing automobiles. I worked as a mechanic in a sheet iron gang which made fans for Ford trucks. Work that was very new to me and which it took some adjusting to get used to. Because they cut off the current we worked only four days a week, from Monday to Thursday, from nine in the morning until eight at night. Consequently on these days I could not say Mass in the evening because there is a meeting practically every night of the workers.

At this factory they don't know yet that I am a priest, except for the management and the union, but they suspect it, and I'm not going to wait much longer before I tell them. The union has given me an excellent welcome, which gives me confidence. When I was threatened with layoff because of lack of work (three workmen of our crew got their week's notice Monday) the union asked me to do everything possible to stay.

Once again I am amazed at the qualities that I find in my working companions, their faithfulness to their work; I don't say it is this way everywhere, I only say that here where I am I have again found real men who, to their professional pride, must often add the suffering and the greatness of a conscience in revolt.

Once again I have found the war between capital and labor, the acute feeling on the workman's side of his exploitation, and the misunderstanding on the employer's side of the workmen's problems. Of course, my experience of the working life is too recent to allow a complete understanding of the problem in its entirety.

Still, I must say that, after a month on this job, my factory life has been a slow and increasing revolt against the capitalist world, from the inhuman attitude of the bosses who inspect the workers as one inspects a room full of machines, to the questions of salaries and production, the work of women and the union struggle, by all this atmosphere of the factory where the workman feels himself wronged and exploited. Apart from my own personal experience, there is that of my own foreman who has behind him forty years of working life. For me he is the finest type of qualified workman, the conscientious sort of man I like and admire as much as a scholar or statesman. And there are, too, conversations, echoes of this revolt slowly built up in the heart of the working class.

When it comes to a small thing like the workmen not having the right to a break for nourishment between seven o'clock and noon; when it comes to the control of his time or the organization of production, the hired man is not a free man. He is alienated, he is not a MAN who works with an engineer and a foreman's power, but a CAPACITY for production which one has hired and which must be exploited to the maximum; he is not a man responsible for his production, but a mechanic whose output alone is interesting. The tactic of increasing the output without increasing the salary is one of the strongest proofs. When one adds the inflexibility, to say no more, of the employers in regard to trade unionism, the sabotage of the management committees when they entertain the worker delegates with problems of sanitation or of feeding nursing mothers, while obstinately refusing to frankly open up

the question of their administration.

Far from being a community of men who work together, it isn't even being administered by a human sense of production, but by the most apparent scramble for profits and money. In short, everything contributes to create more than ever in the working man a justified spirit of revolt, and only the hardness of the times and the experience of distress can take away temporarily the hope and the material possibility of revolt. Capitalism distills more than ever in the conscientious workman the feeling of alienation and rebellion.

The second point which has been brought home to me a long time as an experience hard won is that of religious unbelief. This first plunge into the working world, or the world of youth, has brought me perception more and more acute of the profound gap between this world and the faith of which

I am the carrier; even more the consciousness, first of all, at first hand of the quasi-impermeability between the world of the believer and the actual world. The consciousness that the Christian message, as the people of the Church express it and put it to work, is so completely foreign to this world that it appears all the more as an object of curiosity or of fabrication, but surely not as a response to human anxiety which motives our generation as the others.

The reasons of this rejection of Christianity are often enough expressed so that it should be easy to present some of them here. They don't accuse the Gospel, for which, on the contrary, they maintain a longing, but they see in the Church only a temporal power, a political power, which has a past history of riches and domination and which appears always anxious to assure its influence. How many times have they not asked me:

"The Church is clever. She feels that she has lost her influence. She is using you to try to convert the left." The action of the Church appears to be purely tactical; its practical life, its ceremonies, present themselves to our contemporaries as enervated of all spiritual vigor.

All that and many other reasons besides make our Christianity appear to the unbelieving world as foreign as Buddhism. For five months with the Ajistes, workmen and others, I have never, so to speak, heard a question posed on the subject of religion.

I know the external reasons that they give to this indifference, but it is on the internal reasons that it is most easy for us to act; the priest and the real Christians at present in the modern world are still too few in number and too unsaintly, too few saints among them, for the demonstration of their faith and their hope, their poverty and their love, to be a sufficient witness.

In resume, I have the profound and confirmed conviction that it is normal and necessary for a priest to be in this factory as a simple working man. He must experience it to understand how much that is necessary as absolute evidence and for a good many reasons that I unfortunately do not have the time to explain here. Finally, the impression that I have entered after others, a new world, ignored by the Church, a new mission country, a world that I must slowly discover; it will take months, years. Why does the Christian laity tell us so little about how far this world is foreign to us?

And, nevertheless, it is clear even on the brink of its unbelief that the real world is waiting for this witness to the truth from the Christian. It is easy to call this world materialist; it is often because one hasn't taken the time nor the trouble to listen to its suffering and its appeal, the faith and the hope which profoundly bear it up. One could cite marvelous daily demonstrations of the faith and the love which spring from the heart of the working world, in the tireless faith of the communist, in the will to love and liberty of the anarchist, in the brotherhood of the taverns and the songs which they express. I will only cite, in closing this strophe of a poem whose author, Marcel, a twenty-five-year-old docker, gave me as a goodbye gesture the day I left the factory:

One day peace will reign on the earth,

When all the people clasp hands.

There will be no more war.

Then on this earth, where formerly so much blood flowed, There will be the joy of living, Of love and of spring.

From each nest Will wing the blessed songs.

O people, my brothers, Unite, give me your hand! Do not make war any more!

I am afraid that the assembling of these impressions will seem pessimistic to you; I don't know enough English and I don't have enough time to acquaint myself by reading the Catholic Worker with how much our problems correspond to those facing the Christians of America. But I know that, here as over there, we cannot, we Christians, remain strangers to the sufferings of our people, whatever they are. I know that the love of God, in which we believe, has some practical demands that one cannot escape under pain of betraying the Gospel; I know that, with you as with us, one must pray ardently and humbly, so that slowly, across the history of our humanity, "the reign of God will arrive."

It is in this fraternal communion of prayer that I am happy to know you and to salute you and all your friends of the Catholic Worker.

PARISH REVOLUTION

FRANCE PAGAN? by Maisie Ward, Sheed & Ward, 63 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

REVOLUTION IN A CITY PARISH by Abbe Michonneau, Blackfriars—St. Giles—Oxford, England.

Books are not the midwife of revolution, but books such as these two will help us look at reality, they will bring us around to the point of view of many of the French clergy, about whom Pere Desobry, the prior of the great Dominican convent of Saint Jacques in Paris, said when he was in America two years ago "they have lost their confidence in words; they are tired of words; they are aware that the workmen of France and the people of France are unwilling to listen to words even if the words are those of the truth . . . French priests have looked at the spiritual situation of their country and they have seen it for what it is; they have seen that the spiritual situation of their country is not unlike that of the rest of the world . . . the result is that the great majority of them are now living in a constant state of anguish . . . they think that they are to blame, that there is something wrong with their apostolate that has made it unsuccessful . . . The answer (that they) gave to the question was a simple one: they would be poor and they would be inseparable from the poor."

A Sick World

Few books in our time have dealt concretely with the problems facing the contemporary church (and all of mankind, since the concern of the church is not merely the welfare of her enrolled members but of all men, hers is a total mission, one which is to be preached in whatever fashion possible to every man. We have mostly been given visionary blueprints, speculative patterns which are curiously devoid of vitality because they have neither been lived nor have they been worked out in the light of the actual situation in which the church (and man) finds herself today. *France Pagan?* and *Revolution in a City Parish* will stimulate much discussion and bring you clearly and fearlessly to grips with the reality confronting the modern church as our French brethren and their spiritual leaders have had the vision to view them. At the outset let it be said that neither of these books pretends to be a blueprint, neither the Abbe Michonneau or the Abbe Godin pretends to be a seer. They have wrestled with concrete problems and here are the various holds they have used; they suggest, both of them that society as we know it today is evil at its core, "our world of today is not human; it is sick; fundamentally corrupt. It is not certain that under the present circumstances we can bring the masses as a whole to

the Church." They are quite certain that this condition in great measure has come about because of liberal capitalism and the dominance of the profit motive in our world, because Mammon and not Christ is what forms the mentality of our elite. They both question the delusion that the world we live in has even the remnants of a Christian tradition, and hint that these remnants, because they are only part of the whole picture, obscure the issues instead of aiding in a solution.

In our times there has been a general groping, at times conscious and deliberate and sometimes confused, towards the restoration of the communal sense to society. This trend has exhibited itself in various ways. We see distortions of it in the collectives of the Soviets and in the national aspirations of facism; in the farming communes of the new Palestine we see the emphasis on the group at the expense of the dignity and the permanency of the family. In Paraguay there is the Bruderhof experiment, rich in the spirit of the letter of the Acts, but somehow also denying all those workings of the Spirit in the Church through the two thousand years of her existence. In China and India, in all parts of the world, we have been witnesses to the varying struggle for the restoration of the community and most of the time the church in no way has been part of these aspirations.

Traditions

In the West, because the Church has constantly pointed out the evils inherent in the various systems of reform and restitution without trying to integrate what is good in the various ones into a new, dynamic pattern of life, she has become identified with the status quo. She is thought of today as the last defender of the decayed and declining bourgeois society. Because she has not struck out boldly—not always following the best in her traditions, the gospels and the workings of the Holy Spirit, because her leaders (and this includes the laity as well as the clergy) have been hesitant to add up the ledger and balance the books, and in practice to come to the conclusion with the Popes that the working class, the mass of men, are lost to the Church and to Christ.

Ten years ago T. S. Eliot in an essay on the Christian society pointed out two of the problems in the restoration of the Parish community. Fathers Godin and Michonneau consider; the division into various sects, who no longer consider themselves to be members of this basic form of community, and the problems concomitant with urbanization. "The traditional unit of the Christian Community in England is the parish. I am not here concerned

with the problem of how radically this system must be modified to suit a future state of things. The parish is certainly in decay, from several causes of which the least cogent is the division into sects: a much more important reason is urbanization, and all the causes and effects of urbanization. How far the parish must be superseded will depend largely upon our view of the necessity of accepting the causes which tend to destroy it. In any case the parish will serve my purpose as an example of community unity. For this unit must not be solely religious and not solely social; nor should the individual be a member of two separate or even overlapping units, one religious and the other social. The unitary community should be religious-social and it must be one in which all classes, if you have classes, have their center of interest. That is a state of affairs which no longer wholly is realized except in very primitive tribes indeed."

Community

We have indeed continued to view the world complacently, proceeding with the mission of Christ as though the parish community existed, as though class war did not; we have continued in the same old paths because they are old, and because (and this most damagingly) they are the same, and do not take any imagination, courage or zeal. The Christianity of the dollar sign and the religion of mediocrity are to be challenged in our times.

The work of the two priests, while overlapping at times, was essentially different. Father Godin was the pioneer in thought and in activity, he was not immediately concerned with the parish, but rather he was cutting laterally across the existing framework of things; he thought not so much in terms of the normal units as we know them today as in terms of what new units could be formed and what new techniques, including new orders, could be developed. His entire premise was that France was now a pagan country and that a missionary mentality and missionary activity must be developed to christianize it.

The Parish

Father Michonneau's work was that of a parish priest who wanted to work amid the framework of his parish, and yet he realized too, that it would be necessary to develop a new viewpoint. He felt that in a working class parish it was necessary to view his flock as including not only those whose names were inscribed on the parish rolls, but that a total view must take into consideration all persons who lived within the boundaries of his parish. This in itself was a revolutionary concept.

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CHURCH IN RUSSIA

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mean here the excesses which were committed and which certainly deserve a moral condemnation, we mean the social upheaval which aims at the suppression of the exploitation of man by man. The Church cannot fail to condemn materialism, but this does not imply the condemnation of the social order which is being created.

Christian Governments?

"The Russian Church is accused of having established relations with the non-Christian Soviet government. But what government can be truly considered as Christian, as being founded on a spiritual foundation? All churches are obliged to subsist in a world which is not Christian, and which is even hostile toward Christianity. Let us not forget that in the Constantinian period of history, the relations between Church and State were always abnormal. What is called the victory of the Church over the Empire, was in a considerable measure a victory of the Empire over the Church. The Empire adorned itself with new robes, it changed its symbols, but it had remained in its essence true to its pagan nature. In our days, the Constantinian period of history has ended in the entire world. For the Russian Church which inherited Byzantine caesarism—though this heritage is alien to its intimate nature—the end of the Constantinian period was tragic. It was first marked by the convulsions of the dying Orthodox empire. Many representatives of the Church still clung to the thousand year old tradition. And it would have been surprising had it been otherwise.

Persecution

Thus the first Soviet period witnessed a dramatic situation, climaxing in martyrdom inflicted upon those who remained true to traditional Orthodoxy. But this first period followed by a new era. The Soviet rulers were obliged to recognize that the people's religious faith was still strong. Anti-religious propaganda had failed. The Orthodox Church played a tremendous role in the patriotic upsurge during the war against Hitler, when mortal danger threatened Russia. The change of attitude adopted by the Soviet Government toward the Church is partly a question of expediency, but it is not entirely so. It is a far deeper phenomenon, linked with vital currents within the masses of the Russian people. The Church in Russia has always been and still is threatened by the danger of subservience to the State, of conformism regarding those who exercise power. But this danger appears less threatening under the Soviet social order. The Soviet State is not Christian, it is not Orthodox, and this is a great advantage from the point of view of the Church, if compared to the Monarchic State which considered itself Christian and Orthodox. Tsarism was sacred in its own eyes, and believed itself linked with the life of the Church. It interfered not only with the external affairs of the Church, but with its inner existence, and even with its dogmatic conscience. In Russia, as in Byzantium, the Church became degenerate through Caesaro-Papism.

France and Russia

"The Soviet State, officially based on a materialist ideology, cannot interfere with the inner life of the Church; it can only direct the relations between State and Church. During the war, the Soviet Government used the Church in order to strengthen patriotism, but this had nothing to do with this inner life of the Church, and coincided on the other hand with the latter's own patriotic feelings. One could say as much concerning France: the French democratic and lay government was more beneficial to the Church, which it occasionally oppressed, than the Catholic Monarchy. It was precisely after Combes' min-

istry, which clearly separated the Church from the State, that the Catholic revival developed in France.

"The problem in Russia is complicated by the fact that the Soviet Government is founded on a communistic conception of the world, a conception which itself claims to be a religion. But this perverted religious character, which led to intolerance and to the hatred of Christianity, belongs to a given period of the Russian Revolution, a period which is drawing to its end, and which will be outgrown.

Soviet Constitution

"One of the subsisting traits of the revolutionary period is to be found in the fact that, in spite of the radical change in the position of the Church in Russia, complete religious freedom has not yet been granted. In the 1936 Soviet Constitution the right of religious propaganda has not yet been de-

clared. The sphere of religious life is restricted. However, even this incomplete freedom is to be welcomed; it is not to be held for an evil, as the enemies of the Russian Church consider it. The Christians who believe themselves to be the retainers of the true faith are not to assume the role of accusers, the role of those who have remained pure. They too are accused, and must expiate the errors of the past. It is most important to recognize this. Nothing is easier for Russians living abroad than to clothe themselves in the white vestments of an uncompromising attitude. This reminds us very much of Pharisaism.

Christ Is There

"Whatever may be the defects of the hierarchy, the Church in Russia maintains and fortifies the spiritual life of the people. It is that Church alone which can do this, it is that Church alone which

limits the materialistic reign. This is a great good, which must be highly prized. The spiritual vocation of the Russian people, inasmuch as they are a Christian people, aware of their mission in the world, is linked to it. May the fusion of Christian truth and of social truth take place in the depth of the Russian people who must transmit it to the world! It is difficult to understand what the Western adversaries of the Russian Church (adversaries both Russian and non-Russian) wish to happen. Do they want the Church to be crushed? — Those who urge the Church in Russia to descend into the catacombs, are far from being in the catacombs themselves, and are unable to explain what they mean by these words. The Church must share the Russian people's destiny, it cannot abandon them during this painful period of existence. The Church cannot draw

itself away from life, in the name of the whiteness of its own robes. This would be in contradiction with its divine-human character.

Fight Defeatism

"Christians must believe in the mission of Christianity, the mission which consists in playing a part in the solution of the terrible moral and spiritual crisis which the world is going through. This role cannot be performed without a considerable participation of the Russian Church. Sooner or later, it will emerge from its isolation, as Russia herself will emerge. The so greatly desired union of the Christian world demands from Western Christians, not hostility, but brotherly love toward the Russian Church. Herein, the question is not whether there exists in Soviet Russia evils which must be denounced, as for instance, dictatorship and the lack of freedom. What is necessary, is to recognize an improvement and to do all that is possible to hasten its realization. Accusations, often based on lies, prove that the Russians outside their country, have lost their confidence in their own people, in their Church and in the future. This is a defeatism which should be fought against."

Our Attitude

Thus wrote — wrote most profoundly — the late Nicholas Berdyaev concerning the Russian Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union. According to him, that Church is performing a tremendous Christian task in the midst of most difficult and critical, nay, tragic circumstances, for it is the only power that limits their godless materialism, and the only Christian light that shines in darkness throughout the land; according to us, however, dwelling in mere superficialities regarding things Russian, that Church is the stooge of Communism. Would the Russian people attending, in ever greater crowds, the Orthodox churches in Moscow, Leningrad, and in other cities and places throughout the land, participating in the celebration of the Divine Liturgy, confessing their sins, and receiving Christ the Eucharistic Lord (on certain occasions there are now so many people to receive Him that more than one priest is needed simply to give out Holy Communion) — would these people, I say, concur with us in the opinion that their Church is the stooge of Communism? How unjust, how cruel, how un-Christian we are in their regard! Yea, blasphemously so!

Terrible Detraction

In 1947 Metropolitan Grigori came to the United States as a representative of the Patriarch of Moscow to try to reconcile the American Orthodox Church with the Patriarchal Church in the Soviet Union—to bring about unity between them in the domain of jurisdiction. From the Christian viewpoint this was an excellent idea; the greater and the wider unity there is among Christians the more hope is there for their universal Unity under Christ's Vicar. Nevertheless, some of us didn't like this idea. Hence some of us tried to undermine the authority of the delegate from Moscow by declaring before the American people that he, Metropolitan Grigori, taught atheism in the Soviet Union. For the Delegate himself and the Orthodox faithful seeking union with the Patriarchal See of Moscow, this terrible calumny was like an atomic bomb! At once they sent a protest to the Papal Delegate in Washington and to the Holy Father himself in Rome. The present writer possesses a letter in which they complained to him at the time of the outrageous injustice done to them by a Catholic prelate, and at the same time singling out other injustices done in them by the Catholics in different places and countries in the past, and asking him to tell his corelli-

THE THIRD HOUR

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more and more aware of the message of Saint Paul: 'be careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace'."

It is the attitude of the Good Samaritan seeing the immediate tasks confronting all men of good will. It is the intercedal unity of which the Holy Father has spoken. There are three prayers for union, one from the Episcopal Church of America, the second from the monthly mass for Unity of the Dominican Study Center Istina, Paris, the third from the Prayer Book for Eastern Orthodox Christians. In the words of the Catholic prayer: "O Lord, who on the eve of dying for us prayed that all your disciples be one as you are one in your Father, make us painfully realize the infidelity of our disunion. . . ."

As I read through the Third Hour, with its twenty-three contributors, Helen Iswolsky, Dorothy Day, Berdyaev, Maritain, W. H. Auden, Yanovsky, Julian Green, Tolstoy, and others, there seemed an underlying theme. In the broader sense, it seemed to me the theme of wisdom as opposed to intellectuality. I began to think on what was the difference between these two, this viewpoint of wisdom that the magazine has. In the Bible wisdom is always personified as feminine, and I thought of wisdom in relation to woman.

I remember some of Kaethe Kollwitz's prints of the last war, of a woman with dead child, of little ones clinging to their mother's skirts, of great-eyed little ones holding up their empty bowls, and the still anguish in her eyes, because she has nothing to feed them with. Complete figures of dead or injured children in World War II have not been published, but there are ten thousand seriously mutilated children in Italy alone, blinded or limbless.

I spent part of Holy Week at the Benedictine monastery in Newton, New Jersey, and some of the words of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, used in Tenebrae, made me think again of the anguish of the mothers and children of Europe of all mothers. Jeremiah weeps for "the destruction of the daughter of my people, when children and sucklings swooned in the streets of the city. To their mothers, they said, Where is corn and wine? when they swooned as the wounded in the streets of the city: when they breathed out their souls into their mothers' bosom. . . ."

"The tongue of the suckling child hath cleaved to the roof of his mouth for thirst: the little ones have asked for bread, and there was none to break it unto them."

I thought how the weak and the helpless depend on women, and not only for her physical help and service, but for her tenderness. "The breasts of her tenderness,"

Francis Thompson wrote, and here again wisdom is personified as a woman. What anguish is woman's if she is not able to give!

We women have the desire to feed people, to make them feel at home, to do things for them, to work with our hands, and the tragedy of our modern education, especially for women, is that it is abstract, all theory. It was the Thomistic teaching that knowledge is abstracted from the material which is furnished by our senses. But at some point in that self-education which follows formal education, I remember thinking to myself, why shouldn't we use our senses ourselves, and abstract ideas from our experiences, rather than be served up these dishes of abstractions? Too many books, and the most abstract of books, instead of the use of our senses in manual work, in the sights and smells and sounds of the sick, of rose gardens, of cooking, and the use of our hearts to alleviate suffering.

Apropos of this, R. Eberhardt writes in The Third Hour of the French mathematician, Marcel Legault. "The struggles of abstract ideas, he told me, 'are crimes committed against life.' He (Legault) has broken the vicious circle, he has turned off the road, and has started anew at the point where the human intellect has lost its way." How did Legault do this? "I was an intellectual," he says, "I believed that manual labor would bring me the necessary element for a deeper life. I chose a peasant's labor for which I was unprepared."

There are typical masculine and feminine virtues. In our times we are seeing the collapse brought about by the age of reason, so-called. And reason is a masculine virtue. That is why we are so much in need of the feminine genius to bring its power to bear on the world—to heal, to nourish, to love, to stand for the dignity of the person against the all-encompassing power of the state, to stand for the power of tenderness, of non-violence, of the weapons of the spirit, in a world characterized by violence, regimentation, the folly of force. It isn't that woman denies the reason of man, she says with St. Theresa of Avila, "the trouble with us is that our life is not yet strong enough to overwhelm our reason."

This is the message of wisdom that underlies all the articles in The Third Hour, the story of a love strong enough to overwhelm reason, the Folly of the Cross. It is what de Rougemont meant in the previous issue of The Third Hour, when he wrote: for centuries the Christian churches have been saying, Be good; St. Paul said, Be mad.

This madness, this love is above all, personal, concrete.

In Yanovsky's "Swiftson's Plan,"

a chapter from the novel "Portable Immortality," Yanovsky writes: In "the new Monastery" there are "no barriers, no doors between the street and us. The convulsions of the city, the bubbling of blood, the exhalations of passions constantly pierce through to us. . . . We wander from district to district, by and by forming in each district something like centers or headquarters with wide open doors and windows. Avoid advertisement, abstract discussions, and help through a third person."

Maritain writes in "To Exist With the People": "there exists another order, and a more primary one, than that of social and political activity. It is the order of communion of life, desire and suffering. . . . To act for belongs to the realm of simple love-of-goodwill. To exist with and to suffer with belong to the realm of love-of-unity. Love goes out toward an existing and concrete being." And I thought, here is the philosophical basis, the abstract way of saying what is wrong with our social work today. And I mean social work not only in the narrow sense of organized charity, but in the broader sense of all human relations. We have tried to make impersonal paper work relations, the love of good will, take the place of the personal love-of-unity. As Maritain says so beautifully, "The one I love, I love whether he is right or wrong; and I wish to exist with him and to suffer with him."

Certainly this is the theme recurring in each article of The Third Hour. Maritain writes of Communism. "The strength of the Marxist socialists and of the communists comes less from their ideology than from the fact that they exist with the people."

W. H. Auden carries on the theme again in his fascinating "The Iron Hero," Some Reflections on Don Quixote. "The true Knight Errant has nothing to do with the Lower Orders. . . . Don Quixote attempts to do likewise, but with singular unsuccess. He is constantly having to do with the Lower Orders under the illusion that they are the nobility." Of course this is an allegory of the Christian, who sees no lower orders, but all nobility, sons of God, and serves them like the Suffering Servant, Jesus.

Helen Iswolsky quotes Leo Shestov: "We must learn again to fear, to weep, to curse, to lose our last hope and find it again in order to tear impersonal principles out of our soul."

Father Tarasevitch writes of the Russian trait "of universal pity and compassion for the underprivileged, the downtrodden, the orphans, the old."

The article by Berdyaev, who died shortly after it was written, is a very brilliant political analysis.

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Poverty's Progress

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hard studies; the thousand dead ends that young girl dreams come up against in a machine civilization if one isn't particularly good looking, or attractive or clever. Go into any bar on Third Avenue on a Friday night (and Third Avenue is a long avenue) and about the fourth beer you're morally certain of meeting an all sorts.

The social worker inhaled slowly. "Frankly, there isn't very much you can do for them. They don't take to direction very well. Unstable, most of them. Over-emotional. We used to have men for night watchmen, but we had to have matrons take over. To protect the watchmen from the women, not vice versa," he added, hastily, his expression one of sudden concern; wanting it clearly understood that any watchman employed by the City of New York could be trusted among any given one hundred eighteen women, no matter how lonely they might be through the long reaches of the night. It was just that, well, we do have the precedent of Potiphar's wife, and it's best to be on the safe side.

Between men there was no profit in laboring the point, so we killed whatever lingering doubts we had along with our cigarettes, and turned from the window. There was really nothing more to see.

As we walked across the room the staircase door that led to the married - women - with - children's quarters opened and three young women entered, paused, and then swept rapidly by, raking us with sardonic glances. The last of the three—a tall, strongly-made girl in a blue seaman's sweater—turned to wrinkle her nose mockingly. There was a sound of muffled giggling as we beat a stately retreat from the alien ground. Halfway down the stairs the social worker cleared his throat and said tentatively, "We can't do anything very much to shorten their stay. Jobs or anything like that. They resent questioning. The women with children now..."

Women and Children

We entered the married women with children's quarters. The same jammed, seemingly endless rows of double decker bunks, the all pervading odor of carbolic, the feeling of compression, institutionalism, gongs, orders, lines. "We have a hundred and sixty odd children, ranging from infancy to sixteen years of age," the social worker was saying in a flat professional voice. "Everything is done for them that can be done." Well, yes, some of them have been here quite a while. How long? Hard to say. Varies widely. Rooms for families with young children are hard to get, you know that yourself. But everything is done that can be done. Formula room, game room, classroom, everything."

His voice left no doubt whatever that the City of New York was providing far more in the way of facilities than the average family, living in the Municipal Lodging House, could ever hope to find in any cold water, no bathroom, railroad flat that they would be lucky enough to get. Of course, the City of New York couldn't provide privacy, the feeling of a common hearth, a place of their own, a neighborhood and community life to belong to; but, it was doing everything that could be done. We're a humane city and we try. Nobody starves or needs to. Minimum necessities are always met. Besides, doesn't the fact that so few families reside here in the Muni prove, in a city of over seven million that it's really only the misfits, the incapable really, who are brought to this pass? One rarely, if ever, finds a college graduate among them. True, the college graduate rarely has four, five, six, ten kids. They're smarter than that. They didn't go to college for nothing, so their chances are better when it comes to getting a place, but when it comes right down to it really, the people who are in the Women's Muni really be-

long there. It's a question of water finding its own level, really.

Class War

Thus and forever the easy rationalization of the socially fortunate, the trained findings of the trained social worker. Odd, that in a war, when the first crack regiments cross the foreign border, the first dozen artillery bursts of the initial skirmish rack up their quota of casualties, and no one thinks it contemptible, or disgraceful on the part of any soldier involved to die or be mutilated. Rather, they are praised for it, given a medal, honored to a degree if they survive their wounds. It is only in the social war, the blind, dumb, isolated struggle for economic survival on the part of the poor with large families that the victims of the conflict are treated with easy contempt, labeled emotionally unstable, left to flounder as best they can in and out of the Muni's, cheap rooms, janitors' jobs, basement flats, anything to get a roof of their own over their own and their children's heads.

And yet, where are our brains? Surely children are more important to the nation than standards of comfort? Children are the gauge of a nation's vitality, the barometer reading determining its fitness to live or die. Not enough to say that economic determinism and forces beyond the control of one man, or group of men, or all of us, no matter how well intentioned, compel the trend toward smaller and smaller families. A social order that finds itself, for any reasons whatever, putting a higher premium on order and tidiness, building housing units suitable for married couple and small dog, rather than ones that can contain children as well, is beginning to decay to the point of rotteness.

Bitterness of Poverty

As we walked along the rows of bunks it was impossible not to note the open looks of contempt, resentment and hostility, the bitter mouthed expression that the mothers of the poor wear like a stigma in the presence of the do-gooder. The social worker was casually oblivious of it, inured by the long years of exposure to the usual complaints, "How come Mrs. Y is only here three weeks and gets a place and she has only one kid and here I am with four kids and I'm stuck for months?"

A stout, elderly matron with carefully waved gray curls, approached us and said, "The Willard Parker people are here. Another measles case." The social worker said, "Where's the mother?" The matron shrugged. She went out early this morning. Apartment hunting, she said. She ain't back yet."

The social worker turned to us. "I don't know why, but for some reason the mother's are never here when their children become ill." Is there a high rate of child illness? Oh, it varies. Of course the resistance of the average child to disease is low when they first enter. Unsettled feeding hours and so on because the mothers are out apartment hunting. Probably the rate is higher than the average nursery. Hard to say though. No, they aren't quarantined on entering. No, the floor isn't quarantined when contagious diseases are found. We feel that there isn't any necessity so long as there are just the usual childhood diseases, chickenpox, measles and so forth. It would cause too much confusion. Besides, the place would be under perpetual quarantine. We need the space.

"I'll be back in a moment," he said, waving a hand at the watchful semi-circle of mothers. "Look around." He turned and walked rapidly toward the door at the far end of the room that said, Infants Nursery. The stout matron moved painfully in his wake.

Efficiency

It was with relief that we saw a narrow, pale Irish face among the watchers that we knew from Mott Street. One of the many women who come for clothes, chiefly chil-

dren's and all too often are turned away empty handed. We said Hi, and having offered cigarettes, bonafides were established, the group of mothers closed in, and the complaints flew: the food, the harsh matron, the unsympathetic case history interviewer, the meagre amount of housing project placement; all of them probably true, but as indigenous to any institution the world over as the smell of carbolic or the feeling of rootlessness. When you deal with masses of people in a materialistic society, efficiency becomes your god, to the abstract virtues of which you willingly or unwillingly sacrifice kindness, sympathy, time and in the end even courtesy and liking. There is always a very obvious rationalization: liking them—the people who need help, the charges of a city—decreases your efficiency, promotes favoritism. You can do your job better, faster, if you keep your attitude impersonal. The more impersonal the more efficient. And besides, you have to protect yourself against pitying them. If you allow yourself to be affected by their misery, their pain, to the point of treating them as suffering individuals, as individual temples of the Holy Ghost, you'd go nuts. In the end you'd find yourself standing on the same line with them waiting to be interviewed or you'd be going around saying, Wait a minute, this has got to stop, there's no sense in social workers being the comfort station attendants of a capitalistic society and mopping up its messes on a day to day basis, just to have it happen again and again. Sooner or later you'd find yourself saying, This system has got to go and the



sooner the better and then where would you be or where would it get you? Treat them as numbers, case histories, outstanding cases to be processed and then you're safe.

Flophouse Food

"Oh, the food sounds swell if you read it off a menu," the Irish girl was saying, "but you gotta eat it to appreciate it. Like today, bacon and eggs, but the eggs was powdered an watery an the bacon fat back an greasy an yesterday the bread was moldy. It's tough to get little kids to eat it but it sounds good."

One of the group, a big colored woman in a blue, flowered print dress, said, "You kids is spoiled. We had tomato juice with that meal. It was good." She lifted her head and laughed, that rich, deep Negro laughter in the face of misfortune beside which the laughter of even happy whites seems anemic.

A thin blond girl with ruthlessly plucked eyebrows said, "Ah, where do we think we're at? The Waldorf? You think they're worrying about what we think? Just standing around here talking won't ever get us anything." The group was silent a moment before the concentrated venom of her speech and then the big Negro woman said, "That's a two way door downstairs, Betty. Let's you out just as easy as in. Ain't nobody holdin' us here if we doan wanna stay."

The blond girl said, "Ahr" in exasperation and looking at her one thought that Madame La Farge's face had probably worn that expression most of her life. But as she sat beneath the guillotine, knitting patiently as the aristo laden tumbrils approached, Dickens had portrayed it as placid, fulfilled, finally at peace

with the world. One suddenly knew why.

"What you worryin' about Betty," the colored woman said. "Your man got a good job. Ain't none of your kids in the hospital. I wish I even knew where my husband was at. Florida's about as near as I can come." She laughed again and the blond girl's expression softened momentarily. "He gets paid this Saturday, the poor jerk. He's just out of the hospital a week. It ain't his fault we're here," she said to us defensively. "We had this basement place, superintendent. When we took it that was all we could get and the landlord said no kids and then when I'd get pregnant he'd come around and raise hell and try to get us out. We stuck it out though. But then Joe, that's my husband, got sick and while he's in the hospital the crummy landlord got a disposess. I couldn't do all the work alone and watch the kids too, so we got thrown out. When Joe got out of the hospital he didn't even have a clean shirt to get a job in and if it weren't for the blood bank he wouldn't have one yet."

One's Life Blood

The blood bank? The Negro woman laughed comfortably. "We all sell blood around here, five dollars a pint, it's about the only time any of us see any folding money."

The blond girl waved her hand in impatience, one more detail in her story, scarcely worthy of mention. "We had to have some money and you'd wait for ever if you waited for them to give it to you downstairs. Joe was too weak to go so it was up to me. He wanted to go but he was still weak from the hospital and if he got sick we'd be back where we started. I went to Sharpe and Dohme's one day and N.Y.U. Med a week later. I kept bathing my arm every day with cold water compresses and you couldn't even see the needle mark in a week."

She said the last in bitter triumph, having outwitted both a system that made it necessary for her to sell her blood and a medical profession that would only buy only a pint within a stipulated length of time. Labor costs and overhead making it necessary to buy the blood at five dollars a pint and sell it for thirty.

There was nothing to say to her, in either praise or blame. Nothing like watch out for anemia or t.b. and so on. The poor never question the truth of the old saying, "Needs must when the devil drives." It wouldn't be of any use. There are certain situations that demand certain actions for positive solutions. And if you have a sick husband and no money, no relatives or friends, selling your blood is one way out.

Social Workers

When the social worker came back he smiled at the group of women and said, "Everything O.K.?" They said, "Oh sure," and "So long, see you," and we proceeded with our tour. When we found ourselves finally at the main entrance it was late afternoon and the sun, slanting downward behind the Women's Lodging House had cast a shadow on the wall of Bellevue Hospital on the opposite side of the street. "You can't really judge us by this building," the social worker was saying. "It was a Men's Lodging House originally. Never fitted for women and children. Drop down to the new one on Fifth Street. Bigger and much better. Handle twice as many cases there."

We said thanks and goodbye, thinking of the woman social worker, a Catholic, who had told us, "It's not really necessary for the poor to have all these children. They can't feed them right, they can't afford to educate them right, they only make social problems out of them." It was futile to say, as we did, "Maybe they love kids, that's why they have them." That would be hard for a social worker to understand. After all who ever heard of a social worker with six, eight, ten kids? Social workers breed ideas, not children and people have a tendency to love best

Parish

(Continued from page 4)

and it was to form the basis of any activity which would be undertaken in his parish. Instead of a group of two or three or four thousand souls his parish would consist of some forty thousand members, they might be nominally Christian, Jewish, or outright pagan, but they would be his parishioners. They would include the Communist as well as the member of the MRP. His task was to find out just how to reach his people. He must decide just what those things were which were important to the group as a whole, no longer was he to consider the function of the parish as being complete when the sacraments were administered to the handful of the faithful; no longer as a matter of fact were the faithful to be only considered as being on the receiving end of a spiritual assembly line, receiving the sacraments and getting the grace to lead good lives; now they must be viewed as apostles, or at least as potential apostles. They were to utilize in the task of getting to the vast numbers who, while they were not "Ecclesiastically," were "Christifiable." This meant that a number of new points of view had to be inculcated into the minds of both the priests and of the laity. They had to begin now to realize that the most important thing was not the "bringing of people to church" as the expression goes, but through their own lives they must begin to think of bringing Christ to the other members of the parish. While the Mass was to remain the most important act in which the formed Christian could participate, in reality it meant nothing to the pagan and to most of the Christians it was not the communal act par excellence, but a dull and boring procedure one must endure each Sunday. There were enormous tasks to be undertaken. As Father Godin put it "(1) There must be real Christian communities, i.e., relatively small, where they all know one another and throw into the common stock their efforts at a supernatural way of living.

(2) There should be special groups for neophytes, a real catechumenate which takes them as they are and educates them gradually, each one according to his capacity and the demands of grace on him.

(3) Each of these communities must be impregnated by extremely warm, extremely enthusiastic friendships, to give to all a human idea of the marvelous divine unity of the Mystical Body.

(4) These communities should not be made up exclusively of young or old or of adults, nor be exclusively male or female, for in such groups there is no hope of permanence. They should be natural communities, grouping families as a whole.

(5) As far as human weakness allows, these communities should feel deeply united among themselves, going towards the same end under the guidance of a leader. But this does not exclude closer links within each community between those specially drawn towards one another by human inclination and tenderness.

(6) This union carries with it a participation in common in the same liturgy."

No Classes

Classes within the parish must be wiped out—there would be no more First Class and Third Class funerals and weddings, but only

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the things that they can best create.

As we left the street we passed a neighborhood playground, ringing and alive with small voices, a tiny island of fertility and joy, while all around them the tall grey masses of Lodging House and Charity Hospital cast strong shadows on the unknowing backs of the children of the poor.

John McKeon.

Mott Street

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need a guide to inform you that you are in the nerve center of Chinatown. Both sides of the street are lined with Chinese restaurants, grocery stores, barbershops, haberdashers and souvenir shops. The Salesian Fathers have their Church of The Transfiguration one block down from the Square and next door to the church the Maryknoll nuns teach the Italian and Chinese children in the parish school. As you make your way up Mott street you are frequently forced off the narrow sidewalks by the professional tourist guides and their clients. The guide's spiel never vary, to them everything is the oldest, the biggest, the smallest or the most famous of its kind in Chinatown. The tourist trade accept everything stated by the guide without a question; one would think they were in the Orient and not in their native land. One of the members of our group happened to overhear one of those guides stage whispering to a small group of tourists the "fact" that thousands of girls, white girls, no less, mysteriously disappear upon visiting Chinatown, the women tourists moved closer to their male companions, who in turn, moved closer to the guides.

Canal Street

As you approach Canal street along Mott you suddenly realize that the Chinese are rapidly becoming very Americanized in their dress. The men and women follow the dress styles fashioned by Hollywood as does everyone else, no longer do you see the black skull caps, the black dresses, or the short coat and trousers that were all about twenty years ago. If you cross through the mad traffic of Canal street and are still alive you will be in our block, where the Italians still outnumber the Chinese by at least ten to one. In our block we have a couple of jewelry stores, a wet wash laundry, two or three small factories, a Chinese Communist newspaper.

Our house is flanked with George's soda fountain on one side and Chinese Charlie's candy store on the other. Next to the candy store we have a sea food restaurant where they are reputed to have the best sauce in town. Anyway, people do come from all over town to dine there. And directly across the street from us is the James Settlement playground. It is the only playground in the area, and God knows it is needed in this congested part of the city. Around the corner from us, on Hester street, are two stores that we patronize for our vegetables, Sal's stand, and our meat, Marotta's Butcher shop. On the other corner of Mott and Hester we have our grocery store, where DiFalco holds forth; with Tony we are continually steeped in debt for our groceries.

Odorous

All around Tony are pushcarts, selling vegetables, fruit and fish. If you are in a hurry to travel down Mott street your best bet is to take to the street in order to avoid the customers haggling on the sidewalks with the pushcart vendors. A couple of more blocks of the curbstone stands and you will see Old Saint Patrick's Cathedral with a graveyard on each side of it. The graveyards were filled years and years ago and at this late date most of the names and dates on the tombstones have been practically deleted by the elements. Two more blocks of tenements and Mott street dead ends into Bleecker.

Blue Rooms

For the past several nights Bill, a former seaman, and Tony, a playwright, have been devoting themselves to the arduous tasks of painting our dining room and kitchen, plus our offices. The results have been extremely pleasing to all and sundry. Our offices and dining room have never looked more refreshing or inviting. It was decided that the rooms be painted blue and Bill, who was doing the

painting, was pleased no end, since he stated that those are Our Lady's colors. In the dining room Tony performed a nice job of lettering the quote, "They knew Him in the breaking of the bread."

Convalescents

This afternoon Jack English paid Joe Davin a visit at Columbus Hospital. It is over five months now that Joe was placed in a hospital bed because of a broken hip and he hopes to be up and around in a couple of weeks. Joe is looking fine and more than anxious to leave the hospital. Next November Joe will be seventy-five years of age. Our other hospital case, Charley O'Rourke, is back on his job of circulation and we who have been doing a little pinch-hitting in his work are very happy. Charley is looking great and is quite grateful for all the kind letters that he received from his friends.

Appeal

We are extremely thankful for all of our friends who responded to our appeal. We were able to shush most of our creditors for a while but not quite as long as we had hoped. And we look forward to much sweating-over bills this summer, when so many people seem to think that there is a decrease in the number of people in need as compared with the winter. And yet the line grows longer this spring and more people come to us for food, clothing and shelter than we can possibly take care of.

Visitors

Gerry Griffin, former staff member of the Catholic Worker, came to town for a three-day visit from a farm in Herman, Pa., which he works along with Jack and Mary Thornton. Before marriage Jack and Mary were also with the Worker here in New York. Gerry's appearance speaks well for the life on the land. Gerry spoke to us about the difficulty of attempting to pay the mortgage through outside employment, at the same time trying to keep up the work on their own farm. From the gist of the talk we were reassured again that there was nothing romantically agrarian about the undertaking, but was in reality a business of coming to firm grips with stark reality. At the same time we had another visitor in the person of a blind priest from out west. This priest has a country parish and does everything that is in need of doing around the church, including janitorial, carpentry and gardening. Another visitor was Father Jean De Menasse, who gave us a lecture one night and came back and paid us a visit before he left for Rome. Father has had some of the best articles that we have ever come across in Commonweal. In Rome Father expects to instigate several schools of Catholic Action.

Lectures

During the past several weeks we have enjoyed talks by Dorothy Day, Jack English, Carol Jackson of "Integrity," Eileen Egan of NCWC War Relief, and Herman Arnold and Alan Stevenson from the Bruderhof communities in Paraguay. These talks were given at our regular Friday night meeting and both the talks and discussion were quite stimulating. The talk by the Bruderhof members made us really pause when we listened to these men relate how they and their members had been knocked around Europe in an attempt to form a Christian community as they thought it should be established. And finally realizing they would have to discontinue their efforts in Europe and start all over again in South America, where they had to travel up the river Plata for a thousand miles upon reaching the shores of Paraguay. Their history stems from 1920, "when a little group of people in Germany felt impelled to share all they had and live together a life of complete love and surrender, on the pattern of the

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The Hell It Is

(Continued from page 1)

"ding" might be a term used to cover a multitude of strikebreaking sins. Lacking the facilities of a newspaper for checking such matters, I could not find out whether this was actually direct or indirect strikebreaking, nor to what extent it was effective. However, we know the railroads of old; they leave no stone unturned when they have a strike to deal with. The important fact in this incident is that men can be and are rounded up by "the law in all its majesty" and ordered to sign up for any kind of jobs in shipping offices, strikebreaking or otherwise.

The Vicious Circle

A psychologist who spent many years studying the men on the Bowery called the employment offices and railroad shipping offices "praiseworthy efforts" to improve the lot of the men, but actually they are a segment of the vicious circle that makes the Bowery what it is. There are the saloons and bottle stores to snag a man's roll when he comes to town from a job, the cheap flophouses, the not-so-cheap restaurants and other incidental businesses catering to the transient. Then, when his money is gone and he has reached the end of his resources, there is the shipping office waiting to send him out on another job (if there are jobs). The function of the shipping office is to take advantage of the cheapest available labor, and there, on the Bowery, it is.

You must understand that the population of the Bowery is partly transient and partly fixed. There are men who have lived there for years; they are the unemployables, incurable alcoholics, cripples, mental incompetents and professional beggars. Included also among the permanent residents are men who work irregularly in hotels and restaurants and in other lines right here in the city. They live on the Bowery because it is cheap, and because they just naturally drifted there.

A woman reader who wrote to us last month said she didn't believe the men on the Bowery would take a job if it was offered to them. She would be amazed if she could see how many men ship out through the Bowery agencies for the kind of jobs most persons wouldn't touch at any price; railroad maintenance, construction work, grading. With all the mechanization, there's plenty of hard work being done. That's why the railroads maintain those offices right here on the Bowery. The Long Island Rail Road has one, up near Fifth Street, with a big permanent sign covering its front above the street floor: SNOW SHOVELERS WANTED. Hangs there Winter and Summer.

Shocking Sights

I think I began to hate the Bowery when I first saw it, away back in 1913, when I arrived in New York from Cooperstown as the result of reading too many Alger books. For the first time in my young life, I saw drunken women lying on the sidewalks. From this distance it seems as though they all wore shiny straw hats with dispirited feathers, but that is probably a trick played by the perspective of time. Anyway, I've never forgotten the shock of my first Bowery sightseeing trips, especially those bedraggled wretches.

Thirty-six years have wrought notable changes in the thoroughfare that connects Chatham and Cooper Squares and separates untold thousands of men from pasts they want to forget. The wild dance halls and dives have vanished. There are several imposing banks, and a constantly increasing number of legitimate businesses. But somehow the old vicious circle business of the Bowery seems to predominate despite the changes. It is still the street of homeless men, dead end for the disinherited and the desolate. Alcohol is its uni-

versal specific, its panacea. You may buy it in the liquor stores, if you want to get the most for your money, and drain your bottle alone or in company, sitting in the darkened doorway of a store, or on the steps of the Bowery Savings Bank. You just leave your bottle there; before morning there will be hundreds of them scattered around, and some derelict will hobble along with a bag to collect them and make a few cents, so he can buy a full bottle for himself, or perhaps some food. There will be hundreds of men scattered around, too, in doorways and dark nooks and corners, or sprawled on the sidewalk in plain view. Passers-by will be quite considerate; they will step over or around, never on you. You could lie there dead for many hours, undisturbed.

Treating Symptoms

The Bowery is a symptom of our diseased system. I do not believe you can cure the disease by treating the symptom. This does not mean that I do not believe in the necessity of helping the men who are there, but I entertain no illusions with regard to the effects of such help as may be given them in Christian charity. Our feeble efforts to practice the corporal works of mercy are not going to change either the system or its victims; any hope in that direction would be misplaced, fatuous.

The psychologist to whom I referred above, Eugene Bertram Willard, gives the results of his many years of study in a volume made up of four articles published in psychological journals plus an unpublished typescript, which is in the New York Public Library. Mr. Willard's conclusions are particularly interesting because of their contradictory nature.

"There is only one Bowery," Mr. Willard writes. "London has its Limehouse, Glasgow its Gallowgate, Edinburgh its Cowgate and Moscow its Khitrof Reenok, but there is only one Bowery in all the world. And society will always see to it that a sufficient number of its weak-willed members are predestined to fall from high estate or to never ascend the social scale at all. Until the coming of the millennium, if it ever comes at all, the Bowery will continue to recruit its tattered, torn and bruised members of society."

Placing the Blame

When I read that passage, I thought the writer must be a man who had truly profited by his years of study, and my opinion was further confirmed when I read this: "Many a florid, strong-pulsed man, fresh from a wholesome home, would die right off when subjected to the deficient conditions which are innocuous to the lower physical development of society's outcasts vegetating in the slum environments of our large cities. . . . Whatever merit there is in their endurance is all their own—whatever sin arises from the recklessness that hardens and degrades their nature must be charged to society. If, as has been defined, 'self-contradiction is the only sin,' the ignorance, the callousness, the reckless indifference which bring down poor human nature into harmony with absolute moral degradation must be charged upon those who, by neglect on the one hand, and by over righteousness on the other, define the sin and pass sentence of degradation."

Strong words—a Daniel come to judgment! But I read further, and was then cast down, plunged into disappointment, for I found that Mr. Willard, out of his long years of study, had come to the conclusion that these unfortunate men of whom he writes with such deep sympathy should not even be fed in Christian charity. "The more one does for some men, the more they expect done for them," he says. ". . . The more men of this type are helped, the more they expect, the more they demand, even as their 'right'; the men who, to use an ugly term, are parasites of

the human kind. And it is for this very reason that I do not look upon free food as a good thing for homeless men of any type."

No Works of Mercy!

"To the thoughtful mind," he continues, "it must be made clear that the greatest service that can be rendered along the Bowery or elsewhere may be a refusal of service, a refusal of aid in the ordinary or expected forms, and a still greater service in the form of teaching the unemployed and unemployable that great principle of justice, of compensation, that runs through all the universe; that for every service there must be in some manner of form a service in return; that the law of recompense in one form or another is absolute. In a word, the greatest forms of service we can render homeless men are, generally speaking, along the lines of teaching him (sic) the great laws of his own existence, the fundamental laws of his possibilities and so the great law of helping himself."

So that is what we get from a man steeped in the lore of Freud and the other leaders of modern thought, after many years of study. Just that—a total denial of the fundamental teaching of Christ, who said our salvation will depend on what we do for the least of these. Feed them, He said. Clothe them. Visit them. Comfort them. Succor them. Who did He mean? People on Park Avenue?

This man Willard is getting so much attention here because there are so many who express opinions corresponding to his, such as the lady who wrote last month. They form a large company. Their opinions, whether they realize the fact or not, indicate an attitude that is not influenced by Christian doctrine.

Who Are the Real Parasites?

The men to whom Mr. Willard would preach about the "great law of compensation" might, many of them, rise up before him and reply, "Fine. That's great. So how about turning on some of that compensation in our direction? We were crippled and disabled in your wars and industrial accidents. Sure, we got something out of it—sometimes, but we have to go on living, and society has no place for us but this stinking Bowery and the like. We're the misfits, the dregs, the outcasts. You even call us parasites. Does a man become a parasite because society throws him on this dump heap? Aren't you pointing in the wrong direction?"

It has become a fashion among modern writers to refer to the crowds in the slums and on the sidewalks of the Bowery and other skid roads as "faceless," "the faceless mob," but whenever I go among them the most vivid impression I receive is of many faces, each with its own individuality. There are tired young faces, and weary old ones. Countenances disfigured in every imaginable way, and in unimaginable ways also. The distortion of alcoholic and other addictions is evident on all sides. There are eyes that haunt for days after you have looked into them. It is what you see in the faces that makes you recognize the Bowery for the hell it is.

David Mason.

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MARYFARM

A brief four weeks ago, when the last issue went to press, Maryfarm was still blanketed with snow and winter still gripped the land; the wind blowing fierce and free from the mountains in the north and then one morning the sun of false spring shone and the snow melted, disclosing the earth beneath, as brown and tattered as the pelt of a hibernating bear. The gray days of rain followed. When you woke the mist would be lying heavy in the hollows and it would seem a dead and deserted world, the only sign of life the flight of a single crow, crying loneliness, loneliness as he winged over the rain-soaked fields. And then one morning the wind veered, coming strong from the south, and for all its bluster, bending the tops of the alders and the birch saplings at the edge of the pond, shaking the panes in the windows and chasing a few sere leaves in fury before it across the lawn, it was soft, really, without bite, and before noon it had dwindled, and coats were shed. Spring was on us with a vengeance.

With its arrival the community exploded into activity. Plans that had been long cherished and put aside were now brought out, discussed, examined for flaws, and ways and means mulled over. Maryfarm looks for a big summer this year, with hundreds of retreatants arriving and we are as threadbare as mendicant monks so far as living quarters go. The walls of the two men's dormitories bulge, the double-decker bunks jammed end to end with not an inch between them, and of course, the road, our friend, gives up its wayfarers at our door and in that we have and they need, they are given.

Sublimations of the Young

Johnny Olsen, the junior of our community, is usually the one who insists that he be allowed to give up his bunk to the one more guest. Charity comes hard to the very young, and especially so to one who has been bred within sight and sound and smell of the Jersey docks, as Johnny has, so in curiosity we asked him why the fierce insistence on giving up the only thing he truly possessed, his bed, to people he had never seen before and would, in all likelihood, never see again. He had a simple enough explanation: In a community where the norm of behavior for males seems to be a wild oscillation between an ability to translate Greek, Hebrew and Latin and a talent for working like a mule, fourteen hours a day, without pay, in the fields or over the cook's stove, it is hard for a fifteen-year-old boy to feel himself an equal among men. The talents are too esoteric to allow much competition. One way to do it is to give up your bed, apparently. A vast improvement on the usual sublimation of ego conflicts by slum kids—a neat length of lead pipe, a dark street, and the head of an unwary drunk to bend it over.

Living Problems

The problem of housing seems insoluble. Even moving all permanent members of the community to the barn would hardly be a drop in the bucket. Inevitably they will have to give that up to guests and retreatants and then there are only the fields for beds. For members of the community it is a norm, an accepted necessity, but accommodations are desperately needed for families of retreatants. Tents would be the answer, but tents cost money and there are five places at least to put every dollar. And yet somewhere the money or the tents must be found.

Jaws around the farm have a tendency to set during discussions of fund-raising. The city-bred contingent suggest tentatively the selling of Molly's as yet unborn calf. Molly is a purebred Holstein, a titanic milk giver and the pride and joy of the farm. John Fillingier, the head farmer, glowers. "We sold the last calf, we'll never

build a herd that way." He waits briefly and then plays his trump. "Besides, we need money for a silo. That's a must, too." The city contingent is properly crushed, thinking silently of the frantic pleas of Mott St. "The Line is growing bigger. We're feeding well over 300 a day now. The food bill is getting out of hand. Credit is running out. The printing bill is astronomical. There's Peter's book that has to be brought out. If we only had a light truck we could go out of the neighborhood for food donations. There's plenty of people who'll donate the food but they can't transport it."

New Blood, New Life

Maryfarm is alive with plans this Spring to widen our base of operations. Recruits have joined the *Catholic Worker* here at Maryfarm and in New York and Philadelphia in sufficient numbers to make it possible to provide the backbone of two new Houses of Hospitality staffs, and the only dilemma seems to be what city to send them to. Philadelphia is the choice of one, and from Stockton, California, comes word of the crying need of another to fulfill the needs of the thousands of migratory workers, the majority of them Catholics, many of them imported from Mexico, who constantly drift from one end of the state to the other, following the crops, traveling in ancient jalopies, with their wives and children, and the sum total of their worldly goods.

Peter Maurin never meant the *Catholic Worker* to become a debating society, and a movement that does not bring new blood into it to carry it forward dies. Which is why we hope and pray and work to bring new recruits into the movement, here at Maryfarm, to help with the farm work, to staff Houses of Hospitality in all areas where there is a desperate need of them; recruits who will indoctrinate others with the ideas and ideals that he spent his life forwarding: Voluntary Poverty, Distributism, Decentralization of Industry, Agrarianism, Pacifism, the need for a new social order.

Mott Street

(Continued from page 7)

early Christians in Jerusalem."... Eileen Egan of NCWC told of the tragic plight of the dispossessed, an aftermath of the war, a tremendous number of God's poor who are scouring the earth for a home and the necessary sustenance to go on living. Eileen spoke at great length of the bitter bread of the exile, please God, may none of us ever have to eat it, and may we continue helping those that we can.

Readings

Father Francis B. Donnelly has written a fine pamphlet on Catholic Action entitled, "What Is This Catholic Action?" It is published by America Press. And there is a fairly good magazine out which is called "The Month." It is published in England by Longmans Green. It aims at providing for those interests which go to make a complete culture. It will publish imaginative writing, criticism, and theology which the layman can understand. And if you don't think Christianity has been tried yet be sure and read "The Desert Fathers," translated by Helen Waddell. It's powerful. It's surprising the number of people who haven't read it, including myself, until recently. . . . Another old book that I would suggest reading is "A Short Breviary," published by The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Besides the excellent daily prayers that it offers it has given a certain amount of individuality to each day of the week, for instance, "Today is Wednesday, the midday, the zenith of the week, and consequently the battle of virtue and right against sin and vice is raging at its fiercest. . . ."

—Tom Sullivan.

Third Hour

(Continued from page 5)

It is "The Transformation of Marxism in Russia." Everybody talks about communism, sometimes as bogey man, as Utopia, as political Machiavellianism, as mystical brotherhood. This article makes it clear what Marx meant by communism, and what it became. The theory of classical Marxism demanded a proletariat. Russia was agrarian. The same problem exists in China today. Berdyaev writes: "Officially Marxism continues to reign in Soviet Russia. . . . But has this orthodox Marxism, safeguarded by directives from above, any resemblance to the Marxism once created by Marx and Engels, and developed by Plekhanov? It has no similarity whatever, it is even contrary to it." For instance there is a major difference in the attitude to the state. "Marx was opposed to the state, and saw in it solely a weapon of class domination. He had the conception of a socialism, which would assume extra-state forms." But where is the state so powerful as in highly centralized Russia, where even the baby's bottle is handed to it by a bureaucrat? But certainly we capitalist and socialist countries cannot oppose communism on these grounds, for we are rapidly trying to socialize medicine so that the baby's thermometer will soon be handed to him by a bureaucrat, and already housing is largely in the hands of the state.

In the fine article on Gandhi by de Maziarly, and in the reprint of Tolstoy's letter to the young Gandhi in South Africa, we see that Gandhi also regarded the state as a means of domination of the people, as Marx did. The fundamental difference between Marx and Gandhi's teaching was that Marx believed in class war, in violence, and Gandhi was opposed to violence. Tolstoy wrote to his young pupil: "He (Christ) knew, as every reasonable being cannot help knowing, that the use of violence is incompatible with love as a fundamental law of life. . . . All Christian civilization, so brilliant in appearance, has grown out of that obvious misunderstanding and contradiction, sometimes conscious, but most of the time unconscious."

Helen Iswolsky, in *One Thing Is Necessary*, deepens all this recurrent theme of wisdom as opposed to intellectual abstraction this theme of personal love and suffering with, of manual work to, develop the whole man. She deepens it into the foundation of all things, Christ. She writes: "At Patmos, John beheld the Lamb, and at the sight of Him 'fell at His feet dead,' till He laid his right hand on him. We however, attempt all experiments but that one: death and resurrection in Christ."

That must become our daily experiment, to die with Christ, and to rise with Him, and the Third Hour helps point the way.

I. M. Naughton.

THE THIRD HOUR—P.P. Box No. 6, Lenox Hill Station, 221 East 70th Street, N. Y. C. 21. Now 1949 issue. \$1.50. 118 pages.

CHURCH IN RUSSIA

(Continued from page 5)

gionists to stop all advances for Christian Unity with the Orthodox Church, for Christian Unity in such circumstances is impossible—and these advances, in the light of all those injustices and hostilities, are merely so many mockeries of Christian charity.

The present writer met Metropolitan Grigorij when he was in Chicago to celebrate the Divine Liturgy at the Russian Orthodox Cathedral of St. George and to address the Russian people. The impression he made on the present writer was great indeed, and he thought within himself: Metropolitan Grigorij is truly a man of God!

Spinoza

Spinoza, a pantheist, wrote: "I have often wondered that persons who make a boast of professing the Christian religion—namely, love, joy, peace, temperance, and charity to all men—should quarrel with such rancorous animosity, and dis-

play daily towards one another such bitter hatred; that this, rather than the virtues they claim, is the readiest criterion of their faith. . . .

Verily, if they had but one spark of light from on high, they would not insolently rave, but would learn to worship God more wisely, and would be as marked among their fellows for mercy as they now are for malice: if they were concerned for their opponents' souls instead of for their own reputations, they would no longer fiercely persecute, but rather be filled with pity and compassion." This is like an echo of what St. John wrote: "If anyone says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar. For how can he who does not love his brother, whom he sees, love God, whom he does not see?" The divided Christianity is full of hatred and no efforts are made to return to Christian love!

(Continued in June issue)

SATYAGRAHA

(Continued from page 3)

glaring ones in that he accepted the aid of Indian industrialists and made of Satyagraha a nationalistic affair, he had little conception of a world-wide revolutionary movement or a transcendence of nationality. His fight should have been against Indian industrialism as well as British. Nevertheless, the ideas of Satyagraha are valid outside this context and to reject them as being necessarily connected with Indian nationalist aspirations is to be as provincial as those criticized. After all the program of groups in this country who advocate civil disobedience, non-registration and other like methods amount to the same thing—it is being rather pedantic to point out some imagined profound differences between such procedure and that of Satyagraha. Provided, of course, that, as Bayard Rustin points out, we avoid the nationalist entanglements of historical Satyagraha.

There is also another point that Bayard Rustin brings out, and that as regards Gandhi's statement that participation in war is preferable to cowardice. And Mr. Rustin points out that he would defend the individual who was just fed up with it all and saw no sense to the whole thing and had more important things to do and so becomes a draft dodger. I agree with Mr. Rustin, though I do not consider such conduct as cowardice. For the draft dodger of this type we have, in the Church, a patron saint—John Vianney, Cure of Ars. This great saint considered his vocation to the priesthood as more important than shedding blood—so he deserted the army. We should be grateful for his courage and example in doing so and add to our private litany—St. John Vianney, patron of draft-dodgers, pray for us.

¹The best recent treatise on Gandhi's method I've come across is SATYAGRAHA, by R. B. Divakar, published by Henry Regnery Co., Hinsdale, Ill. \$2.00.

Parish

(Continued from page 6)

one type for all. The matter of finances would be returned more and more to the laity. Father Michonneau is deeply convinced that the greatest obstacle in bringing Christ to people around him is this question of money. . . . "Without any hesitation we should say that it (this obstacle) is the firmly rooted belief that religion is nothing but a business affair. Our apologetics course back in the seminary made no mention of this objection; but it is by far the most powerful barrier to Christ in our day. Almost everyone believes that priests are after money, that religion is a 'racket.'"

In both of these books there is a complete discussion of the liturgy, of mass in vernacular, of evening mass, of clerical culture and how it has built a wall between the laity and priest, of the lay apostolate and the kind of spirituality which must be developed in it if it is to succeed, the breadth of these books is wide and deep, deep in the analysis of the concrete problems and in relating them to eternal truths. The Christian's duty is "to bring his share of good into the society in which he lives and to contribute to the life of God in his brethren through the function that is his in the City."

I know that in discussing these books that I have not mentioned the very human side of the men involved which makes them so readable. Maisie Ward has contributed an illuminating profile of Father Godin, and in conclusion sums up the "rising of the yeast" in France. Throughout Father Michonneau's book you are aware of the integrity of the man and of his warm, lovable nature. You will respond to the humor that is present in a complete Christian's life. . . . I'm convinced now that Christian joy and natural humor must go side by side. Both of the books have an authoritative ring to them, for the authors have lived what they are saying, and both of them carry forward from princes of the church—that of France Pagan? by Cardinal Griffin of Westminster and one in *Revolution in a City Parish* by Cardinal Suhard of Paris. I feel that these books will fit neatly along side of *France Alive* by Claire Bishop on your book shelf and in your conscience.

In conclusion a few words from Cardinal Suhard. . . . "this account of a missionary apostolate and of such a pastoral life—totally consecrated to these fundamental problems of our age—cannot fail to make its appeal to the hearts of many priests who are anxious for the spiritual progress of their own parish. And it will awaken many questions in the souls of those who are trying to mould and train themselves for the ministry, and they will come to see the role of a diocesan priest in a new light."

Jack English.



E. ZUTRAU