



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

In the last two months I have visited twenty-seven cities, journeying from Fall River, Massachusetts, as far west as Fargo, North Dakota. I have been bone-tired and mind-tired. I have slept like a log on busses and on trains, on boards and on beds, in rooms with babies and little children, in dormitories, and in single splendor. I have eaten in homes where elegance is the rule and at houses of hospitality with men from skid row. I have met old friends, and many new ones and have encountered some bitterness but on the whole the trip was one of the best I ever had. More and more, I have found people sympathetic to the fundamental idea of The Catholic Worker. And what is the fundamental idea? That man is made to love God and to love his brother. And when we say that all men are brothers, it means that the love we feel stems from the love of God.

We talk about love and we write about love, and love means that we must give and we must suffer. Who is not poor and we are not poor, who does not suffer, and we do not suffer? Love means embracing voluntary poverty too. We have got to begin to be poor. If we try to be poor, we will try to strip ourselves and put on Christ.

Love of our brothers, and voluntary poverty. Those are the things I began to talk about, and those are such fundamental topics that one could not talk about them without getting on to the subject of the modern State and war. The paternalistic state, the servile state, the coercive state that tries to do away with personal responsibility, that builds great institutions to take the place of the family, the parish. The coercive state whose prosperity is founded on preparations for war rather than on work to supply human needs. You get a lot of reading done when you are travelling, and one of the books I read on this trip was "Through Eastern Eyes," by Fr. Von Straelen, published by Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

The East is not impressed by our great institutions, Fr. Von Straelen quotes a critic as saying. Our orphanages, mental hospitals, homes for the aged—all the other great buildings that loom on the horizon mean that there is no longer a loving family, no longer help from friends, and neighbors to care for the sick, the orphaned, the cripple, the poor. It is the failure of Christianity that those buildings express, not its success.

One reason for the breakdown of the family of course is that there is no longer the home big enough for all, and there is not enough homes to go around.

Martha House

The last thing I saw in Detroit, so that I left it weeping, was the

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ST. ELISABETH

TAKES CARE
OF THE SICKHousing-
Paris Fashion

By WILLIAM GAUCHAT

"Do you know that eighteen percent of French families, which means ONE family out of FIVE, live one on the top of the other in one room? They are the poorest families, that is to say the largest. ONE ROOM where eight or ten people are piled up together eating, cooking, washing up, washing themselves, and sleeping. One room which as a rule leads out on to the stairs, the breathing tube of the entire tenement, never free from the stench of cooking and washing, where each 'home' during the daytime will load up their bed-linen on the banisters to air it—for there is no other place where

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In Hope

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Sometimes our fellow pacifists who are not Catholic wonder why we continue in the Church, wonder because most Catholics are not pacifists and very few priests are and the official policy seems to be to encourage hatred of Communists and to prepare the laity for war with Russia. And it is a great scandal, a great discouragement. And yet we would be guilty of the same error—of separating people into the good and the bad—were we to conceive of ourselves as "too Christian" to remain any longer in the Church, were we to separate from those we consider the "bad."

We bear a common responsibility, for we have added our sins to the common pool of Catholic life, the sins of the Mystical Body are shared as are the virtues. There is no isolation. A characteristic of the Church founded by Christ will always be that it includes saints and sinners. That the wheat and the weeds shall grow together till harvest time and then only will there be separation, then only when the Creator of man, who alone has the right, will judge and separate. Short of a special grace we have no assurance of our individual salvation. We can never say that we are the good who must separate from the bad. We can only go on in union with our brethren and in complete submission to the dogmas of the faith for we know that the Church is the Bride of Christ, that she is our Mother, and that through the anointed hands of her priests there is administered to us those ordinary channels of grace which are the Sacraments. We are but born when she confers on us membership in Christ, we never sin but that she stands ready to pronounce absolution, we never hunger but that she offers to us the Body and Blood of Our Lord. To separate from her is to be guilty of that first and greatest sin, the sin of pride, it is to close to oneself the channels of grace, except we repent and she is ever there to welcome back and to forgive and restore.

Scandals

If there are scandals in the Church it is because we are members of it, if there is sin it is, because we have committed it, if we look within ourselves we know

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Maurin Farm

By GEORGIA KERNAN

Fall time will always be a busy time at Peter Maurin Farm. This being our first fall season in full residence here, we have all come to realize how necessary it is that we all coordinate our efforts that we might realize St. Benedict's lasting theories on Manual Labor cooperative effort. It would be great, we think, if he could visit us here . . . in this big fat 20th century . . . and smile at our beginnings again. The great Abbot would be pleased.

Crisp leaves are still under foot as we make our way daily to the 6:30 Mass at St. Louis Academy with bird songs in the background. At the end of each day our night prayers are accompanied by cricket calls. And eagerly we pray that soon rural living will become part of every Christian's thinking as a means for a more healthy and wholesome approach to God.

As each fall day faded into the other, even the colors worked into

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THE SEAMEN STRIKE

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

As this is written, the issue has not yet been decided. And yet, even if the wild-cattling longshoremen win, a pattern has been set. The police have already escorted scabs through the picket lines. The inevitable suggestion has been made in Congress to draft the workers or else turn the whole operation over to the Army. The hearing on the injunction has been set, and the press calls for an end to treason. The red-smear was blocked, largely through the efforts of a Jesuit priest who appeared at the insurgent rally. And the common good of the United States has been identified

with Joe Ryan, gangster-unionist, partner of the Anastasias, boss of the waterfront, and with the New York Shipping Association.

War Economy

The strike brings out the character of a war economy. Modern mobilization proceeds at the cost of freedom and tends toward a fascist organization. During the last war, less than half of American production was actually engaged in arms work and the proposed work-or-fight bill did not pass. But with the increase in the efficiency of destruction, it is doubtful whether this much freedom will exist in the future. One of the realities of a modern war effort is the mobilization and control of every citizen within the nation: a totalitarian form of economic organization.

In order to put the economy on a war footing, it is necessary to control prices, wages, profits and freedom of movement. Because of existing economic relationships, it is far more easy to control wages than profits. It is also necessary to restrict criticism of the government in the name of secrecy—as President Truman recently did—and a series of scandals will almost inevitably follow the close of hostilities. Unions are forced into no-strike pledges, and labor-baiting is phrased as patriotism.

War and Justice

If the problem only amounted to this—a suspension of rights during the emergency—it could be thought of as a temporary evil. However, it doesn't stop there.

In a capitalist economy, the common good is identified with the preservation of private property and employer's rights. When the longshoremen strike, the employers are not accused of subversion for not having paid enough wages. Joe Ryan is not hounded by the patriotic press for his autocratic rule. The villain is automatically the worker who asserts his right. The entire weight of law and public opinion is mobilized against the striker.

At the same time, the productivity of capital becomes identical

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A Search For
Peace

We are still being refused permission to enter Western Germany. Several weeks ago, the Allied Military Control directed the West-German Consulate in Paris to refuse our applications and there has been no change in our status.

The purpose of our journey is to go through France, Germany, Poland and the Soviet Union with a direct appeal to the people of both blocs to refuse to make or bear arms and to break through the barriers separating one people from another. En route from Paris to Strasbourg we have passed out thousands of leaflets expressing our views, and we have talked with many persons of different classes and backgrounds. The reaction has been universally sympathetic, with many expressions of an almost desperate hope

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Bishop Ancel on Making Communists

Alfred Ancel, Auxiliary Bishop of Lyon, recently gave four reasons for French workers becoming Communist. Has American militarism provided any alternative?

"1. Statistics prove that, in general, the purchasing power of workers has dropped considerably compared to what it was in 1938.

"2. All their hopes have been dashed, one after the other. A group which has no further hope becomes a revolutionary class.

"3. The workers believe themselves faced with a very harsh capitalist reaction and are convinced that the last electoral law was made to foster this reaction.

"4. FINALLY, THE WORKING CLASS HAS THE IMPRESSION THAT MILITARY EXPENDITURES FOR REARMAMENT LEAD INEVITABLY TO A WAR WITH A CAPITALISTIC ORIGIN, WAGED TO CRUSH THE WORLD OF THE WORKER. I HAVE SEEN WORKERS WHO FEEL ASHAMED BECAUSE THEY WORK 'FOR THE WAR.' THEIR CONSCIENCE TOLD THEM THAT THEY WERE DOING EVIL. THEY FELT THAT THEY SHOULD REFUSE TO WORK. THEY LACKED THE COURAGE TO DO SO BECAUSE ONE MUST LIVE, BECAUSE HE HAS A WIFE AND CHILDREN."

Bishop Ready on Academic Freedom

Last month, the authorities of Ohio State University refused to allow Cecil Hinshaw to speak before a campus group of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Dr. Hinshaw, a Quaker and pacifist, was presumably barred for his anti-war views. At that time, Bishop Michael J. Ready of Columbus spoke against the gag rule during the last day of a Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems. He said, in part:

"The idea of speaker screening is not pleasant, for I have full trust in faculty and student judgement while the widest freedom of instruction, press and speech exist. These are American traditions.

"I'D EVEN BE WILLING THAT MARX BE INVITED TO SPEAK AT THE UNIVERSITY. No one need fear the words of a man as long as a teacher is allowed to then put those words against a background of truth.

"The whole question of the screening operation is creating an immoral atmosphere at Ohio State.

"WE LIVE AS CHILDREN OF GOD, AND IN HIS SIGHT THERE CAN BE NO INJUSTICE TO SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T LOOK, THINK OR BELIEVE AS WE DO."

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On Pilgrimage

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thirteen children under six years old at Martha House, at 1818 Leverette St. St. Francis House is just around the corner a couple of blocks, and Louis Murphy and the men there try to do everything possible to make Martha House warm and comfortable for the families sheltered there. There are the three girls there too, Delros Espy, Ruth O'Rourke and Betty Hogan. They share the parlour in that too small house and the four mothers and their thirteen children are crowded into three bedrooms upstairs. There is a sitting room and a dining room and kitchen.

With all our institutions, with all the wealth in the city of Detroit, charitable bureaus, travelers' aid, the police, hospitals, priests,—all turn again and again to The Catholic Worker, for help in emergencies.

"And for every family we take in, we have to turn ten way," one of the girls said sadly.

"And where do they go? They sit up all night in stations, in movie houses, in parking lots," Lou Murphy said. And after they have been referred around sufficiently and still don't get lost, some agency, or the city, rents a room for them for twelve or fifteen dollars a week,—one room for a family of ten, perhaps,—eight children and mother and father. Of course the only place they get such a room is in a slum.

It is the same in New York. The influx of Puerto Ricans in our lower East side has meant the growth of rooming houses where whole families live in one room and cook, eat and sleep. There are no apartments so the city has to put its welfare clients in these hovels.

Hospices

Of course when I talk of our houses of hospitality everyone thinks right away that what I mean is that he should start a house of hospitality in his city or parish. People start to look a little uncomfortable and people talk about guilty consciences for not doing more for the poor. I always speak too, of how these duties are laid down for us in the 25th chapter of St. Matthew and that our salvation indeed depends on them—prayer, and fasting, and the alms which we would have to give as a result of fasting (whether that fast be in terms of food, or drink, theater or television or new car or a certain neighborhood to live in).

But I try always to explain that it is not just in terms of Peter Maurin's program of Round Table Discussions, Houses of Hospitality and Farming Communes that I am speaking. He said at the very beginning that the way to reach the masses of people, the poor and the destitute who did not know Christ (if they did they would be rich) was through the works of mercy, practised by each one of us, "at a personal sacrifice," he always added.

Christ Rooms

And since it all does depend on each one of us, that means that we must each try to have a Christ room in our homes where we can shelter others. Better still, if there were an extra floor in our house

(Oh those lucky people who live in houses!) that could be turned into a little apartment for a family. The fact of the matter is that so-called Christian people will not rent to families any more. No children allowed! Let them get in a housing project! Let the state, the city, bring that pressure to bear on them to limiting their families!

One woman looked at me sadly as I talked one afternoon, and said that she had four bedrooms and two baths in her house. And another said ruefully, "we are always on the receiving end, never the giving."

Difficulties

I can well see all the difficulties. A husband cannot impose such a charitable custom on his wife, as sheltering the harborless, without her consent and cooperation, nor the wife the husband. But they can begin to talk over these things together, to explore the possibilities. People could begin to think about these things. When they build or when they buy or when they rent, they can get a bigger place and sometimes the bigger houses are cheaper since people want small, compact places nowadays when there will not be so much to do, nor so much trouble in heating. But they might begin to think in terms of community! After all community can be in the city as well as in the country.

Community

One friend I visited in Chicago had an apartment that was large, light and airy, surrounded by a garden and trees, with a back-porch and a front porch, with heat and bath and hot water, all for forty dollars a month. This was because she put up with the railroad trains down the street, and gas tanks in the rear.

She was definitely on the wrong side of the tracks. Downstairs there was another large apartment divided into two. Negroes were beginning to move into the neighborhood. In this section of the south side there was not that mass movement out of a neighborhood when Negroes moved in that has marked some of the districts in Chicago. All around the Chicago University, another friend who teaches there reports, there have been a steady influx of Negroes, who have taken run down property and improved it and since there is good supervision to prevent dividing and overcrowding slum conditions did not begin to be built up.

The friend with the beautiful apartment said that there was a possibility of the building being sold. It had not occurred to her to try to buy it. Poor teachers usually do not have down payments. But given the down payment, most people could keep up payments, what with one job or another in a big city. They would be willing to make many a sacrifice to keep their own home, especially such a one as this. She could even rent to Negroes and so have an interracial house, or she could divide the house so that it was cooperatively owned. I had

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During the past month we thought that we were complying with the Fire Department's division of fire prevention by placing our fire alarm system in proper working order.

Now an investigator visits us and tells us that we haven't done enough. He demanded that we make the choice of one of two further fire preventives. We are to install an automatic thermostatic fire alarm system to cover all parts of the premises, or provide a night watchman plus a time clock to check the entire house during the hours of sleep. The automatic thermostatic fire alarm system consists of a series of water sprinklers which begin to flow simultaneously with the start of the fire. They tell me that this cheap but handy equipment runs into thousands of dollars and performs the double function of putting out the fire and giving you a bath at the same time.

We had the thoughts of the expenses and the trouble incurred uppermost in our minds as we tried to be nice to the investigator. Being nice and reasonable seemed to be the best approach in an attempt to extricate ourselves from this mess. The man was not to be won over by this technique so we became indignant and very much the oppressed taxpayer. All of which had no effect on this enemy of the people since he clucked his tongue, smiled and warned us that a summons would be served to us if the regulations were not complied with at the time of his next visit.

We remain precariously perched in our citadel awaiting that man's next visit which might be followed by the summons. We envision ourselves in court making a brilliant defense of human rights against the petty laws of the city. Although this day dream fails to ring through as we sadly recall the swiftness of court action. Before the defendants have sworn to tell the truth it seemed that the judge issues a fine or a sentence or both.

Postulant

At our last writing, our friend Jack English was a mere visitor with the Trappist in Georgia. Now he is a member of the community. He was accepted as a postulant two weeks ago. Jack is very enthused over his acceptance. He asks to be remembered in prayers.

Offers

The Catholic Worker is frequently a bone of contention among many of the people who are aware of its existence. Some of these individuals become purple with rage whenever it is mentioned. A number of these will get mellow over the C. W. when they are drinking or are slightly drunk. Just before they pass out at a bar or table they may be apt to say, "well after all they do believe in the works of mercy."

The above flashed through my mind as we were called to the phone, late one night last week. The man on the other end of the wire proclaimed that he was a very dear friend of the C. W. I had never heard of him before this call. It was difficult to follow him very closely since he was very deep in his cups. He wanted us to know that there wasn't anything in the world that he wouldn't do for us, just name it. What would we like first? But he rolled on before we could put in a bid. Finally, he said he would put his friend wife on the phone, which he did.

During the break I kept thinking they must be having some party over at their house. The wife shortly tuned in and she was perfectly sober. She confirmed her husband's offer. Even got to the concrete point of offering us a room in their home for anyone in need. I told her that we would take a rain check on the room but

suggested that they send us some clothing, especially for men. She was very nice.

We haven't heard from this party since that night. However, we must state that we were quite warmed by the generous offers and the feelings that prompted them.

An aged Irishman showed up here several days last week. He said he had sufficient funds to pay for his lodgings in a nearby Bowery hotel but was in need of food and clothing. We were able to satisfy his needs. Then he offered to do any plastering work that might be needed in the house here. We assured him of our gratitude for this generous offer and said we would quickly provide him with the necessary tools and the work.

He failed to present himself on the day he promised to go to work for us. We were not surprised nor were we annoyed since he was so charming about it all with his honeyed Irish brogue. His conversation was frequently interspersed with calling on God to bless you for no apparent reason. When he referred to a dead friend or relative he would beg God to have mercy on the poor one's soul. He was dying to please and you felt as though you were taking advantage of a man without guile.

Thanks

We thank all of you good people who responded to our October appeal. We did not receive a sufficient sum to clear up our current running expenses, nor did we expect to. However, we did obtain enough to satisfy our creditors for a while.

Ed Willock

Ed Willock, who was mentioned in this column last month, also wishes to thank you for your generous response to his needs during his present illness. He has had a relapse since we last went to press and is in dire need of prayers.

F.B.I.

About ten days ago we were contacted by the F.B.I. agents on three different occasions. Their presence still makes us sweat, no matter how many times we have met them. Although I did have the courage to ask one to take a chair in the office until I had finished some work that I was engaged in at his entry. However, he was here only to check up on one of our guests who had failed to give a change of address and classification to his selective service board. It was a mere oversight on the draftee's part since he is resigned towards army service.

The second agent was interested in the whereabouts of a friend of

ours who owed a small sum of money for last year's income taxes. We replied that this friend is hospitalized for an indefinite period and that he was destitute and would remain so for some time to come. The tax man was very sympathetic and said that they would try and forget this case in view of the circumstances.

The third man asked for a character reference for a former associate of ours who is now applying for a position with the government. He asked as to whether or not the applicant was connected with subversive organizations or associates.

Food

Among the books that came in for review during October, one was a cook-book. Seeking an expert on this particular subject, we turned the copy over to our own cook here in the house. Charlie is our man for this job.

Charlie read the book eagerly and remarked on the splendid assortment of recipes printed therein. However, he explained that those meals would be too expensive for our means. With a wide grin on his face Charlie remarked that he never used a cook book at anytime. We knew that. We never knew anyone who could cook as well as Charlie, nor anyone who was so congenial about it all. The only other person in the house who is as thorough about his work as Charlie, is Frank, who has the difficult task of handling the circulation files.

The Dead

November being the special month that the Church has set aside for praying for the dead, we again ask our readers to remember the following friends and members of the Catholic Worker: Ketchi Harada, Elizabeth Ryan, Caroline Pekar, Peter Maurin, Charles O'Rourke, Bill Duffy, John Curran, Larry Heaney, Jim Erickson, John Griffin, John Bowers and John Manze.

Hospitality

We were pleasantly edified to hear of an incident that happened to a very saintly old priest friend of ours. It seems that a stranger who was very drunk woke this priest up at three o'clock one morning. The stranger wanted to talk to a priest at that hour and proved to be quite troublesome. However, the priest spoke to this person in his usual gentle manner. The inebriated one quieted down after a while. The priest had some coffee made for this party and followed that up by providing a bed for this individual for the remainder of the morning.

Holy Father Desires Peace

(The following letter was sent by the Vatican, through Mgr. J. B. Montini, to Frederick Joliot-Curie, the French Communist, who had sent a message of the Partisans of Peace to the Pope. It is translated from *Fiches Documentaires*, May 15, published at Louvain.)

The Vatican,

February 18, 1951.

Dear Sir:

I received your letter of January 28 and in accordance with your request, placed the message in the hands of the Holy Father who has given it his attention.

In this document, you state that His Holiness, in the path of his predecessors, has proclaimed on many occasions the necessity of working for the establishment of peace among Nations by the substitution of the power of truth for the power of force, and of making a serious and honest attempt for the progressive and adequate limitation of armaments.

You also recognize the recent Encyclical of July 19, 1950, in citing the words of His Holiness on the murderous weapons invented by modern techniques.

It is heartening to realize that

the Sovereign Pontiff has always come out in favor of peace, a just and lasting peace.

Here there is a point often obscured or forgotten. Powerful organizations which pretend to work for peace have travestied the words and acts of the Holy Father in interpreting them to the masses, and have circulated the absurd calumny that the Pope desires and favors war.

It is always evident that the Vicar of "The Prince of Peace," the visible head of the Church—whose mission is the reign of justice and charity upon the earth—cannot but have an ardent desire for peace among men.

Nor can it be doubted that the Holy See will continue—as it has always done—to work in the service of peace—or true peace—in virtue of the same principles which direct his actions and which have their source in the doctrine revealed by our Lord Jesus Christ. And one can only wish that these efforts will receive understanding and loyalty—from governments as well as from the people and in the individual conscience.

Accept the assurance of my devoted sentiments.

J. B. MONTINI.

Report from Mexico

By DONALD DEMAREST

I was sorry that in all the last minute rush I didn't get a chance to come and say goodbye to you all. I guess that the last time I spoke to you we were headed for Haiti. And then the day I was to go down to pay for our boat tickets for the last fruit boat that would take one-way passengers (in the summer they cater only to tourists) I heard that the Centre D'Art in Haiti had severed its connections with the G.I. Bill. So then I had to scurry around and get my application to the V.A. transferred to the Writing Center at Mexico City College in time to get here by June 15. Now I'm back in school working for a B.A. in Creative Writing (whatever that is) and I have four years of \$120 a month coming to me if I want to take it. Of course it's much easier than the same thing in the States (the exchange is 8½ pesos Mex. to \$1 U. S.) but it's still a struggle with three children—especially after the easy money of New York publishing.

Catholics and Community

The main thing is that it's a chance to get our bearings, look around for the sort of communitarian life we can fit into, and, especially, prepare ourselves for it. Apart from the Writing Center, where they are pretty liberal about academic requirements, credits, etc.—apart from turning in so many thousand words of fiction every week (which is good discipline for me since I am a complete deadline writer) Betty and I are both taking courses in painting, ceramics, leather-work, etc. (The art school here is particularly good, especially for murals, which I hope to graduate to before I leave.) And there are a handful of painters doing some good liturgical work, influenced by the techniques of the anti-clerical painters like Rivera and Siquieros.

The Writing Center itself is quite interesting—and more professional and more enthusiastic than I had expected. It's run by a woman called Margaret Shedd. . . She is trying to make the Center a communitarian project, with shared living quarters and shared manual labor. However, in spite of Claire Huchet Bishop and the Communities of Work in Europe with their Catholic-Communist admixture, I don't believe any communitarian project would work which involved a majority of Americans, who were intellectuals and free-thinkers. A Catholic Writing Center would be something else again and might produce something. Or a Catholic Art Center in a place like this—where the materials are so marvellous and so cheap.

The Church and Oppression

Margaret Shedd . . . is particularly bitter about the corruption of the Mexican Church. I don't know much Mexican history, and my Spanish isn't too good yet, and I haven't moved much in intelligent Catholic circles—but it seems probable that in the old days, when the church owned land (absentee ownership mostly) and serfs, it was pretty much hand-in-glove with the rich and did little to correct social abuses. However, it's something of a shock to go to the State Agricultural College at Chapingo, which used to be a big estate, to visit the chapel—a chief tourist attraction—to find it crammed with Rivera murals depicting snout-nosed priests and nuns whipping Indians and grovelling for mercy before the sentimentalized revolutionaries. (Especially when you remember what happened to the revolution in spite of its promise). The saddest thing is the students themselves, intelligent and attractive in pressed and starched khakis, who all mouth a parroted English version of the decadence of the Catholic Church. Or to go to the magnificent convents and monasteries and churches all over the country, which are now maintained as museums by the government. Or even to go to mass in the various churches in the city, all in a terrible state of disrepair—including the Cathedral itself.

On the other hand, all the churches are crowded to overflowing for every half-hour mass, each day of the week. There are continual lines before the little wooden confessionals (which look like sedan chairs: the men kneel directly in front of the priest and whisper in his ear, the women have the privacy of a small panel in front of their faces). And Communion is given out almost continuously to mobs (except during mass itself, in which only the priest partakes. Communion is given to the people only before and after mass.) Although there is always a sprinkling of smartly dressed men and women, a scattering of the bourgeois in ties and coats and lace veils, the churches truly belong to the poor, who barefooted in dungarees or rebozos with babies, crawl on their knees to the altar rail for communion, or kneel for hours in the attitude of the cross. There are shrines to the Virgin of Guadalupe in all the stores, pictures of her in almost all the busses and taxis. In spite of this marvellous and leavening sanctity (which makes one want to pray sometimes for a little persecution for the Church in America) the whole tone of business and political life in Mexico City is aggressively secular. There is as much free-masonry among the professional classes as there was in France after World War I. The "Catholic" Daily *Nevedades* (one of the three leading papers) apart from articles dealing with religious questions on the editorial page, and occasional highlighting of statements from the Vatican or the Arch-bishop on page one, goes in for the same sensational reporting of sex and crime and the same pornographic movie ads that the rest of the papers indulge in. As far as I can see there is very little Catholic Action and almost no lay apostolate. If you know differently, or can put me in touch with any friends or readers of the CW in Mexico City I'd be grateful.

I just read Graham Greene's *Another Mexico* the other day—the non-fiction account of a trip he made to Mexico in 1938, and on which *The Power and the Glory* was based. Things have certainly changed enormously here in the last twelve years. Priests now go into the streets in clericals, and nuns in their civilian-looking habits. There are quite a few parochial schools in Mexico City and in this little seaside village that we're vacationing in the sisters teach the local public school. Arch-bishop Martinez gets into the papers about as often as Cardinal Spellman: right now he is leading a campaign against pornographic magazines, books and movies (is this always the first sign of the Church's return to power?) A senator made a speech in the senate the other day calling for the re-Christianization of Mexico—something that would have been political suicide only a few years ago. The anti-religious laws still on the statutes are pretty generally ignored . . . And yet, in spite of the abundance of priests in Mexico City, the country as a whole is starved for the sacraments. We've been in many villages and small towns which haven't seen a priest for years—but in which the people still maintain the church for private prayer and for public saying of the rosary.

Mexican Faith

And yet when you think of the tremendous and determined persecution the faith of these people survived—when priests were hunted and shot like dogs, when it was a criminal offense to wear religious medals or to have crucifixes or holy pictures in one's house—you wonder if the faith of American Catholics would have been as strong and resurgent and you have a new hope for the resurgence of Russian faith, which was once so similar to the faith of the Mexican people.

Anyway, it's a fascinating country and we love it (especially the

We have walked a long road of suffering. All our possessions were lost in the high tide of war. God's kindness put us on a high wave and threw us on the saving beach. After giving it much thought, the farmers in western Germany had leased to us four hectares of uncultivated land, and this land became our Robinson Crusoe island after our ship "homeland" had sunk behind us.

We have cultivated this land. Our only and much cared for implements consisted of two spades and two hatchets. Every new morning saw us going about our hard tasks.

The other people around us called us fools. How is it possible that anyone dares start working on a piece of land, they thought, that their ancestors didn't find worthwhile ploughing on, that only belonged to foxes, wild rabbits and the birds.

We didn't care! We lived under a glass bell, and the bell stood in the shade of God's hand. Our ears didn't hear the pitying laughter and the mockeries. We lived among men and still far away from them. Our poverty was wealth to us, since our children could now sleep peacefully under the emergency roof. They slept on our own earth. Their games on the uncultivated land were festivals to us, their songs were oratorios to which we listened thankfully.

Our status in life bettered slowly. The acres began to carry crops. Now we possess some hens and some sheep, a real wealth compared to the possession of most of our fellow-sufferers.



children who are already talking Spanish better than any of us.) Contrary to my expectation the Mexicans are an amazingly open-hearted and warm-hearted people (nothing like as much on the make and as suspicious as the French for instance) and extraordinarily nice to Northamericans when you consider how abominably we treat them when they come to our country. You can hardly go anywhere without the people at the next table insisting on buying you a beer, or sharing their lunch with you. On this trip of ours along the east coast many times when we have been sitting sweltering in the sun for hours waiting for one of the unpredictable Mexican busses, trucks have drawn up to offer us a ride. (We arrived here in a mail truck, which being strictly against regulations, we were locked into, with our hands across the children's mouths every time we stopped to deliver mail.) The Spaniards have an expression "As polite as a Mexican," and we've certainly found it true—a politeness from the heart and not from the mind (I imagine there's a sneer in the Spanish words). And so I must disagree with D. H. Lawrence and with Graham Greene (except where he touches on the religious life he is as insular and querulous as all travelling Englishmen, complaining about the food, the service and the accommodations, and eternally homesick for the green fields of Dorset.)

Concordia from USA

By ROLF WILKE

But today is the day of the great miracle. I am sitting in the rattling truck as we travel slowly homeward. Next to me stands Concordia, my cow from Oregon with her little brown bull calf. She eats hay unconcernedly and staggers a bit when the truck curves. She is a well experienced traveler, I'm sure. Concordia, my brown cow from the USA is a gift from brothers across the ocean who are unknown to me. The cow comes from Sheridan in the state of Oregon. This really is quite a long way to the Duensen/Heide in Germany. I am always imagining this trip and when I take the map for a guide I can follow the trip more distinctly. Oregon, then because of the winter storms, further to New Orleans, New York, the Atlantic, Bremen—further into the German hinterland and still another 100 kilometers into my heath. I raise myself from the straw seat and lean against the warm body of the animal; the little calf pulls at my worn out overcoat and I wish indeed that Concordia would be able to speak. She then would have to tell me all about the people who sent her, the people whose Christian brotherhood and love was so great that they donated an animal from their herd in order to help some refugee in this world. What a wonderful deed! You brothers, you bridge constructors, I see the high spans which you build across the ocean. Forty-six German refugees today received a cow each with your help, which would mean as many stones for the piers of the bridge across the ocean.

I shake myself from my dreams and again caress Concordia's brown skin. This animal means an immense help in our life. We will have milk and butter every day. How good that will be for our children! We can deliver part of the milk to the dairy—and will get money for this each month. First, my wife will buy shoes; no I guess she will first buy diapers for the youngest. No, but I think we better save money for a new hearth. Our emergency fire-place cannot be used anymore. Well, she'll know what to do. There are so many things which are most needed in our family. There are thousands of things a family needs when they have lost everything.

We have a gay weather proverb which says: "When the cock crows on the manure either the weather changes or stays like it is at present." This is just what I've forgotten. Now we will have our own manure! How that will improve our soil! Soon our cock will be able to crow on our own manures. Then Daddy will announce this play on words with pleasure to his children.

Our old rattling truck continues on the way home at 30 km. per hour. My folks at home will be impatiently waiting for me. Just before dusk we reached the village behind which we are living.

The truck stops and the driver opens the back of the truck and says: "Well, have your 'goat' come out now."

I ignore his mockery. He knows only the much bigger native cows of his homeland. Concordia, of course, is small and fine-limbed in comparison with these animals. However, a big barn needs much straw. I know the gluttony of these giant-like animals. My cow will be more modest. I grasp Concordia's halter: "Would the lady get out, please? We have reached our destination." She looks to the right and again to the left, doesn't hesitate much and gets out. The little calf follows her obediently.

While I pay the driver, my cow pastures conveniently on the edge of the road. Before long some of the village inhabitants are surrounding me, since curiosity causes legs to run quickly. I have to answer all their questions and give an account about all the happenings. They look at the cow appraisingly. They all pretend to be experts. They ask if they may give their frank opinion. "This cow is small and will not give much milk

which will not have a good fat content," they say, "but it will probably be enough for your personal use." "Such a small cow can't possibly produce much." I let them talk. Today they are quiet. Concordia gives 41 pounds of milk which has 5.1% fat as a year's average. None of the native cows is able to surpass mine in productivity.

I slowly pull my cow along the edge of the street. The woods are still hiding my house. My family cannot see me yet. But now I am through and then I hear my children shouting, "Mommie, Mommie, Daddy is coming!"

Like lightning flashes they are running towards me. And there comes also my wife with the smaller children. What a load they put on their Mommie! She has to carry a big wreath of birch tree leaves and big bunches of flowers. That's just what I had in mind! Now the festive moving-in begins. What a lucky man I am!

"How do you like her?" "Wonderful! Boy! Wonderful!" "Daddy," says my son, "this is the most beautiful cow in the whole world."

We do not hesitate to believe that. Concordia is the most beautiful cow on earth to us.

Look! The children have just discovered the calf! New rejoicing! Deep regret! They have only one wreath for the cow. But we find the solution. The bunch of flowers was meant to decorate the horns, but since the cow is without horns, she gets the wreath whereas the little calf is adorned with the other flowers. Everybody is content. Only my little daughter Brigitte is sulky. She has her hands full of tinfoil paper with which she intended to decorate the cow's horns. But she is quickly consoled and now decorates the wreath and the flowers with this silver paper. Now there is a little quarrel raised by the question of who may lead the heifer on the halter. My wife and I quickly end that and the moving-in begins.

"But Concordia, my dear lady, in your place I wouldn't step along the roads strewn with fresh flowers without a grateful 'Moo'." My family had decorated the roads leading from our land to the stable and had strewn birch-tree leaves and fir-tree branches on the way. They changed the stable into a little grove. The light is switched on and there is plenty of feed for the newcomer. Our cow turns her head around contentedly, lows and looks at her little calf and then she starts eating.

The children don't want to go to bed at all. The main subject today is the new cow. Only when my five-year-old daughter declares, "I have to go to bed now, otherwise I will be tired tomorrow morning and can't milk the cow," everybody is willing to go to sleep quickly.

"If Ditty will milk the cow tomorrow we want to watch her!"

"Sleep well, my dear little souls, do sleep and do dream of our Concordia."

On this evening my wife and I have spent quite a time in the stable and have admired our cow. Really, we have become rich. But all our thoughts fly across the ocean. They are looking for a far away state, they are looking for Oregon and the farmer and his folks in Sheridan with whom we want to shake hands and thank them from the bottom of our hearts. It is a long way to Sheridan. I will never go that way in my life. But those hearts in the far away America and my heart in Germany will always remain mosaic stones for the building of peace among people and countries which all men of good will are longing for.

(Rolf Wilke received Concordia through HEIFERS FOR RELIEF. You may donate a heifer or send a contribution. Direct all contributions and inquiries to Heifer Project Committee, New Windsor, Maryland.)

Specialist Wanted

The End of the Affair. By Graham Greene. Viking Press, N. Y. \$3.00.

Reviewed by John Cogley

Mr. Graham Greene has reached the level of literary eminence where every fresh novel is an event. The appearance of his current volume was celebrated in England by a favorable review from the pen of Mr. Waugh himself and in this country by a *Time* cover story: each in its separate way the supreme accolade.

Mr. Greene's books are welcomed for the usual literary reasons in every quarter, but I suspect the editors of Catholic literary quarterlies have more than the usual reasons. For them the latest Greene novel is more than an event; it is a godsend. It assures a steady flow of articles from the theological critics and critical theologians until such a time as Mr. Greene obliges with a new book. The Catholic literary quarterlies, unfortunately, are not only limited in their appeal, as all literary quarterlies are, but also suffer a woeful paucity of authors-to-be-discussed. For the past decade Mr. Greene has provided them with enough chewy morsels, like "Was Scobie damned?" or "Was the whiskey priest a saint or scoundrel?" to earn a special debt of gratitude.

The "Was Scobie damned?" discussion has preoccupied Catholic literary reviews for years, but that problem now is solved. In the *Time* story on Greene, Scobie's creator is quoted as saying that he wrote a novel (*The Heart of the Matter*) which was concerned with a man who went to Purgatory. That would seem to settle that. Now with *The End of the Affair* the literary reviews have been provided with some good new questions—enough at least to last until the next Greene novel. As Father Harold C. Gardiner wrote, "the controversy that swirled around *The Labyrinthine Ways* (*The Power and the Glory*) and *The Heart of the Matter* will sound like a muted murmur compared with the storms that will thunder around his latest book."

This time, I suppose, the central question will be: How did the affair end? Since the real affair is just beginning on the last pages of the book—an affair between God and the soul of the narrator, a middle-aged novelist, not too unlike Mr. Greene himself—the book provides the reader with the kind of theological whodunit that Mr. Greene always manages to leave behind him, like a calling card.

* * *

All good conversation, it is said, eventually narrows down to theology or sex or both. The same ingredients are found, in Martini proportions, in *The End of the Affair*. The novelist, who is the narrator, drifts into an affair with the frustrated wife of a civil service officer, a bloodless man too preoccupied with the nagging duties of his job to bother much about the sexual side of his marriage. The man, it seems, was always an indifferent performer as husband, and at the same time the novelist takes up with his wife their marriage, only ten years old, had already come to a physical standstill. She was still a young, attractive woman who burned like a low flame. What began as mere physical attraction on the part of the novelist and as sheer hunger on her part soon developed into genuine love and passion, at least for her.

None of these people was a believer. But when, during the second blitz on London, the novelist was injured, it would seem fatally, the woman turned to God. She prayed, and she promised that if her lover were spared she would break off the affair. The novelist arose (miraculously?) without injury soon after her sudden, almost panicky prayer. Of course, at the time he knew nothing of his mistress' promise. But from that moment she kept her word and, without explanations, cut him out of her life. He was hurt and bewil-

ered but reasoned, from his own experience with her, that she must have taken another man. Jealousy tormented him like the heat.

Several years later the novelist joined efforts with the woman's cuckolded husband to spy on her in order to find out about the present lover and so satisfy some dim purrulent need of his jealousy. He discovered slowly that he was passionately envious of the man now receiving her love and physical favors.

The Third Man turns out to be God Himself—and maybe because this is Greene, it is no surprise at all. The woman, apparently, has been plentifully showered with grace and blindly, almost stupidly, has achieved a high degree of sanctity. (This is established mostly by simple declaration since sanctity, the most difficult of all states to describe, is too much even for Mr. Greene. He never succeeds in communicating it: for this reason perhaps above all, the woman remains a hazy and indistinct figure.)

The woman dies and, saint that she is, goes straight to heaven. From there she continues to exercise a beneficent influence over both her husband and her former lover, who now conveniently share diggings. There are several miracles. At the point where the narration breaks off, the novelist has been brought to acknowledge God, at least to the degree of hating Him. Where the man goes from there, Mr. Greene is leaving, at least for the time being, to the tender mercies of the quarterly review people.

What is to be said of such a book? Well, there are the literary and the theological aspects, the two levels of criticism from which it may be approached. After *The Heart of the Matter* appeared and Mr. Waugh undertook to review it, he got to a certain point and then found it necessary to call on a professional theologian to take it from there. In this book the theological tone is so dominant it suggests that the procedure may have to be reversed if Mr. Greene continues in the same vein. The postscript of the future will be the literary critic's concern and the theologian will have to supply the heat of the review.

Many of Graham Greene's high talents are wonderfully in evidence in the pages of *The End of the Affair*. A turn of phrase is startlingly "right" from time to time—as when he describes a man with a positive genius for conversation—stopping and says his every remark threw a tree across the road. His minor characters are what Greene's minor characters always are, definitely minor and definitely "characters." There is all the economy, the sparseness, the precision of language which makes his narration the supreme modern example of the story-teller's art. There is his characteristic wise and sensitive choice of detail to create a mood. And for the first time there are touches of sly humor. All these things, at this point in Mr. Greene's career, almost go without saying.

Yet the book is strangely unsatisfying. I think it is because, for the first time Mr. Greene has relied on the overtly supernatural. He has solved some of his human problems by signs and wonders and miracles from on high.

The novelist's art is essentially a human art. It communicates some truth about man. Even when it is concerned with the supernatural, I think, it is wise of the novelist to limit his concern to the matter of how men react to supernatural truths. The novelist properly limits his primary concern to the human and terrestrial. But in *The End of the Affair* Mr. Greene has come precariously close to taking on the role of a divine not a human narrator—telling us, with more confidence than authority, how God reacts to human affairs. Toward the end of the book I had the uneasy feeling that Almighty God Himself had become one of the cast of characters and the

The Spanish Tangle

The United States And Spain, by Carlton J. H. Hayes, Sheed & Ward, \$2.75.

The Face of Spain, by Gerald Brenan, Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$3.75.

Reviewed by Michael Harrington

First, to avoid confusion: there is no official Catholic position on Franco in the sense that one must believe in it to remain in the Church. There is the undeniable fact of American Catholicism's pro-Franco sentiment, and of the moral support tendered to the Nationalists by Pius XII during the Civil War (a support which he seems to be now withdrawing). But the Church is in no way committed. The Committee on Civil Peace, composed of a great many Catholics—Maritain, Bernanos, Mauriac, and others—opposed Franco during the thirties without interference.

Carlton Hayes is a convert, scholar, and diplomat, Franco's ablest defender in the United States. He begins his book with an analysis of the Spanish background—which sins mostly by omission. The conclusion—that Spanish politics exhibit a chronic instability and a peculiar apathy toward



genuine republican forms—is a truism. However, no attempt is made to analyze the cause, the relationship of Spain to the industrial revolution, bourgeois democracy, the Church, etc. As a result, he does not provide a historical criterion for the assessment of current policy.

Similarly, Professor Hayes' desire to debunk the Spanish stereotype must be applauded—and his method questioned. It is a variant on what Arthur Koestler has termed the "dirty hands" approach. Poverty, occasional beggars, naked, ill-fed children exist in Spain. "But you should not be too shocked by such findings in Spain, if you are at all familiar with . . . Mississippi or South Carolina." Why not?

The Spanish Civil War

Much nonsense has been written about the Spanish Civil War and

movements of His grace were being made obedient to the demands of the author. It began to look like a case of God's being made to the image and likeness of man—or at least of one man, Mr. Greene. God, in *The End of the Affair*, seems to share too many of Mr. Greene's own limitations (his low opinion of the human body and the marriage relationship, for instance, his basic puritanism and deep distrust of the human spirit) even to serve as a convincing *deus ex machina*. There was also the unhappy conclusion that the truths of Christianity were being turned into a *machina ex deo* in this case, in order to construct a "Catholic novel."

Mr. Greene is quoted as saying that non-Christians won't understand his book. That, I think, speaks not so much of their ignorance as of his book's own limitations. He reaches beyond the confines of earth, and there and there alone is where the novelist *qua* novelist belongs. An English critic is supposed to have said that *The End of the Affair* was probably the last book from Mr. Greene that the non-specialist in theology would dare try to review. I hope that isn't so. I hope that Mr. Greene comes down to earth again, soon.

Professor Hayes rightly exposes it. The leftist myth of dedicated republicans does not hold up. The Anarchists and Socialists were certainly sincere, but it was often difficult to confuse them with Republicans. The Stalinists carried out political pogroms behind their own lines, assassinating their comrades in arms. In the five turbulent years of the Republic, liberal republicans were often horrified at leftist extremism, such as church burnings in 1931 or the Asturian holocaust.

But Professor Hayes is not quite so sensitive about rightist myths. He represents the Spanish Church as being satisfied with democracy, overlooking the fact that the majority of right-wing, monarchist or fascist, and anti-democratic parties were composed of Catholics and certainly not opposed by the clergy. The terror of the Rebels was every bit as ferocious as that of the Loyalists, as Bernanos pointed out in his recounting of Majorca. Much publicity has been given of late to the number of priests who were shot by leftists, and in common humanity, we join with Professor Hayes in disassociating ourselves from the murderers. However, this book would be far more balanced if he joined with us in mourning the republicans, men, women and children, who were killed without benefit of trial and with the ironic benefit of clergy. Franco a Fascist

Professor Hayes never squarely addresses the problem: is Franco a fascist. He does not consider the relevant data, i.e. the structure of the Spanish economy. What he does say is damning.

Nazi transports carried Franco and his men to Spain in August, 1936 (p. 112). Within a year, forty to fifty thousand Italian and about ten thousand German troops were operating in Spain (p. 125). Spain was neutral in World War II (p. 144). It signed an anti-comintern pact with the Axis in 1939 (p. 148), promised Hitler to enter the war for "sufficient compensation" (p. 148), and sent a division to fight for the Nazis in Russia (p. 149). However this was mere "opportunism" on Franco's part which is, morally, something less than being a "tool or ally" of Hitler (p. 148), and the real motivation of joining the Germans was to keep them out of Spain (p. 148). In 1944, (after the balance of victory had shifted to the Allies), Franco became friendly and withdrew his troops from the German service (p. 151).

Professor Hayes can call Franco what he wants to—opportunist, tool, ally, or anything else. This much is clear. Franco was ready to betray his people into alliance with a godless, totalitarianism, which is fascist by any other name.

Basically, this book is vitiated by a polemic spirit and an underlying policy assumption: that which is anti-communist deserves our support. Professor Hayes also momentarily descends to innuendo and red-baiting in order to smear Dean Acheson and Clement Attlee. As an apologist of the factual proposition, Franco is not a fascist, Professor Hayes is unconvincing. As a proponent of a policy consideration, military expediency is the measure of justice, he does more subtle harm to the Western heritage than all the Stalinists of this world. Within this logic of violence, all the manifestos, be they Joans or Atlantic Charters, come tumbling down under their weight of Dauphins and dictators.

The Face of Spain

Gerald Brenan is not a Catholic. During the Civil War, he was pro-Loyalist, and during World War II he was active as an anti-Franco propagandist. His book is not marred by any of the apologetic spirit which permeates Hayes. He has written a balanced account of the political situation and a charming account of Spain itself.

In discussing Franco, or the Civil

War, Brenan is quick to condemn the terrorism of both parties. In a meeting with a pro-Franco priest, he gives the best description of the complexity of the situation which I have ever read. The priest has just defended the regime. Brenan hesitates. "I might have pointed out to this excellent priest that, if the military and the Falange had not risen in July 1936 and from the first day started killing in holocausts, none of these terrible things would have happened. However, had I said this, he might then have replied the Asturian miners had risen in 1934 and that in 1931 there had been a great many church burnings. And so the story could be taken back to the Carlist Wars 'and Constitution of Cadiz, one act of provocation leading inevitably to another."

The actual workings of the government are described through contact with the people. This seems to indicate that the fascism of Spain resembles that of Chiang more than Hitler. There is repression, censorship, political prison, but the chief character of the oppression is through corruption. The people are convinced that nothing is worth another civil war, and many of them believe that Franco is a fundamentally good man, but the prisoner of his venal henchmen. Carlton Hayes attempts to maintain that the present dictatorship is popular, but Brenan's account seems to square with mass uprisings of last Spring and their protest against bureaucratic incompetence and inflation.

The fear of Pius XI—that corporatism might serve "particular political aims rather than contribute to a better social order" are borne out. It is hard to understand how Catholics continue to insist that all is well in Spain in the face of data from independent sources. (The American Federation of Labor and the International Catholic Trade Unions—neither exactly leftist sources—have corroborated Mr. Brenan's description within the last six months.)

The Spanish People

However, it would be a mistake to treat this book as a political analysis. It is filled with a sympathetic love for Spain and her people, and wonderful descriptions of her temperament, her self-conscious girls, El Greco and baroque architecture. The chapter on the search for Lorca's grave is a particularly brilliant achievement, a memorial to a great poet who died at the hands of fascist terror.

Considering that Mr. Brenan is not a Catholic, there is little of that extremist criticism of the Church which mars many articles on Spain. He finds his good priests and his bad priests, even a reincarnation of Don Quixote. In reporting on the work of Dr. Herrera, the Bishop of Malaga, who is constructing a model village for the workers, he provides some basis for the hope that the Church in Spain will become a positive social force. Ironically enough, Catholic defenders of Franco are faced with Dr. Herrera's plea for free speech after his paper was suppressed for supporting the Spring strikes, and with the pastoral letter of the Spanish Hierarchy which, for that conservative group, was a radical criticism of the status quo.

There is little difficulty in choosing between the two books. Professor Hayes has written a polemic which does little credit to his scholarship or his faith. Gerald Brenan has written a fascinating book which could well serve as a model for tolerance and sympathetic understanding of one of the most controversial countries in the modern world.

"In any case, the more burdensome the material sacrifices demanded of the individual and the family by the State, the more must the rights of conscience be to it sacred and inviolable." Pius XII, *Summi Pontificatus*.

VIEWS

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Economics

God and Man at Yale. by William Buckley, Henry Regnery, publisher, \$3.50. Reviewed by Michael Harrington.

The shibboleth of "fascist" will probably be overworked in the case of *God and Man at Yale*. The frightening thing is that Mr. Buckley is not yet realistic enough for fascism.

Briefly, he advocates freedom of contract. In the past, this has meant that a multi-million dollar corporation and an unorganized laborer sit down as equals and arrive at a free contract for employment. It has often been supplemented by "yellow-dog contracts" (the worker must agree not to join a union) and capitalist goon squads. In the early part of the twentieth century, the Supreme Court tried to write it, and the ethics of Herbert Spencer, into the Constitution.

Such a system can only operate "freely" when the worker is unprotected—unorganized and without legislative influence. Since this is no longer the case, Mr. Buckley's aims can only be secured by fascist methods—coercion in favor of capitalists—a realistic conclusion which Mr. Buckley's five years in New Haven did not educate him to make.

The frightening element in this equation is the nature of the new semi-fascism. It does not operate with red galluses and a drawl as was the case with Bilbo, Rankin and Huey Long. It is a genteel Americanism, a return to the old values, which can fool many sincere people because it is only half-formulated. Grouped around the "respectable" right-wing—John T. Flynn, John Chamberlin, The Freeman, etc.—it is Roosevelt-hating, pro-Franco, semi-mystical, and able to reach an uncomfortable number of readers.

Mr. Buckley is a Christian. However, he presents little difficulty to the Catholic. Conservatives usually exorcise "unbridled" capitalism in theory, though they are hard put to name any case of its existence. Mr. Buckley saves us that tiresome argument. He is in favor of laissez-faire capitalism in a very literal, Manchester sense which has been condemned in so many papal documents that it would verge on the heretical to agree with him.

In one area, *God and Man at Yale* does not present any inarticulate semi-fascism. It is forthright. Mr. Buckley would turn the selection and discharge of teachers over to the Corporation of Yale University, a group which he feels correctly oriented toward the American economy. He finds academic freedom guilty on all counts, and would fire any professor whose political and religious beliefs are not sufficiently orthodox.

Mr. Buckley is disturbed that Yale is no longer a Christian University. In order to convert it, he would restore those economic and social doctrines which resulted in the breakdown of Christianity. If no one read this book, it would be amusing.

BOOK RECEIVED

DANCE OF DEATH, by Jean Charlot. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50.

Forty-seven captioned drawings of the arrival of death, done in Charlot's well-known and highly individual style. There is no escaping death as the unprepared protagonists in Charlot's dance discover; only the holy man and the child have the perfect and beautiful acceptance. The drawings are amusingly macabre, typically representative of Jean Charlot's work; the ironical captions, in most cases are apt.

Prayer and Worship

Calvary and Community, the Passion and the Mass, by M. Harrington. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$4.00. Reviewed by Betty Bartelme.

Many meditations on the Passion of Christ and its continuance in the Mass have flowed passionately from the pens of those who have loved Him; nothing, however, quite like this lengthy treatment of the Sacrifice on Calvary and the daily Sacrifice of the Mass seems to have been written previously.

It is not that Miss Harrington has found something entirely new in her delving into sacred history, it is rather that she points out the shadow of the Cross forming a path along which the intervention of God in history erects milestones directing us to the supreme moment in time when Our Lord Himself chose to restore the fallen nature of man by a perfect sacrifice of reparation. She sees the creation of man as the junction of two worlds, the world of spirit and the world of matter, completing the oneness of the universe. And in this creation the sacred community was born, the community in Adam which knew God and loved Him and praised Him with acts of love. But this sacred community was broken, disrupted, rent by the first sin, and Adam and Eve went forth from their garden with knowledge to be sure, but bitter knowledge.

However, with the knowledge also that they were not abandoned. Throughout the long and often painful progress of the Jews toward the moment of the Redemption, God remained with His people, guiding them, making His covenants with their leaders, Abraham and Moses, safeguarding them as the repository of His truth. And from the beginning of their journey their recognition of God, their acknowledgement of His Presence and their adoration of Him was expressed in its greatest dignity through the sacrifice they offered, and in this was prefigured the perfect Sacrifice offered on Calvary.

Calvary, so Miss Harrington writes, is an end and beginning. The great act has been consummated but man has entered into a new relation with God. As Eve sinned and was put aside for the sinless Mary, so the Jews rejecting the Messias are put aside (though like Eve, not permanently) for the new Community in Christ, the Church. Man's nature has been raised immeasurably by the assumption of that nature by the Second Person of the Trinity, and the Sacred Community can be seen "not only as the Bride, but as the very Body of Christ... the Temple of God... the Kingdom of Christ."

Its social character is evident and must be manifested through its worship and since "the greatest act of worship... is sacrifice" the public prayer of the Church attains its greatest dignity in the Mass, the re-creation of the sacrifice of Calvary, through the sacrament. The life of the Sacred Community depends on the sacrament, for just as the natural man is fed with bread and wine, so the supernatural life is maintained, as Christ promised, by the bread of His Body and the wine of His Blood in sacramental form. "The Sacrifice of the Mass is the social sacrifice of the Sacred Community; the Sacrament of the Holy Communion is the making one of the members of that Community in Christ, and the Body with the Head."

And as they are one, so each member acts as co-priest with Christ and as victim as well in his individual suffering, offered sacrificially in union with the Crucified for the atonement of sin. Once again, as she shows in this discussion, the social nature of the Community is displayed in that what affects one member of the Body

affects all—the sin and the suffering.

This is a strange and unusual book with a quality of majesty drawn perhaps from its many Biblical allusions and quotations. The Old Testament figures spring forth in new life, human, sinful, but drawn along the path marked for them by God with a sure trust and faith.

However, it is less a book of character revelation than a doctrinal study of dogmatic truths. Miss Harrington has evidently faced the problem of convincing a sceptical listener more than once. She has all the arguments at her finger-tips and knows how to attack every facet of a question until it no longer exists as a problem. At times the book has a very catechetical quality which while it does not diminish its value, seems



to distract from the steady forward march of the theme and leaves a pedantic impression. But on the whole this distraction is minor in view of the immense amount of truth and explanation packed into the book. Its view of the Mass in historical perspective and in its social character reveals a freshness of approach which awakens new interest in the role of sacrifice; its doctrinal qualities should have a particular appeal to those close to the Church but perhaps unaware of the implications of Her central act of worship.

Confessions

The Confessions of Saint Augustine. Translated by F. J. Sheed. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.50.

A new translation, beautifully rendered, encompassing the first ten books of the "Confessions" with the purpose of setting forth as a unit all the autobiographical material written by St. Augustine. The final three books in which Augustine comments on creation have been omitted. Mr. Sheed, in his introduction, points out that two great passions ruled the saint; the passion of the intellect and the passion of the body. Augustine's mastery of the latter and the direction of his intellect toward eternal truths which shaped the medieval world is particularly pertinent to our age, so uncontrolled and torn by conflicting ideologies.

"The unproductive man is not a Christian, much less the Destroyer." (William Blake.)

Unity in Faith—Diversity in Worship

THE EXTERNALS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH by Rt. Rev. Msgr. John F. Sullivan which has been recently revised by Father John O'Leary (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York City; \$4.50) is one of the finest books of this type I have seen. I wish to emphasize this because what I have to write here may seem as a criticism. Whereas about all I have to criticize about it is the title. And I would suggest as a more accurate title, "THE EXTERNALS OF THE LATIN RITE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH" because, aside from six pages devoted to the Eastern Rites, that is what the book is concerned with.

I bring this matter up because it has bothered me for some time, the unconscious assumption of many Latin Rite Catholics (certainly not Msgr. Sullivan or Father O'Leary) that the Catholic Church is synonymous with the Latin Rite. That Mass is everywhere said in Latin, that priests are always unmarried, that Catholics everywhere receive the Sacred Species under one form only.

This attitude on the part of the dominant group in the Catholic Church has had most unfortunate effects on some Eastern Rite Catholics. Inasmuch as they have fostered a latinization of their own churches and have tended to approximate many of the devotional and liturgical practices of the Latin Rite. So that one finds statues in their churches, Stations of the Cross, Rosaries, Holy Water Founts at the doors. One witnesses Black Masses and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. One hears a Low Mass and receives Holy Communion kneeling. All of these things being foreign to the Byzantine Rite (with which Eastern Rite I am familiar—there are of course other Eastern Rites). This is the general condition in the average Byzantine parish in this country—the notable exception to this latinization being the tiny group of Russian Catholics of the Byzantine Rite who have correctly adhered to the proper traditions of their Rite.

The reason I think this matter important is that a lack of understanding on the part of Latin Rite Catholics, clerical and lay has led to most unfortunate consequences. Thousands of Eastern Rite Christians in this country who were formerly united to Rome are now separated because an Archbishop of the Latin Rite in this country refused to recognize Eastern Rite priests who were married and commanded the faithful to abandon these priests and join the Latin Rite. And more recently, with the apparent consent of the Catholic Byzantine Bishops in this country, more of the faithful and clergy were alienated by putting through a ruling that married men would no longer be ordained priests in the Byzantine Rite in this country. One of the reasons given being that it hindered the conversion of Protestants who could not get used to the idea of a married priesthood!

Now I believe it is quite wrong to withdraw from the unity of the Church by separating from Rome—but, if it comes to a question of where the blame lies, I think it must be conceded that the greater blame lies with those who would seek to impose Latin Rite customs and canon law on the Eastern Rite Catholics. Who are continually meddling with the traditional usages of non-Latin Catholics. Who would wish the Latin Rite imposed on all so that there would be a uniformity in these matters throughout the world.

Such an attitude is contrary to the practice and tradition of the Church. For the Church has never celebrated Mass in a uniform manner, or only in Latin. And there have always been priests in the Catholic Church who were married. And there have always been Catholics who did not use the Rosary or the Stations of the Cross

and who made no use of statues in their churches. And indeed, to quote Monsignor Sullivan in this book, "these people are Catholics—fervent and faithful members of the flock of Christ. Their services are not heretical nor schismatic. Their Mass is the real unbloody Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of our Saviour." The attempt to latinize them, contrary to the expressed desire of the Holy See, has the further effect of delaying the union of the dissident Eastern Churches with Rome because it gives substance to their fears that to become Catholic will mean to become latinized.

To some people this may all seem trivial but the repercussions of it go beyond matters of liturgical observance and devotional practices. It strikes at the notion of the universality of the Church and reduces Catholicism to a Latin cultural phenomenon. It is expressed in that unfortunate phrase of Hilaire Belloc "The faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith" and narrows it even further (as Belloc tended to do) to that part of Europe that was latinized. It is an attempt to insist on uniformity in unessential matters. Matters which have only to do with the expression of the Faith (which is indeed held identically by Eastern and Western Catholics) in external worship and discipline.

Let us pray that, in the interests of Christian re-union, Latin Rite Catholics will no longer try to impose their customs on Eastern Rite Catholics and that those Eastern Rite Catholics who have acquiesced in this latinization will bethink themselves and return to the proper traditions of the ancient and magnificent liturgies of the East.

Robert Ludlow

Helen Caldwell

Color, Ebony, by Helen Caldwell Day, Sheed & Ward, \$2.25, N. Y. C.

REVIEWED BY JACK ENGLISH

Helen Day's book is an outline of her life story filled in with the details of her spiritual growth and development and with asides about the whole question of race in this country. Miss Day is a Negro who lived most of the earlier part of her life in the South, of poor but well educated parents she had opportunities which ordinarily are not the lot of Negroes in this country. When she was eighteen she came North to New York City where she began her nurse's training, became a Catholic, married, gave birth to a child and finally came down with tuberculosis. This book was written in a sanatorium in upper New York state.

Color, Ebony, is a simply written book, one which is full of hope of what can be accomplished through the Christian techniques inherent in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. It is a mature book, surprising in one so young, and it is a book which could only be written by a generous person who has been peculiarly formed and blessed by the Holy Spirit. For a deep and penetrating analysis of what it is to be a Negro in this country *Color, Ebony*, is to be recommended.

BOOKS

On Pilgrimage
by
DOROTHY DAY
\$1

Order from
CATHOLIC WORKER
223 Chrystie Street
New York 2, N. Y.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

heard that Fr. Lux, the Dominican, when he was stationed in Chicago, had seen to it that an eight-apartment house was bought cooperatively by Negroes and reconditioned. So much could be done in the way of housing if people had vision. So much misery could be alleviated.

The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. They build up fortunes and lose them. They bring pipe lines from west to east. They put up gigantic skyscrapers, they build factories, they venture much, not for the common good but for profit. And why not these risks for the common good?

There is a new book out by Allan Watts, called *The Wisdom of Insecurity* published by Pantheon Press in New York, which sounds fascinating. We children of light, who have everything to gain, hang onto our husks and our potage as though this were to be all for this world and the next.

Hierarchy

The statement of the hierarchy of Australia last month made my task of talking about the poor and the destitute all the easier.

"To the north of Australia lie a thousand million people suffering from a dreadful poverty which must be seen to be realized," the statement reads. "How was it that a few million Australians maintained their independence and their comfort in the fact of such a set of circumstances?" And the answer made by the Archbishops was, "militarism, colonialism, exploitation."

The recent Popes have talked of an attack on poverty, before they speak of attacking Communism. "Go to the poor," Pius XI cried out. All the saints have begun their mission by seeking Christ among the poor.

Report

But this article was to be a report, and there is too much to report. I spoke at Dayton and at Lima. In Chicago I spoke at five high schools, at St. Procopius Abbey, at the Shell school, at the Calvert Club, at the Thomas Moore book club, at Friendship House. I visited the John Meila family and all their children, and one of them dying so they need prayers. I visited the Al Reser's and another baby is due there. I had breakfast with Jacques Maritain and the O'Mearas and the Neffs, after Mass on the feast of Christ the King and I had dinner at the Peter Maurin House just south of Grand street on Ogden and Hubbard on Chicago's near northwest side, with eighteen men and Betty Schneider of Friendship House and Fr. Cantwell and Father Chrysostom. John Boylston, Ruth Ann Heaney's brother, is living in the house, and Ed Boylston his brother is helping serve the line on West Madison street at night, and Bob Boschart is director of the house which is as comfortable a little center as any I've seen. But they need more room. They have light and air, and cleanliness and color, but they need space. As usual the kitchen was the heart of the home and the cooking was excellent.

Another day I visited Fr. Carabine, and lunched with Lois Schumacher and dined with the Spencers. There were a dozen more things I wanted to do in Chicago but there were speaking engagements that I had to make so I could not stay as long as I wished. I like Chicago. There are still conductors as well as motormen on the street cars (the fare is 18c.) and there are many small houses and trees and grass plots in the slums. There is the smell of burning leaves, there is the walk along the lake front, there is the narrow twisting river with its many bridges.

Appleton, Wis.

Appleton is the home of the infamous Senator McCarthy, and it is also the home of my friends, Emmett and Mary Durnin, and I stopped by for the day to visit

them. They had lost their oldest daughter, two months ago, of leukemia, and it was wonderful to see the fortitude with which they accepted their loss. "She knew she was going to die," Mary said, "and we helped her prepare for it. She liked to have us read to her, and I read her the story of Marie Goretti, and Emmet read her *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. She was only sick a month. She was only eight but she was such a help always, and she helped other mothers in the neighborhood too."

Emmet used to drive a ten-ton truck in New York; now he works in a paper mill. The neighborhood they live in is a real little community with the mutual aid and sharing which comes in poorer communities. The houses are on the edge of town and the children walk over a mile into school every day. All around are fields and woods and Mary is happy that the move was made away from New York two years ago.

St. Cloud

I had a good visit with the Humphreys for several days. Mary and Don have seven children now, John and Rachel, Michael, Sue, Paul, Thomas and Mary Ellen, and she is my godchild. I had time to knit her a pair of pink socks while I was there, and there were great talks with Don who had spent an idyllic winter or so up at St. Isadore's farm in northern Minnesota with Al and Catherine Reser and their children the first years of the war. There were nostalgic yarns about hunting and fishing, and wood chopping and the log cabins that the families lived in. Martie Paul, who is now at Holy Family Farm at Rhineland, Mo., built the cabins with the help of some of the men from the Minneapolis House of Hospitality. He was the pioneer at the Minnesota farm.

Don makes chalices now and he has a big work shop in back of the house where he works. The furniture in the house is his own, he is a versatile craftsman as well as artist and the entire lower floor of the ten-room brick house which they recently bought after a sale of Don's pictures (he is also a painter of distinction, and a muralist, if there is such a word) is almost all one room, what with the knocking out of partitions. There was a big kitchen range giving good heat, and as usual with Catholic Worker families, no bath, and the usual outhouse. But Don's was unusual in that it had no door!

Mary is a valiant woman who sews for the entire family, weaves, cooks, and cares for her large family with a great ease and calm that are refreshing indeed.

There were so many in Minnesota to visit, and so many speeches to make. I spoke at St. John's, had a good visit with the new Abbot, Baldwin Dvorak and with Fr. Godfrey, editor of *Orate Fratres*. And more families, the Cottons, the Doyles. I stayed at Maryfarm in Little Canada, St. Paul, and spoke at Mendota and in Minneapolis.

The last engagement was in Fargo, North Dakota, where it was good to see Father Robert Havda again and to get the promise from him that he would come to us next summer for a week's discussion on war and peace, for conscientious objectors from past and present wars. There was a good and friendly audience there, many of them coming from towns all around, and I felt the warmth of the people and priests in this section. I should have liked to have stayed to visit the beet fields and the sugar beet factory that controls the situation out there, and to go on further west, but I had been away almost two months and was anxious to get home.

Korean Soldiers

The bus coming east from Fargo was all the way from Seattle, and there were half a dozen soldiers who had just returned from Korea. The boy next to me talked to me about the "enemy." There was no end to them, he said—you just felt

there were countless millions, coming on and on, and no matter how you shot into them, they kept coming. Your machine gun would get hot, so hot you'd have to abandon it and they keep coming. There are women in the army, too. All over the world now the women are in the armies. We're just where we were when we started, he said, and we will have to stay unless war starts some place else. No one sees an end to it. They live like animals. They eat cat, dog, dried fish, rice. Yes he was glad to get home and it was a long trip. He'd have to go all the way to the east coast. Why didn't he go by coach plane? Why it cost \$113 dollars and it was only \$53 by bus. You could live a long time on sixty dollars! God bless him.

Home Again

And now I am home again, writing this on Chrystie street and it is midnight, All Saints Day. The house is quiet. Not long since I went down into the kitchen to get myself some toast and coffee to keep awake. There's always two or three of the men there to help you, and Michael was standing over the radio getting the late news. Outside the cars go by in a continual stream down Chrystie street which is like a boulevard. There



are still yellow leaves on the plane trees across the street. The streets are still noisy but the house is quiet. It is cold out and a good part of the day it rained. But the house is warm, and there are blankets for the beds. Charlie McCormick has gone down to Staten Island to fetch in a load of bread for the coffee line in the morning, the good whole wheat bread, that Bill McAndrews makes every other day. Tomorrow night Bill will bring in another load which will do us for over the weekend.

We had Mass down there in Staten Island this morning, on the Peter Maurin Farm, in the new chapel which Hans Tunnesen and Ed Foerster have been working on for months. The rain poured down, drumming on the roof so that you could scarcely hear the chant, and anyway it was only Jane and Joe Cueller who could sing. Our voices were faint with the cold, because the chapel is not heated yet, no stove up, and our breath made a cloud before us. Beekie, Susie and Eric were there with Tamar, and Nickie and Mary were still in bed. David had gone early to work.

It is a beautiful feast day and I am happy to be home. I am happy too that this long account is ended, and now I can feel my trip is really over.

"The Whole Business of Man Is The Arts and All Things Common. No secrecy in Art." (William Blake.)

Labor and Mobilization

(Continued from page 1)

fied with the common good. If the United States Steel Company took a pessimistic view of the economy in 1945 and did not expand at the same tempo as the rest of industry, the Government will have to use its credit and power to make up the difference. If there are plants left at the end of the war, they go to the businessmen at fire-sale prices. For example, profits after taxes increased several hundred percent in the decade 1940-50 over 1930-40.

In short, the mobilization of an economy for war is a reactionary social force. It entrenches capital and prevents labor from securing its rights. It arms the government with arbitrary power and identifies the good of the nation with that of the employer. The executive cheerfully contributes to the process: he volunteers to work for a dollar a year and is able to make the administrative decisions. In 1950, American labor woke up to find that the mobilization was controlled by big business.

1984

In George Orwell's book, 1984, there is a description of the totalitarian society of the future. It differed from the brave new world of Aldous Huxley in that it had not perverted the achievement of plenty, but maintained the large-scale existence of poverty. It was often interpreted as an analysis of Soviet Russia.

Unfortunately, Orwell was speaking of England and the results of World War III. His analysis reveals the dilemma of the attempt to defend democracy by violence (on another occasion, Orwell remarked that a long period of cold war would be more dangerous to the West than an outbreak of actual war, since it would involve a steady, voluntary surrender of freedom). In the case of the longshore strike, this pressure has been

primarily non-legal, i.e. public opinion. However, this mass feeling will probably soon communicate itself through laws in Congress.

In Europe, the problem is even more acute. Never having reached the American living standard, the continental worker now faces guns or butter, a war economy or the necessities of life. As the Bishop of Lyon recently pointed out, this semi-mobilized state aids the very cause which it seeks to fight by increasing the effectiveness of Stalinist peace propaganda.

Labor and Mobilization

The longshore strike and the patriotic tactics used to oppose it confront labor with a problem that will grow more acute as mobilization progresses. Charles Wilson has just announced that the steelworkers must give up any thought of a strike "in the interests of national defense." Yet American unions, on record through support of the administration as favoring a containment policy, are in the difficult position of opposing the logical effect of their own political action.

There have been signs that the unions would attempt to support a more socially progressive policy with regard to Russia. Some leaders—notably Walter Reuther—have come out for a positive program of Point Four, food and technical assistance to the underdeveloped countries of the world. However this sentiment has been largely lost in agitation for a world-wide Truman doctrine.

As long as this situation exists, we can deplore the forces which will be brought to bear on every attempt by the workers to assert their rights through strike action. Yet we cannot realistically say that there is any solution to be found within the premises of a war economy.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 1)

various hues and our work has been just as variegated. In mid-September Ione was called away to care for the Ed Willock children. She is still on duty with them as she says, using her nursing phraseology. She reports that Mr. Willock's condition requires praying—so we storm heaven daily for Ed, who is one of Peter Maurin's first disciples.

Hans and Ed Foerster have finished the Chapel, which has been named the "Little Way Chapel" for Dorothy Day's love for the Little Flower. And just the other day Father Patrick Kenny, O.S.A., of the Augustinian Academy on Staten Island, sent us over six individual candlesticks. Now those plus the tiny liturgical stations donated by Betty Bartelme and the altar drop hung by Kay Brinkworth give the "Little Way Chapel" its own uniqueness.

The Dave Hennessy family will be our guests for a few months and the children are a joy to have around. Little Eric, whom we refer to as "Gremlin," has stolen all our hearts.

On the feast of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque we went to Midland Beach, Staten Island, for Mass at the Liturgical Church dedicated to St. Margaret Mary. Father Monaghan, the pastor, has wisely renewed the fervor of the faithful for the Liturgy there. Mass that day had many meanings for all of us and the original statue of Our Lady of Midland Beach gave us all another insight into the study of Mariology.

Mary Leise was with us—besides living the philosophy of work she taught us many Italian dishes and planted an ivy garden on the shady side of the house. Meanwhile, John was laying the new floor in the basement and doing a patch job on the side of the house. And Hans and Ed finished the attic up

beautifully. Bill's bread keeps growing in notoriety—on the line and off the line. Even one of the policemen on our beat stopped by for a loaf because his wife sent him.

Hector Black made a two-week Retreat in our chicken coop . . . all the while he weaved, prayed, read, and ate only vegetables. Hector is always happy but the "chicken coop" private Retreat made him happier. Now we all wish that time would allow each of us a week of silence—in the chicken coop.

The pear-packing detail proved quite valuable—we packed away seven boxes of pears for the winter from one tree. And on October 31st we picked the last of the tomatoes. Joe and Isidore started the fall ploughing in the garden with their jeep that day, too.

The Feast of Christ the King brought rain and fog but an undaunted crowd arrived to hear Msgr. Fittkau, S.T.D., National Director of the American St. Boniface Society, who came for Vespers and a talk. His subject dealt with our citizenship under Christ the King. His heroism during the war years of Germany became more real to us with his reports of his struggle to make Germany well again with good food and clothing which is the purpose of the St. Boniface Society.

As the last paragraph was being written, Dorothy Day arrived "home" again and our family is complete!

"The first of these prehistoric errors, widespread today, is the forgetfulness of that law of human solidarity and charity which is dictated and imposed by our common origin and by the equality of rational nature in all men . . ." Pius XII, *Summi Pontificatus*.

IN HOPE

(Continued from page 1)

that our part has been evil and the good in us comes from God. It is so in the Church. The Pope goes to confession with the rest of us. For, like her Divine Head she is of man and God, hence there will be sinners and saints, there will be scandals and glories, there will be sorrow and joy. If there are priests who betray the faith, if there are priests who betray the workers, if there are priests who collaborate with totalitarian rulers then there are also priests who walk the way of the Cross, who daily offer up the sacrifice of their heroic lives together with Christ in the Mass. Often they suffer persecution from temporal and ecclesiastical rulers but to finally be gathered up to Christ and accounted as saints in His Church. Truly those who for the sake of justice wrestle with the Church wrestle with an angel. It has always been so.

Throughout the ages she has protected those who, because of vocation, refused to bear arms and were absolute pacifists. She wrote into her canon law that priests should not bear arms and St. Thomas states that to bear arms is incompatible with the priestly function. More and more she is realizing that it is incompatible with the life of the ordinary Christian, for the laity too have the obligation to seek perfection and the primal dignity and the source of obligation for the Christian arises, not from ordination, but from baptism. As it is realized (many theologians are now stressing this point) that all Christians are bound to the spirit of the counsels and that the teachings contained in the Sermon of the Mount constitute precepts obliging all so will it become apparent that there is no other course today than that of conscientious objection to war.

And yet we still have theologians who split hairs over this problem. Last year I gave a lecture at a Catholic college and after I finished the priest in charge admitted that atomic and saturation bombing were intrinsically evil and that they would be used in the next war. Nevertheless, he argued, we are allowed to participate in the war because it is not our primary intention to use these means. What it boiled down to was that mortal sin is permissible if it constitutes a secondary intention!

Private Revelations

Then there is the problem of private revelations, and those who will point out the vision of Constantine, the voices of Joan of Arc, or the Crusades as examples of God inspired wars. But there can be no private revelation that can stand up against the public revelation that closed with the death of the last Apostle. No private revelation can be spoken of as constituting part of the Catholic Faith, there is no guarantee of the infallibility of any private revelation nor any guarantee that the recipient of the revelation or the transcribers of it have not erred in reporting. As Father Parente points out in his book *The Mystical Life*. St. Joan misinterpreted the voices and presented them as speaking of her liberation through military victory whereas in fact they spoke of her liberation through death. The way of Christ was the way of prayer and penance and non-violence. He taught us to love our enemies. He taught the brotherhood of all men. No private revelation could contradict that and be authentic. Today there is a movement on foot to utilize the private revelations of the Blessed Virgin at Fatima for bloody purposes. There is the spirit of the Crusades about the movement, one can visualize a holy war against Russia with the banner of Our Lady of Fatima leading the bloody mess. So do men pervert the word of God. So do they utilize the name of the Queen of Peace for evil purposes, so do they blaspheme the Mediatrix of all Graces. Their only excuse is that they are undoubtedly in good faith, that they believe the Church should be

defended by any means necessary, that the blood and guts of the enemy form a good apologetic. That the Mohammedan concept of a holy war should be utilized by Christians as a handy weapon. That Communists are evil and to be eliminated, that the way of love is impractical and pacifists are deluded fools. The sad thing is that they believe it.

Joys

Yes, we are weary of all this and carry on with a sort of automatic faith in our position and a conviction that one has to go on as though no great catastrophe hung over us, as though we were not about to die. And there are still the joys of the moment, and there are times when the smell of the brown earth and the warmth of the blood sun and the sad joy of the black night and the yellow yellow moon make for a wild possessive happiness and we thrill with the identity of our being in the rhythm of the earth, the movements of the



heavens, the rare sharp penetration of a new dawn. And we are happy for some little time and would pray that the chalice of suffering be delayed, that we are quite willing to depart to still greater joys, joys in which there will be no mixture of sorrow, the joys of God, the Trinity, the light of glory.

But we are brought back again to the realities of the present and we know also of the cruelties of nature, of floods and famine, the cry of suffering from man, the suffering of beasts and we know not why they suffer. Of pride and covetousness and lust, of the hard cold horror of what man has done to man, the dirge of earth, the vast funeral dirge of the earth and of passion that calls for fulfillment and is not fulfilled, of justice that is longed for and not attained, of love that is desired and brings naught but grief. All these things are in our hearts also, the cry of man, the bitter anguish, the great loneliness of man. And if we can but come to Christ who has suffered more than any man could endure and if we can rest our case with Him, if we can offer every day to the Eternal Father the Sacrifice of Christ in the Mass, if we can receive into our very body the resurrected Body of Our Lord, if we can count our beads before the tabernacle, and if we can offer all this together with whatever we suffer or will suffer for peace and justice and if we follow this up by our actions in working for non-violent revolution and by refusal to participate in war and by striving to bring our lives under the sway of the supernatural then we must abide in peace and hope that, if it be God's will, the chalice of suffering will indeed pass and there will be no war and we will learn to live at peace with our neighbors and society will become the external realization of that freedom in Christ which we could have if only we would,

A Search for Peace

(Continued from page 1)

that new methods will be developed for securing friendly relations among the peoples of the world. In all discussions there was mutual understanding and respect.

In refusing us permission to enter Western Germany the Allied Military Control not only has denied the fundamental right of freedom of speech, but also has denied an opportunity for the people to search for an effective way to permanent peace . . . a search in which the governments have failed miserably. Regardless of claims and counterclaims in the cold war as to which powers are the guardians of freedom and peace, the first iron curtain that we face in reality is an iron curtain of the West.

While our main objective is to reach the Soviet Union in order to appeal directly to the people to join us in rejecting militarism and in adopting non-violent resistance, we cannot accept passively the Allied Military Control's policy of

preventing the free association of peoples and the free exchange of ideas. This policy maintains and increases the artificial barriers which are a primary cause of hostility and misunderstanding.

We have decided to camp at the frontier and to fast. Beginning this afternoon, we will go without all food and drink only water. We take this action because we know no other way to express the depth of our conviction that the present suicidal trend must be reversed by the non-violent direct action of the people. We hope to touch the consciences of persons both in and out of the governments. If possible, we want to reverse the decision of the Allied Military Command, and to gain free access to the land in which our German brothers live.

At the end of a week, we will reappraise the situation from the point of view of our main objective and with special reference to the suggestions we receive from others who fervently hope for peace. We will consider alternative methods of action and announce the course we intend to follow. At all events, we will continue in our attempt to reach across borders to those whom our government is trying to brand as enemies but with whom we want to be friends.

The first night of our camping, a dozen police seized us and our luggage, put us in the police wagon and tried to put us on a train for Paris. Despite many threats by the Chief we refused to cooperate with our expulsion. Finally they compromised by taking us to the outskirts of town. We slept in a field the rest of the night and came back to the Pont de Kehl. No one has bothered us since, although we are watched night and day by three agents with a radio car.

DAVE DELLINGER,
BILL SUTHERLAND,
RALPH DI GIA,
ARTHUR EMERY.

this can be done." (M. Louis Gillet, in *Paris-Soir*. Quoted by Bernanos in *A Dairy Of My Times*, P. 235. Published 1938).

For a clear picture of the conditions of the poor French at the end of the war, read *MISSION TO THE POOREST* by Pere Loew (S&W).

For as long back as 37 years between four and five million housing units have needed renovation and modernization. There was an immediate postwar need for 2,000,000 new units. More than 700,000 units had been destroyed in the war. A family of five enduring existence in one attic room 8x8 without water, gas, or electricity and paying 8,000 francs a month rent. Children are placed into institutions because there is no room for them. Multiply these cases by 100,000 and one gets a picture of housing conditions in France today. Meanwhile the politicians, like the politicians in all "free enterprise" countries, are in-

terested mainly in feathering their own nests.

In the Bellevue-Meudon quarter of Paris a group of active Christians decided to do something about it. They named their group *Comité Interconfessionnel d'Entraide* (CIEL); translated, the name is *Interfaith Committee for Self-help in Housing*. One of its moving spirits is Mlle. Marguerite-Marie Chalufour. Head of the committee is M. Blaquant, presbyteral counsellor of the Reformed Church. He is aided by Abbe Pierre Hauptmann and Abbe Maurice Levi, two Catholic priests of the neighborhood.

The following is a report of their direct Christian action as told by Spencer D. Irwin in a column in the *Sunday Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

"These people, many of whom, like Mlle. Chalufour, are identified with the Popular Republican Movement headed by Georges Bidault, who has been foreign minister and premier since the war, were not content to utter pompous protests, sit back, and wait for that action from the politicians which never comes. Some of them, again like Mlle. Chalufour, had been in the Resistance with Bidault, who was head of the underground in Paris. They got action then and they would get it now. They were determined not to allow this festering condition to become another field of propaganda for the Communists. Why could not honest, liberal-minded citizens do something more than pass resolutions? They would cut through bureaucratic red tape and governmental slow motion.

Throughout Paris there are many empty or only partially used buildings. Some are in a state of disrepair. Others have been idle for years, their owners absent and the buildings held by the government for tax arrears.

One such was the Lacordaire

Housing—Paris Fashion

(Continued from page 1)

School property on Eiffel Avenue in the Bellevue-Meudon quarter. On a recent Saturday events began to move rapidly. At the home of one of the members of the committee the families of five workers, with all their worldly goods piled in wagons, assembled. The vile stink holes in which they had been living were no longer habitable. The procession moved off to Lacordaire School and in a building that was in almost total disrepair, without floors, without doors, without windows, with the utility installations long since removed, they settled themselves.

There was no intention of appropriating someone else's property. A technician immediately fixed rents for the areas occupied by each family. Workmen went to work to put the place in order.

Very soon agents of the school appeared and asked the responsible leaders to explain this action to the police commissioner of Meudon. While three members of the committee were talking with this dignitary, the work of rehabilitation went on.

The outcome of the interview was that the police commissioner, in the absence of the mayor, decided to wait before expelling the squatters.

The next day, Sunday, housecleaning and repainting went on under a squad of volunteers. The abbe at Meudon spoke about the affair and the need for better housing after every mass in his church. The pastor at Sevres invited a committee member to speak at his service. Petitions were circulated and hundreds of names obtained. It was addressed to the prefect of the department of Seine-et-Oise. It demanded the maintenance of the school as a refuge for the homeless. Telegrams were sent by organizations.

Impervious to these pleas, the prefect on Monday afternoon ordered 60 gendarmes to clear the school building. But the difficulty was that the police refused since the consent of the Lacordaire School authorities would have to be obtained. A technicality, of course, but the police were more sensitive than the prefect to public feeling.

A new expulsion order was issued and the president of the administrative council of the school sent a letter to the police commissioner to "do the necessary thing." Maybe the prefect had prodded him. Political personalities were appealed to. The prefect talked of judicial action. This would take time and the squatters' hopes revived.

On Wednesday, however, 100 police ejected them. The Fathers of the Foreign Mission put two apartments at the disposal of the group. They also turned over a dilapidated building that could be repaired and the refugees moved in.

That was the beginning. Since then the Paris press has raised its voice and aroused the city. The prefect of Seine-et-Oise is sure to be defeated in the next cantonal election. Other houses have been put at the disposal of the committee and the government has been a bit aroused to the needs of the homeless. But the committee still needs help from any quarter. What they have achieved is remarkable. But while the results are great they are not exactly paradisaical, as the name CIEL might lead you to believe.

One could write many comments on this direct and brave action of Ciel. But one thought stands out most vividly. The poor, the homeless, the victims of capitalistic exploitation, need leaders to show them the way to a better way of life. And if Christians do not, most certainly Marxists will.

The success of atheistic communism depends not at all on the armored divisions of the Kremlin but exactly upon the Sins of Omission blackening the hearts of pious, church-going Christians.

+ From The Mail Bag +

E. I. WATKIN

42 Barton Road
Torquay
August 19, 1951

Dear Miss Day,

Allow me to protest against an amazing misrepresentation of my Biblical exegesis in Mr. Ludlow's article 'A Reply to Three Critics.' The Seventh Day Adventists and their sevens regard the Apocalypse as a prophecy of particular persons and events in the remote future. Accordingly in their opinion some particular person is the one and only Beast intended by St. John. I did not imagine that such a crude type of exegesis could be attributed to any intelligent Catholic.

The Apocalypse depicts abiding principles and forces at war until the end of the world, exemplified and embodied by different persons and societies in different historical periods. The Beast in particular is the state and its rulers or ruler in as much as he sets up himself against God and His Church. For many centuries after the Apocalypse was written the Beast was the persecuting Roman Empire and its Emperor. Indeed, to indicate this, his number 666 is presumably a numerical equivalent of Neron Kaisar. Today the Beast is the totalitarian state and its ruler. Of such states the most powerful and most dangerous at the moment is Soviet Russia and her ruler Stalin. Therefore, Stalin (as also until his fall Hitler) represents and exemplifies the Beast—as many other rulers have before him though not so perfectly because even the worst did not deny the existence of a deity.

My attitude in regard to a possible war, which may God avert, between the United States and her allies and Soviet Russia and her satellites, an attitude which Mr. Ludlow considers to be objective blasphemy, cynicism and hypocrisy is substantially that of those pacifists in the primitive Church who though they held that the Christian in view of his Christian vocation could not serve in the army nevertheless prayed that the Roman legions might successfully defend the Empire and her peace against the barbarians. As I see it war between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. would be a war between those using evil means for a good end and those using evil means for an evil end. How then can I think it right to cooperate actively with those employing the immoral means, bombing innocent civilians, even for the good end? But how on the other hand can I be indifferent which of

the two opponents wins the war, the one using the evil means for a good, indeed an excellent end, and the other using means no less evil for an end utterly evil? The logic of Mr. Ludlow's view would surely lead to the conclusion that since all human adults are sinners our attitude to any conflict between adult men or women should be strictly neutral irrespective of the comparative justice or injustice of the case for which each side is contending. This refusal to take account of degrees of right and wrong because no one is faultless is precisely what I mean by lack of a sense of proportion. And if I am right in wishing A to be successful rather than B, surely I may and should pray that A rather than B may succeed, even if A in pursuit of a just claim were using some weapons which I must in conscience condemn. This, I submit, is not blasphemy, cynicism or hypocrisy but common sense.

Yours sincerely,
E. I. Watkins

P.S. I wonder if Mr. Ludlow condemns King Hezekiah for seeking God's help against the Assyrian aggressor, a prayer answered by the pestilence which devastated Sennacherib's army. Like Stalin, Sennacherib set himself up against God though unlike Stalin he never sank into the utter diabolism of rejecting any form of religious belief and worship. What does Mr. Ludlow think of these two prayers from the Roman Missal used so long as the Holy Roman Empire existed. 'Let us pray for our most Christian Emperor that our God and Lord may make all barbarian nations subject to him for our perpetual peace.' 'Almighty God . . . look favorably on the Roman Empire that those nations who trust in their own ferocity may be subdued by the right hand of Thy power.'

Why may I not think that God is entrusting the same vocation to impose world peace to the United States? At least there is no moral or religious difference between the two cases. Or are these prayers blasphemy, cynicism and hypocrisy?

I have noticed in the article 'Life at Hard Labor' the words 'Bankers who are supreme among thieves.' Was Guergens the German Bank manager and highly favored Catholic contemplative a thief? That was evidently not God's judgment of a man on whom He showered such gift of prayer.

Dear Miss Day, I'm sorry to trouble you with another letter. But I cannot let Mr. Ludlow's conclusion pass without an answer. My attitude to Biblical exegesis might be regarded as too 'liberal' but it is certainly poles apart from the fundamentalism with which he credits me. Of course, I never supposed that St. John when he wrote of the beast had Stalin personally in mind. Stalin is one of many historical examples of a permanent Beast which St. John did have in mind.

Yours sincerely,
E. I. Watkins.

DORIS ANN DORAN

Sunday, September 23, 1951.

Dear Dorothy Day:

It was such a pleasure to have you visit us a week ago Saturday, but I was disappointed not to have time for a spiritual chat. Perhaps when you come in December, to meet with our CW discussion group, we can discuss the subject of Prayer. I was delighted that Mrs. Pietro Leone could meet you. On the subject of schools for her son George, I had recommended the Portsmouth Benedictine Priory. Now it is certain, that they can take George as a student, and he begins classes on Tuesday of this week. I asked St. Benedict to please make room for him. If he could not have been placed in a Catholic boarding school, there was the possibility of a denominational school—which idea I fought.

There is something special I want to ask you. When you write your column 'On Pilgrimage,' and perhaps mention your visit to New England, with Mary and Francis, will you please (if you see fit), give my loving greetings in Christ, to CW readers, who through the years, have taken up the overseas apostolate? All this continued great misery in Europe, and the unspeakable sufferings caused antichristian persecution in Russian dominated countries, should ardently increase our prayer and sacrifice. Much of this chaos is our own personal fault, because we do not beseech Christ and Mary to free the world from ever increasing diabolic servitude. At the Foot of the Cross, we must pray for the conversion of the persecutors. 'Savior of the world, save Russia' (Pius XI).

You will be pleased to know that I send boxes into the Russian Zones, where priests, nuns, laity are dying from starvation. Perhaps some month you will publish a letter from one of my families in Czechoslovakia—mother of 6 children. She was called by the Communist tribunal, and questioned because she refused to join the party. She told them that she preferred death, and that she and her children would die for Jesus Christ. For about 5 months I have not heard from her. She received with much joy of soul, boxes of food and clothes I had sent, and requested Rosary beads, Sacred Heart badges, Crucifix with Indulgence at the hour of death—all of which I sent on the First Saturday of April.

I just beg Our dear Lord to please fill my tiny hands with His Supplies. At times I have very little money except what I can save myself—but when souls are drawn to Christ, through the receipt of clothes, food, I will make a sacrifice. I will try to do from 40-50 Christmas boxes of my own, God willing.

And in your column please stress the fact, that it is Catholic Worker reader's boxes of food, clothes, and gifts of money, which have enabled Mrs. Leone, to save for Our Lord, many babies and abandoned children. Among these children, there are already several vocations to religious life. Christ bless you, and love you.

Doris Ann Doran
221 Morris St.,
Providence 6, Rhode Island

FATHER KUTTIANKAL

Ramapuram P. O.,
(Via Palai)
Travancore, S. India.
6th Aug., 1951

Dear Friend, Miss Dorothy Day,
For ten years, we were building a small church. We had only a temporary and thatched shed—have only 40 families. Recently the church is completed and blessed under the title 'Loreto' in Palai, 5 miles away. Now we have one at Ramapuram only 3½ miles from here. So I have changed my address. My old address was Immaculate Conception Chapel, Vala-

voor, Palai, P. O. Travancore, S. India.

You had very kindly published my appeal for help in the C. W. and sent me a letter dated Nov. 21, 1950. My gratitude is ever fresh in me. Every day I remember you and those who helped me, in mass and in my personal devotions.

The government of Travancore has at least withdrawn some ordinances intended to destroy our schools. New election for the Indian parliament is fast approaching. So very many parties are active in work. Famine is only increasing. Everything is rationed and controlled for the benefit of the officials who can collect immense money from all sides, which everybody live by black market. The ordinary cannot get good things, even a card. I went for a ration card; but the official refused. How to live? If I were a Hindu, no difficulty. The government of Travancore is now inimical to Catholics and Christians. I would like to get some help.

God bless you, and the staff, and the readers.

Fr. Abraham Kuttiankal
Loreto Church

MARGARET McCULLOCH

Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Friends:

Although I do not agree with it at many points yet I find your paper very stimulating. It is a time when we need to think, pray, and live deeply if the life of the Spirit is to control and not the animalism of materialism in any form, communist or capitalist—militarist of our brand.

As brand—or someone on your behalf has sent me the paper as a free gift please accept the enclosed dollar as an expression of appreciation and good will. If you are, as I gather, feeding the hungry and ministering to the sick in lower East Side New York you have indeed a mission to fulfill.

As I am a Protestant naturally we have different beliefs on certain important matters. Yet there are many things in which we can feel and think and act together.

Do you know that in this city there are three large church-sponsored hospitals—Methodist, Baptist and Catholic (St. Joseph's) and not one of these will minister to the sick unless he is of his own race. They have not among them a single bed for Negro patients although over 40 per cent of the city population is Negro. Nor does any one of these churches—Methodist, Baptist, Catholic—maintain a hospital for Negroes. Neither will any of them train Negro girls for nurses. We ask the prayers of your members and friends that God will turn the hearts of those white men and women running these hospitals who bear the name of Christians that they may have a better understanding of the mind of Christ.

In this city also there is a chapter of 'Round Table' of the 'National Conference of Christians and Jews.' Every year they proclaim 'Brotherhood Week' and put out much newspaper and radio publicity and hold an annual 'Institute of Human Relations'—yet they tell all their fellow Christians to stay away unless they are of the white race. Will you not pray also for Catholics in Memphis that they may understand their own faith and the meaning of 'Catholic' better than this, and for Protestants that they may not so deny fellowship to their brothers in Christ, and for Jews that they remember what it feels like to be a rejected minority and may cease to strike hands with white Gentiles to reject another minority.

Perhaps you would find space at some time to carry these statements of fact and this request for prayers in your paper,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Margaret C. McCulloch.

BETTY DOYLE

Sunday, Oct. 28, 1951
Feast of Christ the King

Dear Dorothy:

Perhaps you may have heard by now that our little son, Jeremy Patrick left this life last Sunday, October 21st, and went home to Heaven. The doctor performed the operation the day after you left St. Cloud, on Thursday morning, and until Thursday night he appeared to be doing very well. During the night his abdomen became very distended, and by morning he was a desperately sick baby. X-rays showed he had developed peritonitis, not as a direct result of the operation, however. A post-mortem examination of the baby showed that there had been a weakness of the intestinal lining, and perhaps due to the added stress of an operation, it had perforated and then peritonitis set in. It appears, though, that this might have happened sometime in the near future, even without the operation. Only the Lord knows what really happened or what caused it. We spent all the time from Friday morning till Sunday near noon, when he died at our baby's side and we prayed urgently, and he struggled strongly to live, for it seemed from minute to minute that he could not take another breath, and yet when we all thought he had died, he struggled back to life again to live another 15 hours.

We wish you had had your sustaining presence with us during those hard days, and these that are perhaps even harder, because lonelier. But our friends have been wonderful to us, a great source of help, spiritually and materially. And the hospital has been most Christian and charitable in its dealings with us, despite all that is said against Catholic hospitals and their lack of charity.

I wish you could have been here for the funeral, and to see our little innocent in his beauty, as we buried him. Don made a simple and lovely wood coffin, which Mary lined with soft blue material, very plain and unadorned. The sisters at the hospital dressed and arranged Jeremy in the clothes I brought for him—his own baptismal robe, made by Leonard's sister, who is a nun. The robe was like a tiny chasuble, properly embroidered with the fitting liturgical symbols. He held in his tiny white hand his baptismal candle, larger than Jeremy himself. It was a great joy to us, in the midst of our very human grief, to see so clearly that he was carrying his baptismal robe of innocence unstained before God. It was also a great comfort to us that no unloving hand touched our son, for we, and our dear friends did all that was necessary ourselves, and we had no undertaker, no embalming, no un-Christian trappings. Don also made a simple white cross, and our baby's body now lies under it in the Abbey cemetery. Please keep us in your prayers, Dorothy, for it is a daily struggle to go on without him. We know God's goodness, however.

In Xt,
BETTY DOYLE

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