



THE "UNDESIRABLE" PUERTO RICANS

If one wanted paradise it could be found in Puerto Rico, according to the encyclopedia. There is gold there, also iron, copper, agate, garnet malachite, and metamorphic rock and conglomerates.

Sandalwood, cedar, mahogany and ebony trees flourish there. Trees producing edible fruits and plants valuable medicinally are especially numerous. Tobacco, sugar, oranges, grapefruit, coconuts, pineapples, coffee, rice, corn, bananas, beans, cotton and cattle thrive there.

There are no beasts of prey or wild animals of any kind, and unlike the Caribbees, Puerto Rico is not infested by poisonous snakes and other noxious reptiles.

There is a large variety of bees. The maximum temperature is 99 and the minimum 57 degrees. The mean temperature is 78.

The rivers are well stocked with fish. Birds are multitudinous and are noted both for their fine singing and beauty of their plumage. (Page 401, Col. 22. AMERICANA).

Then how come Lorain County has a relief "crisis" of 70 Puerto Ricans? Why did they leave paradise for this land of sinusitis, and temperatures mean both summer and winter?

The honorable Commissioners of Lorain County found it very necessary to deprive these seventy Puerto Ricans of shelter and food because the aforesaid American citizens sent money home to their families. Children starving in Puerto Rico has never lost a vote for the New Deal—I mean the Fair Deal, of course.

Who owns the gold ranges, the iron ranges, the sugar plantations, the forests, the harbors of San Juan, and rum distilleries? It couldn't be simple, honest American stockholders. They do not believe in starving anyone directly, much less American citizens, unless it means a deduction in dividends. Dash the ten commandments, but let us not stop clipping

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E. I. WATKIN WRITES

Might I add to Mr. Ludlow's weighty reply to an anonymous priest, "A question of Authority," the following remarks:

A. Obviously it is not as wrong to kill one as 40,000. It is 40,000 times as wrong. If the murder of one man is one mortal-sin, the murder of 40,000 is 40,000 mortal sins. That they may be committed simultaneously can make no moral difference. Otherwise a repentant gangster who had put, say twenty men on the spot, could make a good confession by giving the priest to understand that he had murdered one man.

B. The official roll of the Church's saints contains not only many soldiers but also three conscientious objectors to military service, namely SS. Martin, Victorius and Maximilian. The last of these, as is proved by the process verbal of his trial which has come down to us, suffered martyrdom not for his Christian faith but for refusing to serve as a conscript. [See "The Lives of the Saints" (Butler), First Supplementary Volume by Donald Attwater (March 12), pp. 45-7.]

The undeniable fact that the Church has accorded the honors of sanctity to soldiers and conscientious objectors, and has even accounted death for refusal to serve martyrdom proves that she regards the question as morally an open question left to the private judgment of the individual. Any attempt to condemn the pacifist as disobedient virtually condemns the Church for enrolling pacifists among her saints.

I wish you could print the entire process verbal of Maximilian's trial in the Catholic Worker. It would be a most telling blow against those clergy who try to make out that pacifism is anti-Catholic. The judge said: "There are Christian soldiers serving our rulers Diocletian, Maximilian, Constantius and Galerius."

Maximilian: "That is their business. I am a Christian and I cannot serve."

I've often wished some rich Catholic would offer to build a church on condition it will be dedicated to St. Maximilian.

Yours sincerely,
E. I. W.

Dabbling In Truth

By JOHN HAMMETT

Reading in *The Commonwealth* the sample entitled, "The Nature of Modern War," from Mr. James Burnham's latest book, it certainly seemed to one Christian that the author might fittingly say with Isaac Newton:

"... I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smooth pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

It does not seem out of place to sound, here and now, a query as to what the Kidney of Mr. Burnham's religion may be. For unquestionably this composition could have been written by an "after-Christian," an atheist, or an agnostic. Just possibly, it might be the product of some American version of a "Garden-of-the-Soul-Catholic," one whose religiosity was so rooted in a feeling for the far away and long ago that it had

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On Pilgrimage

The train was over-heated and everybody had been sitting up all night. Those few young men who had room next to them sprawled like insects across the seats, looking as though they had been flung there. Young women made their way stiffly to the wash room, to take care of their hair which they had neatly bobby-pinned and encased in scarves the night before. The old were too stiff to move and kept trying to sleep. It was the last lap of a cross-country trip for

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Poverty's Progress

The Wings of Birds

By JOHN McKEON

The darkness retreated slowly from the rooftops, without haste and without disorder, like a battalion falling back to a prepared position, certain of future advance and final victory though the retreat were halfway across the world. The wind from the East River was biting and we pulled up the hood of our parka against it. "My God," Frankie said shivering, "sometimes I doubt my brain's taking up flying pigeons."

We laughed and looked out over the rooftops of Manhattan. Below us the streets were still wells of blackness—even though the sun had shown a crimson edge under the arch of the Triboro Bridge, but here on a roof top in Yorkville the upper city was clearly visible, north, east, south and west as far as the eye could see, the rooftops

stretched away to the horizons: the ocean, the bay, the distant Palisades and the far hills of Jersey. There was a sense of height and light and freedom to the scene and the knowledge of being part of the secret city, sparsely populated, seldom explored, the one known only to adventurous children and that strange race of bird fanciers known to the initiate as "pigeon bugs." Those who had fallen in love with the rooftops, the sense of solitude, the flight of birds, their care, breeding and habits and whose descents to the streets were few and then only for food or to further their business of buying and selling pigeons.

Our friend Frankie had been a fanatical member of the tribe ever since we had first known him,

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The Road Ahead

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Analogical reasoning is never too convincing. Yet the principle or rule of nature that like produces like seems to hold true, for the most part, in psychology. On this is built the ideas of ahimsa (love) in the movement of satyagraha (truth-force), which should be an integral part of the pacifist movement. It is relevant for the Christian, for the Christian professes to worship God, who is love. Non-injury to another is the visible result of love, just as poverty is the visible result of detachment from worldly goods. Just as moralists have been concerned with divorcing interior detachment from its external manifestation in voluntary poverty, so have they been equally concerned with separating interior love from its externalization in societal relations, an externalization that leads inevitably to pacifism. Aside from the general fallacy of

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COAL MINERS—THEIR STRIKE NOT JOHN L. LEWIS'S

Three hundred and forty thousand miners, in the soft coal fields in Illinois, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Colorado and Wyoming are at present on strike, and have been since Feb. 6. Ordered back to work on Feb. 11, both by court order and John L. Lewis obeying that court order, the miners refused. Whereupon the union, not Lewis, is cited for contempt. In 1946 in a similar situation the miners were fined \$700,000 and Lewis \$10,000. Two years later in similar situation, the court doubled these fines for refusing to obey a back to work order.



Talking to employers, operators, owners of steel mills, one hears great tales of high salaries, short hours, improved conditions of work. We all have seen the ads, "which one of these beautiful little houses do the miners live in?" (in *Time* magazine) indicating that the miners live as good as anybody else.

Talking to folks who live near the miners (because they live a life apart, an esprit de corps among them, a pride in their work; also because they live in patches, though they hate the term) I have heard how on occasion they come down from the hills, from their settlements, and fling their money away riotously in the taverns on drink and slot machines. (Did you know that in these same taverns there are slot machines selling contraceptives, like chewing gum or chocolate? It started with the war. But this perversion of the worker started long before in our industrial capitalist system. In the old days, when organizers came among the men, the operators put on a big show and party at the local saloons with burlesque and free drink, to lure the men from union meetings.)

What do the men care about fines? What is \$700,000 or \$1,400,000 in these days when the government is tossing about billions. The class war is on. It has always been on, and until the men get what they want money doesn't mean a thing. That is the way they act. What they want is ownership, even if it begins only with a share in the management, which the Popes have called for. That is probably why F.B.I. agents, as well as professional strike breakers as well as

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The Women Who Are Poor

By MARIE ROACH

A woman must be loyal to her experiences and sufferings by keeping them to herself, by pondering them in her heart. This is her meat for contemplation, her unique utilization of pain. It would be easy to get this article across if the stories of just a few of the women in this house could be printed. But their experiences are their own; we do not know them. This might seem a roundabout way to get to the point, but compared to the roundabout way each woman took before finally reaching us, it's quite simple. The point is, these women are here and in need.

Homeless, jobless, insecure, they come to us almost every day because we have declared a position which binds us to refuse no one who comes to us in need. A House of Hospitality exists for the purpose of practicing the corporal works of mercy. Each time we turn

a woman away because we haven't a bed or the clothes she needs, we remember our position and silently lament our helplessness. The works of mercy are our function. They are the justification for our way of life here. When we find that we haven't what is needed to perform the work of mercy that is presented to us, designated uniquely for us, we have no alternative but to find a way to get it.

The women who came to us have learned to ask questions as simply as Christ asks His. Every day here on Mott St. some woman is purging her sufferings, stripping them of the consoling padding of verbiage that soothes a woman's sore heart. She humiliates her experiences, she unswathes them of their smothering bands of imagination and fancy by stating them as they are.

"I have no place to sleep tonight. (Continued on page 8)

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THE SATAN BOMB

SMOKY Joe was talking about the Hydrogen bomb. Of course everyone has been talking about it. "Hell bomb, satan bomb, that's what I call it," he said. "The devil came up and taught Americans how to make it. For me, I've drunk lots of it on the Bowery."

"Why worry," is the attitude of the poor, the desperate, "We all have to die. Can't get out of it."

Our rooms at 115 Mott street, both in St. Joseph's house and Maryhouse can be pretty grim at times. Some women can make a bit of heaven out of some paint, curtains, soap and water, and the place looks neat and comfortable. Others accumulate trash, are dirty and verminous and it is hard to keep up with the job of order. Once a doctor who volunteered his help came to visit a sick woman and looking around the room he said, "This is worse than war or revolution. It is worse than death." Destitution is sometimes a fearful thing, so ugly, so tawdry, so heart-breaking, conducive to despair.

During the war when we read of the evacuation of Paris, we came upon the line, poignant and meaningful, "And only the very poor remained." All the city was fleeing. But nothing was worse than the destitution of the poor. Last night over the radio the last thing heard was the statement of a University of Chicago professor that a poisonous dust scattered by the H. bomb meant the death of the world. Another commentator said that if we were to make the bomb then it was necessary also to evacuate all the coastal cities, that it was impossible to defend them. The first thing in the morning the news is repeated, the world is doomed. Every morning, every hour, on the hour, all through the day, the news is repeated. People are beginning to say, "This kind can only be thrown out by prayer and fasting." Others try to recapture the war time mood of "anything is permitted, life is short." Still others become flippant, like Joe.

The best comment we can find is that of Juliana of Norwich, who wrote from her anchorhold back in the twelfth century, "All will be well, and all will be well, and all will be very well," and in another place she wrote, "The worst has already happened, and that has been repaired." And it was man's first fall that she was thinking of, the scars of which we are still wearing, and she was thinking of it in the light of the words of the Church, "O happy fault," since it meant the incarnation and redemption, the coming of our dear Lord Jesus Christ among us as man.

"It is given to men once to die, and then the judgment." If we say, any of us, that we do not fear death, which we all must look forward to as a certainty, then we are liars. But it is not death we are supposed to fear, but the judgment, and live accordingly. Lent is the time to consider these things.

The most comforting prayer for those who fear is that preface in the Mass of the dead.

"It is truly meet and just, right and availing unto salvation that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O Holy Lord, Father almighty and everlasting God; through Christ our Lord. In whom the hope of a blessed resurrection hath shone upon us, that those whom the certainty of dying afflicteth, may be consoled by the promise of future immortality. For unto Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not taken away; and the abode of this earthly sojourn being dissolved, an eternal dwelling is prepared in heaven. And therefore with the angels and archangels, with thrones and dominions, and with all the heavenly hosts, we sing a hymn to Thy glory, saying without ceasing,

"Holy holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest."

D. D.

Coal Strike

(Continued from page 1)

armed deputies are haunting the pits. It's all a Communist plot!

John Brophy, once vice-president of the Mine Workers and since then one of the top officials of the CIO, told me how Lewis' thugs had him beaten up in his hotel room during one of the conventions because he was advocating nationalization of the mines. John Brophy is a Catholic, but he

believed there could be such a thing as Christian socialism.

Now Lewis is going around beaming, waiting for President Truman to issue an order nationalizing the mines. It doesn't mean a thing as far as profits are concerned. It just means that the miners still respect their government (but do not respect the mine owners) and have been willing to cooperate with it. But they have

It was with great interest that I read the following quotation from Francois Mauriac's recent article in the conservative French newspaper Figaro: "It is not what separates the United States and the Soviet Union that should frighten us, but what they have in common. Their ideological oppositions are perhaps less to be feared by us than their agreement regarding the scale of human values. Those two technocracies that think themselves antagonists are dragging humanity in the same direction of dehumanization." "A man is treated as a means and no longer as an end—this is the indispensable condition of the two cultures that face each other. "Then he went on to urge "an act of faith in the Russian people the most spiritual in the world in the metaphysical sense."

Children's Clothing

Marie Roach, who is in charge of our women's quarters, asked me to be sure and beg our readers to please try and send us whatever children's clothing that you may have around, especially clothing for infants. We have numerous requests each day for children's clothing. An unwed mother, sixteen years old, paid us a visit the other day in search for clothing to cover her two weeks' old baby. Our visitor's mother is very bitter about her daughter's infant. She doesn't care to have either the daughter or the new baby in the house and consequently refused to obtain a stitch of clothing for the practically naked baby. The sixteen year old mother seems to be quite realistic about her plight and is doing everything that can be possibly done for her unwanted child. After all she could place the child in an orphanage and one would condone her since it is generally accepted by everyone that

also seen what it means by now and are hedging. This time, if the state takes over as an emergency measure, they want the mines to run without profit to the operators, but for the common good.

The operators on the other hand, the bosses, the owners, are terrified because in each case when the government took over, it was easy to see how utterly useless the "managers" as they might profess to call themselves, were. No one can run the mines but the miners. And amongst them there are men that can "manage" them. The goods of the earth belong to God, who made them for man's use, not to be expropriated by the dishonest few. The whole history of capital in this country is the story of the trickery and connivance by which the smart few got possession of our national resources, the railroads, the forests, the mines, and so on, down through gas and oil, in many cases ousting the legal owners of the land wherein these resources were found.

The Robber Barons, Factories in the Fields—these books tell the story.

According to the teachings of the Church, "the rich must come by their riches honestly; and this applies alike to inheritance and current earnings. An heir to ill-gotten goods is bound to restitution as far as may be."—Walter Shewring—The Rich and the Poor in Christian Tradition.

No matter the gains made by the union, the coal strikers are the poor at this present writing and need help. Either their funds are tied up by Lewis, by the need to pay enormous law fees or by fines. Anyway, they are most of them on relief, and with the threat hanging over them of the withdrawing of that. Relief in most states is slim picking. So any of our readers who wish to help them . . . we beg their aid for them. They need money and food.

Send aid to the United Mine Workers' Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Dorothy Day.

Mott Street

the thing to do with a fatherless child is to deposit him in some place out of the way. Thus I am always struck with sheer admiration for a husbandless mother who hangs on to her child born out of wedlock.

Visitors

During the past month we had two enjoyable visits with our long standing friends; Father Benedict Ehmann of Watkins, N. Y., formerly associated with the Catholic Worker group of Rochester, N. Y., and Monsignor John P. Boland of Buffalo, N. Y. Besides his pastoral duties Msgr. is and has been very active in the labor world. Father Ehmann has been to our retreat house and gave us an excellent course on the liturgy some three summers back. Several years ago, Msgr. Boland spoke here at the house on our weekly lecture night.

Accident

The oldest male member of our group, Joseph Davin, fell and broke his hip a couple of days ago. Joe is seventy-five and this is the second hip he has broken in a year. On top of that he had a serious case of pneumonia several months ago. At present time Joe is lying in St. Luke's hospital, Newburgh, N. Y., five miles from our retreat house, where Joe has been living. An even older person wandered into the house last night. She is an eighty year old Russian woman who speaks very little English. We learned nothing about her except that she was in need of a place to eat and sleep.

Jacques Maritain

On the Feast of St. Valentine, we had the supreme pleasure of having an evening with Jacques Maritain. There were too many people to hold the talk here at the house and we had to beg the basement hall of our Church of the Most Precious Blood. Despite the fact that there was no formal advertising we had a house of five hundred people for the talk. Maritain said right off that he had not come prepared to give a lecture but more for an exchange of ideas and discussion of mutual topics of interest. However everyone there that night was expecting a lecture, or at least to have Maritain do most of the speaking. Consequently Maritain spoke for a half hour on the inspiring "Little Brothers of the Sacred Heart," the followers of Father Charles De Foucauld, the French priest who devoted so much time to the Moslems in the North African deserts. Maritain's narration on the activities and ideals of those Brothers was very fascinating. From the topic of the Little Brothers, Maritain continued on the subject of the Mystical Life and its various meanings. The talk on the Mystical Life was almost as interesting as the first half of his speech. After the talk was over the discussion began about nine o'clock in the parish hall and finished up here at the house about eleven-thirty. If at all possible, Jacques Maritain promised that he would return to spend another evening this spring, primarily for further discussion on points of agreement and disagreement. There were quite a few points of disagreement with Maritain on that evening on the part of the audience, however he has a manner about him which saturates the atmosphere with the warm breath of Charity, thus all preserved a great calmness throughout it all.

Death

Last week, we received the startling news that a reader and a young friend, 29-year-old Kevin Keenan, died unexpectedly after two days in a hospital. Kevin taught at the Irish Christian Brother's College, Iona, and was working on a Ph.D. at Fordham. Kevin's death has left a great void in the lives of those who knew him. As we prayed at the side of his coffin we gathered a little of what St. Augustine was referring to when he spoke of the death of a friend in terms of "the blackness of our sorrow, and the steeping of the heart in tears for the joy that has turned to bitterness . . ."

Ships At Sea

Today we were visited by a young man who works aboard ships which transport troops to and from Europe. We were telling

him how lucky he was that he would be able to visit the Vatican during the Holy Year. But he pointed out that there was really no good reason why all those who wanted to go to Rome were prevented from making the trip. Since the government has a great number of troop transport ships anchored idly in moth balls around the various ports in the country. This man stated that most of the work aboard the troop transport ships of that type could be done by unskilled hands and the few skilled hands that are necessary might be induced to donate their time and labor. It sounded very good at the time I was talking to the chap. But later on during the day the plan began to sound fantastic to me when I began to visualize us here manning a ship at sea.

New Man

We have been very fortunate in receiving another member of the group in Everett Trebostkie from St. Cloud, Minnesota, via St. John's College, Collegeville, Minn. Everett arrived about ten days ago and has volunteered to learn the chef's duties in the kitchen under the able guidance of Red and Jack. We are frequently faced with a cook shortage and Everett will soon be our ace in the hole as far as the cooking is concerned. Everett will also cover the labor field for our paper.

No Thermos Bottle

One night as we sat eating our plate of stew during the dinner hour, a short, thin woman of 50 walked into the dining room and asked if she could join us at the meal. We pointed an empty place at the table to her and invited her to sit down. She sat down but seemed undecided about eating the meal. I thought that she might share my aversion to stew for which I didn't blame her. But what can you do when breast of veal for stew sells at 29 cents a pound and that makes a nice, cheap meal. If you like stew. Anyway, like I said, I was sitting at the table toying with the food with one eye on our visitor. I am a really nosy person.

What is this woman going to do? Will she eat or not? At supper time our table is pretty much like a service garage, once you finish your meal you have to make room for another, since we usually have three or four sittings to polish off the group. Finally this woman opens her pocketbook and slips in two or three slices of bread, but that is a fairly usual sight around here so no eyebrows were lifted. But then the woman reaches for her plate of stew and neatly empties it into her purse over the bread. Snapped the pocketbook closed, threw us a very professional military salute, thanked us and walked quickly out the nearest exit.

Armor of Light

The other morning we found two tickets in our mail from the Blackfriars' Guild's for the play *Armor of Light*, written by Father Urban Nagle, O.P. When we learned that it dealt with the life of Saint Paul the Apostle we were sure that it was one of those things where you kill two stones during Lent. You know, one of those affairs where you see a pious bit of drama which is intended to preach at you at the same time you are supposed to be having a whale of a time—that is in moderation. Well, to make a long story longer, we went to the play and enjoyed the evening to the hilt. From the very opening line on throughout the play you move right into the life of St. Paul. The first apostles never seemed more real to me in my life than they were last night. And for a fleeting, facetious moment I thought that that would be the closest that I would ever get to those Saints, but I can't let myself down so easily. The acting, the lines and the entire affair is worth seeing in Lenten season or out. Be sure to do so!

Tom Sullivan.

The Detroit House

The feast of Saint Francis de Sales is a memorable one for us at the Detroit Catholic Worker. We opened the Nazareth Lay Apostolate Library which adjoins the already existent Nazareth Workshop. At the same time we opened the Saint Francis Cabrini clinic for the poor. There was Benediction at 2:30 at Most Holy Trinity Church. Father Clement Kern was the celebrant and he gave a short homily and thanked the benefactors of both the library and the clinic.

After Benediction there was a procession, John Hicks leading it and carrying a banner made at the workshop showing the church in the center with all the various activities which should be in every parish around it. It was a wonderful winter afternoon; so still and so quiet. It seemed as if the people would never stop coming from the Church. The procession came first to the Library and although most of the people crowded into the little library and the adjoining workshop, some of them were left standing outside. Father Kern read the prayers of the blessing for a library and blessed it. Frank Wojcik who, along with Chester Zajac are responsible for the material being of library, read the prayers of the blessing in English. The following is the substance of it:

"O God, who art the Lord of all learning, pour forth Thy blessing upon this library. Let it safely withstand fire and every peril, and permit it to increase its volumes from day to day. May all who come here as officials or students make progress in knowledge of things human and divine, and increase likewise their love for Thee. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The blessing was very beautiful and it was inspiring to know that there were all classes and all degrees of the rich and the poor present to hear the words of our Holy Mother the Church for such an occasion. The people assembled and crowded into the two small rooms and those standing out in the brisk winter air were truly a mass—a mass of 250 Christians. The procession then proceeded to Holy Trinity School which is a block away where Father Kern blessed the St. Francis clinic. Father Kern has allowed one school room to be used for the clinic and it will be a wonderful parish activity. A group of nurses and friends of Lorrain Fedje, along with the excellent help of men of the St. Francis House of Hospitality painted and scrubbed to make the room ready. The men of the St. Francis House worked steadily for a week until late hours so that the clinic would be able to be blessed at the same time as the library. There were many volunteers who put in hours of work to help Lorrain.

The wife of the late Dr. Boell contributed the instruments—there are all the necessary instruments for pre-natal care and for deliveries if necessary. There are even enough instruments to perform a tonsilectomy if the occasion should arise and one was needed. It was through Louis Murphy, the director of the Catholic Worker in Detroit that these instruments were obtained. Mrs. Boell also contributed the examining table, cabinets to house the instruments and medicines, and many other essential furnishings of the clinic. The nurses are working out their time schedule, since most of them are working, and the clinic will be open almost every night in the week and a few times during the day to care for the medical needs of the poor who are about us. There will be doctors on hand to take care of the serious and complicated problems. No question will be asked the patients of the clinic. There will not be any red-tape to go through.

It will make medical help of this kind a blessing to our poor who must give their complete life history to the disinterested receptionist of the city or county subsidized clinics before they can receive a little iodine or a band-aid for a cut or bruise. The men in the line at the St. Francis House and the women at the St. Martha House will all be able to have their small needs taken care of at the clinic.

The people who had witnessed the blessings then gathered in the cafeteria of the school to hear Father Trese who gave an informal talk on the necessity of the lay apostolate mentality accomplished by a library which caters to the formation of this mentality. Father Trese will soon have a collection of his articles in "Emmanuel" printed by Sheed and Ward. Father emphasized the fact there must be a formation of mind as well as that of ability of the hands in helping create an atmosphere where Catholics may easier save their souls. The purpose of having the library adjoining the workshop is to emphasize the necessity of developing both the hands and the mind. The hands and the mind must be so formed as to make the man a completely integrated Christian. There seem to be so many dilettantes who refuse to dirty their hands, and so many workers who refuse to deepen their knowledge of Christ and the part that they must play in the lay apostolate. The pseudo-intellectuals and the feverish activists must learn to find a middle way so that each of them may become whole men in a strictly Catholic sense.

Many people have given us donations of books and many have promised to contribute in the near future. John Hicks was one of the first guests to come Sunday, and he came bearing many fine books. Some of Gill, Chautard, Father McNabb, Luigi Sturzo and Father Vann. Father Trese also made many contributions—a set of some of the "American Ecclesiastical Review" and a set of "Cross and Crown" plus many of the books we had indicated that we would like on the list enclosed with our invitation. This list was taken, for the most part, from the list recommended by Peter Maurin in Catholic Radicalism. Prior to the opening of the library we had all finally decided that we must become detached from our personal books, and we pooled them all together. This was really the beginning of the library. We collected books from the houses, from the farm and from our individual collection. Sister Esther of Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College in Indiana wrote and told us that she is sending a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia which has recently been replaced in their library along with some of the works of Newman, Bernanos and Geodier. There were also many who came bearing a book or two: Elaine Curry, Lou Martin, Mrs. Gray, Tony Marini, Pat Hefernan, Mrs. Snow, who is a very old and faithful friend of the C. W., Ginny Kiley who runs the Saint Dorothy House for working girls in Allen Park, and many others. However, there are many more shelves to fill, and there are many of the good works which Peter often quoted which we still must get if we are to have a complete library of Catholic social thought.

Today we received a letter from The Grail, and they have given us their literature and a subscription to future publications. Many of our friends who couldn't come to the opening sent checks or money to us, and we are going to use this money to get subscriptions to many of the important periodicals and magazines which are pertinent to the lay apostolate.

So now we have the library. We hope that it will be to many what Peter Maurin called a "Catholic Workers' School."

In Detroit we have the St. Benedict Farm and the Houses of Hos-

pitality. There are very few to help us in the work of sustaining the ideas. At the library we have a good collection of the works of the scholars who have written on the lay apostolate in order to show these who come how things should be. It remains for us to go out and get trained and untrained minds to come and hear and to see how one can feed, house and clothe the poor at a personal sacrifice. Eventually we hope that there will be a scholar-worker house, as an outgrowth of the library which Peter often spoke about—a place where workers live with scholars and scholars with workers in order to have a meeting of minds.

As was stated, this house should be a natural outgrowth of the discussions at the library. With scholars coming to the Catholic Worker to participate in round-table discussion we will be able to give and to actually teach them Peter's ideas.

This is not to say that we do not aim at the Farming Commune, nor to departmentalize all of Peter's ideas. There is a tendency in



every American to do this. We so personalize things that we lose sight of the common good. This is a danger we must guard against when lack of space makes us separate into units the ideas of Peter. The greater good is for them to be located as closely together as possible and not to have them strewn over a large area. We want to integrate them, and this can only be done with more lay apostles who possess a bond of spirit and with a knowledge that we must work to establish these same ideas on the land. There is a definite shortage of lay apostles in Detroit as there is in every city. We realize that there is a shortage of scholars in Detroit; these scholars who will teach the "grandchildren of Peter Maurin." We must get scholars interested in the instruction of potential apostles.

We have tried desperately to make Detroit a center of the Apostolate, and, with so many activities of the Catholic Worker in Detroit, there is a place for anyone who wishes to emphasize a particular talent while learning to become a wholly integrated Christian. We need women to care for the old-age pensioners house (St. John Vianney). It would be wonderful to see two, three or four young women living at the St. John House affectionately caring for Christ in those men who are crippled, blind, deaf, legless and infirm. Truly, this requires a special dedication. We need apostles who wish to increase their knowledge of art and literature at the workshop and library. We need young women at the St. Martha House; young men at the St. Francis House who do not mind the monotony of charity. We need young people on the farm to help plant in the future generations the seeds of Christ-like virility and spontaneous Christianity. Everywhere we look there are apostles needed, and God knows that there are many phases of work which must yet be started. Please, pray that we may keep our ways straight.

The Washington House

A few years ago the Catholic Worker carried an article telling how Blessed Martin dePorres House of Hospitality in Washington, D. C., was evicted—its belongings strewn along the sidewalk, and the men being cared for there were turned out in the streets again homeless and friendless; because the owner and agent of the house did not want homeless Colored men in it.

But today we are thanking God; for He has let Blessed Martin dePorres go back to Eye St. N.E., just five doors from where he was evicted. And this house has all been done over new, a much better house than Blessed Martin ever had before in Washington. To start again the work of helping God's poor, for in Washington, D. C., the Colored man is really God's poor. Yet when a Colored man steals, or snatches a pocketbook in Washington the city papers will print it on the first page in bold type as top news. It very often states that he lived at no fixed address, and many readers do not stop to think that it could be sometimes that he was homeless and friendless.

The Blessed Martin dePorres Hospice does not overlap anything in Washington—its work is very distinctive.

We are trying to buy our building and if it is God's will we shall succeed. We are backed by nothing but our faith in God and that He wants the work that is being done. No person or group of persons have promised to give anything; nevertheless I believe that God will send along enough good souls to help pay the bills. It is not easy to feel that you are alone in doing a duty to your fellow man, so in my effort I have taken God, and I am no longer alone. I am certain that I shall get the help I need, both in money and in volunteers to help me carry on.

Why I attempt these things alone? I do not know; I only know that there is a deep urge and I would be most unhappy if I did not. So I want to believe that God is using me to foster some of His work. For I, too, pray as St. Francis did, "Lord, make me an instrument of Thy grace."

Yet deep down in me there is that feeling of wishing that it could be something else, not this. And all the while men are cold, hungry, homeless and without friends, regardless of color or creed they must be helped; for Christ, too, is hungry, homeless, cold and without friends. And if I do not help these, my brothers, I have also failed to help Him.

Blessed Martin dePorres Hospice helps all that come to us regardless of race, creed or color.

We are happy to have visitors come, and we are grateful for any and all things that you can give us, as we owe about \$10,000. Yet we know that God will see it through if He wants Blessed Martin in Washington, D. C.

Our new address is 38 Eye St., N.E., Washington, D. C.

Llewellyn J. Scott.

The "Undesirable"

(Continued from page 1)

coupons! That is why Puerto Rico is not paradise!

In one of our rural journals there appeared a small item. We quote: "The Lorain County Commissioners cracked down today on any more relief for the county's Puerto Rican population. The commissioners ordered some 70 Puerto Ricans removed from relief rolls; 55 are single and they should be able to support themselves. They have been receiving relief at the rate of \$24.50 a month for six weeks. Relief Administrator Shaw said it was the custom of the Puerto Ricans to send all their money to their families and that as a result when they are laid off, they immediately make application for relief."

The custom of feeding one's family is not only a Puerto Rican custom, even the robins do it.

The Puerto Ricans requesting relief, according to Sanchez letter, are agricultural workers whose seasonal employment ended last fall and who have been unable to obtain further employment.

I made it a point to see Mr. Juan Sanchez, president of the Puerto Rican Welfare Committee, and from him and a score of other Puerto Ricans, I heard of the 20th century version of blackbirds. Strictly legal and as strictly immoral.

Incorporated under the laws of New Jersey is a group of farmers who need labor and want it cheap. The name of the association is THE GLOUCESTER COUNTY BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, Inc. There is a Robert L. Moore at the head of this outfit. The following is a contract. It reads good, but the persons who sign it can't read English, and wouldn't be able to enforce the provisions if they could.

Abraham Santiago (worker) signed the contract in San Juan, Puerto

in the Lord; that God will bless us with apostles filled with zeal for the love of Christ, and that God will continue His assistance so that our library may grow to be a source of seed for many potential apostles and a source of enlightenment of those who are with us.

Rico. For \$75.00 he was flown to New Jersey. (The plane fare deductible from future wages) when he was in the Labor Camp he was charged \$10.40 a week for his food, which was scanty. When he worked he received sixty cents an hour, of which five cents went to the labor agency, hereinafter called the "Association."

The contract took in the time from June until the first of November. Five months. If it were six months or more the county would be liable for their care in case of indigence, which is inevitable.

Abraham Santiago worked from June 14th until November 1st, at which time the camp closed for the season. Like the leaves that drifted, and the flocks of birds that left the swampy environs of the Hague empire, Abraham and his fellow Puerto Ricans had to leave. Where to no one knew, but get the hell out of Jersey, as the sheriffs told them.

Another Labor Agency and a man (ironically called Freeman) sent them to Findlay, Ohio, to harvest sugar beets. \$20.00 per acre. They averaged \$48.00 per month, and slept six in a shack on oat straw, with no other heat than body heat.

The way I look at it, they couldn't have sent too much home; they never made enough. And now these American citizens, without wife or family, in a strange climate, must depend upon three crusty county commissioners to keep body and soul together.

WM. GAUCHAT.

"God is Love." The love of the three Divine Persons. Creation is a work of love. Man is a work of love. The Incarnation, the Eucharist, the Sacraments, the Church, all this is a work of love. Christian doctrine is a doctrine of love. The Christian life is a life of love. Heaven is an enlargement of this life of love. So presented, Christianity makes an appeal to the whole man, and to the intelligence alone. It is thus presented in its total truth. Fear is not a ruling force, ever; love is ever more active, to enlighten and to save. —Jules Cardinal Sallège.

"If I Be Lifted Up"

(An Introduction For a Christian Aesthetic)

By ANTHONY ARATARI

If you were to walk into a classroom of a modern Catholic university, say a class in philosophy (actually, almost any subject could be used to illustrate the point), you might find something like this: the teacher, perhaps a priest, sits at a desk before some thirty students or so, reading from a sheaf of his own notes or a textbook which he probably wrote, now and then maybe making the effort to elaborate beyond the predetermined course, while the majority of the students, concentrated with bowed heads over their desks, busily take notes—a scene faintly suggestive of patients sitting in dentists' chairs, the pencils and pens of the students as they scribble away functioning somewhat as drills.

The teacher is saying: "Philosophy is the science of beings in terms of their ultimate causes, principles, or reasons, in so far as these can be ascertained by human reason alone. . . . I'm going to repeat this, so you will get every word, because when I ask for a definition of philosophy on the final exam, I want my own definition back, word for word, and underline the phrase—'by human reason alone.' In this class, we're only interested in reason. As far as I'm concerned, no other way of knowing exists. When a man like Pascal says that the heart has reasons which the mind knows not, he's talking through his hat. He probably lacked vitamins. Stick to St. Thomas and you won't go wrong. Don't try to be smarter than the Church. . . ."

A student raises his hand to ask a question; undoubtedly, he's not taking notes.

The teacher says, "Yes?" And he thinks: that daydreamer again who doesn't take notes.

The student asks, "When Our Lord said, 'I know mine and mine know me,' wasn't He hinting at what Pascal said about the heart having reasons?"

"This is a course in Philosophy, not Religion. In this class, I'll say it again, we're only interested in reason. If you have any questions to ask which don't directly concern this subject, see me after class, but let's not waste class time. We've got to finish our textbook by the end of the term. . . . By the way, how about some activity in your corner? I want to see you taking notes."

The student reflects wearily that the more one tries to kick life into the various courses of study which lie about the campus like corpses on a stage in the final scene of a tragedy, the more one realizes how dead they are, and he says to himself, I guess I'm an existentialist. . . . Where is the living heart that would vivify into a oneness "the scattered leaves of the universe?"

This separation between the branches of knowledge has been called obscene; to the Christian, it is certainly ugly and intolerable. And this separation is symbolical of the separation of the human person himself, a separation which is the cause of the other: the mind and heart are not one and a disjointed human being in action necessarily creates a disjointed world.

Look around and one sees a general disintegration: members of a family separated from one another, the family, in turn, alienated in the parish; a man's belief in Christ out of gear with the contemporary ethics and his work in the world; man separated from nature; the city separated from the country, and true culture separated from the worker.

One hears about the contemplative life and the active life, the lay apostolate and the religious life, the intellectual life, the mystical life—the distinctions go on "ad infinitum." A far cry from the days of St. Augustine and that vision of multiple unity which he so aptly represents: man, priest, bishop, teacher, administrator, poet, historian, philosopher, theologian, mystic, he was all these and a saint. Modern man, the heir of the highly developed arts and sciences, so highly developed that he has been called obsolete when compared to them, modern man is dying for such a synthesis. As Romano Guardini, who concretized the

Christian life for German university students by lecturing about great Christian personalities like Augustine, Pascal and Dostoevsky, says, "...now is the time to recognize that all distinctions are only valuable as methodical tools, that in reality both man and his world are called of God, judged by God and saved by God. This is the moment for thinking towards integrity by means of integrity."

There is now being heard in the Catholic world a call for a synthesis to be accomplished by the work of man through the grace of God. There is now taking place a revival of the Fathers of the Church, spiritual giants who viewed their world from a spiritual plane much higher than our own; one needs only to read Augustine's "Confessions" to realize what is meant by a theocentric point of view.

Regarding this Patristic revival, A. H. Armstrong, writing in the September, 1949, issue of "The Month," says that, "It looks as if we were at the beginning (and still only at the beginning) of a very far-reaching transformation of Catholic thought which has already gone a long way in leading us back from a too exclusively Aristotelian and discursive approach to something much more like the ancient but still very living thought of the Fathers by which the greatest Catholic philosophers and theologians, including St. Thomas himself, have always been nourished and to which, perhaps, the thought of the ordinary devout and intelligent Catholic has always remained closer than the official text-books would suggest."

The call to realize this "vision of Christian existence in its integrity" involves a dynamism in living and a real engagement in the temporal order. It is here that a misunderstanding could arise. Jacques Maritain, speaking at an informal meeting at the Catholic Worker, said that he thought in the new, very active movements in France, among the younger clergy and laity, there is a dangerous emphasis on activity to the detriment of contemplation, a veering towards a mysticism of action, which, he thinks, is an impossibility. The fear here is that a right action in contact with being would be taken for mere hollow activity; the primacy of contemplation over action is not disputed.

In an article entitled "The New Man" in the Spring 1948, issue of "The Dublin Review," Father Henri de Lubac of France makes a real call for action, containing a sweep and fire and abandon which brings to mind the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. Maritain characterizes De Lubac as a bad theologian, which seems to me like poisoning the wells. As this writer understands the goal presented by De Lubac, Father Romano Guardini in Germany and Father Lombardi in Italy and others, the individual Christian is to achieve an integrity, a fusion, a oneness of the multiplicity of life in and through and with Jesus Christ, thus helping to accomplish for mankind a destiny inherent in the restoration of all things in Christ. And this demands of the Christian a profoundly creative approach to life, the living faith of the New Testament. And in our time, it means a new philosophy of work.

In "The Destiny of Man," Nicolas Berdyaev states that three new developments have taken place in man's moral life: he loves freedom more than ever; he has grown more

compassionate; "and, finally, man is more eager than ever before" to create. He wants to find a religious justification and meaning for his creativeness. He can no longer endure having his creative instinct repressed either from without or from within."

In his "The Mind and Heart of Love," Father D'Arcy makes some interesting remarks which, I think, have a bearing on this problem. "The classical ideal in its various forms is too neat, too definite; its universe is closed; and so invariably provokes a reaction to what is romantic and mystical. The uneasiness in the heart of man, what the modern 'existential' school of philosophy have named 'Angst,' is not appeased by the reasonable estimate of the good life." "A long range view . . . of history, its attempts to obtain and promote happiness, and the picture gallery of its heroes, shows conclusively that the reasonably perfect human life is not sufficient as an ideal, that it does not work for a long spell, and that love cannot end in human relationships. No matter what the humanist or the secularist may boast, he is but beating the air; the facts are too strong for him. While he is talking the people will have wandered off to look at a saint like Saint Francis of Assisi and to feel their hearts moved by a strange new hope."

Finally, the supreme proof for this ideal of mobility in unity, of richness in oneness, is none other



than Christ Our Lord, who is the way, the truth and the Life. In the Gospels we get a unique picture of integrated multiplicity in the growth and action and words of Christ: as a boy asking questions in the Temple of the Jewish teachers; working as a carpenter with Joseph; attending a wedding feast at Cana; preaching to the multitudes; going up into the mountain to pray; healing the sick and feeding the poor—it is an inexhaustible picture and still it is one person, the Father's own Divine Example to men.

Probably, by this time, the reader is asking what has all this to do with a theory of art. The Fine Arts, the creative process, must also be seen through Christ and absorbed by Him. He said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself." And the Catholic Christian believes whatever the Son of God has said.

Since the Renaissance, Art, like Science, has received an unprecedented absorption on the part of man, some treating it as the final end of life. Like Science, it has brought into being a plenitude of new existences: Hamlet, Don Quixote, Anna Karenina, the Mona Lisa, Don Giovanni, the Sistine Chapel—the list is innumerable. Through its many developments—the Baroque, Impressionism, Cubism, Surrealism—it has become oppressively self-conscious. What is art? What is the creative process? Who is an artist? What is the relation of the artist to the community? Is art for propaganda or must it primarily entertain?

Many answers have been given to these questions, especially in the non-Catholic world. Some of

Three Years on the Land

By MARTIN PAUL

Three years ago a romantic dream of several years' duration became a reality. Two families from Chicago and Milwaukee moved to a 160-acre farm in Missouri which they had purchased in January of that same year. The primary motive of this flight into the hills was to establish a farming commune. They desired to live a more abundant life, more Christian and communal; at least, more so than city life was able to offer. The motivating influence behind their move was the Catholic Worker Movement with which they had, for sometime, been associated. Before the dream came to life it involved discussion and planning. The two families came together as often as the ninety miles distance separating them permitted it.

A program of action was decided upon which seemed simple enough. Letters would be written to pastors in the Milwaukee and St. Louis dioceses. With the aid of a Catholic Directory the letters were sent out and, with hopes high, they awaited replies. The letter stipulated certain requirements and asked the pastors if they knew of any place or places answering that description. The requirements listed were: a farm of 160 or more acres, a wood lot of at least 40 acres, housing adequate for two families and a church within easy walking distance of the farm. The response from the Milwaukee diocese was discouraging. Land was much too high. But in the St. Louis diocese it was quite promising. So encouraging was the response that a relative of one of the families came to Missouri and after looking at several farms purchased one a quarter mile from church and, so generally, fulfilling the requirements. The first time either of the families saw the farm was the day they came to Missouri to settle in the early part of March.

That is the romance of the founding of Holy Family farm. From that time on the romance was tempered with reality. Hard work, sacrifice, prayer, sometimes disappointment and disillusionment but never despair. With all the difficulties the life is spiced with the romance of freedom, unencumbered by convention. With time for worship and recreation. The free observance of holy days is alone a joy not known in the city. There has been the joy of birth, the tragedy of death and the ache of loneliness and uncertainty it leaves behind. But with every experience, good, bad, joyous or sad, has come the cleansing of body and soul; the body from its softness, its almost sensual bent, due to city life, and the soul from its individualistic tendencies, its materialistic concepts of life.

After three years we are making some progress in communal living. The time of pregnancy and pain of birth are gone and the joy of fulfillment comes upon us

these answers contradict one another or apparently contradict. Even those Catholics who have ventured into Aesthetics do not agree. Sometimes an artist's work is at variance with his words. An agile mind is needed to pick out what is true in what artists and philosophers have said concerning Art and making a whole of it in the light of Christian dogma and certain sciences. The science of language, the science of myth, psychology, the birth and history of tragedy, have important contributions to make to an adequate theory of Aesthetics. And the truth about art will help in understanding other approaches to Truth.

Regarding a Christian Aesthetic, Dorothy Sayers, and Anglo-Catholic, has made a valiant attempt in her "Mind of the Maker" to draw an analogy between the Trinity and the creative process; and the "Art and Scholasticism" of Jacques Maritain is an impressive work.

The struggle for a Christian

as we seem to get a better understanding of life in common. Those strong, so-called objective, truths we all see and that so easily become subjective in our impassioned zeal to prove we are right and the other fellow wrong; they seem to fade a bit as we are faced with the daily tasks of working and sharing together to provide a livelihood and to rear our families. The most difficult thing to learn, in my opinion, is not farming. That knowledge comes with some reading, trial and error and in our case some G.I. vocational training. The difficult things is to try and reassemble the fragments of what was once Christian communal culture and fit them together into a workable present-day pattern.

The only urban weakness, I sense, is not one of a desire for the fleshpots. We have conquered them through grace and a sufficient distance from the "occasion of sin." Our weakness is the lack of knowledge of the crafts, the inability to use our hands and our heads to produce most of our necessities. And without which the time required to become a self-sufficient community is prolonged. It is a weakness of mass production, mass thinking and mass living. One in which we lose our identity, while we trade work for tokens with which we buy culture instead of acquiring culture with our work. As Father Vincent McNabb says, "It isn't things primitive we are after, but things primary."

The amazing thing is how proficient one does become in self-sufficiency merely by taking the first step and moving on the land. We have free rent, free fuel, our own meat, poultry, butter, milk, cream, eggs, potatoes, vegetables and some fruits. Very little food has to be purchased. We provide our own recreation. In actual cash value all this amounts to about six hundred dollars a year for each family. Our actual cash income at present would have to be only \$100 a year principle on the mortgage, another \$100 for the interest and another \$300 for doctor bills, clothing, some grocery items, etc. In all, a cash income of about \$500 would support ten children and four adults. A sum of less than \$10 a week. Of course, we spend much more than that. We are building new buildings, repairing old ones, building new fencing, buying more and better livestock and feed for livestock until we are able to develop our own rotation of crops so we can raise our own feed. The soil is being renewed and erosion controlled with a pond and dams. But we are impatient in our desire to see the community a going thing in a few more years. Our housing needs have been acute this past year, but now it appears that God has answered some prayers and a new house will be erected this spring and summer. Unfortunately, this one won't be from our own material but the next one will, at least for the most part.

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

anthropology, a comic view of man, is not easy. The harvest of experience and knowledge since the Renaissance is great and the laborers gathering it in the name of Christ are few. Christ said: "Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened; I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon yourselves, and learn from me; I am gentle and humble of heart; and you shall find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Surely, those words are a call to action. Christ died for the harvesting, so that the universe could gather in Him. And our God is a living God, ever ready to give His love, which even now keeps the world intact.

Whatever is true, by whomsoever it is spoken, proceeds from the Holy Ghost.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

A Letter from a Prisoner

Dear Bob Ludlow:

I was released from La Tuna, Texas, on Feb. 22nd, having done my full time. Enclosed is \$5, my release money, which I would like for you to use to send The Catholic Worker to La Tuna prison. Fr. McMuth, the priest of La Tuna liked The Catholic Worker, as did his Bishop whom he asked about such a radical paper; also some of the prisoners liked to read The Catholic Worker. Fr. McMuth was my best friend at La Tuna and we played a good deal of chess.

I am now visiting Ammon Hennacy and he has just given me a very good vegetarian meal from his garden. I lived on the vegetable diet while at La Tuna. Hennacy and I are going to picket the tax collector on March 14th. Ammon and I have paid no taxes for seven years and suppose we never will. We pay no tax because most of the money goes to pay for the murder of men, women, children and babies. Also much of the tax money goes to hold the workers in economic slavery. So it seems that the best way for man to free himself is to refuse to pay tax. With no tax there could be no war; so man could live in peace and freedom. Christian anarchism seems to be the road to peace and freedom. I became a Christian anarchist while in solitary at La Tuna prison. Before I went to prison I was a follower of Henry Wallace and the Progressive party. I would like to visit you all within the coming year.

In peace,

Joseph Craigmyle.

(There will be five from The Catholic Workers also picketing the tax office in New York on March 15th. Ed. note.)

A Letter from a Priest

Dear Friends:

The horrified reaction of the Liberal Press in this country (where consciences are not yet forced into silence) to the President's decision that the H bomb be produced—was not this an irrational sort of horror, from the souls' surface, from the nerves? It was simply the clear awareness of this sad fact: mankind has allowed itself to be drawn into a policy of despair. The international machine mounted to insure peace has proved useless scrap iron.

The New Republic, after satisfying conscience by reproofing man's surrender to blind fatality, comes now to acknowledge that Truman has not acted as a despot; that he has only obeyed the will of the majority he represents. President Truman was not allowed another exit. His people want the H bomb; they will have it!

After writing this, Harold L. Ickes adds another statement, with the same assuredness that he had put on the first: this same people want also, and . . . "even more keenly," to have peace!

Taken between these two evidently contradictory impositions of the people he represents, what is Truman expected to do, as a man with a conscience? According to Ickes, only one thing: to refuse running again for the Presidency. You cannot represent two contradictory opinions, two opposite whims of the same bewildered people. Truman must refuse being reelected. He must become in the world, as Briand became once in Europe, the Pilgrim of Peace. Let him go to London, to Paris, to Warsaw, to Berlin, as the preacher of the new Crusade. Let him preach this holy urgent Crusade with the same ardor and the same triumphant success that he has displayed in the Democratic campaign in 1948. His frankness, his courageous candor in deprecating the insanity of despair, or hysterical fear, that has overcome for a moment his own people, will perhaps open to him the door of Moscow's Curtain, at least for fear of the condemnation by a world's conscience, if this is made clear to the world with the transparency of a penitent's irresistible candor.

Our readers who have seen the quotation from The Catholic Worker—I have commented in my last article—will conclude that Robert Ludlow's conscience is not so easily satisfied as Harold Ickes' conscience. Ludlow would probably tell the President to resign rather than obey an absurdly contradictory will of the people he represents. Now a Christian, to be true to his conviction, is to be much more seriously a radical than liberal humanitarians can be; for a Christian knows that the rights of innocents, threatened by the million as a Macchiavellian means for securing national interests, are as sacred as the rights of the Son of God. (Matt. 25, 4-46).

If the people we call Christians, in America or in Russia, were

really Christians, they would not help to produce bombs. If ever a strike, a general strike, has been a moral duty, this is the case. Christians are not allowed to connive in a crime as atrocious as building hell machines to which millions of innocent people are condemned to succumb. Sin is something no Power has authority to command. They can kill your body, if you refuse to abide; but by abiding you risk your body and you kill your soul by slaughtering the innocent en masse. You shall not kill. If this commandment has any meaning, it must mean at least that you may not kill multitudes of innocent people, even to save a nation. The fact that The Catholic Worker's radicalism appears as ludicrous to many only shows that Christianity has ceased to take Christ seriously; it only lends force to Nietzsche paradox:—"There was never a Christian in the world except Christ; and He died on a cross."

We know that there are a few more. The Catholic Worker is one of the proofs that there are still a few. Besides, when nominal Christians lose their faith in Christ, there will always be strangers coming from East and West to raise up the Divine light again. With Negro slavery, after a "Very Christian King"—Louis XIII of France, had established it "on advice of the best theologians, that the surest way to save the negro's soul was to reduce his body to slavery," Robespierre rose in the Convention and answered the patriots alarmed with the end of slavery as with the doom of French Colonialism: "Let us rather lose Colonies than Principle!" Immediately after a second World War to save Europe's freedom through millions of bombs and destruction of millions of lives, Europe remains unsaved, while Gandhi died innocent of slaughter, of blood, of war, yet showing us his country free from the grip of the most powerful World Empire. He had only used two weapons: courageous disobedience to evil command, courageous willful suffering for his people when injustice was committed by the Empire to curb them.

Father J. A. Correia.

THE MYSTICAL BODY

"Allow me to set before you what in Christian language we call the Mystical Body. Christ is its head, men its members, either in fact or in right, making only one body, sharing with each other all things, united in and by the Holy Spirit, a veritable storm of love. A union from within, a union without compulsion, a union free as love is free, powerful as love is powerful. That is the Christian ideal. The ideal of intimate communion, the ideal of a society in which all good things are held in common, flowing from head to members and rising again from members to head, each playing its own part and sharing in the harmony and the prosperity of the whole."

—Jules Cardinal Sallege.

Appeals

Calladithidal, Anandur Po. Via
Tourvadanai
Ramnad Dr. South India
October 13, 1949

Dear Friends:

I am sure I am no more a stranger to you. I was in Batlagunda for the past seven years and now I am transferred to this place in Ramnad Dr. only a hundred miles east of the previous place. I feel the change very keenly as you yourself will judge. There I had electric lights everywhere, pipe water for drinking and fine roads with cars and buses continually moving up and down. Now I have only kerosene lamp, only tank water or rain water collected in tanks, ponds and pools, for well water being selfish is not probable at all; no roads at all and so no cars can be seen. To see a car I have to go some ten miles; to see a train, twenty-five but to see the sea only ten miles. Since all the rivers and canals are tending to empty themselves into the Sea, we have everywhere sand in summer and journeying is rendered very difficult owing to the wheels of the bullock cart sinking into the earth to the depth of two to four feet with such difficulty for travelling. I have to visit my five thousand Catholics scattered in seventy-two villages all lying within a radius of nine miles. (Of these only twenty-one villages have Chapels where Masses can be said and the rest have to depend on the nearest Chapel-villages for Mass) when they hear Mass so rarely and receive Sacraments at such long intervals, how can we expect them to be good and faithful? There are three villages having fine chapels all built with their own funds. They ask me to go there often for Mass. I have no objections to go, but to carry the vestment box and other paraphernalia the cart has to go. To avoid this; I want to put a Mass box or a box with five vestments and other accessories in each village and when I have to go there I have to take only the Hosts and Mass Wine and walk the distance. There is a place nine miles away from here, ready for being created a new parish. The villagers give land, bricks, and two thousand Rs and as this won't suffice to complete the church, presbytery, and all other connected buildings the work is suspended.

Hence I request you to write an article about my parish and needs and enable me to get help for three vestment boxes and also help starting a new parish.

There is one place a conversion centre badly needing a church; when this is built, some four or five villages in the vicinity inhabited by Hindu Pallais are sure to be converted. So kindly move all religious minded Catholics of U. S. A. to come to my help and thus to work for the cause of Christ the King, whose Kingdom must spread by hook or crook.

Yours sincerely in G. L.
P. S. Antoulsarni

St. Theresa's College
212 San Marcelino, Manila
Nov. 16, 1949

Dear Editor:

We came across a copy of your fine publication, that we read from cover to cover, and we cannot resist the temptation to make an appeal on behalf of our schools (with more than 18,000 pupils) and social centers, which are all in dire need of good, wholesome literature, but alas, are too poor to buy books and magazines for themselves.

We should be immensely grateful if you could send us back copies of your publication, even as far back as the thirties. These back copies would prove extremely helpful.

Also, if among your readers, there are some who have some books, pamphlets or magazines to spare for our apostolate among the poor and the sick, please do tell them to bundle them and send them off to our address.

If only our Catholic mission-

Three Letters From a Seaman

I received your publication and was rather pleased with it, on the whole. However, I also come to you with some hard words. First, let me make my position unmistakably clear. I am a Catholic, a rank-and-file unionist; and an anti-capitalist. I am one of the builders of the Great Lakes N. M. U. (I hold card No. 18 on the original organizing committee of 1936). As an anti-capitalist, I will have no part in the current campaign of red-baiting. As to the Communists, I fought shoulder to shoulder with them in the old days. Like Abbe Bouillier, I am not ashamed of that. As to the recent papal decree regarding the association of

Catholics with Communists, I unreservedly have plotted my future actions. They are as follows: If I must make the hard choice between sanctified reaction and the rough ways of the vanguard of the victorious legions of the common man; then I shall throw my lot with the latter, and let God be my judge. For Communists are, firstly, people like myself, the poor, afflicted and dispossessed. If Christianity has lost its technique of dealing with we of the calloused hands and the greasy necks, then it is an academic sophistry; not an historical force. One might reflect why the universal Church has lost those whose spirit defied the Roman persecutions and whose hard hands built the medieval cathedrals. All such reflections lead up to one terrible conclusion. The latter-day Church-fathers turned a deaf ear to the anguished cry of the industrial helots in their direct hour of need; namely, the early industrial era. No holy men appeared at the mine-shafts to decry the brutalizing of the poor; no Isaiah strode to the portals of the mighty to denounce the "grinding of the face of the poor." That was left to the apostles of Karl Marx who have done an excellent job of it; make no mistake about that! And again, I have reached one other painful conclusion. Namely, Communism might have been a Christian movement. The people cried out at the temple gates for leadership and council; but the holy men preferred the courts of kings and princes.

One day the priests shall leave their temples and take up their abode among the people. Then the Christianity of Saint Peter, the fisherman, and Jesus, the carpenter, will be sweet in the sight of those who toil, and the pomp of Contantine will be forgot in the warmth of universal peace.

Second Letter

I saw your reference to my letter in the last issue of the Worker. I suppose that I am overly bitter about many things. But the N. M. U. was my first love. I believe that in its youth it was perhaps the finest workers' group of its kind. To observe it today is an exercise in clinical pathology; like a subject developing hardening of the arteries and softening of the brain in its prime of life.

As to the C. P.'s, I was never connected with the party in any way. In fact I was told by a woman in the educational department of the C. P. of Ohio that I was a classical example of a type not fitted for party organization. "A good ally, but a poor member," as she put it. So you see I was denied even that solace which has inspired men like Koestler and Silone. I was ever a free agent used by warring factions for a "go-between."

From earliest youth I was steeped and parboiled in the problem of labor (my father was marine-cook and helped organize the Marine Cooks and Stewards).

friends in the United States knew what good can be wrought here by spreading good literature, never would they allow any decent reading matter go to waste.

In return, we and our charges shall offer grateful prayers to draw God's choicest blessings upon you and all our benefactors.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
Mother M. Ignatia, C.M.S.A.
Librarian S.T.C.

My grandfather was a longshoreman before "King Joe" ever defiled a union-hall. My contact with Catholic social action has been mostly bitter. Last year the local chapter of the A. C. T. U. (Polish Catholic) sabotaged every move which I, as chief steward, made to end discrimination against Negro girls in the local laundry industry. In fact I was fired and the said A. C. T. U. group influenced the local A. F. L. group not to go to bat for me. There are one hundred Negro families in town and there is no place for them to work. All of them are casual labor or foundry men who work in nearby Saginaw. Now I am a city employee and the A. C. T. U. is chipping away at our "Communist U. P. W. local (337)." The ridiculous fact is there is but one C. P. in town and she is a retired teacher. The local is evenly split between Democrats and Republicans with a tiny progressive minority. Two years ago I collected material on Negro peonage in the sugar-beet fields. The local Republican press wouldn't carry the story, so Bill Allow, editor of the Michigan Daily Worker, featured the story which brought nationwide attention to the condition and immediate results were attained. This is one of the sources of my C. P. label.

In conclusion, I like your editorial. That is the only way to still the present death-dance. I'm a pretty lonely guy in this spot isolated from the main stream of events.

Third Letter

Five minutes ago I heard the radio report of the Supreme Court ruling on the Union Hall. Now we can plant the ailing Great Lakes N. M. U. The fink halls (Lake Carriers Assn.) shipping halls are now unchallenged. Back comes the employers' "fink books" and the "blackbills." Every seaman should now put on his armor and tighten his belt; and there is no place for Joe Curran and his ilk in the armies of the faithful. Joe says a "field day" is now open for the Communists. My reply to Joe is, "If you can't fight the battles of the working man, then the Communists will; and however vile their motives, they will do a good job of it." The challenge is down, the results will be determined by stout hearts and the ability to resist whatever politics or ideals are involved.

Now about my opinions on Catholic Action, of which you asked. Frankly, the subject is so painful to me that it causes my gastric ulcers to go into a "slow-boil." In my opinion, a priest or a layman who lines up against the worker and the common people should be regarded as a false priest and false Christian and treated accordingly. When I have to go to a Rabbi or a Protestant Minister to get moral support for a local F. E. P. C. program, these men I regard as proper Christians regardless of their personal philosophy. When I have to work with a "C. P." and various species of radicals to accomplish these things, I let God settle the matter of their personal philosophies.

Like Father Duffy, I believe in putting all possible pressure on the Catholic clergy to force them to change their ways. The capitalist system is fading. Do we want the Church to fade with it because of its present unholy alliance?

Yours fraternally,
JOHN J. O'NEIL

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

me, and it had been the most uncomfortable night I had spent on it. We of *The Catholic Worker*, are not used to central heating, we are used to sleeping in refreshingly cold rooms in winter. The night had been a foretaste of hell.

And then, as I made my way half blindly down the aisle, I came upon a sight that shook me from my discontent, that "cleansed my heart, enlightened my understanding, inflamed my will."

It was an elderly Jew with long hair and beard, clothed in a prayer shawl of brown and white wool of most beautiful pattern, with a phylacteries about his forehead and arm. He was worthily, attentively and devoutly reciting the psalms and most surely deserving to be heard before the presence of the Divine Majesty.

I knew that the little box bound upon his brow contained those verses from Deuteronomy:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul and with thy whole strength. And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart. And thou shalt tell them to thy children; and thou shalt meditate on them sitting in thy house and walking on thy journey, sleeping and rising."

All my fatigue and my discontent was blown from me as by a desert wind, and I thanked God for the Jews, our brothers, whose Father Abraham is our Father, who gave us Christ. May they find what they are seeking.

I met, too, another Jew on the trip who moved me profoundly. It was Dr. Pritcher, of Los Angeles, a friend of Frank Scully, who had a dinner party for me in his house on the Hollywood hills. John Ford, the producer, was there with his wife and the priest who is running the St. Francis hour on the radio and who is going to use John McKeon's stories for radio presentation, and J. Greenberg, New York publisher, whom I had known in the anti-conscription days before the first world war, and General Holdridge, who is going to run for governor of California, and a few others.

Dr. Pritcher was born in the Ukraine, the son of a Rabbi, and he too was brought up in a prayerful home and with study of the Old Testament. He studied medicine in Kiev and in 1922, after the revolution, he came to this country to finish his studies at the University of Colorado.

"A year without the practice of social justice will be no holy year," he told me. "I have written to Pope Pius XII and asked him to call attention to the Jewish year of jubilee and what it used to mean. He calls for social justice, but what does it mean, now? You talk about people forgetting the Sermon on the Mount. They have forgotten the old law too."

Looking up the year of jubilee in the book of Leviticus I found there that in the jubilee year all debts were remitted, there was a "general release and discharge from debts and bondage, and a reinstating of every man in his former possessions."

These were the things Peter Maurin talked about when he was quoting the "prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church."

It took me a bit to get used to Dr. Pritcher and his hatred of charity. "You and your houses of hospitality," he stormed. "It's as though I, a doctor, held the patient's hand and comforted him, instead of performing the operation that was needful. Get on with your farming communes, your villages of equality."

It had been Dr. Pritcher last May who took Robert Ludlow's editorial of our positions and had offsets made which he distributed to all his friends through the year.

There is no end to his own charitable work. He left early that evening because he and his wife

made sandwiches every night for the school children she taught. "The city gives lunches," he explained, "but they have to eat breakfast too. And I shed tears over those sandwiches," he assured me. "It should not be, this giving out of charity!" And I agree with him.

Dan Marshall and his wife were there also that evening, and he is the Catholic lawyer who was responsible last year for the removal from the books of a California law forbidding interracial marriages. We should have had a story about this fight and victory in the pages of *The Catholic Worker*, but our California correspondents were remiss. That is the trouble with our program of the works of mercy, it takes up so much time (there are not enough doing the work) so that we are apt to neglect other aspects of the struggle.

The Scully Family

I felt happily at home with the Scullys, the Norwegian wife with her high singing voice, slim and young with her four children (a boy going to college, three girls and another child coming). Frank writes a column for *VARIETY*, the theatrical weekly which owns Rogowski Press, where the *Catholic Worker* is printed, and he is in the center of everything out there in California where he has made his home for years. He too was one of the Columbia University group, though not a conscientious objector. He went over to France and lost a leg there. And here we were together again, two of the pacifist crowd, Greenberg and I, and Frank telling how he tormented Greenberg with practical jokes while they were at the school of journalism together. It was a grand meal with a huge turkey gracing the table. Afterwards Frank disappeared for a while and we were talking so much we did not miss him, until he returned to the living room with a kitchen towel around his lean middle. He had been washing dishes with his three daughters.

St. Thomas More Library

Aside from the night I stayed at Scully's in their Norwegian looking house on the side of a mountain, I was the guest of Dr. Julia Metcalfe whose library is famous around the country. Peter Maurin, Martin Paul, and other Catholic Workers have enjoyed the unfailing hospitality of Dr. Metcalfe over the last fifteen years, and she loves most of our ideas but not our pacifism. But we have always had plenty else to talk about with our love of books and social justice. The Catholic Interracial Council had a meeting at her house the Saturday night I was there, and it was like the discussion meetings she used to have regularly and now has intermittently. The rooms were able to accommodate about sixty or seventy people. Her library is extensive and there is nothing you want that you cannot find there. The place is an information center too, and students come and get the materials they need for term papers, and prospective converts get the books they are looking for. At night before we went to bed Teresa, who takes care of the house, and Julia and I knelt down before a nativity of Jean Charlot and said the rosary together.

Archbishop McIntyre

I saw the Archbishop while I was in Los Angeles, and he greeted me with warmth as though he were homesick for New York. People love him out there. They say he is humble and holy and that is the way I have always felt about him. He warmed my heart and increased my devotion to the Church and its hierarchy. How the heart wants to love, and how grateful it is to be able to love, to find people lovable. The Archbishop asked after Fr. Duffy and after he had introduced me to Bishop McGucken and Bishop Manning (I didn't realize until afterward that he was a bishop, he looked so young) he told them of his friendship for

Fr. Duffy and how he hoped he would not speak out there under Communist auspices. "He is not a Communist," he told the other Bishops, "but a friend of mine—a misguided one—and I do want to see him if he does come out."

California

It was cold and rainy all the while I was in California and my winter coat was most necessary.

Phoenix

Before coming to Los Angeles, I had spent a couple of days in Phoenix with Ammon Hennacy, philosophical anarchist and pacifist and the Arizona correspondent of *The Catholic Worker*. All our readers have enjoyed his articles on hard labor, on the Indians, and on his prison experiences, which we published during the war. He had been a socialist but nine months in solitary confinement at the federal penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, when he had nothing to read but the Bible convinced him of the validity of the religious pacifist position. He is not yet a Catholic, and as Monsignor Hillenbrand said of him, "he received so great a light that it blinded him."

He works harder than any one I know and lives the most disciplined



life and with his single-mindedness and moral courage one can expect much from him. I hope the friends I visit do not mind my speaking so frankly of them, but I like to share my point of view with others of our readers. Ammon gets many letters from our readers and is somewhat abashed when they ask him to pray for them. He takes things most intensely and I am sure when he says a prayer, it is one of power.

Fr. Dunne

We visited Fr. George Dunne, whose courageous fight for the Negro and for the strikers in the moving picture industry in California, and whose answers to Paul Blanshard has made him known all over the country. He served us lunch and we talked to him for as long a time as he could spare as he was on duty that day, and then Fr. McGinnis former army chaplain, drove us into town again (St. Francis Xavier College is on the outskirts of Phoenix) and drove us around to visit Ammon's friends. We went to see the Old Pioneer, Lip Orm, on whose ranch Ammon has a shack in which he makes his headquarters. Mr. Orm was head of the Arizona board of pardons and paroles for forty years, president of the Water Users Association for fourteen years, and resigned from the Rotary Club as a protest against the deportation into the desert of the I.W.O.'s from the Bisbee copper mines some thirty years ago.

These *On Pilgrimage* accounts are short—I will continue with Oakland and Stockton accounts in the next issue—because I am engrossed in writing a book for Har-

Dabbling in Truth

(Continued from page 1)

been rather compartmentalized, leaving him free to adapt himself to, if he did not adopt as regards this present life, the expedient moves of his pragmatic fellows.

But supposing Mr. Burnham to be free to show his hand in this matter, and to reveal any general line of thought with which he claims consistency, I proceed to some analysis of the judgments and argument set forth in his article.

He is of the opinion, we are reminded, that the Third World War has begun. After citing several developments in support of this thesis, he avers that the exact date of its commencement is "not important":

"... For that matter, it is only in the case of wars of the traditional type, the beginning of which are formalized by declarations, that we can assign exact and unambiguous dates."

For the purposes of his article in *The Commonweal*, at least, this would seem to be the first characteristic differentiating modern war from the other sorts. Yet we are not enlightened as to its provenance, interesting as that might seem to anyone trying to get a clear idea of that darling of the Planning Boards, modern war.

For Mr. Burnham is too pressed for time to philosophize on the subject. Perhaps it is just as well, for on the next page he does "go philosophical" on us for a bit, with dire results for some of our preconceived notions about life. I thought the old adage that it takes two to start a fight was a pretty sound one. But I had not, I guess, thought of the matter globally. For Mr. Burnham tells us plainly "it takes at least two to make peace a fact, one is enough to make war." The source of this curious reversal of the more usual conception of things would be worth investigating, too, but I'm thinking of writing a book, and must, for the present, allow myself to be infected with something of my subject's spirit, and be a little rushin' myself.

I wish to get, for instance, to the point where this professor states that peace "would be conceivable if there were among men a deep enough moral sentiment" against war: "but, though conceivable, that is perhaps not possible." World government, he concludes, is the sensible political goal.

It all depends on what ideas you were brought up with or have acquired, I suppose, but I'll just bet you my bottom dollar that a "deep enough moral sentiment" against war can be developed long before world government will prove itself feasible to anyone but crystal gazers. For, according to Our Lord and Mentor, Jesus Christ, moral sentiment establishes itself by the action of the "salt" of this earth, but any Republican can tell you that you have to have all the little democrats pretty solidly behind you before you can get anything done in the way of world government. Unless, of course, you are talking about the big-bang sort of government Mr. Burnham seems to have a suppressed affinity for, though we can scarcely mention it too succinctly in talking to the bunch of liberals he thinks we think we are. Maybe I shouldn't talk like this in a Catholic publication of a cultural nature, but I'm going to.

And, in that process, I shall take as a text a further statement from Mr. Burnham's article:

"The present enemy, the world communist movement, has gone far beyond the Nazis, in the logical extension of ex-

pers and all my energies are poured out on the typewriter these days.

There should be an account of the Oakland House of Hospitality in this issue and if it is not in this March issue, it is because Charles Geoghegan is busy feeding some five hundred men a day there.

trème ideas, as in territory and power."

His entire book will be found to embody, I imagine, the thesis that we should not spare the horses in bringing about an equally logical extension of extreme ideas of the Soviet sort in our own realm of discourse and mode of action.

Now the thesis that I shall develop in any books I may write, and in this article is that, needful though it may be to give logical extension to extreme ideas in a society which has been accused of going from barbarism to decadence without knowing civilization, there is one idea indigenous to our own heritage which it is much more useful for us to give such extension to than to undertake a project for out-Heroding Herod a couple of millenniums after his demise.

The mass for the Feast of Christ the King was given to the faithful in 1925. I am not always sure what a priest thinks about when he reads the Gospel:

My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, my servants would certainly strige that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now my kingdom is not from hence.

—but since the advent of the atom bomb, I find it increasingly impossible not to couple those words with these heard last Sunday:

And his disciples asked Him what this parable might be. To whom He said: To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but to the rest in parables; that seeing, they may not see, and hearing, may not understand.

A man has just lived out his lifetime in the half century now closing who had the Heaven-sent audacity to experiment with God. (He called his autobiography "The Story of My Experiments with Truth" and has told us that, in his lexicon, truth is God.) The conclusion he came to was not a concept but a witness, an unshakeable allegiance to the doctrines of non-violence, of presenting in the face of evil, resistance of a resolutely spiritual nature. When I first found myself communing with the thoughts of this Hindu who steadfastly eschewed espousing Christianity as it had come through the crucible of history in the West, I was deeply bothered in spirit. I found courage in the recollection of Lord Acton's fascination with the world of right action which George Eliot built up in her novels, a world without God. Whether there is an analogy between Acton's predicament and mine I rather doubt, but Acton seems for our time and problems the wisest Catholic, who ever inherited an English tongue, and he loved freedom dearly. He would have shown us Gandhi in his true setting, and that setting may prove bitterly and dearly familiar to the Catholic tradition. Has not Gill resurrected for us from scholastic theology that eternal truth: "The object of freedom is love?"

BOOKS

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(Continued from page 1)

this separation (for Christ implied that the norm would be the external manifestation of the interior: "It is harder for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"), it means that the principle of like producing like is ignored. It means that war is supposed to produce peace, that social hatreds are not supposed to interfere with personal love for all men. It means that you can build a policy of distrust and expect trust. It means that you can avert war by preparing to murder. "Why," laments Pope Clement I (d. 99) "is there strife and anger and disunion and war amongst you? Have we not one God, one Christ? Is not one Holy Spirit poured out on us, have we not one calling in Christ?"

Individuals

Society and the forms which society take are but the sum of the individuals composing such units. I am aware that there are those who argue otherwise, that there are those who conceive of something to societal units that exists over and above the sum total of the individuals composing it. There are arguments to justify this and there are arguments to oppose it, and, since little will be settled by the arguments, we do well to apply the pragmatic test of Christ, a test which is relevant to philosophies and to governments: "by their fruits you shall know them." And since all theories that suppose government or any other type of societal arrangement to entail elements other than what originates from the individuals composing society, lead inevitably to various tyrannies, then we are justified in rejecting these theories, in refusing to divorce the individual from society, in refusing to grant another ethic to society than that which exists for the individual. And for the Christian that means that the Sermon on the Mount is of binding force, not only on man in his individual relations, but man in his societal arrangements. That is why the State, which has made impossible the social expression of the Sermon on the Mount, must be abolished, for it must give way to the higher demands of Christian ethics. That is why political action, which engenders deceit, must be supplanted by the direct action of satyagraha. That is why capitalist society, which engenders hate in that it exists to pander to individual and class greed, must give way to the classless society. That is, if we are to retain hope, if hope is still a Christian virtue. If we are still to believe that Christ redeemed man in his entirety, and therefore redeemed man as a social being. And that we hold to the possibility of transforming all things in Him.

Moralists

Otherwise we have the moralists to assure us that we need not worry about the way the world goes. We have the moralists to assure us that there is the principle of "double effect" and that, with that principle, we can really go places—we can reconcile irreconcilables. War today kills more of the innocent than it does the guilty—who, indeed, knows the guilty?—and yet we are assured that double effect takes care of it, the innocent are "indirectly killed"! And we who are Christian, we who believe that there is judgment after death, that it is God who then judges and that therefore the judgment will take in all factors, will take in the hidden things of the heart that we cannot know, we yet presume to judge when we allow society to exercise capital punishment. We are yet barbarians! What injustices have we not perpetrated by our moralistic attitudes towards our

fellow! How many mentally ill persons have we condemned to death whom we presumed to judge as responsible for their actions? Do we speak of the common good, do we bring in the need for protection for society? None of these considerations are served by the death penalty, nor are these purposes served when we war against an entire people under the barbarous assumption that they are the "guilty." Are we Christians to justify the extermination of the human race under the principle of "double effect"? Are we to console the motherless, the dispossessed, the survivors of mass murder by reminding them that their loved ones were "indirectly killed"? We have an emotional horror of the H-Bomb, just as we had an emotional horror of the atom bomb. But our horror stops short of being conscientious objectors to war—we do not refuse to serve. And so our horror is as meaningless as is an emotional conversion to the Faith. It is built on sand, it bears no fruit in action. For if it bore fruit there would be revolution, there would be mass refusal to contribute to the making of war instruments. There would be satyagraha. But we are not serious about these things, we have become used to emotional upsets, they are the norm, we live with them and so we acclimatize ourselves, we resign ourselves to reality. We do not seriously propose to do anything about the way of the world—we no longer state, like the early Christians, that we are not of the world. We state emphatically that we are very much of the world—that we are proud to be of the world, that to state otherwise is to state heresy, to be manichean. And so our moralists and casuists bridge the gap, they make it possible for us to be of the world and maintain our Catholicity. This is not to throw out casuistry as such, for in itself it is the exercise of Christian mercy. But a casuistry which empties itself of the spirit of Christ and becomes a legalistic evasion of His spirit and which provides for the Christian to be not only in the world but of the world—such a casuistry, such a denudation of the Christian ethic accounts in large part for the lack of dynamism in our approach to the problems of the age, accounts for our lack of appeal to the peoples who are more hungry for the heroic than we would credit them.

Divide

The true manicheans are not the pacifists. The pacifists are not those who constantly divide the world into the good and the bad and who line up wars in which the good (in this case Americans) oppose the bad (in this case the Russians). Rather does the pacifist maintain that such an evaluation is impossible in this world, that as Christ foretold the good and bad would dwell together till harvest time and then when He comes to judge will they be separated. The "common good" of society is a meaningless term—there is no such thing as society in the universal sense. There are societies—the family, associations, governments, and each have their common goods and the common good of the family is superior to that of government and the common good of the individual person which reaches into the transcendental is superior to all common goods. Society exists for the person, society emanates from the nature of man, it is no entity apart from the individuals who compose it. Therefore as man becomes Christian man, as man in his wholeness is redeemed, and society in him, there may be no division of man from man, there may be no set of duties to society that justify setting aside the spirit of Christ, no self-defense that takes precedence over the precept to non-violence contained in the Sermon on the Mount, no natural duty or right that comes before the supernatural. Christianity builds on and completes nature. But in doing so it

also supersedes it. And the Christian who would prefer, who would advocate, a solution based on natural ethics when he has a superior solution has indeed placed his hand to the plow but, alas, has looked backwards.

Guilt

Does this mean that pacifism depends for its justification only on the supernatural? I am not at all convinced that it does. I believe that the non-religious pacifist has also a case. That reason itself is capable of seeing that like produces like and that violence engenders violence and that war is therefore a stupidity. I believe that modern psychology and psychoanalysis have given natural vindication to Christ's command "judge not lest ye be judged"—that as we realize more the factors that enter into conduct so do we become less sure of passing moral judgment on others, whether as individuals or as nations. That we will leave final judgment to God—so we will oppose war and capital punishment because both of these assume man as judging the individual and as judging nations. So does sterilization and "mercy killing" assume man as judge. But, you will object, so does the pacifist judge his fellowman. This, however, does not follow. For pacifism judges ideas and systems and institutions. The consistent pacifist, if he is at all cognizant of Christian ethics, does not presume to judge the subjective guilt of the individual. The pacifist should find no difficulty in admitting that Joan of Arc is a saint. The pacifist would allow his opponent to live and therefore judges far less than do those who go so far along the road of judging that they deem the criminal to deserve capital punishment and the enemy nation to be warred against. All such



ways of arguing are tricky—for in stating this fact I could be assuming that the upholder of war judges people more severely than does the pacifist. It is in the objective realm, however, that I refer and there I do maintain that the pacifist position is the one which does not separate things into black and white categories—that it involves far less danger of judging than does the non-pacifist view. And that pacifism is far more akin to Catholicism in this respect. For in the Church good and evil dwell, there is no doctrine of a known elect who are the true Christians and who are therefore called to a superior life that exempts them from societal obligations. Rather all are called to perfection and as all are capable of loving and all are redeemed in Christ so is it possible to envision society replacing law with love, the State with mutual aid, private property with communal property, war with satyagraha. I realize that these aims sound as foolish as they did when the early Christians held them. They sound foolish because they are drastic, dynamic, revolutionary. But whether we will it or not, one way or the other, we will enter into the drastic, the dynamic and the revolutionary—it will be total destruction by the new weapons of warfare or total redemption by the pacifist weapons of Christ. Here again we must beware of analogical reasoning—these two possible choices do not constitute a lining up of the good and the bad, they constitute rather a factual dichotomy and there is but moral certitude that they constitute necessary choices.

Poverty's Progress

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donkey's years ago. We had grown up with him in sight of the old bridge within sound and smell of the East River, gone to school with him, known these roofs together like we knew the backs of our hands or our features. The first pigeons we had ever owned had been in partnership with him. We could call it to mind without difficulty watching the sun climb the ladder of the bridge supports with casual grace; a flock of dragged birds, known in the trade as "rats" and "clinkers," of nondescript heredity, and with the deadly fault of over sociability, forever wandering away in flight to be lured into the flocks of other owners; purchased back again and again with our hard earned pennies and silver only to wander off once more.

They had been incurable gypsies those birds, never happy unless they were gobbling alien corn, too tough and stringy to be cooked, so heavy with wing lice that they had difficulty flying, the source of humor for every flock owner on the island that we purchased them back from. But they had been ours, the first flock. There would never be another first flock, the pleasure of seeing them take wing nor the heartbreaking chases over the rooftops, scattering corn, trying to lure them back to the roost. A lot of living stood between us and that vanished flock and we had long since given up pigeon fancying for other things, but the memory of the sound and shape and feel of them, the small, frantically beating hearts against the cage of our hands was a living thing in our minds as we turned and entered the coop after Frankie.

The coop was a far cry from the ramshackle affair of salvaged boards and chicken wire that we had once known. This one was tall enough to walk in upright, spotlessly clean, freshly painted with individual compartments for each family unit, the ceiling and windows of unbreakable glass. Only the dry, acrid, feathery smell was familiar. The birds themselves were "homers," the aristocrat of pigeons, the ownership of which is the ambition of every pigeon fancier but that few ever attain because of the attendant financial risks. Homers are bred for racing and their training is long and arduous. By the time they are sufficiently trained to enter in a five or six hundred mile race they represent an investment of hundreds, in some cases, thousands of dollars that can be wiped out overnight. The owners are banded together in an association and to enter a bird in a race each member puts up a substantial amount of money to be formed in a pool. Those owners whose birds make the best recorded time for the race win the pool, well over ten thousand dollars in the big races. The bird, when released at a distant point in the race, is banded with a small capsule containing the time released and the owner is given a sealed time clock and a watcher from the association. When the bird returns to its home roost the paper is stamped with the time of arrival in the presence of the watcher—after the bird has entered the roost. Heartbreaking seconds are consumed sometimes by birds who dawdle before they enter the coop and the greatest effort is extended to breed and train those that will fly to and enter their home roost without hesitation.

Frankie was looking out of the window at the northern end of the coop as we entered, his face worried. The day before a young cock that he had recently bought had been released in Boston as part of its training and had failed to make its appearance the night before when it was due.

"That dumb little cluck," Frankie said. "I got him cheap. The best blood but he was slow to roost ever since he fledged." He turned back to the center of the coop and adjusted the wick of the oil heater in

an abstracted way. "I wouldn't have been able to afford him otherwise. He has more champions in his bloodline than I have fingers and toes. A big fancier in Jersey was cutting down on his stock, that's how come I got him. I didn't even tell the wife how much I paid for him. I try to forget it myself for that matter."

At the end of the coop like the binnacle on a ship's bridge was a ship's compass and a wind indicator. Frankie went over to it and spun it idly and then gave it a last savage flick with his fore finger. The arrows on the indicator merged in a blur of circular motion. Yesterday the wind was northeast. All he had to do was open his wings and ride home on it and then about two hours before dark it turns east by north. It's probably blown him to Cincinnati by this time."

We watched the indicator idly, thinking that all over the world the east wind, the wind off the sea, is the bane of homers, beating them off their courses, wearing their hearts down, weighting their wings as they struggle to tack against its sweep. With humans it's called hard luck, or the lure of greener hills, or ambitions that outstrip abilities, or a woman, or drink. There are lots of east winds.

"That's his first get, there." Frankie said, waving a hand at a compartment. We went over and looked through the wire mesh at the three tiny, lately hatched chicks. Frankie came over and stood beside us. "That's what I was banking on" he said. "That was my ace in the hole. He'd never been bred before. I got him and I figured if he had chicks and a hen it might cure him of dawdling. A lot of times it does, not always though. Sometimes you get a stinker that has everything but you can't break him of dawdling. Or a little head wind takes the heart out of him and he never comes home or he thinks a hawk is a playmate, or it hails or snows or some jerk wants squab for dinner and shoots him or God knows what happens. He just never comes back." He flicked the mesh gently with his fingernail and the hen ruffled her feathers and walked around the floor of the compartment, cooling anxiously.

"When I got back from the Army I'd promised the wife faithfully that I'd give up birds. That's all she ever wrote me: How I was gonna give up birds and how happy we were gonna be. I started right in the week I got back from the Philippines. The whole back pay went into this coop and everything I could hock went into building a flock back up. I dunno how it happened." He broke off and smiled down at the hen. "We didn't even have food in the house and the kid was on the way. I didn't even go down to the house. I got this bug that the flock might be stolen and I moved up here in the coop with a sleeping bag. The wife almost went nuts. You know me, I'd flown birds since I was kid, I could take it or leave it but all of a sudden I couldn't leave it. I was scared to even go down in the street for fear the birds'd be gone when I got back. I didn't shay, I didn't eat, I wouldn't even talk to anybody . . ." He broke off again, searching his mind for the reason, the cause that escaped him yet, the controlled pleasure that had betrayed him suddenly into the arms of irrationality.

Possession is an outmoded term in our world. We have different semantic substitutions, "compulsive acts", "obsessional neuroses", but the Church in the wisdom that antedates Freud, long ago knew the dangers that lie in wait for the souls of those who love animals over much and are too long in their company, falling away from the world to pattern their thoughts and actions not after men, but on the creatures they love: the ancient knowledge that led to the special attention of the spiritual conditions of geathers, falconers and swineherds in the confessional of old. Or, for all we know, present

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day ones also. Nothing changes so little as human susceptibility and beyond the rim of present day Christian culture lies the old darkness and all the half shapes that haunted our pagan ancestors from the Ice Age to Bethlehem.

"It was funny," Frankie said, "the only time I felt happy was when I was up here. It was quiet and you could be alone, just the birds and the sun. The streets seemed a million miles off."

What happened, we asked. Frankie laughed. "The wife threatened to jump out the window. We didn't have rent money for the flat and she went to live with the old man. One day the old man came up here and we had a helluva fight. He started to fight and tell me even a pigeon takes care of his wife better than I did. He got so mad he started to wrestle with me and we damn near rolled off the roof. It woke me up though. I got a job with the Public Library, photostating, and the wife made an agreement. I could fly the pigeons in the morning before work and after I come home until dark and on every other weekend. Every other weekend and the nights were hers. It works out swell."

He walked the length of the coop and stopping at a compartment reached in and gently lifted out a young bird, inspecting the feathers. He held him up for us to see. "Sometimes the young cocks get to feeling their oats and fighting and then this happens." A couple of flight feathers were badly bent almost at right angles to the wing. Frankie plucked two of them and then, holding the bird firmly in his left hand, spread the wing over the spout of the steaming tea-kettle on the oil stove and gently straightened the bent feathers. The pigeon twisted his neck backward, looking up out of bright inhuman eyes, alert and unafraid.

We watched the strong, flat-tipped, sensitive fingers softly brush the feathers smooth; a simple job, casually performed, but implying a world of knowledge and training closed to most men, and watching, the thought came to us that more men are ruined by their abilities than by the lack of them: what we are good at as we develop into a passion that we all too often run into the ground; the Governing Principle that the wise old pagan Epictetus spoke of run amok and become a ruinous monomania, closing out the vision of the world in balance, the knowledge that "Ripeness is all."

As Frankie was putting the bird back the door of the coop opened and his wife came in bearing a tray containing spoons, a red sugar bowl, two cups and a can of evaporated milk. She put the tray down on the table by the wind indicator and turned to us smiling anxiously: a small dark girl, all eyes and hair that radiated a fierce, electric energy. "He get back yet?" The question was unnecessary and she knew it but the words were freighted with interest and sympathy. Frankie grimaced at her fondly and put an arm on her shoulder as she poured the coffee. "He'll make it fine," she said, "you still have an hour before you go to work. If he don't come I'll trap him for you while you're gone. I can bring little Frankie up here and we can spend the day if we have to."

"My wife," Frankie said in fond, mock pride. He feinted quickly as she twisted and flung an arm at him. They both laughed. "Honest," she said, "his birds used to drive me nuts. Birds, birds, birds, that's all I ever heard. I used to dream of burning down the coop. Now he's got the job and spends some time with me I don't mind. I don't care if he loves the birds just so long as he loves me as much as them, that's all." They both laughed again and then a baby's thin crying wail could be heard from downstairs. "I have to go.

You call me if you need help. And don't forget—one hour till work." She turned and looked at Frankie from the door of the coop, her face a study in fond exasperation for him and for the race of men, all of them wilful children, forever seeking security in abstractions, from philosophy to pigeons when they knew very well that the only realities in life were love, rent, food and babies. "Don't look so worried," she said. Below, the baby's crying had reached a thin sustained key. "Oh, God, I gotta go."

As we drank our coffee the arrows on the wind indicator shifted silently on their oiled pivot: due north, north by east, fluttered for a moment, shifted and then stood true at northeast. Frankie finished his coffee at a gulp and flung out of the coop. We followed him outside. The wind had risen and struck our faces with skin cracking force. "If it only holds." Frankie was saying the words over and over like a prayer as the minutes passed. His mind was far away over the roof tops to the north, figuring what must have happened: as darkness came down



the young bird, heavy with breasting the head wind and blown from his course had followed the instinct of homers as the sun went down and roosted for the night. All night he had perched in the eaves of some barn, or the limb of a tree, half frozen, head under wing and with the first crack of sun he had rocketed upward, higher and higher circling until he could see the curve of the earth, the rising sun and then getting his bearings he had flown a dead course, like an arrow sped from the bow for home. For this he lived, for this he had been bred and only death would turn him from his objective. Frankie's mind was with him now, flying the course. It was a long flight for a young bird, but it was make or break. There comes a time for the males of all species when they must face up to the responsibilities implicit in their destinies and either conquer them or be unmanned and this was the day when the young cock would either make the grade or be lost forever as a racing homer. If he was for home he must be very close and the only thing to stop him now would be a hawk. There are perhaps a half dozen hawks who range the stone forest of the city's rooftops for their meat and who manage to survive and nest in bridge girders, the roofs of abandoned loft buildings and the cornices of skyscrapers. Despite the most ruthless efforts of pigeon fanciers to exterminate them they still survive, year after year, and claim a certain proportion of their flocks. Even on this small island, choked with humanity, the wild, free predatory life of the upper air goes on, year after year, oblivious of humanity beneath it, changing not the least whit of its basic nature no matter how much man has changed its natural environment.

Frankie started to laugh suddenly and then shouted, "Come on baby, come on, come on." We looked up and out at the sky, straining our eyes and then we saw him. He came from the north over the rooftops of Harlem, riding the wind and driving hard, the sunlight glinting on his wings as he came and in the sight of him was

Have you a bed?" It is not the woman who is devils. The inexplicable devilsness of God's plan for her has left her without security, without love, without even the consolation of the tenderness of her own emotions in a way she is unable to explain. She has only to accept and try to understand.

Leon Bloy comes close to portraying the benumbed heart of a woman whom God has chosen to suffer in this way. Clotilde, his idea of la femme pauvre, awakens each morning on her stinking bed of rags only to be conscious again of a world of filth, sin, and squalid slum life. She heroically ekes out a shabby existence, weeping often, as she tries to resign herself to this strange cross that God has laid upon her. Were it not for Bloy's employing a kind of *deus ex machina* on her behalf she could barely help escaping growing into a bickering shrew, without the tenderness and gentleness that might sweeten her strange destiny. Truly it is not the woman who is devils. God persistently and consistently writes straight with crooked lines in working out the pattern of her life.

There are sixteen women living in this House of Hospitality. There are at least five times that number that could have the comfort of Christ's charity, and in His justice should have it. This House is not large enough to hold them all. It's true that Christ would be rather bewildered at the automaton bureaucratic service that takes the place of personal concern and charity for hundreds of His "least brethren" in municipal shelters. But when the night is bitter, as this one is, one cannot help but feel that the eyes of Christ are brooding just as keenly over the hundreds in the city shelters as they are over the handful of persons sleeping in the beds, and on the floors too, of a House dedicated in

the deep emotion that repays all failures to pigeon fanciers and goes back in time in an unbroken chain to their patron as he stood in the loft of the Ark and watched the first homer returning over the waves, bearing in his beak proof that the waters had receded and that homes on earth were once more possible to the race of man.

He swooped upward in flight as he came to the roof, half circled and flattening his wings fell in a long graceful curve and flew to the roost trap in a soft rush of feathered sound. He entered without hesitation and Frankie closed the trap door gently behind him and entered the coop. The young cock had trotted along the runway and stood outside the mesh of his compartment impatiently. As Frankie opened the gate he entered, cooing throatily, gulped water from the container near the door, gobbled the cracked corn in frantic haste and then going over to the nest began to force the corn down the outstretched, gaping mouths of the fledglings. The hen fluttered around him anxiously but he paid her no mind, intent only on stuffing the small clamoring bellies of his first get.

Frankie laughed happily. "I knew that'd get him," he said. "All he needed was something to come home to."

After awhile we left the coop to go downstairs to breakfast and our separate ways. It is hard to transmit the feeling that the happening had had for us. We took a last long look out over the roofs and the day that was beginning: the beauty of the world that will always be here, before we were; and with us and after us: the fugitive Face of God that evades us as we pursue it through books and deep conversation and that reveals itself to us with casual splendor in the shining river, the smell of salt from the distant bay, the wind and sun on the rooftops of a great city, the voices of children and in the wings of birds in the morning. It is enough to have seen it. It has no need to be possessed.

The Women Who are Poor

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the great tradition of Christian charity. There is nothing in this tradition which restrict our work on the basis of numbers. The constraints are physical and financial.

Two hundred women or more pay on the average of thirty-five to fifty cents a night for the privilege of sleeping in the private "hotels" on the Bowery. (Usually in a rather public dormitory with about nine other women who paid the same price for a bed.) They are not allowed into these dormitories during the day. They are paying therefore for the privilege of sleeping at night. Most of these women do domestic work from day to day, living always under the shadow of the possibility of not getting work one day, not eating that day, and not sleeping that night. How many women could manage to look even lightly composed after about forty-eight hours of this sort of endurance? When a social-economic set up turns basic minimum needs into luxuries it is time to upset the system. But until that can be done, until we can create this ideal society in which it will "be easier for men to be good" as Peter Maurin said, we

bit of privacy in her own little cubicle, and provide our guests with a large, clean, warm sitting room. Like the ideal hospice, we would run a clothes room, and perhaps even a laundry where we could wash and iron our clothes and bedding and be decently clean. (Not that cleanliness is next to godliness, but it doesn't harm human relations any.)

We do need a larger hospice for women here. Conceivably there could be some compromises made on details like the size of the room used for the sitting room, or the number of meals we could serve. But there can be no compromise with this glaring need for more beds for less—or no—money. We can't back out on the grounds that our charity is not adequate to meet the demands. A Christian concept of justice points out the need, and God willing, many just Christians will help us fill it. Plans like this one that may seem ridiculous to many, are wise to the Christian mentality. Schemes that seem imprudent to thousands are careful and cautious to Christians who understand that it is their function to be just and to love.

Finances, however, are a weighty problem in the practical plans for such a house. On such a large scale our debts would be really heavy. Could we count on donations from fellow Christians to keep the place open and functioning effectively? Even with begging a considerable part of our supplies, the debts for a family of fifty would run high. Would it be betraying the tradition of centuries of freely given, abundant Christian charity to charge even half of the half dollar demanded of these people at present? Where does prudence enter into the organization of such a venture. These issues do not have to be solidified immediately. First, our own values and motives must be straightened out.

Issues like the above must be resolved before any workable blueprint can be made. The whole scheme tends to sound a bit fantastic and not at all realistic. One would imagine the idea of a Catholic flop house for women will be a bit incongruous to the minds of many of the women who will read this paper in their own clean, warm kitchens. But we are living in a fantastic age, in a most fantastic part of an incredible city. In discussions like this one the radical must clarify his values and attitudes. The status quo being what it is, we might suggest he follow a bit of Chestertonian advice and stand on his head if he is to see the problem in its proper perspective, then adjust his attitudes accordingly.

We've been hearing so much about the dignity of woman and her precious influence on the social order. Now we must take personal responsibility for her when the social order has exerted all possible degrading influence on her and deposited her in our hands. It should be our joy to work for her and with her, all the while praying that the day will come when the Christian influence will get to her first.

Let the sophist and the administrator tiptoe cautiously through the maze of dazed humanity on the Bowery, seeking credible causes for each "case" and calculating percentages of error. Those to whom God has given the mandate to be servants of the poor must scour the neighborhood for a likely building, beg the money to buy or rent it, beg again for beds and blankets, and open a new hospice for women.

Perhaps then it can be proved that it is not numbers alone that make the "institutional" mentality. The manual work, personal sacrifice, and sincere sense of responsibility of the de Pauls and de Porreses of the Church is a challenge to us. There will be a mentality too, that will brand us fools for undertaking such a project under any circumstances. God willing, we will meet that challenge too.



must create a temporary set-up in which it will be less difficult for them to stay alive.

Our situation here at the Catholic Worker twists itself into a kind of knotty dilemma. There is a way to avoid this dilemma, but it is a serious alternative. It is not really necessary to be forced to choose between turning women away or spreading our charity thinner. We have the example of the mother of God who solved the dilemma and masterfully. We can simply state: Father we have no more beds. If our motives are pure and our hearts charitably disposed, we can experience a kind of miracle too. We can find a larger, better building for women here on the Bowery.

There are, of course, a standard set of queries which the "informed" modern mind will pose immediately. "If they are in such bad straits, why aren't they on state relief?" "Why aren't the older ones in state homes?" "Why aren't the unstable and deficient ones in state hospitals?" "Why aren't the alcoholics sent off to state farms?" "Why indeed! The children of our day ask questions to which there are a plethora of complex, arbitrary and pedantic answers. The questions put to us by Christ are more simple, more pointed, more effective: "Lovest thou Me?"

It is clear that God has given us the energy and understanding to help these suffering chosen few. It is just as clear that He means for us to do something about it. Contrary to the professional point of view of the social workers, these women's basic material needs are not material for "cases". Speculating and calculating in the face of these needs is a definite affront to the dignity of these people. Call it imprudence, call it naivete, it is still the zenith of crudity to make a moot question of the corporal works of mercy in the face of human helplessness.

It is not only possible but necessary that a larger and more accommodating hospice for women be opened in our neighborhood to accommodate at least forty or fifty women. With enough room, we could give each person a luxurious