

CATHOLIC WORKER

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"YES! I AM A RADICAL!" — PETER MAURIN

I was once thrown out of a Knights of Columbus meeting because as the K. of C. official said, I was a radical. I was introduced as a radical before the college students of a Franciscan college, and the Franciscan Father added "I am as radical as Peter Maurin." Speaking in a girls' college near St. Cloud, Minn., I was told by Bishop Busch "Conservatives are up in a tree and you are trying to go down to the roots."

POOR CONSERVATIVES

After another meeting I was told by a sociologist "I still think that you are a radical." And I told the sociologist "We have to pity those poor conservatives who don't know what to conserve; who find themselves living in a changing world while they do not know how to keep it from changing or how to change it to suit themselves." Monsignor Fulton Sheen says: "Modern society is based on greed." Father McGowan says: "Modern society is based on rugged individualism." When conservatives try to conserve a society based on greed, systematic selfishness and rugged individualism they try to conserve something that is radically wrong, for it is built on a wrong basis. And when conservatives try to conserve what is radically wrong

they are also radically wrong.

A NEW SOCIETY

To be radically right is to go to the roots by fostering a society based on creed, systematic unselfishness and gentle personalism. To foster a society based on creed instead of greed; on systematic unselfishness instead of systematic selfishness; on gentle personalism instead of rugged individualism, is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

SHOUTING A WORD

Fr. Parsons says: Where there is confusion of mind someone has only to shout a word and people flock. When Mussolini shouted discipline people flocked. When Hitler shouted restoration people flocked.

THE RIGHT WORD

Mussolini's word is discipline. Hitler's word is restoration. My word is tradition. I am a radical of the right. I go right to the right because I know it is the only way not to get left.

Sound principles are not new. They're very old; they are as old as eternity. The thing to do



is to restate the never new and never old principles in the vernacular of the man of the street. Then the man of the street will do what the intellectual has failed to do: that is to say, "do something about it."

NO UNITY OF THOUGHT

Henry Adams says in his autobiography: "You cannot get an education in modern America because there is no unity of thought in modern America." And he found out that the thing applied to modern England and modern France. But looking at the Cathedral of Chartres and Mont St. Michel he found out that one was able to get an education in thirteenth century France because there was unity of thought in thirteenth century France.

PHILOSOPHY AND SOPHISTRY

Mortimer Adler says: Modern philosophers

have not found anything new since Aristotle. Modern philosophers are not philosophers; they are sophists. Aristotle had to deal with sophists in his day and age. What Aristotle said to the sophists of his own day could be read with profit by modern philosophers.

THE CITY OF GOD

Jacques Maritain says: "There is more in man than man." Man was created in the image of God; therefore there is the image of God in man. There is more to life than life this side of the grave; there is life the other side of the grave. Science leads to biology, biology to psychology, psychology to philosophy. Philosophy is the handmaid of theology. To build up the city of God, that is to say, to express the spiritual in the material through the use of pure means, such is the task of professing Christians in this day and age.

INTEGRAL HUMANISM

Through the influence of Maxim Gorki the Marxists have come to the conclusion that Marxist writers

should be more than proletarian writers; that they should be cultural writers. Waldo Frank thinks that the cultural tradition must be brought to the proletarian masses, who will appreciate it much more than the acquisitive classes. What the Marxists call culture Maritain calls Socialist Humanism. But Socialist Humanism is not all humanism, according to Maritain. In a book entitled "L'Humanisme Integral" Jacques Maritain points out what differentiates Integral Humanism from Socialist Humanism.

THOUGHT AND ACTION

Integral Humanism is the humanism of the Radicals of the Right. The Radicals of the Left are now talking about Cultural Tradition. The bourgeois idea is that culture is related to leisure. Eric Gill maintains that culture is related to work, not to leisure. Man is saved through faith and through works, and what one does has a lot to do with what one is. Thought and action must be combined. When thought is separated from action it becomes academic. When thought is related to action it becomes dynamic. (Reprinted from 1936)

Mexican Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Today is the feast of Sts Vincent and Anastasius, martyrs. In Saragossa, Spain, in 304, Vincent was placed on a gridiron over burning coals. "God tried them like gold in the furnace." Anastasius, a monk from Persia was beheaded in 628 after suffering terrible torments. While burning on the gridiron, Vincent exclaimed, "I thought your cruelty would go still further." Anastasius also said, "I expected a more cruel kind of death." Both died on the same day of the year, so their feast day is celebrated together. This information is given at the beginning of the Mass, and it is the kind of thing Ammon Hennacy delights in reading, and which he says makes him feel like a "pip-squeak." Being only five or six years a Catholic, the lives of the saints are new to him, who is used only to the lives of the martyrs of the radical labor movement. He is not at all bothered, as I used to be, at the emphasis on suffering, which I uneasily used to think showed a spirit of masochism. Ammon always seems to have known that man's "faith, more precious than gold, must be tried as in the fire." "A servant must not be above his master, and if they have persecuted me they must also persecute you," Our Lord said.

A strange thing is this faith of ours. "You do not enter Paradise tomorrow or the day after, or in

ten years," Leon Bloy wrote. "You enter it today when you are poor and crucified."

I have just left a country where the people are poor and crucified. They have, within our lifetime, suffered a religious persecution like that of Russia, or like that of France only so recently as 1905, and which the Church needs must undergo, if her faith is to be proven,—if she is to walk in the footsteps of her Master.

I'd like to quote the whole of the Mass of this day, but lacking space, I can only ask our readers to read in the book of Wisdom (Douay Bible) Wisdom 3, 1-8, and Luke 21, 9-19.

It all seems so clear, when you go to Communion each day and read the Bible, receiving the word of God made Flesh and the word of God, in this case presented in the missal.

Fr. Leo Neudecker invited me last year to make the pilgrimage with his group from the Winona, Minnesota diocese, to the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, but I was not able to go since I was in jail for five days last January, for our civil disobedience gesture of two years ago. We served our 30 day sentence for 1957 in August, and since if the drill is held again this year and we refuse to take part we are in danger of another sentence,

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Stop Atomic Tests In The Pacific

The Golden Rule sail boat is protesting these tests, leaving February 9 from San Pedro harbor for Hawaii, Wake Island and the restricted area in the Marshall Islands where the tests are scheduled in April. Four Quakers, Bert Bigelow, former commander in the Navy; Bill Huntington, architect and boatsman; George Willoughby, head of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors; and David Gale, young pacifist, are the crew of this 30 foot ketch with 500 feet of sail and a small 24 hp auxiliary motor.

President Eisenhower and other authorities were informed of this voyage ahead of any press release. The crew members took part in the opposing of the tests in Nevada last summer. Dorothy Day and I are on the Committee for Non-Violent Action Against Nuclear Weapons and I have met weekly with the steering committee. We are also planning protests in Florida, Wyoming, Nevada or Washington in April as we find advisable to correspond with our comrades in the Golden Rule on the high seas.

As the Boston, Pilot said editorially in 1955: "The greatest

single act of human destruction in the history of the world must be placed on our doorstep—and we did it a second time at Nagasaki the next day as if to show it was no accident... The supreme tragedy of this moment... is that we still refuse to strike our breast and acknowledge our sin... We cannot buy back our innocence with all the gold in Fort Knox; guilt must be washed away in penitence."

This is what we are doing: penance while on the Golden Rule at sea and penance in our civil disobedience, fasting and picketing the continued testing of atomic weapons. If Admiral A. A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations can see the possibility "which we have got to learn to live with of some madman pressing the button, and he will wipe out the Northern Hemisphere" then certainly every pacifist or pacifist sympathizer should oppose all of these atomic preparations for war, misnamed "defense."

We ask your support to finance this voyage. Send contributions, small or large, to Walter Longstreth, Treasurer, 2006 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30. First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

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Permanence and Precarity

It seems that these two diverse states, permanence and precarity, have both assumed a strange but integral part of The Catholic Worker's existence. Its permanence would seem to be borne out by the fact that on May Day of this year the movement and the New York house of hospitality mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of their inception.

Ten years ago Father Wilfrid Parsons wrote on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary "I admit I got a shock in hearing that you are as young as all that; somehow or other I was living under the impression that you had been going on forever—well, for a long time anyway." I wonder if his reaction is the same today; twenty-five years is a long time.

So much for permanence; precarity is more important.

Whether you do a thing for a long time, like St. Teresa of Avila, or for a short time, like St. Teresa of Lisieux, you should, like both of them, do it well. The Catholic Worker has from the beginning been totally committed to voluntary poverty and because of this our readers, even those of them who did not agree with our politics have been willing to feed us and clothe us and shelter us by means of their generous donations. Precarity is our life insurance and all our security bonds are labeled "poverty."

Anyone who has studied the histories of religious orders will testify to the fact that when they neglected their vow of poverty and became too comfortable they either disappeared or ceased to fulfill any valid function and gave scandal to boot.

So last week we were assailed by mixed emotions when we received a notice from the Transit Authority that our home, St. Joseph's House, was going to be torn down along with all the other buildings on this block to make way for a new subway connection. This house on Chrystie Street is the most comfortable The Catholic Worker has owned in the past quarter century; perhaps we were getting too comfortable. We hope that we won't be accused of being "pious" when we say that we consider this something of a "sign" from God, a most appropriate gift on our twenty-fifth anniversary. The gift of precarity to insure our permanence.

We will of course need a new house but we have been told that we probably will not have to move before July and we feel sure that God will provide for us before that time. We hope that our friends in the New York area who are in a position to do so will give us their advice and help in the matter. We will need a building that will accommodate approximately sixty people and it must be in a poor neighborhood that will tolerate a breadline but in one that is not scheduled to be torn down.

We would like to take this opportunity to invite all of those who have given some of the precious years of their lives to this work either in New York or any of the other cities around the country in the various houses of hospitality to visit us if they can on or around May Day. Many of you "old timers" have never met the present staff workers and we would like to meet you. We feel a great sense of tradition and kinship and we are certain that you do too. And we want to make it clear that we mean to include in that category the "ambassadors of God" from the Skid Rows of this nation who have given years of their lives cooking the food and painting the walls and mopping the floors in these houses of hospitality and who have made us ashamed at times of our indolence.

Robert Steed



E. ZUTRAU

Chrystie Street

By KERRAN DUGAN

After nine years of his formidable presence, St. Joseph's House feels the absence of Charlie McCormack, who has gone to take to himself a wife. During his last three years with us, Charlie ran the house—went to market, paid the bills, dispensed lodging, settled disputes, quelled disturbances, prodded us into getting our copy to the printer on time, oversaw the mailing of the paper, visited us when we were sick or imprisoned, drove the station wagon when clothes had to be picked up or a family had to be moved. He did it all with a quiet firmness of manner that was never ruffled by the panic or tale-bearing of others.

Charlie's departure is lightened only by the knowledge that he is leaving to marry Agnes Bird. Agnes has never lived at the house, but of all the people who have worked with us over the years from the outside, she is the one probably closest to the bosom of our family.

Invalids

Arthur Lacey, the irrepressible itinerant, is back with us after a stay of several months at Koinonia in Georgia. He has resumed his work in the men's clothes room, and helps in many other ways, but his special avocation is accompanying people to hospitals. Many times men come in who need medical attention, and now that Arthur is back there is no problem in finding someone to take them to Bellevue's free dressing office. By the time you turn around to ask him, Arthur already has his coat and green, peaked cap on.

One man came in during the past month with pneumonia and Roger had him lie on a long table in the office until Arthur and Bob—who is driving now in Charlie's place—could take him to the hospital.

Flops

Another job of Arthur's is taking men over to Bowery hotels in the evening. When the house beds are filled, still men come for lodging, especially in the wintertime, and it is hard to turn them away, especially in the wintertime. The overflow congregates in the corridor and then troop over with Arthur to Uncle Sam's or one of the many other cheap hotels that dot the Bowery, where Arthur pays them in for the night. The average overflow during January was eight or nine men, but on some especially cold nights we paid for thirteen or fourteen at hotels and one night the number reached nineteen. We could only be thankful that the need came at a time when we had the money to take care of it.

Australian CW

Kevin Kelly, one of the founders of the Australian Catholic Worker and now working with the Australian delegation to the U.N., visited the office one afternoon during January and among other things told us this story:

Although inspired by this paper, the Australian CW does not parallel our paper either in theory or practice. It is, for one thing, not pacifist. But during the War it was against conscription for overseas service. A man in Adelaide who was going to hold an anti-conscription rally needed more copies of the paper for the occasion and wrote the editors in Canberra. A telegram came back to him: "Six hundred Catholic Workers arriving on 4:15 from Canberra." When the 4:15 pulled into Adelaide it was met by a swarm of police, who were somewhat dismayed at not encountering a train full of wild anti-conscription men.

Trocme

Andre Trocme, French Protestant pacifist visiting this country for a few weeks, spoke to us at one of our Friday night meetings during January. Among the things he talked about were:

The Dominicans in France who

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IN THE MARKET PLACE

By AMMON HENNACY

What would you do if Russia attacked us?

Kneel and pray for our sins that have brought the attack upon us; and pray for the Russians.

We have scattered obliteration bombing in Bremen, Hamburg, Tokyo, and atomic death in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and we continue our atomic testing which spreads Strontium 90 over the world. We have spread death over Europe in two wars; now we will learn what it all means here at home. We have taken the sword and now we are dying by the sword.

"He wins who gets there fustest with the mostest," said a Southern leader in the Civil War. If we believe in the military way of life we ought to be armed with the most terrible weapons and have the facility of using them quicker than the enemy. To be inefficiently armed is not to be a pacifist. To disarm without ceasing our exploitation would be foolish. A clean about face toward the principles of love and brotherhood of the early Christians is needed. And we are the nation least probable to acknowledge our sins and repent.

The whole history of our country has been militaristic from the time we tried to exterminate the Indians to our Mexican and Spanish American wars. I mentioned in the last issue of our support of dictatorship and of our dollar diplomacy.

We have spoken for years of the natural result of capitalist imperialism and its need to expand. As Randolph Bourne said in 1918, "War is the health of the State." Even if now war has become suicidal our exploiters must needs live up to the tradition of all exploiters. As Tolstoy said they will do everything but get off the backs of the poor: welfare state security, and instead of the bread and circus of the Romans we have give-away programs, pensions and subsidies. Several business men like Henry L. Nunn, Cyrus Eaton, and Weir of the steel industry have pointed out that unrestricted capitalism cannot but lead to the destruction of all. But the Rockefeller, Dupont, Ford and General Motors clique are the ones who have control.

So if Russia attacked us with missiles or atom bombs all that we would do would be to help those nearest to us in whatever way we could. This is what Dorothy Day remembers was done at the time of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906 when she was there. We would obey any necessary routing of traffic or sanitary regulations, but it is likely that we would find it necessary to circumvent the red tape of the bureaucrats and help people on our own as we did during the depression and as we do now. We would of course refuse to be a part of any military set up and for this refusal might be imprisoned or killed, but for us to be pacifist between wars and not when war does come is like being a vegetarian between meals.

In our contact with the enemy we would not show fear or hatred and by our actions we would try to make them ashamed of their oppressive tactics, knowing that all soldiers act worse in war time than they would if left to themselves as individuals in peace time. We would try to appeal to "that of God in every man" as the Quakers say.

If possible we would, without a "preachy attitude," show those whom we would meet that there is another way of life than that of hatred and murder; that small communes in the country are possible, and now that Wall Street is no more we should not seek to rebuild it. We should by this time have learned "not to put our trust in Princes," whether of the mart or of the state.

What about Christ chasing the money changers out of the Temple? Does that not justify war?

Christ was "true God and true man." He was hungry and thirsty and He suffered and bled on the Cross. In this He was the man. He saw the Jewish Temple made a den of thieves and evil being done by hypocrites who kept the letter of the law taking legal advantage of the rate of exchange and of technicalities that the poor and untaught knew little about. As He suffered when scourged so did He suffer at this blasphemy and He chased the cattle who would not move without the lash. Whether He actually lashed the moneychangers or whether their guilt made them flee we do not know. But we do know that He did not try to exterminate their families or to imprison and kill them. He used no law against them made by man. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." So Jesus was without sin and was the only One who had the right to chase the evil men out of the Temple. And for this among other things they killed Him.

Likewise during the agony in the garden when He knew that Peter despite his protestation of great faith would soon betray Him those three times His flesh was tired and He told Peter to sell his clothes and buy a sword. Peter said that here were two swords. Jesus replied, "That is enough." Then when Malchus was arresting Jesus Peter took one of the swords and cut off the ear of Malchus. Jesus was God and He did not tell Peter to cut off the other ear, but performed His last miracle by healing the ear, and He disarmed Peter and all of us by saying "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

The whole essence of the Sermon on the Mount is to love the enemy, to turn the other cheek, and to return good for evil. The enemies of the Jews were the Romans. Jesus did not show any hatred toward them and even said if a Jew were asked according to law to carry the pack of a soldier one mile he should show kindness to the enemy by carrying the pack two miles. But what aroused His anger was hypocrisy in the Synagogue. So today we find those who trust in violence, both of courts and of war, to justify this violence by quoting the passage about the chasing of moneychangers. If they would take it in its context they would look to the Churches today and think what Christ would do if He saw the gambling going on in them and the emphasis upon huge edifices instead of the justice and love that Christ taught.

Gates and the Daily Worker

The death of the Daily Worker was noted with pleasure by the Herald Tribune and New York Times. Some like the Brooklyn Tablet felt that John Gates leaving the party and the bankruptcy of the Daily Worker meant little for it might lull the anti-Communist fight in which they were engaged. On their last day of publication I visited their office in friendliness after selling the CW at St. Patrick's and St. Francis of Assisi most of the day. I know all of the folks around the Daily Worker and I feel that John Gates is sincere and in his recent action is brave. I heard him on Nightbeat and read his articles in the Post and respect his integrity. Any of us who have been in a movement for a length of time and have become disillusioned tend to be bitter toward our former associates. All of the non-Communist left seem to hate Communists more than they do the capitalist system. We of the CW do not hate either but of course our sympathies are always with the extreme left of which we are a part.

At the time when the Communist Party handed out leaflets headed "The Yanks Are Not Coming" I was distributing anti-war literature with them at the door of the First Methodist Church in Milwaukee the night Kagawa, the Japanese pacifist spoke. The next day Hitler

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Reconnaissance Talk

By FATHER J. F. T. PRINCE

The Church's answer to Communism's challenge is built chiefly around two themes: the inner contradictions and essential weakness of Communist messianism, and the constructive, regenerative revolution proposed in the Christian Gospel. Now it is evident that we can have no part in the Mission of Our Lord nor can we hope to qualify as His messengers, carriers of His Good News, until one thing has happened, and one condition has been fulfilled. That condition is that we own up to our fault: I will put it more plainly, and say confess our sin.

Our Lord's message is the forgiveness of sin and all that that implies. Now do not let us fool ourselves that the modern heresy of seeking our good estate here below is peculiar to Socialism and the Soviet. It is all about us; we are infected by it ourselves; for the main concern of all of us, in actual fact, is this, "What am I going to get out of this world?"

Again, therefore, let me emphasize that we need have little patience with the identification of anti-Christ solely with Communism. We need not be ashamed of our irritation even, when we see the zeal of honest men wholly diverted by the Red Herring. If men of power (and I include our moralizing journalists) would but devote their energies to a more urgent cause—cleansing the Temple of the Money-Power worship, good business, and humbug, they would be better qualified to pick the mote out of the Communist eye. For the plague within the fold is a peril more pressing even than the wolf without.

For what is it that our moralizing economists are striving? Is it for harmony "between rich and poor?" "Rich and poor!" It is to be wondered that the very terms should be accepted in Christian communities, now that riches mean two (if not three) of the sins crying to Heaven for vengeance—and poverty, the degradation and dehumanization of humanity.

There is sound sense in the admonition that we of the West must disinfest ourselves of much that is in the Marxist's code—of materialism and opportunism. Nor should we ignore all his implements; we must not discard St. Paul because his words form a motto of the Soviet Union. Nor disdain to get inside the mind of the Marxist and speak to him in his own terms. A cleric who writes a book dealing with these things is bidden to "chasten his style" because it reminds the reviewers of Marxist polemic—which no doubt is what the writer wanted to remind his public about. The term *Creative Revolution* has been employed by various writers as the answer to Marx's destructive Revolution: in this expression is epitomized the constructive, regenerative genius of Christianity as opposed to the essentially destructive nature of atheism in Communist revolution and its programmes. The Soviet has not failed in the political arena: it has not failed in the material order: but it is for all that a moral failure. It has failed precisely where we have failed. It has failed because it has rejected the spiritual: it has regarded man simply as an animal, and a man cannot and will not be regarded as an animal. He cannot be turned into an animal because of his inherent perception of the spiritual. It is this reaction to the spiritual (that we call religion) that the Soviet has been unable to take from the Russian people. As I have suggested, the thing that has struck me most forcibly about Russian Communists that I have known is the way they have to attach themselves to artificial spiritual values.

Here then is the crux of the matter, perceiving in the Church not a political party, we should be more anxious to differentiate between right and wrong than between Right and Left. It is not the Church's vocation and it is not our mission to defend privilege or caste. We do not belong to a select movement wearing pretty insignia to distinguish us from the wicked world. The Catholic Church is not a very small Ark, outside which the majority perish.

How much of the lesson have we grasped? "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." The Kingdom? It is that of the King Who reigned first from the Tree of the Cross, Who taught that failure could be greater than success and service greater than dominion. Our victory over "Evil Things" claimed in the name of Faith, of service, of suffering—what tragedy if it is to be whittled away in expedients, in the striving after a little more comfort, prosperity for prosperity's sake, and finally lost in a world of merely relative values. There can be no greater gain, even here below, than the absolute value, the security of the Abiding City, to which, when it be sought and captured, all else will be added. Here is the seal set upon true victory.

'PRIVATE PROPERTY' A Question of Semantics

By MICHAEL J. CLIFFORD

"We speak much of private property . . ." says a recent article on *Braceros and The Land*. Since the phrase "private property" means so many different things to so many different people, I would like to suggest that we stop using the term.

Wealthy land and factory owners and their spokesmen in the commercial press are fond of referring to the sanctity of private property by which they mean the vast holdings which enable them to exploit their fellow men. To them it is a loaded phrase, calculated to make every beggar clutch his verminous rags tighter to his freezing and wasted form lest these poor possessions be expropriated by an arm of society. But the fact is that "private property" is one thing to the small owner and something else again to the large owner.

That property which a man needs to maintain his inviolable human dignity should be called **PERSONAL PROPERTY**, property which is proper to his person. This would include the clothes he wears and sufficient food and shelter for himself and his family. In given circumstances it could also include means of transportation, farming equipment, etc. A man who "owns"

a steel mill cannot accurately describe his holding as personal property in this same sense. It is not personal or private because it requires the efforts of many other people for him to be able to live from it: the people who buy his steel, those who furnish his raw materials, and those who help him produce, market and transport his finished product. Since this type of "private property" is social in its uses, we should refer to it as what it is: **SOCIAL PROPERTY**.

It is important to remember here that the "owner" of a steel mill could be naked, starving and freezing in the midst of his "private property" without the assistance mentioned above.

The position of the large land owner is basically similar to that of the steel mill owner: that portion of his land and wealth which is necessary to maintain himself and his family in human dignity is **PERSONAL PROPERTY**. The remaining thousands of acres are **SOCIAL PROPERTY** for the same reasons given heretofore.

Lest I be accused of quibbling over terms, phrases and definitions, let us remember that hundreds of millions of people, the world over, are being misled, some deliberately



A Letter To A Russian

By ERIC LANGKJAER

Dear Ivan,

I should have written you long ago and have only the usual excuses. My remissness is particularly unpardonable as I feel sure you have been troubled by problems that concern us both and have wanted to hear from me first, knowing that I knew you could not possibly express your feelings openly. A letter like this gives us the advantage, if not of privacy, at least of a personal exchange, of the opening up of one heart to another—how the heart is being neglected these days!—and maybe less attention need be paid to stylistic niceties so long as your impression corresponds to my own earnest objective, that of speaking to you as one human being to another—*de profundis*.

Possibly your government keeps you even more uninformed about the overriding problem of our time—the production, use, and control of nuclear weapons—than my own. Let me sum up, therefore, what I am told about these matters.

I am told that my country has the capacity to destroy your country completely, and that yours can do the same to mine. Further, that in the process of mutual destruction all of life, human and animal, around the globe will be endangered.

I am told that efforts are now being made to produce so-called "cleaner" bombs, that is, bombs with reduced "fall out" effects.

I am told that some reliance is being placed on smaller "tactical" A-weapons, which because of their adaptability to limited military targets could serve as a deterrent to small wars (that might easily turn into the Big One) and which, if War should come, could hold it within bounds of destructiveness. However, I am also told that even these smaller weapons carry a lethal load equal to the one that destroyed Hiroshima or Nagasaki.

I am told that sharp disagreement exists among scientists as to the effects on the human body of continued nuclear testing (contradictory statements being issued at regular intervals), with some scientists insisting that nuclear tests produce no provable harmful effects (we get more radiation from our natural environment, they say, than we have been getting from tests), and others just as fervently claiming that all radiation is harmful.

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and maliciously and some innocently and/or ignorantly by the "private property" hoax. To sum it up: There is Personal Property and there is Social or Community Property. Since the term "private property" does not describe anything fairly or accurately, anyone using the term knowingly stands suspected of ulterior motives.

Liberty and Leadership

By JOHN STANLEY

There must be a constant emancipation of human beings, one from the other: parents from children, children from parents, priests from laymen, laymen from priests, and married people from each other, and students and teachers and workers and owners, et alia. This must be done in order to create the necessary situation of their being able to join one another again on the adult level of gallant equity. (The worker-owner situation is a special one, of course; it is necessary that it be eliminated altogether because it is a sick relationship—at root). But even in the most perfect society imaginable there will be priests and students and wives and teachers; and there will be friends. But none of these people must live in the other—even in a dependency that may appear to be satisfying and comfortable. Left at this, of course, it is nothing more than individualism; and we've been through that stage, it is evil; it is evil because it does not conform to reality. Each man must become his own man; then he must join in loving (voluntary) cooperation with other men like himself in actions of mutual edification on all levels: material, psychological, intellectual, et cetera. And this pattern of withdrawal and embrace must be life-long. And the strong must lead delicately and tenderly.

Photography has turned out to be one of the most exciting and moving and valuable media of expression of all time. Possibly for the first time man has seen the human face. For the first time, perhaps, man can look unabashedly into the face of his brother and see him—and himself—as he is: tinkling and grand and lost and cruel and delighted and voluptuous and sorrowing and waiting and waiting and waiting (All this was demonstrated quite unforgettably by Edward Steichen in his photography exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art a year or two ago; he called it the "Family of Man"). Each one needs to see.

All life is liquid; but men become rigid; that is why it is difficult for them to stay with it. "We are so various," as James Baldwin said in *Giovanni's Room*, that confusion has developed as to what man is. Not that theoretical statements, theological, philosophical, psychological and poetical are lacking; but the theories remain theories so long; they repose safely and decorously in libraries; or they float in captive balloons tethered to podiums. This is due, in part, to the nature of the theoretician, the intellectual, who tries to extract the essences of the great blood and ghost filled truths which have roots that stretch back to the very nucleus of God Himself, and which are known, therefore, in some way, by every man known and loved by God. The intellectual tries to make these dark-known things more brightly known; this is his vocation. But frequently he thinks that because he has thought his thought, and enunciated it, that it is somehow already accomplished; and he becomes bored with it and is ready to go on to the next thing. And it satisfies him to think his thought, which is everybody's thought, and which he could not tell them unless they already knew; and he, possibly, has done enough just to think and to speak; but it doesn't say that the rest of mankind has moved to order its life, or even seen more clearly. Therefore, each one is surprised when a man is bestial, or generous—or when he dies. And so each one does not hesitate to use and manipulate and mock a man; and that is because man is not real to man; he lives in a world of unreality; especially do tough, "realistic," "practical" men live in fathomless unreality.

And the Angel of Illusion, the Enemy of Man encourages each one at every moment not to see man as he is; and this has made it easier for man to despise himself, and to despise his fellows, and to use them and to destroy them with flame-throwers. No race or nation has resisted this temptation: the English in Ireland, the French in Africa, the Russians in Central Asia and the Baltic, the Americans with the Indians, and so forth, through the crepe-hung centuries of shackled life and still birth and salt washed lacerations.

It has been a commonplace for a long while now that this spirit and action of exploitation is one of the prerogatives of the ruling classes, or power elite; and, indeed, they have always led the way; but now they are sharing more and more their techniques with greater and greater portions of the "lower orders;" they encourage the workers to develop their concupiscences and to prey on each other in order to keep them weak and divided. There is less and less "worker solidarity," a curiously old fashioned term. Each one seeks his own advantage, even if it means consuming the substance of his brother. How carelessly the picket lines are crossed.

Why hasn't the labor movement matured in this country? Why is it still playing the part of a grotesquely large child crying for lollypops? Why hasn't it passed the stage of playing with its own faeces? There is no idea of man and his dignity. There is no idea. There is only a sick yearning for fat, wan, middlebrow demiparadise. Instead of gathering their irresistible strength and breaking out, they choose drugs; great varieties of drugs and balms. They refuse to grow—except in size. Maybe there is some sort of death wish present. In any case, it is plain that there is not enough realized strength present in them for them to walk away from their masters and oppressors, to secede; they choose instead to oppress and to hit back. This is cruel and self-defeating and unadult, and therefore irresponsible.

Man is a creature whose nature demands that he be revered by every other man; his origin, his terminus, and his proper mode of operating indicate this nature; and most central to the essential core of his being pulses his potential liberty; here lies his virtue, his manliness; it is from here that his love springs. He does not understand this, and he abuses it and misuses it, and, saddest of all, leaves it unused. He is the victim of a conspiracy, with himself one of the conspirators. He has rarely been able to grasp the opportunity of operating freely. And he never will until he does. He never will learn to live it and to love it if the opportunity is not kept in his hand. He must know that he has the possibility over and over again. It's painful and it takes time to develop those inside thigh muscles you need to stay on a horse. Each one has the duty to be responsible, and he cannot cultivate this unless he is given responsibility. And "given" is not used here in the sense of a donum on the part of an especially generous landlord; no, no, no! Absolutely speaking, it is each man's right and duty to live in an order of active-responsible-liberty. But how can a man respond, carry on a dialogue with equals, if the most typical contact he has with others is being beaten over the head to force the memorizing of formulae, and be mocked for a fool in the bargain?

If these things are discussed with some educated man (men, by the way, who have not necessarily sat with teachers who have educated, led out, their true capacities and aspirations, but who have more than likely, permitted themselves to be molded to perform a certain function in a class structure); if it were possible to discuss these facts and theories with some educated men—who, more likely than not have inherited or assumed clusters of ruling class attitudes—it is likely that they will display for your inspection a structure of well-riveted biases. They are likely to say things like: Yes, but what do they do with their freedom, or leisure time, or whatever it is. Many

(Continued on page 7)

Farmer in "Psycho"

(Cont. from Jan. issue)

A dance was announced for Wednesday night. At first I gave it no thought for when a man is imprisoned and desperately wants to be with his family he is hardly in a spirit to go to a dance. But when my friend came to me in a kind of care free attitude and invited me to investigate this thing out of curiosity I contracted his care-free spirit and gave my name for the dance. I asked the Jewish man who was so lonely, fearful, and attached to his wife if he were going and to my surprise he said he thought he would. We even talked Mr. Young, the white-haired, dark-skinned, General Motors mechanic, who was born in Tunis and spoke French into going. We were actually in a slap-happy state, a blessing after all the tenseness. We were counted and there were 21 of us to go. The recreation center was on the 7th floor.

There were colorful oils on the wall of the corridor as we entered. This made me think we were in an art gallery and brought joy indeed. Inside, the main room was about 40' by 40' with huge wooden pillars and Chinese lantern chandeliers. There was an outer lounge where I noticed three weaving looms were kept. There were two ping pong tables, a juke box, piano, checker board and other games. Soon the girls came marching in—all shapes and sizes. They wore only night gowns and kimonos and were highly excited by the thought of the dance. It didn't take long for the party to get going. The juke box was booming and partners started whirling and twirling and some without a partner. Ping pong balls were bouncing, darts were flying the juke box jumping, juice and cookies in the corridor. It was a gay party.

My lonely Jewish friend had forgotten all about his wife for the moment and was swinging his partner to his heart's content. My friend took a try and even I had a dance. There were 2 very pleasant girl recreation workers to help in the dancing.

The aim was to help and serve the inmates and it was the attitude so much needed by the staff of the hospital. Were this true this would be a place of healing. A pleasant hostess in the corridor served juice and cookies and passed cigarettes.

I was especially glad I came to the dance because I met Jack Reynolds, a Columbia college pre-med student, who volunteered his service on Wednesday nights. We soon found we had similar ideas as to who were really insane. They were outside normals who thought themselves sane. He mentioned Eric Fromm saying in his book, *The Sane Society*, that modern man's greatest sickness is his own sanity.

Jack spoke of the late psychologist Lindner, who he said had similar ideas. I told Jack I thought "community" was the answer to mental therapy and described to him a little of one of the new community movements. He became interested in the Liberation Press and the Glen Gardner community. He said he would like to visit this community this weekend. He spoke of the Catholic publication, *The Commonweal*, having been a Catholic when he studied at Fordham and promised to bring me a copy.

It was refreshing to see a young American so sane. The dance lasted two hours. This had been such a good change for me that on Thursday night I went again and was glad for a professional tenor and soprano entertained us with Spanish and English songs I love so much, including Salamenti Una Vey, Amour, and Repidia.

Tests continue—

I was called by Dr. Girsh for the Rorschach Ink Blot Test. I was asked to tell what I saw in about 10 different ink blots. The first I described as a bat. The others I interpreted in a more spiritual way. I saw the tragedy of man living

apart from God except the last one which I described as The Hope, The New Heaven and The New Earth. One I remember as a turtle. I said it was a man crawling along blindly because he chose to live in a shell of ignorance, prejudice, fear and conformity. His view could go no further than himself and therefore he could not see the light above his shell. He should take the burden off his back and be lifted up. His head was small because he used but 1% of his brain and soul and his tail was large because he emphasized the physical instead of the spiritual.

Two rats I described as the brain washing of the mind by the powers that be. They ruled the masses by the weapon of fear and promised death to anyone who would deviate. They convinced the people that taxes were necessary as death, and the Bomb as breath. Man was represented by the rats hanging up side down because he was really not a free man when he accepted in toto the voice of his master. The pit below represented the institutions, prisons and mental hospitals where all who were different were thrown.

Another blot I said was man hiding under a dark blanket. Everything was done in secret and behind closed doors because man feared the revolutionary threats of the open discussion and the open mind.

The next I described as The Bomb, red fire embellishing from the top symbolizing force and retaliation in which man placed his security and trust. A circle in the middle of this blot symbolized the noose of self-destruction man himself created in making his idol and living in a vacuum without love. It symbolized man's self-reliance in his own knowledge and belief that the real was the physical which he could touch and see, rather than the real being the spiritual which he could not touch and see.

A blot showing two men,—the East and West facing each other, scowling and hating rather than loving. They are without feet for until they love they cannot walk and serve.

The last picture had many colors and was without the darkness of the others. It is the great promise of the future, the new Heaven and the New Earth where man has thrown off the shell "of selfness" and has lifted his eyes to God whereby man breathes. The red is the blood of God flowing down into the arteries of man making him full of love and light. The many different colors represent the different souls and their differences give them color and light.

Dr. Girsh stood in stunned silence as though he had never confronted anyone so insane and with such abnormal tendencies. I asked if it were in order to ask concerning my future and if he actually thought that I was insane. Well, he said "There are some things from your report that indicate difficulty." Because I said I did not want to be normal, I asked? I detest normalcy. Look at this ward, everyone smoking cigarettes. That's normalcy, but I want no part of it. Instead of living by the truth of God they live by every breath of Winston. "Look at normal Americans watching television. I want no part of it. And everyone shaving while I choose to deviate and have a beard for the reasons of saving time and keeping me warm in cold farm winters. These reasons are more rational than those of propriety. Normalcy, I believe is our sickness. Are normalcy and conformity sanity, I asked? Rather it is insanity. Do you know of Eric Fromm and the psychologist, Lindner who contend this very thing. He said he knew them and was much in agreement with them."

He then referred to my statement made upstairs in the disturbed ward that I could hear God's voice. I asked him if he had ever



THIS IS MY BODY

had an experience with God and moving uncomfortably he said he had.

Well then, I said, you have seen and heard God, too. When our prime motivation is Godliness then God speaks to us through our reason, conscience, soul, other people, natural creation, human creation and other ways.

He then referred to the Blot test and revealed a great dislike for my interpretation of the blots. He contended I had not been honest in this test by not reporting what I really saw. He said I show abnormality in this for the normal answers showed physical objects. He said I had proved I could see the physical objects for I, had interpreted the first blot thus. I told him I did not know he wanted physical interpretations each time. If he had told me so I would have given the answers in that manner. I gave the physical answer on the first but on the others I decided to see spiritual meanings and continued on to the end of the test. It is just a matter of motivation, I said. The normal person is motivated by materialism and this is insanity. I chose to be motivated by the spiritual and philosophical and so interpreted them so.

I cannot see why we must conform to pass a sanity test. Or why must we all give the same answer. You psychologists proceed on physical premises only, whereas the spiritual should be included and given the primary value.

Respect and dignity reign and the deviates are no longer thrown into the dark of prisons and mental hospitals but are respected and loved. The figure represented a man standing on his own two feet responsible to no one save God. Darkness is no longer present for force and fear have been cast out. Love and service are there. Man knows no more blocks, spheres of influence, and he now embraces his brother. As he loves he not only grows toward maturity but he brings out the God in his brother as well. Now he is man, he fears no more, knows differences are the potentiality of life and as he shares he expands.

The crucifixion of God (Comes just before the New Heaven). The crucifix is gone because man no longer crucifies God upon crosses or gallows but instead holds him down beneath to rot in an institution. Man crucifying God is represented by Force or the Bomb exploding. Each time man uses force or oppresses his brother God is put down. Every time a door is locked, God is crucified. Every time Doctors take authority over others and forget men were created equal God is crucified. Every time man stops loving and respecting other men God is crucified.

The doctor scribbled frantically, taking down these explanations and finally said he would see me again later.

After lunch my clothes were given to me but the belt had been removed from my pants. I substituted a string. When I took off my Bellevue stockings, to my amazement, I noticed my feet were

a solid black. I could hardly believe so much dirt could sift up from the floors to my feet.

At that time my name was called and I had a visitor. It was my brother and he seemed discouraged today. The Civil Liberties Union had referred him to a lawyer who handled Bellevue cases and he learned the fee is 1,000 dollars. Those who were in for observation had a chance for trial if the doctors sentenced them to commitment. My brother said the doctors had said I should be committed. I told my brother it was nonsense to pay a parasite that much money.

I told him I was eager to get home to my family and the cows but I could not give up my fight for truth. If God is to save man a lot of things would have to be sacrificed. The greatest thing I can do for my family is to stand for truth. The worst thing I could do would be to escape the issue before me. This old world is dying fast because people are more dedicated to their families and jobs than to God. In war thousands of men leave their families to die for that devil "War" but no one will go to the front to die for God.

These are brave words and high goals and already I have compromised by cooperating with the tyrant doctors. Words can never preach like deeds and if I had refused to cooperate the sermon would never be forgotten. To take the test is to admit I am sick and my family call is as great as that of God. But non-cooperation does not mean we stop loving. If I do not love the doctor I am crucifying God.

I had a terrible decision to make. Was I putting God on trial by cooperating and taking sanity tests. Should I put God before my family instead of cooperating. I wrote the following to Dr. Girsh who was to see me at 9 AM and continue my sanity tests;

"On Wednesday I put my family before God and decided to cooperate and take your tests. I had wanted to get home as soon as possible to stop the anxiety of my wife and three small children. But today I have decided to put God before my family. I can no longer put God on trial for sanity by cooperating and taking the sanity tests. This decision I have made with tears of anxiety and suffering."

Q.—Who brought you here.
A.—St. Clare Hospital ambulance.

Q.—Where were you before you were brought here.
A.—St. Clare Hospital.

Q.—What were you doing there.
A.—I don't know.

Q.—How long were you there.
A.—About an hour.

Q.—Where were you before that.
A.—CBS TV Studio 52.

Q.—Had you been working there.
A.—Yes.

Q.—What kind of work.
A.—God's work.

Q.—What kind of work is this.
A.—Loving God and you and all the rest of my brothers.

Q.—How long have you been in this work.
A.—Ever since I confronted God and had an experience with him.

Q.—When did you have this experience.
A.—No specific date; it was a gradual beginning in my twenties.

Q.—Have you ever had any pains.
A.—Yes.

Q.—Where.
A.—Throat, stomach, tooth, body injuries.

Q.—Have you had continuous pain in the stomach.
A.—No.

Q.—Have you been healthy.
A.—What does that mean.

The man interrupted in a pleasant, slow, calm voice as follows:

Q.—Do her questions make you nervous.
A.—Yes, she seems to be a little sadistic. Perhaps she is putting on an act to put me under tension and if so she is a good actress.

Q.—You seem to have a vocabulary of big words. Do you like writing.
A.—Yes.

Q.—Have many people told you you are a good writer.
A.—Not too many.

Q.—Do you read a lot.
A.—No.

Q.—Do you like philosophy and philosophical questions.
A.—Yes.

Q.—Where were you reared.
A.—Oxford, Ohio.

Q.—Isn't there a college there.
A.—Yes, Miami University.

Q.—Did you attend it.
A.—Yes.

Q.—What did you major in.
A.—Psychology.

Q.—Then you are familiar with some of the methods we are using.
A.—No, not too much, just acquainted with some of the tests like the Rorschach.

Q.—Have you ever given this test.
A.—Perhaps among the students.

Q.—How many doctors have you met.
A.—Five.

Q.—What do you think of this hospital.
A.—A Horror House.

Q.—How do they treat you.
A.—Like dogs.

Q.—The attendants do.
A.—Yes.

Q.—Do the doctors also.
A.—Your manner is polite but your purpose is horrifying, examining me for sanity when you have no right to do so.

The doctor then said, "That's a rather philosophical answer" and they left.

Saturday morning:
This place seems to have a fast turn over, all except myself and a few pathetic souls.

They are probably trying to punish me and teach me a good lesson so I'll never again threaten the powers that be with the revolution of love. The powers that be know the revolution of love and not communism is their biggest threat. Communism only changes names and leaves them in power to continue oppression by their police, and by Bellevues and prisons. They know love would change a society with a completely new structure where there would be no need for police, Bellevues, and prisons. Men would welcome the expression of thought. They would not want to kill thought in Bellevues. And they may succeed in killing my spirit so that I become a robot along with most other normal Americans.

There are only a few left who were here when I came. There is still the sheep-eyed smiling, pathetic Negro in blue pajamas from whom I can get no coherent speech. I pray for these poor tormented souls each time I catch their glance and say to myself, here is Jesus Christ. For as we do unto them we do unto Christ.

There's still the lonely little Honduras boy who laughs spasmodically. If you speak to him he will answer but he never makes an attempt to speak for himself. There's the man from Matamoros, Pa. who spent a year in Allentown

(Continued on page 8)

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CULTURE ATION ::

Man On A Merry-Go-Round

By JIM MILORD

There is an awful heresy running wild among workers that there is nothing that can be done about the situation in which they find themselves.

He is trapped, perhaps, in a revolving account at a department store. His eye got bigger than his wallet and he's shelling out eighty bucks a month for a small-sized launch, sometimes called an automobile. With insurance and taxes his ranch home is hitting him below the belt now with another hundred a month. One of his children needs extensive dental work and the church is calling for a sizable donation for a new recreation centre.

The years roll ahead like a carpet of nails and agony. There is nothing but worry ahead. He's walking on a water-wheel of money.

These things are a part of millions of workers' lives. All of it is taken for granted, lying down. There is no way out except for the momentary escape in alcohol, the television flight, the empty ride to nowhere.

This routine of grindstone-escape-grindstone is a one-way street to bitterness. And why not?

Is this all the further we have come after four thousand years of striving? To spend a majority of our time thinking and scheming of how to pay and pay again? To be slaves to usurers in Christian disguise, to those men of commerce who seem to control the life around us?

All this rat-racing, money-worrying, bill anxiety is given the name of security and the great pity of our time is that men feel that it is all as necessary as life itself, like eating and drinking. It never enters consciousness that there is a way out and that security is all so much nonsense.

Even with all the increase of nervous tension, ulcers, heart attacks and insanity the pace does not seem to lessen. It is increasing in tempo all the time. In spite of the fact that the worker hates money addiction and digs his own grave, he rushes pell-mell into the arms of the men who perpetuate the Security Myth.

Since when does a man need security?

A child will need it to a certain age. A child needs to hold its parents' hands in the dark. Why? He lives in an unreal world of goblins and bogeymen. When a full grown man lives in the spook-filled dark he will need security too. He will need all but the kitchen sink in his life. He will need a television set, not tomorrow but today—even if it means a revolving account. He will need his well-stocked icebox, his liquor cabinet, his pack of cigarettes each day to keep him away from the big bad wolf.

All this tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow living cannot be called Christian. The Christian worker has to pull the plug somewhere and stop kidding himself about this rainy day business or go on living with the goblins.

In the first place God has given us all the security we need—today, tomorrow, rainy day or dry. And to chase rainbows of an abundance which is not there all the time is being a pagan.

The Carpenter of Nazareth says: "Do not the heathen do this?"

Nowhere in history will we find anybody who worried very much about comfort who amounted to very much.

Again, a baby needs comfort and cuddling. But a man turns into putty with it in the large doses he takes today. Doctor Carrel tells us that men are at their best when they are steeled. Where is the steel in the advertisements of Time or Life or American Home and Gardens? In those security-minded pages we find the tri-level man, the comfort-loving man grinning his way to more accumulation. Grinning and serving Mammon, certainly not God.

The worker will work his way out of the dilemma when he turns his thoughts inwardly and begins to realize that there is nothing wrong with doing without freezers, dryers, air-conditioning, television, automobiles; nothing dishonourable about living simply (and happily) and austere. This will mean the eating of many humble pies which do not taste well with the calorierich diets in the magazines. But it is worth it.

The Carpenter speaks again: "Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the earth."

Here is the real security.

Peter Maurin Farm

By Beth Rogers

On January 27, Father Kennedy offered a requiem Mass in the chapel for Father Conrad Hauser, S.J., word of whose death came to us last week. His superiors in Canada wrote us of his sudden death there on January 23 of a heart attack.

Friends who visited us during last Lent and Eastertide will remember Father Hauser well; he left a deep impression on all those who came even briefly in contact with him. He was a great liturgist, and he had us all singing the Mass, and he gave us sermons on heaven and the love of God and the mercy of God that we will always remember. There was a great sweetness and joy about him, a truly childlike spirit that delighted in everything and everyone that came his way, and a good humor that was never failing even in moments that must have been tiring and provoking. He was hardly five and a half feet tall, and moved with great energy in spite of his some sixty years; we will always remember seeing him trot down the road toward the New York train, briefcase in hand, his cap on his head, bound for Mother Cabrini's shrine or some other point of interest. He was a tireless sightseer, and one of his favorite landmarks was the Statue of Liberty, which, he informed us, he always blessed as he went by. One of his greatest pleasures was a replica of the statue which Ed Turner got for him, some seven inches high, the torch of which lighted up (with a red glow) when a button was pushed. He was a most priestly priest, with a great love of God and of his fellow men. He cherished with great affection all those to whom he had been a missionary—the Iriquois Indians, the Chinese (he was in both Japanese and Communist prison camps), and most recently the Haitians. We are very glad that before God took him to Himself we were permitted to know him. I am sure all our read-



THIS IS MY BLOOD

ers will join us in prayers for the repose of his soul.

A few weeks ago, Jack Thornton came for one of the calves to add to his herd—Daisy Mae's young heifer. This time he had with him his oldest son, Timmy, who is nine years old. Stanley went with them into New York for an afternoon of sightseeing, and they left the next day. Roy Styles went back with them to help drive and then stayed on for a week, during which time he helped with the chores, including rewiring the barn. On their way to Peter Maurin Farm, Jack and Timmy stopped at Dick Ahearn's farm and brought away a young ewe sheep as a gift for us. The sheep is now in the stall formerly occupied by the calf.

We have just had the first fresh butter of the year, churned by Magda and the children. As five year old Magdalene said, "I churned it all by myself, but Mommy helped."

On New Year's Day, Beth and Roy drove into New York to pick up a hi-fi set which George Cooley has given us, along with his very good and varied record collection. We are reveling in Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, and many of the moderns who are less familiar. It is one of the most generous gifts we have ever had.

One recent Sunday, Bob Steed drove out in the station wagon from Chrystie Street bringing Mike Kovalak, Kay Brinkworth, and a French-Canadian visitor, Jocelyn Nadeau. Jocelyn has spent some time in France at Emmaus, the community of Abbe Pierre's company of ragpickers.

John Filigar is sifting the dirt in the greenhouse and drawing up lists of seeds he wants for the gardens this year, so even in the gray and bleak January days we look forward to the time when planting and harvesting will be at hand.

D. H. Lawrence on Love and War

... You say that the war does not prevent personal life from going on, that the individual can still love and be complete. It isn't true. The one quality of love is that it universalises the individual. If I love, then I am extended over all people, but particularly over my own nation. It is an extending in concentric waves over all people. This is the process of love. And if I love, I, the individual, then necessarily the love extends from me to my nearest neighbour, and outwards, till it loses itself in vast distance. This is love, there is no love but this. So that if I love, the love must beat upon my neighbours, till they too live in the spirit of the love, and so on, further and further. And how can this be, in war, when the spirit is against love?

—Stories, Essays & Poems
E. P. Dutton & Co., N.Y.

BOOK REVIEWS

VIRGIL MICHEL AND THE LITURGICAL MOVEMENT, by Paul Marx, O.S.B. Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. \$5.00. Reviewed by Beth Rogers.

This is a worthy monument to the man whom Frank Bruce called "one of the greatest Benedictines of all times." Father Marx concentrates on one aspect of Dom Virgil's astonishing range of interests and activities, but touches on the others enough to give a pretty good view of what must surely have been one of the broadest-ranging minds in the modern Church. There seems to be nothing of concern to a Christian—from formal philosophy to education to economics—that Father Virgil did not deal with, and deal with more than adequately.

The stature of his accomplishments may be seen more clearly against the background of the lack of important Catholic thought and activity of this period. Before the 1920's, there was no Catholic press to speak of. Most of the great lay movements—Friendship House, the Catholic Worker, the American Grail—did not come into being until the thirties and forties. The National Catholic Rural Life Conference was yet to be formed.

In the pioneering of much of this Catholic thought, Father Virgil had a share that was more than passing, in giving advice, help, sometimes in helping to give form and direction to a movement. But his particular and characteristic accomplishment lay in exploring the bearing of the liturgy on the restoration of a Christian culture. His interest in the liturgy was as a means of education, as an apostolate, as a way of changing people's lives and the social order. As Father H. A. Reinhold has pointed out, the liturgical movement in Europe was to a great extent tied up with monasticism and with purely theoretical research; it is one of the glories of the revival in this country that it has sought to enter into the lives of the people and the parish.

Father Virgil's underlying assumption was that Christians are today, as were the early Christians, "a minority group in a pagan, materialistic, and naturalistic culture. . . . Our task is similar to that of the early Christians, and our implements and tools are identical with theirs"—the tools of faith, prayer, and the liturgy. Dom Virgil saw the liturgy as "dogmas set to prayer," and he said, "To attempt a program of Catholic social action without rooting it in or linking it to the Mass or Eucharist in some way is to commit the supreme folly of excluding the means whereby the world was redeemed and needs daily to be renewed."

In 1924, Alcuin Deutseh, the abbot of St. John's, sent the young monk to Rome for study. Father Marx says the Abbot's interest in reviving the liturgy pre-dates the younger man's and that it was his hope that Michel would get to know the European liturgical movements. In any case, Michel did visit the great Benedictine centers, did meet such liturgical scholars as Lambert Beauduin, and came back with a whole flock of plans—for a Popular Liturgical Library, for a review devoted to the liturgical movement (*Orate Fratres*; now *Worship*); for English translations of European works; for an American edition of the St. Andrew's missal; for a lay Ordo.

From the beginning, the liturgical revival was connected in Father Virgil's thinking with social reform and with the doctrine of the Mystical Body as the basis for the social order. He saw the beginning of the breakdown of individualism in the 1920's, and said that "the world must find the true social solidarity of the Mystical Body or tend toward an all-embracing collectivism." He therefore stressed particularly the corporate nature of the Church's worship.

Always, Father Virgil saw that the restoration of a Christian cul-

ture would be primarily and essentially the work of the laity. Father Marx says that "a Catholic laity, actively participating in the liturgy, witnessing to the truth of Christ, and living this life in the world was always Michel's answer to the problem of secularism"; he believed that once the liturgy was fully understood and lived, an active Catholic laity would inevitably develop. "To Michel's mind," Father Marx says, "what the Christian does in a concentrated form at Mass to cooperate and to associate himself with Christ instructing, sacrificing, praying, and offering praise to God so as to share His divine life in the Eucharist with each and all, that the participating Christian must continue to do from Mass to Mass in serving his neighbor. Obviously this requires some understanding of the spiritual, corporate nature of the Mass and some knowledge of the individual's part in it."

Of a piece with his connection of the high place of the laity in the work of the Church was Father Virgil's encouragement of so many of the lay movements which got under way in the twenties and thirties—Cisca, Friendship House, the Catholic Worker, the cooperative movement; with groups like the NCRLC in which laymen were active along with priests; and with groups cooperating with likeminded non-Catholics, such as the ecumenical movement.

Virgil Michel died suddenly in 1938, a young man at the height of his powers. Though pioneers like Msgr. Hellriegel, Father William Busch, and Father Gerald El-lard had preceded him in the work of the liturgical revival by a few years, he was the catalyst, he was the one in the Providence of God who drew their work together and moved forward or encouraged others to move forward in all areas touched by liturgy—music, art, architecture. Because of his work, St. John's Abbey became the center of the liturgical revival in this country. France's great Cardinal Suhard once described the priest as the "minister of restlessness" starting a ferment. Virgil Michel was this and more. That he accomplished so much was, Father Marx says, due to his "Irenic personality" which enabled him to work with others, to resolve differences without losing quality, and to proceed with serenity in the direction he felt to be right and necessary.

The liturgical movement is probably one of the most important turning points in American Catholic history, and Father Marx is an able and a winning chronicler. The story of beginnings is always exciting, and he does full justice to the excitement of these particular battles. Indeed, the typography, illustrations, and printing make the whole book one of which the Liturgical Press may well be proud.

Christian Art

The more literal and the more conscientiously "simple" and unintellectual an art is, the more wholly unliturgical and, as we have said, the more unsymbolic does it become. And the story of Christian art since the Renaissance is the story of the triumph and decline of the art of the "image," at first blended with symbolic religious meaning, and of the corresponding inability of the artist and his critics and educated persons in general to think metaphysically and, hence, to understand a symbol. Rather pathetically now, artists, starved of the traditional symbols, create their own, and this is a sign of a need for a return to an attitude towards making that has been dissipated, in which feelings have drooped into sentimental attitudes for lack of true contemplative refreshment.

—Hugh Dinwiddie in *Blackfriars*
July-August, 1957

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

I was very happy to accept his invitation and join the fifteen members of the pilgrimage at Kansas City and proceed by train to Mexico.

Fr. Neudecker has the true pilgrim spirit, sitting up all night in uncomfortable, unheated dirty trains that stop at each small town all through Mexico, and bringing with him cartons of good whole wheat bread, baked by himself. He will not like my reporting this, but he is one of these young priests, and thank God there are many of them, who sleep on boards, do without tea, coffee, tobacco, liquor, radio, television, newspapers and magazines in a life which they do not consider at all mortified. All these things which the world finds sweet, they find bitterness, as Thomas a Kempis puts it. And living this right-side-up life which the world considers upside-down, they get great joy out of it and seem very happy men indeed.

I could write a separate article about the pilgrims, and perhaps I will later, but I can only say here that they were all Minnesotans, of different formerly European backgrounds, Poles, Czechoslovakians, Germans, and so on, whose parents came to the middle west and lived pioneers' lives, and progressed from sod houses to the latest in our American culture of comfort. It was hard for them to understand the poverty of the Mexicans. Who to blame it on, Spain, or the Church, or the American imperialist or their own laziness? Wisely, they concluded the matter was not so simple, and just wondered at how differently people react to the challenges of life. One thing they wondered at and marvelled at, and that was the faith of the Mexican pilgrims who come by the hundreds and thousands to the shrine, and to other shrines of Mexico. Where we in the United States enjoy every other kind of outing, the Mexican finds his joy in the pilgrimage. It is a nation of pilgrims. As the Moslems go to Mecca, as the old tradition of Russia was to revere the pilgrim, as the tradition in the East was to spend the latter third of one's life in the search for God, so in Mexico, to make a yearly pilgrimage, on foot, carrying banners, singing hymns, begging one's food from village to village,—this seems to be the accepted vacation, recreation, retreat, mission. Pilgrims go to offer supplication or thanksgiving, to offer homage to God and the saints.

Coming to Mexico my first impressions were that the people put first things first—God and religion, where it has survived the bitter persecution of the Church which began with the Reform laws of 1857, and was intensified under Calles in the 20's and continued in the 30's. Graham Greene wrote about it in 1939.

Sad to say, there are huge areas where there are still no priests and the churches have fallen into decay. The greatest problem of Mexico is the need for priests (who cannot yet be ordained in Mexico) and for catechists. But I will speak from now on of the great mass of religious Mexicans, because those were the ones we saw, on pilgrimage as we were. We saw the churches being rebuilt in town after town, and new churches going up. Even one of our guides said that during those months of the year when there was no work, he offered himself to the priest as a laborer. "We have the earth, the adobe, the materials, and we give our labor, and that is the greatest cost," he said.

The great truth that dawned upon me as I travelled was that here, the people themselves, with no particular leaders that stand out, standing against militarist leadership have won, by their suffering, by their endurance, the religious freedom they now have in abundance and which is still

against the law on the books in Mexico.

I saw the church in Coyoacan where Donald Demarest lives, where a machine gun killed worshippers as they came from Mass, back in the 20's, and young men were laid out dead on the plaza in front of the church to deter other worshippers. I saw the tomb of Fr. Pro, Jesuit martyr, who was a mechanic in a garage where he also conducted a seminary, who was accused of being implicated in the death of Obregon, and was shot into an open grave, with his brother suffering death at his side. I saw churches made into restaurants and garages. I saw the priests dressed in business suits and collar and tie. But I saw also on every hand, the faith of the people. The people, the ordinary, common people! There is a magnificent tribute paid them by Monsignor Guardini, in his "The Church and the Catholic." The present Pope in one of his Christmas addresses distinguishes between the masses and the people. The Communist refers to the masses, which can be moved and swayed and used in the tactic of class war. But the people are another matter.

The people, their work, their poverty, their endurance! They are close to the soil, living in homes made of the soil around them, surrounded by the ever changing mountains, at the time of our pilgrimage as brown as the fields on every side, as the adobe huts, as the burros they rode, as the roads they trod. "You cannot change the people," the guide said. "They are like the hills. They will always be there."

It was in 1531 that Our Lady appeared to the Indian Juan Diego (his Spanish name given him at his baptism.) There were not many Catholics then among the Indians, and the treatment of the Spaniards who had conquered them was not calculated to convert them very fast. If ever the tension which al-

ways exists between church and state showed, it did then, between the conquistadores and the padres who came with them to bring the message of the gospel. The conquistadores were hungry for gold and silver which was mined in great abundance. We still saw the mines operating around Guanajuato, and saw too the Indians sleving the soil for gold and silver in the dry river beds on the way to Guanajuato from San Luis Potosi. Much gold was sent back to Spain and the brothers of St. Teresa of Avila sent her gold too to help build her convents. They too were in search of their fortune. It was under Archbishop Zumarrago that the vision of the Blessed Mother appeared to the poor Indian by the side of the hill of Tepeyac, asking that a shrine, a temple, be built there in her honor. It was as though she were discontented with the way Constantine had brought about the conversion of the pagans of Europe. She was going to bring it about in her own way. She appeared in the guise of an Indian maiden, young and beautiful, surrounded by rays of gold, clad in a white and gold embroidered dress, covered by a blue star-studded robe, standing on a half-moon, borne aloft by an angel, her hands folded together in prayer. She told Juan that she came because she loved the Indian and wished to protect him. She came as an Indian maiden, as Indian as Katherine Tekakwitha of the Iroquois, and she came to them, not to the Spaniards. She came as one of the colored peoples of the world, to a colored people and unlike her history in other shrines, she left them a memento of herself. When the archbishop demanded proof that Juan Diego's story was not just imagination, and he told our Lady, she commanded him to pick some miraculous Castilian roses which bloomed at her word on the barren hill and carry them in his tilma, his cloak woven of the maguey

fiber, and show them to the archbishop. When he did this, and emptied his tilma at the feet of the prelate, the Spaniard fell on his knees before the Indian holding up the tilma, on which had appeared the likeness of our Lady of Guadalupe. This same story is told of Veronica's veil, on which the face of Christ was imprinted, and our Lady used this precedent to give herself to the Indians, not only of Mexico, but of all the Americas, of our own United States as well as Mexico, Central and South America.

And of all the representations of the blessed Mother of Christ, this to me is the most beautiful.

After that occurrence, the Indians were converted by the tens of thousands.

"We have the answer to the problem of color which confronts the East and the West," Archbishop Miranda, primate of Mexico said to us in an interview on the last day. "Our Lady answered it then. There is no problem in Mexico. Where there was the Indian, there is now the Mexican. There is a new people, a new race. There was inter-marriage from the first."

Archbishop Miranda certainly understood the power of non-violence. He told us of interviews he had in Europe with repatriated priests and nuns who had been imprisoned with the millions in Siberian labor camps. "And they want to go back," he said. "They feel that there is a fruitful field for conversion. There the people are eager for faith."

The Russians consider themselves not only Europeans but also Asiatics. Perhaps it is from this their Messianic idea comes. The Mexicans many of them look as though they had come over from Asia, over the Aleutian Islands, down through Alaska and along the coast to Mexico.

The Archbishop told us of the increasing number of pilgrimages that were coming to Mexico from

every state in the United States as well as Mexico to visit the shrine of our Lady of Guadalupe and to venerate the picture on the tilma which hangs behind the high altar in the Basilica.

I am always conscious when I write, of the many non-Catholics who read the CATHOLIC WORKER and who are averse to such veneration. I can only point out with St. Augustine that the flesh of Jesus is the flesh of Mary, that He took His humanity from her. And call attention to that greeting of Elizabeth, "Blessed art thou amongst women!"

God means us to use material things as aids. He clothed the sacraments with bread and wine, with water, with oil, with the accompaniments of all beauty of ritual, music, color, odor of flowers and beeswax and incense. The Indians too say, "With this body I thee worship," coming on their knees to the shrine, singing hymns to El Senor, in lamentation and petition, in joy and thanksgiving. They come with their centavos and their pesos, and buy candles and flowers for an odor of sweetness and they touch the images, the representations of our Lord in all the phases of His agony and death, and in the shrines of the Holy Family, at the manger, in flight to Egypt, at work, and so on. And they kneel before the picture of our Lady by the hour.

We paid many visits to the shrine and never ceased to marvel the people and their faith and devotion. Sunday, after a morning at the shrine where the church and the square in front of it were literally so crowded with pilgrims that it was hard to move, we went in the afternoon to the pyramids and what a contrast this visit was! There were no pilgrims, few tourists, only some picnickers in this archeological park. There were idols but no altars, and there are not even many settlements near this vast place which was formerly a temple for human sacrifice. Our guides told us about the legends of Quetzalcoatl, the blond blue-eyed man who came from the sea and was considered a god. He foretold a time would come when they would be conquered by a people from the sea. We saw the pyramids of the Sun and of the Moon, and the great temple and its carving of serpents and gods. And now the sun god is replaced by the Sun of Justice, and the moon god by Our Lady of Guadalupe, and the god of rain and agriculture by our Saint Isador, patron of farmers, and all our galaxy of saints.

What vast ruins and what great cultures have been destroyed, but the everlasting hills remain and the people close to the earth as they are, continue to live to know God, to love Him and serve Him, their first beginning and their last end.

I was thinking today how our pilgrims all come from Minnesota, a state abounding in Indian names of towns, but where are the Indians now? Fr. Leo pointed out to us the contrast between what we English did to the Indians and what the Spanish did. The Indians are still here, thirty million of them, and the country is theirs and the church is theirs, poor as they are. Our Indians have been robbed and all but exterminated, neither converted nor allowed to live under their own religions. First put on reservations, they are now being evicted and sent into the cities to be assimilated, to find employment and social security or idleness and dissipation. As to our treatment of the Mexicans in the States, the articles Ted Le Berthon has been writing for *The Catholic Worker* clearly show how we must examine our consciences.

Another time I must tell the story of Larry Blum who was one of four pilgrims who came from America, and stayed to make a 21 day pilgrimage with eighty Mexicans to the shrine of St. Juan de los Lagos, and met a young Mexican catechist and married her here.



A Letter to a Russian

(Continued on page 3)

ful (even natural radiation, they say, causes bad genetic mutations, bone cancer and leukemia) and that "fall out" from tests confronts mankind with a clear and present danger.

Now, I am as aware as you probably are that since the last war much effort—of a sort—has been devoted to the whole problem of checking the arms race and effectively reducing armaments—so far without tangible results. I am aware, too, of the numerous disarmament conferences held before 1914 and in the twenties and thirties. The point is that this time we dare not fail.

Ivan, my fellow human being, will you listen closely? For I do believe that in my voice you will find an echo of your own, of our own hearts when they were young and our hands were tender. Now our hearts are distrustful and our hands callous—from being wronged and from fighting: our parents, our friends, our enemies. We have learned to take nothing from nobody. We are selfrighteous even towards our beloved—no day passes without hurting or being hurt. We form associations in different walks of life to gain the precious security we have never enjoyed—family, social business, national, and international. Still, there is no security, and our hands are callous. Knowing this and sensing your strong aversion to all big words and empty phrases, I shall try to pierce this callousness of ours, touching tenderness only, refraining even from words like morality except when they too lead us to the same goal. Listen, then, closely.

Can we agree that mutual slaughter on the scale of a third world war or of the two previous ones is wrong? If we agree, it follows that production of weapons that cause such slaughter must also be wrong. It is absurd to admit guilt if we kill, but claim innocence if we merely intend to kill. But is killing wrong? Yes, at least indiscriminate killing is wrong, for if indiscriminate killing isn't wrong, nothing in the whole world can be wrong. No, you would have no right to a sense of outrage about anything. I can laugh, yawn, read my newspaper, do as I please when they tell me you've been sent to Siberia for no reason whatsoever, and your own outcry will sound as impotent as a dog's bark in the wilderness. You will agree, then, won't you that some things are wrong and that indiscriminate killing must be one of them—if anything is? But what of the "cleaner" bombs, the "tactical" weapons? Yes, what of Germany, England, France, the U. S. in World War II (fought with "conventional" weapons) and their indiscriminate acts of fury visited upon the enemy? Do we need to say more?

We must get rid of these weapons, then. How can this be accomplished in an atmosphere of distrust, in the present equation of fear?

By breaking up the equation. By proclaiming that I am not scared of what you can do to me unless I can do the same to you. By—and this is a proposal I can make on behalf of my own country only—complete unilateral disarmament. Shocking?

The proposition that you and I must always be at arm's length overlooks two things: it never asks "what can you do to me?" nor does it doubt that you will do something to me. What would your reaction be, Ivan? Can I doubt that your heart would overflow with joy and gratitude, that you and your countrymen would go dancing in the streets as on a made V. E. Day (if you could!), that your relations with men and things would be transformed down to their minutest details in the fire of seeing the longings of centuries for peace among men at long last realized? What would your government's reaction be? That, I submit, would ultimately depend on you. Even

the most despotic government must deal with the will of the people. If my country disarmed completely (and only complete disarmament will do since partial disarmament, such as unilaterally ridding ourselves of only nuclear weapons, would doubtless be mistaken for weakness and thus considered an open invitation to aggression) under international (U.N.) supervision and in the glare of enormous publicity, all governments would be shaken as from a violent quake—with incalculable consequences. Under such circumstances, would I be naive to suppose that rather "doing something to me" you would seize the opportunity of putting your own house in order? But what if by some misfortune you are unable to restrain the mad ambitions of your rulers and their collaborators, what if they should stampede you into overrunning my country, possibly at a moment when her disarmament was only half completed? Indeed an act that could bring about disaster unless the great majority of the population (whose pressure had originally compelled my government to initiate disarmament) continued to show restraint (which might be comparatively easy now that our defense was no longer equal to the task). Yes, Ivan, I am "inviting" you to take over my country—to prevent the incomparably greater disaster of a third world war and—if you remember our "agreement" above—the immoral arms race.

Ivan: I believe you can follow me, for mine are the reasons of the heart!

Will my people be crushed? Can a people that has taken the unprecedented step of deliberately exposing itself to its enemies be conquered? I predict the materially vanquished shall be the spiritually victorious—a thousand times over!

Let me tell you of an experience during the last great war. The country I was then living in was overrun by the enemy. Little resistance was offered: courage and arms were both lacking. Gradually, however, there developed among the people an invisible bond, a unity of mind and heart, finding eventual expression in a largely non-violent resistance to the conqueror's designs. When after three long years of occupation (and the end not in sight) he permitted a free general election, his party and fellow-travelers, to his own surprise, received a mere 3% of the total vote cast. Surely, Ivan, you remember a similar surge of the spirit, a strengthening of human bonds, a recounting of life's values, during the ordeal of your native land! And you experienced the aching disillusionment in the years following defeat of the enemy when on each Liberation Day anniversary politicians would rise to deliver what sounded more like funeral orations on a dear departed friend—the enemy's yoke!—than the hymns of joy one had expected. Those years when the poet would lament

There was a weakness in victory,
A feeling of failure,
And your hand—it lost its strength.

Dear Ivan, if you can't understand when I speak to you about God and our duty to save ourselves by faith and good works, perhaps I can say this instead. What makes life worth living is not only the desire to stay alive because you are alive (as strong as that may be), or the sensation of desire fulfilled (as pleasurable as that may be) or of love requited (as deeply significant as that may be); it is also, and for some even more, the feeling of communion with your fellow-men everywhere and at all times; the dead, whose lives must not have been lived in vain; the unborn; and our contemporaries, ourselves, who should be thought of not as "communists," and "capitalists" or as "Indians" and "Japs,"



Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

are building up, under wraps, a theology of pacifism which will probably burst forth some day full born on the scales which have so far done too much to justify war and may balance them.

The French conscientious objectors to military service. There are sixty of them in jail, he said. French law is hard to fight in this matter, and Trocme is anxious to see how a new project will work out. He has been working among the destitute in Algeria, and his plan is to bring CO's into this work. The government may be more hesitant to force them into military service or jail if their argument for pacifism is bolstered by such DE FACTO positive work for peace. The first young CO to go to Algeria on this project is a Catholic named Paul Andre.

Flynn

Among the other speakers during January was Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the well-known communist who was jailed under the Smith Act. She talked about her jail experiences and charmed even the most conservative members of the audience with her gentleness, wit, and pleasant manner.

Man On Phone

A man came in one day recently asking to use the phone. We have only a pay phone in the office, so I gave him a dime and let him go about making his call without paying further attention to him. The phonograph was being played in the office at the time. Someone was trying out some records which had been donated. Most of them were Latin-American dance records, but a Spike Jones was among them, and got onto the phonograph just as the man was making his call. Someone reported to me later the protests of the poor man into the phone: "But I swear this isn't a bar. This is Catholic Charities."

Sorokin Writes Hennacy

Mr. Ammon Hennacy
The Catholic Worker
223 Christie Street
New York 2, New York
Dear Mr. Hennacy:

This is just to congratulate you and the Catholic Worker on your excellent editorial, "Caesar Speaks." Pointedly it gives a true characterization of the Rockefeller Report. It can also be applied to the Gaither Report and to most of the writings and speeches by the ruling groups of the United States.

With best wishes,
Sincerely yours,
Pitirim A. Sorokin

but—dispassionately—as human beings.

As human beings we respond to values, rushing forward to snatch away a child from danger. Is it believable that you, Ivan, and I would not do as much for civilization itself? With love,
Eric

Liberty and Leadership

(Continued from page 3)

times these biases are expressed anecdotally: "We had an ole' darkie workin' for us around the place, well, ever since I can remember; his name was Sam. An' I'll never forget, one day Sam goes up to Pa..." That sort of thing. Or things of this sort: "Some people wouldn't like caviar if you gave it to them; they want to live that way; they're happier that way. I remember once in the slums of Naples... a few of us left the group and were seeing the out of the way places for ourselves—there was this woman singing..." And so forth. Not worth considering—except that these attitudes have massive acceptance, and influence the way the world is run.

Drudges who are the offspring of drudges don't know how to work and play gracefully and profitably. Right; absolutely right. And they certainly never will while they are kept drugged and shackled, and laboring dumbly in harness. You never learn to swim until you get into the water. And you look pretty ungainly, too.

Some say that it is necessary that some men drive others to produce and do wonderful things; but let it be declared that it would be better if all paintings were left forever unpainted, all cathedrals left unbuilt, the poles remain uncharted, and the books remain unwritten, before one man is exploited or coerced by another man for even one hour. Every time a man's will is forced a wound is inflicted on the Mystical Body, and there is a tremor of suffering throughout the whole body. And seduction is also coercion; it is scheming to bring one man under another man's power by the use of strength on weakness. This forcing of will—the love faculty—is a perversion; it is sick. And it weakens the whole body. And some must compensate heroically for others.

Men who have power over other men are actively opposed to the development of liberty; they'd sooner see men corrupted, or dead—literally. Look around. Read history. There is a great fear of liberty, because there is a great fear of life and love. It is hard to live, and it is hard to love. It is easy to sleep, and it is easy—and quite satisfying, in some ways—to hate. Hatred is an emotion you can sink your teeth into. Its ecstasies can be almost sexual as its successive waves pass through your trembling body. This is not to say it is fulfilling; it is corrosive and ulcerating.

Love is hard; it is not a joy ride; it involves burden and effort and pain; it requires energy, vitality; it needs more than scented dalliance. The same with liberty. This pair is avoided by man because he knows intuitively that it requires him to be whole, pure and self realized in order to walk alone to whatever marriage bed he chooses. This is not easy; and it is not achieved without stepping out into the unknown night. But in each man there has been implemented the desire and the means—which includes the encouragement of other men—to do this.

There is an almost chorus response to many of these assertions: Fool! Man is a slob looking for kicks, and to be kept, and to be kept in line; he's happier this way. This chorus has dominated the play for most of history. We see where we are.

Eric Bently, reviewing Anthony Quinn's "Stanley Kowalsky," in "Streetcar" after he took over the part from Marlon Brando, said that Quinn was better than Brando in the part; Brando's eyes, he said, betrayed him—and, indeed, Marlon Brando is a shy and gentle person. And the eyes of all humanity betray all humanity. Beyond all the violence and lust and meanness are parched wisps of roots that have not died, that have not lost desire. Inside each child there is a man waiting to grow up so that he can afford to become a child. And the devastating fact of life is that the child is so seldom born. He remains immured between his eternities. And this is why the world sometimes looks as though it is inhabited by monstrosities.

What is man? What should be the relationship of each one to himself, and to other men? It sounds pretentious to even pose such a question. Even the form of the verb raises difficulties: should. Can a theory of relationships, or an ideology, or a creed be imposed, even on oneself—profitably? In the economy of charity, what comes of going through the actions even of charity if they do not grow from the warm matrix of kissed belief?

Stella Adler, one of the most vital teachers of acting in the American theatre today, always insists that there be no memorizing of lines, dialogue. "Know your character. Know your action," she insists tirelessly; and, "Don't indicate!" Each one has to know what he is and where he is going. To wear a costume and walk through your part is not enough. St. Benedict warns his monks against living a life that will make a life of their habit and their tonsure. How many actors, priests, intellectuals, parents, social workers, psychiatrists, et alia, coast along somnambulate in their interesting livries? Many. Too many.

To live is to act, to move. To be with it. To sort out. To order disorder. NOT to order other men. To order each one, himself. Each one has been given the faculties of soul and body to do this. But, how delightful to order another man's life, to devour him—and therefore to carry around within oneself a putrefying alien body—and to leave, each one, his own life unknown and un-ordered. And when you order another man's life for him, you take from him his life; for what is a life if not to be lived? To impose an exterior discipline on an adult is to prevent the development of an interior discipline. To treat a child like a man is absurd; to treat a man like a child is a scandal.

And why do men want to run other men's lives? To satisfy power drives. To fill up their own emptiness. To escape from the reality of their own situation. For kicks, like the feeling-benevolent-towards-those-less-endowed-in-the-upper-storey kick. Many others. But one cannot be left out of this partial list: to gain economic advantage. If you own a factory, you cannot run it (translation: run the human beings in it who work for you, i.e., in place of you), you cannot run it at a profit and let them do as they please. They must do what you tell them, either directly, or through the techniques of production which you ordain. (See On the Line, by Harvey Swados).

Men who like to corral and drive other men talk about leadership; but they are not leaders, and they don't lead; they drive. A leader walks. And if a man watching him likes his gait, and the clothes he is wearing, and the song he is singing, he will walk beside him, and the two will have a dialogue. And they will be stronger together, and each one will be greater at the end of the journey. But if a leader attempts to coerce his follower-companion in any way he becomes a driver; it amounts to a fall from grace; a loss of vocation. It is quite proper to drive mules, dogs and internal combustion engines, but not men.

Many of the fallen leaders to be seen around, lost their vocation through pride, ambition, a false and sentimental notion of responsibility, and a bogus pity. Many come to feel that if they don't do it, no one will. But, actually, there are lots and lots of people capable of fulfilling any given role. A vacuum does not remain in this area. What a pity "practical," hard headed realists cannot concede this. Maybe, their heads are too hard—and their hearts.

Farmer in "Psycho"

(Continued from page 4)

because he tied a handkerchief around his neck, as he explains. He is bitter toward his wife for signing him in and says he'll do the same to her when he gets out. He likes to talk to me and I try to listen. There is the sad case of the thin skeleton of a 14 year old boy who is the robot table setter and cleaner. They have trained him to be their slave without any respect for his soul and if ever he is let out he'll be the robot of the first instrument of evil that finds him.

There is the tender English lad whose loneliness for his family saddens me no end. He must constantly have a magazine in his hand and frequently leaves it with me telling me to guard it. At this very moment he has handed me Fulton Sheen's "One Lord, One World" for about the tenth time. His only friend in N. Y. is a social worker, Ahessor Bolles, at the Sloan House YMCA, who visits him and writes to his mother.

There is still the husky football tackle in the red corduroy sport shirt who though coherent never carries on an extended conversation. He spends most of his time on his bed. There is still the Swiss electronic worker who came to the U. S. just six months ago. He went to work at Clarksburg, Va. and there he said the people suspected him of being a Communist spy because he was a foreigner. He felt the FBI was after him. He hears voices and is very morbid. Unfortunately his English isn't good enough for me to have much of a conversation with him. He speaks four languages; German, French, Italian and some English.

There is still the Negro Elder who is pastor of the Truth Holiness Church. He says his wife got out a warrant for his arrest on non-support. His wife is a divorcee. Since becoming an Elder he has decided he cannot live with her.

When I was in college I had proceeded on this same premise. My aim was to discover in experimental and physical basis the entirety of man. It was almost possible to duplicate God in making man. I was an agnostic at heart and I believed man was master of his own fate and so I made my own ethical system. But I thank God I was unable to cope with the storm as master of my own ship. God prostrated me before him until lifting

my eyes up for help, I discovered a whole new world of the spirit with unlimited possibilities.

But this explanation failed to satisfy the psychiatrist. He would not be satisfied until he had the physical interpretations. He wanted me to take the Blot test again. I told him if I had known the answers were to be physical I would have so interpreted but now, since taking the test, I have made up my mind against putting God on trial for sanity again. He said I had done well on all the other tests.

I asked if it were possible to have a copy of my Blot test because I wanted to write concerning it. He said this was a sign I am all wrapped up in myself and my own thoughts and am unable to see the physical world as it really is. I told him this is a subtle twist, because now the deviator who is accused of insanity is using the doctor's own test to diagnose the insanity of the normal. I said actually it is the doctors on trial. I asked if it was necessary to take these tests. If by now they cannot tell whether or not I am sane they would never know by any test.

"Why am I in this place—by what legal right?" "CBS called the police and they brought you," he replied. But CBS brought no charges and therefore by what right did the police bring me here.

He said he had no choice in the matter but was simply following routine. "But you do have a choice" I said—"You have the choice of pronouncing me sane, or resigning from your job. No one can say he has no responsibility in the problems before him because God holds every man responsible."

I asked the doctor if there were any books that proved patients in a mental hospital who were forcibly imprisoned had regained their health (except for those who would have become well anyway).

"I seriously doubt that you can do any healing if you proceed without force and fear and locked doors." I told him I could not understand how a cure could be made without the cooperation of the patient, and this is the prerequisite of any healing. "There's a very small percentage here on a voluntary basis. You wield your terrible weapon of fear of commitment. They cannot be without fear with this knowledge. The entire staff



here start out on the premise a man is insane and must prove himself sane. No one could do it." He denied this and said the opposite was true but I knew the only ones who thought I was sane were the prisoners themselves. The prisoners treated me like their equal and in doing so they were sane. He said Bellevue was not primarily for curing but for receiving and placing in other institutions. He said his philosophy was like that of a medical doctor. The interview came to an end.

Out by the main door I saw my mother and brother from Ohio waiting to see me. My mother was containing herself well and was reading from scribbled notes many things she wanted to tell me. She said I looked good even though I had not slept all week. My mother had talked with the neighbors at Springville. There was a mention of Binghamton State Hospital nearby. I will not go into the details of this. This is the worst of the whole diabolical system. The doctors had called my neighbors. Had they brain washed them and perhaps even my wife into believing their story—that I was not sane. Desperately the prisoner appeals to God. But it is hard for even God to lift a man out of this hell.

How many cases are here like that. My friend who left today is such a case. The doctors have convinced his wife he needs further treatments for his epileptic fits. For two years he has not improved under the scare tactics and how will six more months of commitment help? This turns husbands against wives and breaks up happy marriages. If all would use love and help to give a feeling of security . . . I do not believe in divorce but even it is better than this fear and lack of trust in the one so close to one's life. The abolition of this law is as necessary as the abolition of slavery. All communities should do all in their power to see no member is so unjustly treated. Forgive me God for hating those doctors smiling sadistically over you and pointing their fingers which say, "You are crazy. You are crazy." Not even communistic brain washings can be as bad as this for at least your loved ones stand behind you.

Beware you would-be deviators, You Wesleys. You John Foxes. For John Fox interrupted many meetings with the zeal of his call to preach God. You had better fall in line or there will be Bellevue.

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This is an attempt to reconstruct Dominican life in Eastern Europe in the thirteenth century, as it was seen by a contemporary English traveller, also a Dominican. Its basis is factual, and so are most of the characters real people. But absolute historical accuracy is not guaranteed, its primary purpose is not so much historical as the portrayal of a mental conflict and its solution such as may well be applicable to modern times. 50 cents.

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Midwinter Song For The Women's Jail

By DEANE MOWRER

*the walls shut in, the walls shut out
sing, o my song, the breaking walls*

Good women jailed in Women's Jail, we sang
To you on Christmas Eve. Bright herald angels
Bore our song to you whose prisoned pain
Was inn and cradle for a newborn King.

Some of us knew your stony corridors,
The barred stare of cells blocking each thornpricked
Gaze, time's wounds agape, bleeding time's prayer
To Him whose wounds bled promises of peace.

O song of Christmas Eve, warm now midwinter's
Cold frosting that single pane where prisoners
Peer out upon a peepshow world; warm now
Our hearts where cold fear walls us each from each.

For though man's missiles rage against God's sky,
And orbbed monsters roam the starred universe,
And New York City tumble down, and even
Women's Jail decline in rubble, the walls

Of fear will never break un'til God's love
Grows deep in us, thrusting strong roots past hate's
Dark masonry, sweetly to nourish in life's
Opened prison-tomb Christ's flower of living light.

*the walls shut in, the walls shut out
sing, o my song, the breaking walls*

Who, Me?

By JOHN STANLEY

I may choose to sacrifice my life
for one cause or another;
You may choose to sacrifice your life
for one cause or another,
but—
for me to choose to sacrifice your life
or—
for you to choose to sacrifice my life
or—
for them to choose to sacrifice our lives
that is a horse of a different color;
a horse that's been hacking around for a
long time now—for one cause or another

In The Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

when cooperation with capitalism was the line my friend Mike Gold attacked Russia and the Party Line changed. In this Browder era criticized it and now Gates admits he was wrong, for the true radical should be opposed to capitalism no matter how allies formed in the war. Neither Mike, nor Gates nor Gurley Flynn are pacifists and I do not expect them to act like pacifists. To admit that they made a mistake in supporting Smith Act prosecution against Trotskyites and Socialists, in their Black Republic line in the twenties, in their support of Stalin, and in their persecution of anarchists and Trotskyites in the Spanish Civil War is fine, even though it was late. But to stifle criticism now and still follow the Russian line shows that the Communist Party in this country will continue to guess wrong on vital issues. This does not mean that the quarreling splinter groups or the right wing Socialists will do anything either. With Reuther forgetting his Socialist heritage and reverting to the profit sharing mirage little hope is left for imaginative leadership for a Labor Party which would seem to be needed in this country for those who believe in political action. For my part I don't vote or shoot but by direct action seek to keep alive the vision of Thoreau and Debs.

Upton, Mass. Farm

A few weeks ago Lee Pagano, who was born in an anarchist colony in lower N. J., drove me to St. Benedict's Farm, near Upton, Mass. I have described my visit here twice before where Carl Paulson, a CO who did time in Danbury prison, and who is a convert, makes stained glass windows; and the Roach and O'Donnell families live. We drove safely through a snow storm and were greeted by the eight Paulson children and Carl and Mary. Two O'Donnell boys and some Roach girls came over and the stone house was full of healthy noise. Martin shot basket after basket into an improvised "basket" while I came no ways near. Carl had more work that he could get done, even though he is Master of the local Grange, chairman of the Co-operative store, and leaves bundles of CW's in the Catholic Church. His father and mother had built a house since I was there a year ago. Lee and he discussed the formation of a leather working unit, perhaps in the O'Donnell home, which he has now rented and he and Vicki and my God children Pier and Jackie will soon move into. Lee has lived at Koinonia and is an excellent mechanic as well as leather craftsman.

Meetings

I spoke to students from State College in Pennsylvania uptown at the Red Brick Restaurant, most of whom were Quakers. They generally have the CW as an antidote to the UN in their seminars. Virginia Williams who sponsored the group was from Springville, Iowa. This was the town where I stopped one terribly cold night in 1946 when hitch hiking, having spent the previous night at the Trappist Monastery, and ate nothing but bean soup in the local restaurant for that was the only non-meat food on hand. The men hanging around kidded Mike the local butcher about vegetarians cutting into his meat business. He thought they were serious and I explained that there were few vegetarians and he could keep on at his trade. He told me that he killed all animals, even dogs and cats for people, but would not kill a sheep for such pitiful eyes gazed at him. Miss Williams knew this Mike the butcher. I also spoke to some students brought by a Protestant minister from the Village. Which reminds me that in the current issue of the Village Voice Nat Hentoff speaks of a certain magazine which says it is eleven magazines in one but he likes one "which is whole all the way through—like the CW—which with the New Statesman and Nation, is my favorite journal, so long as I religiously skip the religious columns."

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