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Negro Farmers Need Help: Build Cotton Gins

Call Made for Work-
Camps to Join in Con-
structive Non-Violent
Resistance to Injustice
in South

By Ammon Hennacy

Now throughout the South the beautiful yellow cotton blossom in hundreds of thousands of fields is a harbinger of the bolls soon to be formed, and in September the same fields will be white with cotton ready for the pickers with their long 12 ft. sacks swung over their shoulders and dragging behind like huge worms. These are then hefted to the shoulder in a clever manner which looks easy to the bystander but is unwieldy with the 65 to 100 pounds of cotton inside to be carried to the end of the row, weighed, and then slowly dragged up the ladder to the top of the cotton wagon where it is unloaded. At times the cotton picker—that huge vacuum machine which gets the ripest bolls, twists the cotton stalks sideways so they inevitably scratch your face when you have the unprofitable job of following up the machine to get what is left—has first picking of the field. Then to the cotton gin where the seeds are separated from the cotton and huge bales of cotton are the end product of six months "chopping" cotton, spraying, perhaps irrigating in some sections, and picking. The sale of cotton seed generally pays for cotton picking.

In certain sections of South Carolina and perhaps in other portions of the South Negroes who insist upon their legal right to vote, to belong to the NAACP, to send their children to integrated schools, are denied the right to have their cotton ginned. They do not have the means to haul it to a gin hundreds of miles away and they do not have the time to haul it any further than the minimum distance, for they have to continue picking as the bolls open. And they have no place to store the cotton. To be disfranchised of the vote, to be segregated in broken down schools is something that Negroes have been used to for generations. But to be denied the right to have their cotton ginned is something unthought of in the mind of the worst Simon Legree. For there is still a semblance of that old Jeffersonian love of the land, of that integrity of the workman and his product which has shamed the Government into ceasing their burning of potatoes and drowning of little pigs. Not that their billions of dollars of surplus piled up to buy the vote of the farmers makes any sense. In the background of the mind of the tiller of the soil, hedged around by allotments, regulations and subsidies, there still is an appreciation of the Jeffersonian adage: "When we shall wait for Washington to tell us when to sow and when to reap we shall soon want bread."

To rob Negroes of the right to gin their cotton is to rob them of their bread. What then can be done to meet this outrage? Unions which have educational funds, individuals

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ALL YE WORKS OF THE LORD, bless the Lord; praise and exalt him above all forever. . .

O ye sun and moon, bless the Lord; O stars of heaven, bless the Lord.

O ye light and darkness, bless the Lord; O ye lightnings and clouds, bless the Lord.

O ye mountains and hills, bless the Lord; O all ye things that spring up in the earth, bless the Lord.

O ye fountains, bless the Lord; O ye seas and rivers, bless the Lord.

O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless the Lord; O all ye fowls of the air, bless the Lord.

O all ye beasts and cattle, bless the Lord; O ye sons of men, bless the Lord.

O ye spirits and souls of the just, bless the Lord; O ye holy and humble of heart, bless the Lord.

Blessed art thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven; and worthy of praise, and glorious, and exalted above all for ever.

Chrystie Street

By ROBERT STEED

As I write this the contractor is outside arguing with the owners of the parking lot next to us trying to persuade them to unlock the gate so that his workmen can get to our wall which is cracking from top to bottom in the front and in the back. The house is full of people running from roof to office measuring, checking plans, giving orders and taking them. While all of this is going on Dorothy and Ammon are talking to a free lance writer who wants to do an article about the "Worker" for the Saturday Evening Post. Like most other people he admires the feeding of the poor but is troubled and puzzled by the pacifism and cannot understand it, but then people seldom do and there is not much use getting flustered about it. But I have never understood why people found it hard to love their enemies since it is usually your friends that you are tempted to hate.

The argument with the owners of the parking lot was finally settled by one of the housing inspectors who said that the cracked wall was a hazard and that if they didn't let our workmen in he would block off the whole lot and the street entrance too. They saw that they couldn't win an argument with the city so they conceded but I must say it is humiliating to have to let the State fight your battles after saying all sorts of nasty things about the "bureaucrats."

The men in the soup line are annoyed no little bit at being batted in the head by the workmen bringing in tremendous beams and ladders and Ammon's desk has been moved into the middle of the floor and he had to take down from the wall all "radical saints." He also had the pleasure today of meeting Reginald Reynolds who was here for an hour or so this afternoon and is making a tour of this country. He writes for Peace News of London and is active in the anti-Imperialist League.

The warm weather brings with it visitors this year as in past years. Mrs. Karl Stern was at the farm for a week, Jerry Beck from

(Continued on page 7)

Alabama-1956

By EILEEN FANTINO

The color of earth is more beautiful
on the faces of newly born men.
The skeleton is fired
radiant through the heavy flesh
of years.

Quiet walks in alien streets made
feet dream-worn and firm,
breasts warm with new grass
and rooted trees.
Through the heart's terrible
growth,
communion with mysteries.

Stillness meets the tread,
no breath moves the violets of air,
only the groan of the dead,
jealous of life,
to which they cannot give one
bright wave,
one surge of love.

Full of sun and familiar pain
the newborn open deaf ears with
their cries
and in love's gestures
embrace the hopeless.

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Creation

The front page illustration this month is of Creation because it is June "when if ever come perfect days, when heaven tries earth if it be in tune and over it softly her warm ear lays and whether we look or whether we listen we hear life murmur and see it glisten and every clod feels a stir of might, a power within it which stretches and towers and reaching above it and searching for light, climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

The lines of Lowell learned in childhood and probably misquoted come to mind at the freshness and beauty of this picture, with Adam emerging from the earth, and yet so much a part of it and still so close to it. Americans are reaching for the moon now, and our planes climb to unbelievable heights, and it is not just a desire to seek the womb, to return to the earth when we say that it is necessary as never before, for man to kiss the earth from which he sprang, and which has been so ennobled by Christ who took on our humanity. Man must become humble and know that it is God who created him and all the beauty around him.

In the midst of this beauty yesterday, on Pentecost, the hydrogen bomb was dropped from the air over a Pacific island. The flash was equal to 500 suns, and according to one reporter it was like a nightmare in broad daylight, the most horrible part of which was "a giant super earthly cloud that kept climbing and spreading outward and outward until it appeared that it would envelop the entire earth. For more than an hour the cloud kept growing in all directions, a mushroom cloud of many colors, rising until it towered over all its surroundings. The sun rose to the right. It seems puny by comparison with what had been seen some forty-two minutes earlier."

The contest between man and God! It was as though man were trying to shut off the earth from Heaven, from God himself.

The last most powerful explosion was the one over Bikini in March 1954, which led to a fall out of radio active dust 7,000 square miles around and sprayed the Japanese fishing vessel and resulted in the death of a poor fisherman.

The story of the test ends on an enthusiastic note. Not only can we make pocket sized bombs now, but also "here comes one of the greatest miracles of the hydrogen bomb that makes its production possible at an amazing low cost in terms of destruction!"

Destruction of what? People? Entire islands which are their habitation? No—the reporter means the destruction of the valuable materials that go to make a bomb, which are not only not destroyed, but increased and can be increased indefinitely. A miracle, the scientists cry out, and the writers are hard put to it to explain all these scientific facts which will reveal not too much for the enemy but enough to stimulate the scientists who are our allies, not to speak of the ordinary reader of the newspapers.

It is an interesting fact that there was a repeated call over the radio recently for "writers" who would be able to translate into ordinary intelligible speech, the works of the physicists of these days.

Another headline of today, on the first left hand column to match the right hand column about the bomb test read, "Scientists vision new civilization for the 21st century, technology to be king, rocks to be the source of fuel and heat—critical need is seen for Brain Power."

Sad it is that one of every five of our hospital beds are occupied by mental patients, that for everyone hospitalized there are more "disturbed" people walking the streets, sad it is that the human mind is giving way in the face of this gigantic contest between man and God.

We are reminded again of Igaacio Silone, who said at a writers' conference in Zurich after the great war that writers sold their talents to their governments and killed by their words about the ideals which they painted in such bold and glowing terms just as effectively as the ammunition which they extolled with such enthusiasm. It was not Winston Churchill who coined those glowing words, calling on men to give their "blood, sweat and tears." It was Garibaldi, another man of the sword who said them first. The popular response to these words surely shows the instinctive need and desire in the hearts of all men for the Holy Cross, to suffer for and with their brothers.

The struggle between man and God is like that of Jacob and the angel and man must be wounded as Jacob was before the contest is over. So far, the Russians have the best of it, the official Russians who are officially atheist. Why should any talk of freedom enter in to confuse the issue for them. Freedom has its roots in religion. Education is not confused as it is in this country, where pupils are taught to reverence God and country, where they are taught to take God into partnership in order to prosper.

And if anything is more sad than utter atheism, it is this attempt to equate God and country, and to make God serve our own purposes. We all do it, we are all guilty. And we need to remind ourselves that the reason for man's existence is to love, honor and serve God; that the greatest work of the day is the Mass, the offering of the God-man to God for His praise, honor and glory, in reparation for our sins and in thanksgiving for all His benefits, and that the Mass is not to help the work of the day, which it does, of course, but that all the work of the day is to build up to the climax of the Mass, that act of love—that moment of union with God. When we use the Mass to further our work, which we regard as of such importance, and which we need, as human beings to regard of great importance, it is as though we were walking upside down, on our heads. We need to stop and right ourselves every now and then, frequently at first, until we get in the habit of walking upright.

On the other hand one finds so many Catholics spending their time not only at Mass (several a day in fact) but also in prayers, devotions,

In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"Don't get too far to the left," said a young soldier as he bought a CW from me one Sunday morning near St. Patrick's. I told him that we were as far left as it was possible to go. Soon afterward I had a discussion with two plain clothes men who had just chased men selling flowers for Mother's Day, and had told me to beat it. After they had read the clipping of the court decision which I carry for just such emergencies they did not bother me. Week days on certain corners the police give a summons to men selling jewelry and other bargains. These salesmen get their goods from the surplus stock of manufacturers at about 10% of their value. Such bargains as six pair of nylons for a dollar keep them changing money so fast that they can pay \$10 a day at the rate of \$2 a summons and still do very well. In two hours I saw one man get four summons, and as soon as the policeman had turned he was back again selling. They wait until they owe perhaps \$50 one of them told me, and they they go to court and pay up.

The Fireproofing Fund

We have now received to date (May 23) \$28,246.83, and every state has been heard from and in addition from Belgium, Mexico, Alaska, Japan, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico. One woman sent the tithe which she had been giving regularly to another Church to us. One man had wanted to give up smoking cigarettes; it seemed that the impetus as to whether he would quit today or in the mythical tomorrow came from our trouble, so

he sent us the price of 20 packs that he didn't smoke and thanked us for our part in his overcoming this habit. We did not have to get an extra pump for the sprinkler system. One side of the building is being fireproofed and needed repairs where bulges or cracks are evident. Swinging fireproof doors are being installed. Later some plastering and painting will need to be done. We are not sure of the total cost but we think there is

stopped to inquire as to our progress.

Picketing the Atomic Energy Commission

On May the 8th nine of us from the CW, three non religious radicals, and one Quaker picketed the Atomic Energy Commission at 70 Columbus Ave. handing out nearly 2,000 of the leaflets which Dorothy had written against the H. Bomb test scheduled for that day but postponed because of the weather until Pentecost Sunday. As is our custom I had notified the Personnel Director of the Atomic Energy Commission and the police a few days ahead of time of our activities. On one side of the sheet we said:

"He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword."

WE of THE CATHOLIC WORKER PROTEST WITH POPE PIUS XII AGAINST TODAY'S ATOMIC TESTS

The Atom Bomb is today's big sword You do not have to take it up and perish!

Our faith is in the power of PRAYER and love!

PRAY AND PROTEST WITH US AGAINST THIS EVIL OF OUR TIME

(The other side of the leaflet read as follows)

TODAY, MAY EIGHTH, IS A FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL to whom hundreds of millions of Roman Catholics and Eastern Catholics, including Eastern Orthodox (Russian) Catholics pray: "Defend us in battle. Be our protection against the malice and snares of the enemy."

What is the battle? Against greed, hatred and pride. Who is the enemy? The worst enemy is of our own household—the fear in our hearts, fear of the "enemy" who not so long ago was our ally, and fear of the weapon we ourselves have made and are now testing in atomic and hydrogen bomb tests. We picket to protest these tests. The Holy Father, Pius XII, asked that they be stopped. Atomic Energy Commissioner Murray says they are not necessary.

So why are we flourishing weapons in the face of the world? Is this the way to peace?

When the apostles wanted Jesus to call down fire from heaven on their enemies, He said: "You know not of what spirit you are."

Good creates. Evil destroys. Atomic weapons are evil and we pray to St. Michael to plunge them into the hell of which they are a sample.

Let us pray with St. Francis of Assisi: Where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is violence, light; and where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

May 8, 1956

Doukhobors

I have written now and then for years about the Doukhobors in British Columbia, having read the best history of them printed in English shortly after I visited them in 1941: this was Slava Bohu by J. F. C. Wright, published by Farrar and Rinehart in Nov. 1941. Helen Demoskoff who was my interpreter when I spoke to the older Doukhobors had been in prison for eleven years because of her action against war and sending her children to the public schools. She sends me a copy of the Vancouver SUN with a cartoon showing a civilian in a Quaker like hat leading a group of Canadian Mounties, each of whom was carrying a Doukhobor child under his arm. The Doukhobors had been persecuted for several hundred years in Russia and in 1899 about 7,000 of them emigrated to Saskatchewan, their passage being paid by Tolstoy and the English Quakers. After seven years they were asked

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ST. LEO THE GREAT

enough on hand. When W. H. Auden was asked about us on a program on the air he said that we helped the "undeserving" poor. Of course only God knows who are the "deserving" poor. Before our poet friend left for Oxford he

rosaries, holy hours, as well as all the societies in the church which promote one or another of all these Means and giving no time to try to change society and their own life in it so that it will more conform to what the life of a Christian should be in this world. Then on the other hand one is apt to plunge more desperately into the life of work, writing, speaking, organizing unions, credit unions, cooperatives, farming communes and retreats to dispose the Christian to go in for the foregoing. What a circle it all is.

In this last year when in the company of others I have spent so much time before city magistrates, for refusal to take shelter in the civil defense drill last June, and in my trial as a slum landlord (an attempt to close our house of hospitality) my interest has been turned to the need to study prisons and changes that are being made in them.

Contact with people who have had mental breakdowns, and visiting in mental hospitals, and the presence among us of so many psychosomatic complaints among people who live with us, has made me more than ever interested in the decentralization of mental hospitals.

In fact decentralization seems to be the solution to so many of our problems, from how to deal with the men on our skid rows, or how to deal with prisons and mental hospitals and the poor in India and Africa. The "do it yourself" movement; the service of others so emphasized by the Alcoholics Anonymous and Abbe Pierre; the retreat movement, all these are attempts to take care of the ills of the day, finding new ways of attacking the problem of how to perform the works of mercy most effectively, and without calling in the aid of the State.

It is the function of the journalist to try to cover all fields, to acquaint the readers of a periodical of all the things that are being done, and so to influence them that they too will be encouraged if not inspired to take their part in the human race.

On the other hand there is a need to urge oneself and others to moderate our greed and zeal, so as not to try to embrace all fields, but to try to specialize, make oneself proficient in one needed work by education and schooling, and get the required degrees if necessary and if able, in order to do the job most needed and for which one is most fitted.

Those who can take such stringent courses as tax refusal can give their services rather than be put on payrolls and beg their way to supply their daily needs if they can find agencies willing to work with them on these terms. Or they can embrace voluntary poverty and manual labor as a life of penance and mortification.

The harvest is great and the laborers are few. No fear of unemployment in this field.

Another thing about these hydrogen bomb tests. We must think of the guilt of the human race, of all men in their defiance of God. We are all Americans and we all partake of this guilt. In one way or another we contribute to the sin and we must atone for ourselves and for each other. There is the mystery of suffering and there is also something else we understand instinctively that if we love God and love our brothers in God, then we must atone to God, suffer for ourselves and for them. This goes for any suffering, if it is only the petty pin pricks of dally modern life, the life of the home, which can mount to such torture on occasion. We cannot choose just what kind of suffering we wish. That would be too easy. But if we use suffering so, for penance, it becomes the one supernatural thing we have to offer, Leon Bloy writes. Thinking this way, we must respect the sufferers mental or physical, and be grateful to them for being the lightning rods to divert the wrath of God.

Looked at in this light, understood in this way, we take comfort, and being comforted, we must comfort others, St. Paul said.

And in addition to atoning and praying for forgiveness, we can call upon St. Michael to defend us in battle, and we can pray to be like the youths in the fiery furnace, who praised God in the midst of that great updraft of heat which was turned for them into a gentle wind and warmth. Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose love for man we commemorate this month, have mercy.

D. D.

Co-Existence—and Christian Conscience

By Jerem O'Sullivan-Barra

Before accepting the prevailing line in most of the Catholic press, it would be well to give serious consideration to the arguments presented in this article.

FOREWARD

Co-existence, as advocated by the Christian, does not indicate indifference to evil, nor a refusal to recognize differences in degrees of evil. Rather, it promotes the continuation of even the present precarious international situation since even in a precarious peace it is possible to preserve a climate where differences can be recognized and pointed out. The moral choice of a Christian includes the necessity to make a choice on methods and weapons as well as on aims. The Christian advocate of Co-existence emphasizes the fact that in the only alternative to Co-existence, namely total war, all moral distinctions are lost.

Co-existence cannot be equated with a neutralist position which too often may imply moral neutralism—a refusal to make any moral distinction between the aims and methods of the Western Block of Nations led by the United States, and the Eastern Block led by the Soviet Union. However, there is a moral aspect to the neutralist position which is difficult if not impossible for Americans to understand.

The writer recently heard some very cogent remarks by Burma's Prime Minister Nu on the state of his own country and on the international scene. I asked a member of his official party what he considered was the essence of the Burmese neutralist position—a refusal to see any moral distinction between these two opposing power blocs, or a desire to keep the peace at any price. He explained that it was the latter that moved Burma in her "active neutrality." Then he added, "But there is a much more important consideration—the maintenance of internal order. If our government took a definite stand in favor of one or the other side, our country would fall into disorder. The people would not stand for it. They would break up into factions and there would be chaos."

Many people have claimed that the same thing would happen in India if the Indian government became involved with war preparations in concert with Russia or the Western Powers. Both Burma and India have tremendous internal problems to solve. Burma suffered atrociously in World War II. The peoples of these countries want to see positive improvement in their daily living and are therefore not interested in war adventures outside their borders. What seems to be an evasion of moral issues on the international field, does involve a moral position internally, since the first function of any government is to maintain peace and order within its own borders.

The term "co-existence" is having a very bad press in the United States, especially in Catholic publications. A prominent Catholic columnist feels he is dealing a death blow to the respectability of this word when he points out in one of our most popular Catholic magazines: "The term was invented by Stalin himself in 1927." He goes on to point out that by co-operating with schemes for "peaceful co-existence" we are being duped by a long-term Kremlin strategy whose aim is eventually to engulf the free world.

Incidentally, not only American Catholics deplore the serious acceptance of the term or concept of co-existence. Bertram Wolfe, in a forum on the topic, "Is Co-existence Possible" dismissed the expression "peaceful co-existence" as poisoned words, coined not by Stalin, but by Leon Trotsky. These words were to be used, not as the expression of a principle, but as a tactic which would serve the objectives of Soviet policy—just as the slogan "Peace" is only a tactic to the Soviet leaders, but a principle to those who are sincere among the leaders of the Western Alliance.

It seems to me, at least, that it is in our Catholic press, and in the utterances of Catholic leaders that we find the most frequent and most outright rejection of the term "co-existence," the most complete refusal to bring to it any rational attitude, but rather to meet it with an emotionally charged indignation. The National Commander of the Catholic War Veterans urges his fellow-veterans to, ". . . speak out against any made-in-Russia type of peaceful co-existence," and asks, "How can we co-exist with evil?"

Holy Father Speaks on Co-Existence

The 1954 Christmas Message of the Holy Father on Co-existence was published in an American Catholic newspaper under the headline, **Holy Father Deplores Co-existence**, though in point of fact, His Holiness had done nothing of the kind. A reading of the full text of the message reveals that Pope Pius XII had analyzed co-existence in an almost prophetic manner, and stated flatly: "There is some hope that today's co-existence may bring mankind closer to peace." The editor was mirroring more the prevailing American Catholic attitude than the powerfully reasoned and somberly prophetic message of the Holy Father.

Several times in considering the present rejection of the term co-existence, and the impatient scorn directed at the one who dares to examine dispassionately the concept of co-existence, I have been reminded of a historical parallel recounted by Jacob Burckhardt in relation to Renaissance Italy. The people of Milan, tired to death of a war prosecuted by their ruler, and suffering from starvation brought on by continued warfare, begged him for peace, crying out, "Pace," "Pace," as he passed them on the streets. For this breach of the

peace, (by a supreme irony, using the word "Peace" was a breach of the peace punishable by hanging) their ruler turned his mercenaries upon the beseeching populace, and two hundred persons lost their lives then and there. Priests were even ordered to substitute "tranquillitatem" in the prayer, "Dona nobis Pacem." Peace, as a word and as a concept, had lost its respectability, had become dangerous in both aspects. Such is the state of the term and concept of co-existence at this juncture of history, when a similar fate has again overtaken the word "peace." Peace, the heart of the Christian message has almost been monopolized by its enemies.

Modus Vivendi or Modus Moriendi

The aim of this article is to make an attempt at a dispassionate analysis of co-existence, and of the alternative that we must face if we reject it outright. Co-existence is no more than a modus vivendi as opposed to a modus moriendi. Any attitude to co-existence must have profound implications for the Christian conscience, and it is these implications that are being by-passed in any emotionally overcharged, or merely strategic, discussion of the term. First of all, let us posit a basic definition of co-existence as: the necessity of a person, group or nation to live side by side with another person, group, or nation or under a general condition especially when this living-together comes not from any choice of the person

ST. TIMOTHY &
ST. PAUL



or group concerned but from a situation not of their devising. In short, a mutual toleration marked only by the absence of open warfare. Such a co-existence, when applied to an individual, may refer to existence in a family, where differing temperaments make daily living a rather dreadful torture unless one takes thought and works out a scheme that will obviate some of the worst clashes of temperament. It may even be a marriage that has become a nightmare in revealing qualities in one or the other partner that were not even suspected when the ceremony was contracted. Here again, if rationality is permitted to enter—not to mention the golden thread of grace—a co-existence of mutual toleration is possible instead of rupture of relations—or mayhem.

Co-Existence in History

There were times in the past, for example, during the prolonged struggle with Islam, or the period of the Thirty Years War, when two groups decided that they could not live side by side. The Thirty Years War, though it had political causes, was exacerbated by the religious differences of the participants. One of the reasons for the useless prolongation of this war, which kept increasing in scope and involving more areas of Europe, was the fact that one of the participants refused even to sit down to negotiate with one of the other concerned parties to the dispute. I refer to the rejection by Sweden of peace proposals made by Pope Urban VIII in 1636; the Swedes would not treat with any Papal Legate. The war dragged on until 1648 when the Treaty of Westphalia established a condition of co-existence among exhausted contenders. Those who were still opposed politically and doctrinally had come to a realization that the inability to overpower or destroy what they opposed called for a living-together dictated not by choice but by the necessity of living at all. The Peace Treaty was not a perfect one, but sieges were lifted so that towns could come to life again, and an unconditional amnesty restored property to those who had been deprived of their possessions, and economic life could begin again to meet the needs of peace. The Catholics now had to co-exist with Lutherans and both with Calvinists.

"How Can We Co-exist With Evil?"

But the more precarious co-existence for the Christian is that brought up by the speaker cited above who asked rhetorically: "How can we co-exist with evil?" The answer to that is very easy. That is precisely what is required of Christians every single day while they are living in the world. The Christian cannot drive sin out of the world. It is here to stay until the devil and all his works are destroyed. The Christian cannot even drive

out of his own inner life the inclination to evil which we call concupiscence and which is our common legacy from the original sin. The use of any force which would put down these evils for good is ruled out. We must then co-exist in a world where the evil let loose by original sin abounds, and we can only combat it by moral means without (with God's grace) allowing ourselves to be spotted by that world. Co-existence, living side by side, with threatening and unsought evils, is thus a profound reality of the total human condition—and especially is it the essence of the condition of the Christian, whose conscience is called into play at every turn in his life so that he can make his choices according to laws of God as they have come to him through Christ and the Church founded by Him.

To return to the political level, Arthur Schlesinger, History Professor at Harvard, has caught some of this when he defines the present co-existence with Russia as "living with crisis." This is much more difficult, takes much more endurance, patience, charity—and any other virtue or skill you may want to name—than "blasting Russia off the map." But he goes on to point out that living with crisis is better than not living at all. This precarious living with crisis is indeed the daily experience of the Christian who must conquer the enemy within and the enemy without (in the form of temptation) without ever a let-up in the struggle until his soul is released to the judgment of God. Co-existence with Communism is, for the Christian, similar to co-existence with the sin that is in the world, a decision to be alive to its dangers, to oppose it by moral means at whatever cost to the individual.

In the political order, there is no doubt that the Russia which asks for peaceful co-existence from the other nations of the world, and more particularly from the United States (its only match in gigantism of extension and resources) is that same Russia which maintains and builds a great war potential, including atomic and hydrogen bombs, which has reduced the free nations around her borders to the status of satellite or slave states, which has helped impose a tyranny similar to her own in the great expanse of China, and which through various local Communist parties has fomented war and unrest in such areas as Korea, Vietnam, Indonesia and Italy. We are warned that if we are lulled by the words "peaceful co-existence" sung so sweetly by the Communist leaders, by their Communist stooges in Eastern Europe and China, and by their neutralist friends in India and Western Europe, we will find ourselves in the loving embrace of the Russian Bear—an embrace which crushes out all life.

The "Terrible Simplifiers" of the War Years

In passing, it may be well to mention that those who most deplore that absence of total war which we call co-existence, are in many cases those who were most conspicuous by their silence when the American relationship to Russia was one of co-belligerency. If Russia is so evil, that we cannot co-exist in the same world with her, why was it possible to be her co-belligerent in the most destructive war of all history? Russia is no different now from what she was when we fought by her side—except that now Russian Communism has dominion over a hundred million more people in Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and the Baltic States. Her leaders have a hegemony over the People's Republic of China, and thus unite a greater land mass between the Iron Curtain in Europe and the China Sea than any conqueror has united since Genghis Khan seven hundred years ago.

The foes of co-existence now are the same "terrible simplifiers" they were during World War II. Their argument is simple. Wherever there is a great, threatening force in the world, throw all you've got into blasting it off the face of the earth. What are weapons for, if not to be used—in a good cause, of course. America had a good cause in World War II—the freeing of peoples enslaved by the tyranny of Nazism, and the re-establishment of the rule of law and justice between nations. To this end, any enemy of Nazism was our co-belligerent, our ally. This included Russia, who was our ally only by force of circumstances, having first chosen the Nazis as allies in the Hitler-Stalin Pact. American Catholics fought the same war, with the same weapons, as the troops led by Communist leaders. To a far greater extent than their Russian co-belligerents, American troops participated in the saturation or retaliatory bombing of cities such as Hamburg, Dresden, Berlin. In Germany alone, sixty-one cities were bombed by the U. S. Army Air Force, destroying or damaging 3,600,000 homes and making 7,500,000 persons homeless. This is exclusive of damage to military installations or industrial plants.

At the same time as we were carrying on all-out war against the Germany of Hitler, we were supplying our Russian allies with immense quantities of war material and general supplies, including the five thousand planes that helped hold the day at Stalingrad. It was with this help that Russia slowly turned an already lost war into a stalemate, and later into a victory on the Eastern front that was made possible by the second front of the Allies in the air and on the Western and Southern coasts of Europe. It was with this aid that she consolidated her position in East Europe, and then gained her territorial and power objectives at secret conferences at Teheran and Yalta—where at the same time, the Western Allies lost the war from a moral point of view.

The foes of co-existence today are indeed most often those who, by being the "terrible simplifiers" of the war years made the present threatening ascendancy of Russia possible.

(Concluded next issue.)



BOURGEOIS COLLEGES

An Easy Essay By PETER MAURIN



CATHOLIC BOURGEOIS

- 1. A bourgeois is a man who tries to be somebody, by trying to be like everybody, which makes him a nobody.
- 2. Catholic bourgeois try to be like non-Catholic bourgeois and think they are just as good as non-Catholic bourgeois.
- 3. Right after the war Catholic bourgeois tried to believe what non-Catholic bourgeois tried to believe, that:
- 4. The time had come in America for a two-car garage, a chicken in every pot and a sign "To Let" in front of every poorhouse.
- 5. And Catholic colleges as well as non-Catholic colleges turned out stock promoters, stock brokers and stock salesmen who stocked people with stocks until they got stuck.



MODERN COLLEGES

- 1. Modern colleges give you a bit of this, a bit of that, a bit of something else and a degree.
- 2. The act of giving a degree is called a commencement. And after the commencement the student commences to look for a job.
- 3. In order to get a job, he commences to shout with Rotarians: "Service for profits, Time is money"
- 4. Cash and carry, Keep smiling, Business is business, Watch your step, How's the rush? How is the world treating you?
- 5. Competition is the life of trade, Your dollar is your best friend, So's your old man."



COLLEGE GRADUATES

- 1. Sociology is not a science, it is an art. The art of sociology is the art of creating order out of chaos.
- 2. Bourgeois colleges turn out college graduates into a changing world without ever telling them how to keep it from changing or how to change it so as to make it fit for college graduates.
- 3. College graduates think in terms of jobs, not in terms of work. Since the world is upside down, taking the side down and putting it up should be the task of college graduates.
- 4. But college graduates would rather play somebody else's game, make money, than to create order out of chaos.
- 5. What makes a man a man is the right use of liberty.



SECULARISM

- 1. When religion has nothing to do with education, education is only information: plenty of facts but no understanding.
- 2. When religion has nothing to do with politics, politics is only factionalism: let's turn the rascals out so our friends can get in.
- 3. When religion has nothing to do with business, business is only commercialism: let's get all we can while the getting is good.



Waiting For Godot

A Review By NED O'GORMAN

During intermission a lady with a cigarette holder said to a friend: there's a spiritual thread running through it, don't you know. When she said "running" she moved her hand like a wave, as if that gesture said everything. *Waiting for Godot* has revealed the critics in a state of intellectual dishabille that has embarrassed the public into the theatre and the critics I suspect to nocturnal studies of St. Thomas Aquinas, James Joyce and the dictionary. The lady who moved her hand at "nothing" said, I think, what everyone is trying to say that for some strange reason something holds this strange play together and holds it dramatically together.

Everyone agrees there is little action, many riddles, infinite solutions and a lack of statement that throws everything into a stew. There is no suspense, no anticipation, no dramatic action. Dramatic action for the audience means, and rightly so, question and answer, statement and denouement, riddle and solution, obscurity and its attendant light. *Waiting for Godot* does not seem to possess anything like a story and it avoids all the above. There is no statement even and no solution. If this play is limited for these reasons it is somehow splendid for these reasons. Most reviews have been grammatical riddles trying to explain a metaphysical play. Each review poses another riddle and another review.

I shall not try to explain very much. But before I explain what I can I shall sketch the plot in almost an outline. Two men, Gogo and Didi have been waiting for someone called Godot, they have been waiting perhaps 50 years. He has not arrived. Gogo and Didi are very good friends although their friendship is a worry and a sadness to each. Two other men, Pozzo, a master, and Lucky, a slave pass the place where Gogo and Didi await Godot and visit with them. The visitors leave and return; the master is blind and the slave is a guide now on a short rope. They visit and Gogo and Didi set upon them. They leave and a child tells the two friends that Godot will not come that evening but certainly the next. The play ends.

The situation is universal enough, perhaps too universal. All men wait for tomorrow, for the solution to the problem of life, for the solution of friendship. As they wait they talk and it is here that Samuel Beckett is a master. Here in a certain place two men speak of life when time has been dissolved into waiting, and waiting is a kind of eternity. Gogo and Didi have reduced experience to its most simple terms and know it, like Hamlet or the hero of *Le Misanthrope*. All things have been reduced to a basic conversation, that is full of dignity and pathos. They talk and never understand one another but in that chatter they reveal much about men: That friendship is difficult; that it is hard to know what to do with happiness once you're happy; that shoes that fit well in the morning do not fit well in the evening; that to some the experience of yesterday means one thing and to others it means another thing; that the voices of the dead sound like many things; that friendship is not revokable; that crying is inevitable. This is the language of relations reduced to the simplest rhetoric. Pozzo and Lucky still speak with the tongues of the worldly man. Pozzo the master talks of food and service and his achievements, Lucky does not speak, except when by some miracle his sleeping and twisted mind is tricked open and then he speaks but a gush of cant and destroyed vision. Who Godot is I

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Cotton Gins

(Continued from page 1)

whose hearts bleed about the starving people of Asia, and those generally with alive consciences can give the money necessary to buy the gin machinery and material. Those Negroes unemployed in Detroit, those leading less useful lives in Harlem, and any of us who can break away from our ties with bosses, loan sharks and general bourgeois outlook can volunteer to do the labor necessary in providing a fully equipped gin ready to process the cotton this fall. Write to Bayard Rustin, care of the CW. Bayard is head of the War Registers League, a Negro pacifist who has done time in the Carolinas for riding in the front of a bus. His experiences as an organizer and as a speaker qualify him to lead such a project. Meanwhile those of us of a technical mind could perhaps produce a small gin which each farmer could use himself—an American adaptation of the Gandhian spinning wheel!

My enthusiasm on this subject comes in part from my life as a migrant worker in the southwest, some days of which were spent picking cotton, both long and short staple, first picking, following the mechanical picker, and the miserable gleaning at two cents a hundred. Cotton is only one crop in the one-crop system that has impoverished our land. For cotton, lettuce, beets, tobacco, melons, wheat, corn, etc. are planted up to the very back door of the tenant or sharecropper, leaving no room for a small garden. If the crop is good, the weather is good, the market is good, then debts to the grocer, the implement dealer, the fer-

do not think anyone knows. I think that he could be Grace or God, or as Mr. Lahr has so beautifully suggested, any absolute, a Wife! But that one does not know who Godot is does not create a riddle so much as a mystery. One asks who Lear is, who Oedipus is, what one answers is simply an occupation and that we know of Godot. He has some sheep and feeds his shepherds.

I mentioned above that reviews tend to look upon this play as a metaphysical play, treating it as if it could not possibly be good for dramatic reasons, but for reasons best described in reviewers language as "important"—i.e. daring subject sensitively stated, mysteries of life delightfully portrayed! It is a good play because it is about men talking about life and talking about it as if they knew what it was about.

Bert Lahr as Gogo plays with a glorious dignity. He speaks lines with a pathos that made me smile and murmur assent. Beckett has written beautifully and has given life to that deep language of sadness and its joy that is found only at the centre of men. To murmur assent is perhaps disconcerting but the play is a sensuous play and it becomes concrete in Lahr's hands. E. G. Marshall as Didi has a rather hard time with a role of more explication. I found him not as understanding as Lahr. Kaszner and Epstein seem to be simply loud and silent and I think far from the centre of the business. But even then the language lifts them.

I think that this play is a good play and if I could suggest it I would urge as many as can to see it. The publicity has been vulgar, the reviews impossible and the rumors a little filthy and a little snobbish, but there is real splendor in *Waiting for Godot*.

tilizer man, can be paid. If the pendulum swings the other way whole families are shifted from the land to swell the unemployed in the city.

This is not visionary and impractical. To expect our top heavy militarized society to keep on producing cars and guns and bombs; to have one department of agriculture tell us how to defeat insects and plant diseases and make two blades of grass grow where one did before and then spend nine billion dollars in subsidies and storage expenses to store up this surplus is crazy indeed.

The non-violent cooperation of the Negroes for months in Montgomery, Alabama, has shown that people will cooperate at a sacrifice and walk for a common purpose. Our own Thoreau walked in the woods and marshes around Walden and gave the inspiration to Gandhi who walked and worked first in his Tolstoy,—farm in South Africa and later in his ashrams in India. Vinoba Bhave has walked over India and obtained over four million acres of land as "gifts of love" from those who had more for those who had less. Danilo Dolce in Sicily, a Catholic, who with priests and left wing radicals has walked and worked and broken laws of his land to build roads which bureaucrats had consistently refused to construct has brought this message of individual action to another part of the world.

A further inspiration came to me when we heard Gus Courts in his deep Southern drawl at the Madison Square Garden protest meeting the other night tell 16,000 people of his NAACP partner Lee being killed by the modern KKK, the White Citizens Councils, and of his being shot by them. He had his small store and white wholesalers would not sell to him so that now he had to go to Texas. I heard Nixon the sleeping car porter tell of the poor little leaflet which he felt he had to write and distribute, the leaflet that started the whole movement. I heard Mrs. Parks tell of her refusal to go to the back of the bus. These were not intellectuals, but poor working people who seem to be the ones who inevitably go into action against a social wrong. They were common people who stood up for their rights and aroused and shamed thousands to forget their petty differences and bring the Negroes of Montgomery to a walk to victory.

After all this had happened I met with Reginald Reynolds, Tolstoin from England, A. J. Muste, grand old man of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Bayard Rustin, and others at our Quaker friend, Bob Gilmore's apartment. We all agreed that meetings could be held, picketing and writing done, but that actual work such as the cotton gin building was a most important issue. It was Tolstoy's experience as a social worker for several years in patching up misery—as told in his *What is to be done*—that enabled him to write his wonderful stories such as *Ivan the Fool*, "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" etc., which when told from mouth to mouth prepared the way for the overturn of the Czar. "Go to the People" was then the slogan. It was our own Gene Debs who, when faced by vigilantes in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and was urged to flee for fear his services as an organizer would be finished, replied, "This will either be the beginning of unionism in Cripple Creek or the end of me."

CULTURE VATION ::



A. de Bethune

CRAZY DEFENSE

"An innocent meteor may be mistaken for an invading missile. There will be no time to check or debate, and the decision to fire in retaliation will be made by some low-ranking officer. Retaliation may result in counter-retaliation, and in a few more minutes all the world's missiles may fly." So does TIME magazine in head feature in Jan. 30th issue describe what may happen if and when guided missiles shoot in the skies at 16,000 m.p.h. Half a century ago we were started on our imperialism by the "accident" when the battleship Maine explosion provided the propaganda "Remember the Maine" needed to excite the people. Today we are at the mercy, not only of Presidents who have the legal right to start an atomic war, but of technicians who may accidentally destroy us.

A.H.

O every shower and dew, bless ye the Lord; O all ye spirits of God, bless the Lord.

O ye fire and heat, bless the Lord; O ye cold and heat, bless the Lord.

O ye dews and hoar frosts, bless the Lord; O ye frost and cold, bless the Lord.

CRAFTS VS INDUSTRY

The Church wants some limit set to the dwarfing of man himself in these days through the emergence and dominance of the machine and the continued expansion of large scale industry. Among small craftsmen, personal work, till now at least, has kept its full value. The craftsman transforms his raw material and carries through the whole of a work; to that work he is closely linked, and in it there is an ample field for his technical skill, his artistic capabilities, his good taste, his deftness and delicacy of touch in making things that, from his point of view, are greatly superior to impersonal and standardized mass-produced things. And therefore small craftsmen as a class are, one may say, a picked militia defending the dignity and personality of the workmen.

Pope Pius XII.

O let the earth bless the Lord; let it praise and exalt him above all for ever.



Grailville

GRAILVILLE SUMMER COURSES—one-week sessions, June 16 through August 26. Love Knows No Boundaries, June 16 to 24; Christ In Our Time, June 30 to July 8; The Family and Social Action, July 13 to 15; The Quest for Inwardness, July 21 to 29; Festival of Arts, August 4 to 12; The Search for Woman's Role, August 18 to 26. Guest lecturers will include: Rev. Edward Murphy, S.J., missiologist and scholar of Fordham University, New York City; Rev. William Leonard, S.J., director of the Social Worship program at Boston College and leader in the liturgical movement; Rev. Clement Kern, pastor of Holy Trinity parish in Detroit, known for its "Corktown Co-op"; Dr. Herbert Marshall McLuhan, professor at the University of Toronto and the author of the Mechanical Bride. Rev. Louis Bouyer, O.S.A., here in this country to lecture at the Notre Dame Liturgy Program; Mr. William Schickel, rising young artist.

Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

Ball games have started in the Reinhardt's picnic grounds across the road, the first tulips, pansies, and lilacs are out, and for the past three days we have had lettuce, radishes, and scallions from the gardens on the table. So all of us feel as cheerful as the green and sunny landscape looks, out back of the house where the ground slopes down in the gentle small valleys and hillocks that make up the topography of Peter Maurin Farm. Every once in a while we take a look at the gardens John and Mike have put in, and realize suddenly that there is another row or two of green above ground that wasn't there the last time we looked.

The pear and cherry trees bloomed even more briefly than usual, having been out only a couple of days when a high wind stripped them of all blossoms.

The rye is flourishing, and tall enough to make you catch your breath when you see it bending in the wind. There is sweet corn in; the peppers are coming up, and so are the tomatoes and the squash.

The pond, which filled after the heavy rains of last Fall, has not been dry since, and now is nicely fenced in for the use of Daisy Mae and Josephine. At present also we have some additional livestock—two of Tamar's geese, which she gave us a week ago. We also have baby chicks on order.

Brother Patrick, our good friend at the Marist Novitiate, has been ill, and unable to manage their farm this summer; so they have very generously loaned us their hay rake, and wagon, which we were in need of.

While Howard cooks, Hans is supervising a general refurbishing and face-lifting, with the help of Andy Spillane, George Carlin, and John Ryan. Window and door screens are going up again. The barn is being painted—red with white trim this time—and Andy has begun repainting the white trim on the house. Joe Cotter has painted his little shack, blue walls and a red floor. He and Jim Canavan have finished work on the cannery, which was formerly the bakery, and have fitted it with the gas plates and stove that were brought from Maryfarm.

Visitors to Maryfarm will remember the outdoor Stations of the Cross that Hazen Ordway built many years ago for us. Chris, George and Hans have mended and varnished them, and have put them up along a path which has been cleared leading through the fields to the creek which bounds the property. A place has been cleared by the brook, and tables and benches built there, where people may sit to read or meditate after making the Stations.

We have lately got to know several of the counselors at St. Michael's Home nearby. One of them, Vincent Walker, spent a few days with us, and the others have visited from time to time. On Pentecost Sunday, one of them, Harry O'Brien, came with eight or so of the boys. They had a tour of the farm, and then stayed to supper.

One of the things we always show visitors are the loom and spinning wheel. Now there is another loom, a table model which Leonard has just finished. He is a very fine craftsman, and the loom is a real beauty. When Tamar sets it up for us, we will be able to make small pieces such as scarves, table mats, and belts. Stanley now has some new type, and is continuing to print cards for us; the latest is a quotation from Cardinal Mercier. And we have set up a calligraphy corner in the dining room. Frances Ferguson, the newest arrival from Chicago, has become interested in lettering and is doing some beautiful work.

On Pentecost Sunday, Father Faley had the great joy of offering Mass in the chapel at St. Vincent's Hospital, his first Mass in about three months. It was the forty-second anniversary of his first Mass, so it was a particularly happy day for him.

Alleluia

By Helen Lathrop

We were visiting a famous French Abbey and an artist monk showed us many beautiful things, taking particular pride in exhibiting his treasure—a book he had made himself to be used by the Lord Abbot on great feasts. The illuminations were exquisite and the colours as pure and fresh as Fra Angelico's. As we were rapt in admiration he promised to demonstrate the process of illumination, step by step, and the following day he brought the necessary materials to the parlour.

"What shall I make?" he asked, choosing a small piece of vellum. "As it is the Paschal season," we replied together, "the Alleluia." Delighted by this choice he set to work, making the letters, laying on the size, waiting for it to dry to the proper stickiness, applying the gold leaf, delicately outlining the "A" with red and finally burnishing the gold. Then he gave us the Alleluia, the word of Heaven, the word of endless joy, in letters of pure gold.

"Alleluia," says the devout Abbot Rupert, "is like a stranger amidst our other words. Its mysterious beauty is as though a drop



A. de Bethune

of heaven's overflowing joy had fallen down on our earth. The patriarchs and prophets relished it and then the Holy Ghost put it on the lips of the Apostles, from whom it flowed even to us. It signifies the eternal feast of the angels and saints, which consists in their endless praise of God, and in ceaselessly singing their ever new admiration of the beauty of the God on Whose Face they are to gaze for everlasting ages. This mortal life of ours can in no wise attain such bliss as this. But, to know where it is to be found, and to have a foretaste of it by the happiness of hope, and to hunger and thirst for what we thus taste, this is the perfection of saints here below. For this reason, the word Alleluia has not been translated; it has been left in its original Hebrew, as a stranger to tell us that there is a joy in His native land which could not dwell in ours: he has come among us to signify, rather than to express that joy."

Being citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, we should not be unduly concerned about our citizenship here below; no matter on which side of an ocean, a chain of mountains or an invisible line we may happen to have been born, we are all poor exiles in this world, sitting beside the rivers of Babylon in a strange land. And it is well that the word of our true Fatherland should be left in its original Hebrew. "Spiritually we are all Semites."

"But to sing the Alleluia worthily we must have our hearts set on the country whence it came," says Dom Gueranger. "It is not a mere word nor a profane, unmeaning melody; it is the song that recalls

the land from which we are banished." So the Church takes this song of Heaven away from us on the eve of Septuagesima, telling us that our lips must first be cleansed before they again be permitted to utter this word of angels and saints, and that our hearts, defiled as they are by sin and attachment to earthly things, must be purified by repentance.

In the Middle Ages this suspension of the Alleluia was keenly felt and expressed in various ceremonies of farewell—even to the puerility of "burying the Alleluia with funeral rites"—and in fine sequences, hymns or antiphons. "May the good angel of the Lord accompany thee, Alleluia, and give thee a good journey, that thou mayst come back to us in joy—Alleluia—Alleluia." "Alleluia, abide with us today, and tomorrow thou shalt set forth, Alleluia; and when the day shall have risen, thou shalt proceed on thy way, Alleluia—Alleluia—Alleluia."

After the long purification of Lent, Holy Church gives back to us the Alleluia during the Mass of the Paschal Vigil. "I announce to you a great joy: it is the Alleluia." So we celebrate the great Christian mystery of the Pasch with this song of triumph and joy constantly on our lips and in our hearts. We begin to live the new life, the Risen Life with Christ while still in exile. And as Sunday belongs to the Paschal season, in a sense, we have this weekly feast of the Resurrection with its joyful Alleluias to remind us throughout the year that we are citizens of Heaven.

But to enter into this spirit of the liturgy we must leave aside our private devotions, our miserable narrow concern with self and personal interests. "If you then be risen with Christ seek the things that are above, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God: mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth." The prayer of petition is good in its place but, like the prayer of the Church on Good Friday, it should embrace the whole world. The prayer par excellence of the Paschal season is the Alleluia, the prayer of adoration, of pure praise.

It is quite possible to assist at Mass every day and to keep up such a clatter of words and petitions that at the end of a month we have not spent so much as ten minutes in adoration. This recalls the story of a well intentioned novice in a contemplative Order who arrived at the chapel "armed to the teeth" with three prayer books and several rosaries of various kinds and tried to pray through the lot during the half hour of Mass. The nuns detached her from all that gradually and taught her to pray the Mass.

Entering into the triumph of the Glorious Risen Christ we have nothing to fear, even in this terrifying atomic age and can maintain our interior serenity and peace. In any age the Christian need only fear sin. It is astonishing that Catholics should be so afraid of death that they would commit ghastly crimes in an effort to save their lives. Most of the questions asked of pacifists beginning: "What would you do if . . . ?" are not realistic and often positively silly. The question is not whether we would use violence against a criminal or maniac to protect our children, but rather whether we would be willing to drop an atomic bomb on his innocent children in order to save our own. Faced with such an alternative what better could any Catholic do than make a big sign of the cross over his children—not forgetting his grandmother—and offer them to the God who made them? Even in choosing the other alternative he could not save his children. In war they are all offered to Moloch. The early Christians had no morbid fear of death, made no fuss, no compromise.

(Continued on page 8)

Going To the Job

By ROBERT LUDLOW

You know it is not the job—or at least you know it is not primarily the job. If it were just the job there wouldn't be those times when really you don't mind it at all. Times you are glad with life, that things are as they are. But the next day you know it will be back. The chronic discontent. You have again established a routine. In the morning you arise at 6 or you try to wake a few minutes before so you don't have to hear the alarm go off—harsh and demanding and shattering your nerves to begin with. You fight your way into the bedroom slippers and grope your way to the bathroom ungluing your left eye enough to peak apprehensively at the mouse trap under the kitchen sink to see if you made a catch during the night. You did and you're glad it wasn't one of those nights when it wasn't a clean job and the struggling little thing woke you up and you lie there for awhile wishing it would die before humanitarian considerations drive you from the bed to put an end to the messy business. Only now you get so you throw the trap and all out the back window into the junk yard beneath. Because when you try to get it out of the trap sometimes you make a mess of it and there's blood on you and so now you buy five cent traps by the half dozen, five cents a catch—not too expensive. Vaguely disturbed at the cruel necessity of warring against mice and cockroaches, not to mention an occasional bed bug, you sit down heavily in the chair by the desk and start assembling the electric razor. Aware while doing so that your stomach protrudes too much, that you are looking definitely middle aged and is it possible to get rid of the fat without giving up the beer? You plough through the beard grown heavy overnight wishing it were the style to wear it full grown or that nature would finally awaken to the fact that people living in Manhattan don't need hair on their faces. You dab some sickly stinking shaving lotion over the shave job to take the rawness away and because someone gave it to you for Christmas and you've got to use it up before buying some witch-hazel which does the job without the stink. Then you get dressed, hesitating a moment over the grey or the brown suit, the brown or the black shoes. Smiling a bit as you think I suppose that's how they would prove free will. They being all the popularizers of theology and since you have been reading Msgr. Journet you feel a bit beyond that. Anyway you grab a Carpatho-Ruthenian Mass book and a New Testament—the latter to read if the priest is late in starting the Mass—and you walk up the Avenue to 7th street to the Ukrainian Church appreciating a bit the good fresh New York air that really is in the early hours. After Mass you make a hasty exit and make your thanksgiving on the way back. You say the Gloria in Excelsis Deo in Latin because you belong to the Roman Rite and don't want quite to forget it. Sometimes you cut things short to dash into the grocery on 6th and 1st because you remember there isn't enough for supper. Instinctively you grab for whole wheat bread to see if the wheat germ is or is not in it but it doesn't matter too much as you have a jar of wheat germ to add to the cold cereal. You take a couple cans of spaghetti because it's easier just to open and eat than to bother with potatoes, or if you do bother with potatoes you buy potato salad in a jar and just spoon it out without dirtying another plate. You get down to 2nd St. and pick up the New York Times, you have the nickel for it already in your hand, you make a point of having a supply of nickels for that purpose and when you run out of them you give

yourself a break and have a sandwich in the Automat that day just to get the nickels. But now you climb up the five flights to your apartment (six really as there's a flight leading up to the "first" floor) and before doing anything else you light the gas underneath the coffee pot, you make the coffee twice a week and it lasts for one cup each morning, stale at times but you're in a hurry and don't mind. You have a small orange juice, some All-Bran mixed with wheat germ and maybe (in utter disregard of the saggy stomach) a chocolate covered donut. Then you take the coffee into the sitting room and place it on the stand beside the only comfortable chair while you pick up the New York Times. There was a time when you didn't bother with newspapers but now, in the world, you have decided to find out what gives and the Times seems to be the best source of that information. Once in awhile your eye catches something on the front page you're especially interested in and you read it through before reading the summary of news on the front inside page. You follow the Cyprus business with interest because there's a Greek Orthodox Archbishop involved and you've always been interested in the Orthodox and you sort of hope he gets the best of the British. Or if anything on the racial business catches your eye you go through that first because you're quite concerned over it and want the Montgomery strike to be a big success. But by that time you glance uneasily at your wrist watch and see it's getting on to 8 o'clock and you'd better read the summary of news and then leave the paper at the foot of the chair ready to finish when you get home from work. So at 8:15 you reach for the coffee cup and sometimes find you forgot to drink it all and it's cold and bitter, so you pour it down the sink, make a last visit to the bathroom, check to see if you have your wallet, your Paper-Mate pen, your tie on, your door keys and then start for the subway. On the way down you sometimes reflect on the job you're going to and how it seems useless, if not harmful, but then you pull yourself together by reflecting that if you must make a living by taking a job in the business world what does it matter so much if it is in a brokerage firm since the other businesses operate through the stock markets anyway. You're just in the center of things. But you know you're being phony and if you got a "socially useful" job would probably rear and thunder against the stock market and all its iniquities.

Anyway you've met a lot of nice people there and some of them not taking home more than you i.e. \$45.15 a week and they have troubles like you and problems like you and get tired and unhappy like you so you like them for that and no one likes to be alone in these things. When you change at Delancey for the Broad Street subway you steel yourself for the contest in balancing necessary to preserve a fairly dignified posture, all this due to the fact that the subway is so crowded by the time it hits Delancey you are very and extremely lucky if you have anything to hang onto. Never do you in your most erratic moments dream of getting a seat. Sometimes you do lose balance, if you get one of those choppy drivers, though if you try to imagine yourself the captain of a ship and out on a wave tossed vessel and you being looked up to by the men and all you can manage to balance yourself for the sake of company morale. But if you do start to fall (actually you could never really fall to the floor, there isn't enough floor space vacant to fall on) your first impulse is to grab anybody and have them fall with you. Which may be an expression of

solidarity or then again a rather nasty comment on human nature.

At Broad Street you hope you are near the door of the train so you can run ahead of the rest up the stairways to Exchange Place but if not you invariably find yourself behind someone with the gout who takes one step-slow at a time and you hate that feeling of restraint and being hemmed in on a staircase. But you get up the stairs finally and for a few moments just stand there and breathe the good air and look around to acclimate yourself to life in the financial district and finally cross the street to the big building you work in with the long hallway and the chandeliers overhead and seeming, oddly enough, to have just a touch of Versailles. In the back there are the elevators and you don't ring for them because there's a whole slew of elevators and you just wait till one comes down and then you're in and saying "11th floor, please" — everyone always says "please"—and you're ready for another day.

Only. Only. Must it be confessed? When you go up there sometimes you hear it—Ravel's Bolero. Unmistakably in your mind there it is, wild, repititious, farcical erotic, unutterably beautiful. You hear it with your clerk's soul. And you don't want to be contained anymore, not by these walls, nor by these desks nor by these typewriters and forms and orders and cancellation of orders nor by jobs nor by people nor by anything that is. You remember when you got it. Sneaked in between some Mozart. Because now that you had graduated from Al Jolson to Mozart you weren't supposed to slip back and they considered the Bolero as definitely a slip back. But now here it was and making you think, could perhaps this after all be the palace at Versailles. The one with all the glass. Did it exist still? Or gone too? No more colorful decadence? Just this business man's decadence with the ulcers and high blood pressure and the pink and blue little cards to type up. But you'd think too of those Saturdays. There'd be one in the Spring and unexpectedly warm and after you'd finished the New York Times you couldn't contain yourself more but had to go and sit in Thompson Square to see it all and to feel. Feel the warm you hadn't felt all winter, see the trees and the grass before they were green and glad again that the people were out there with their baby carriages and dogs and at their ball games and it could only be at those times you'd stand on the beach at the far tip of Long Island and look out to the Atlantic and build a fire there in the night and sing or listen to the singing but you'd sit there in the Square and think only then of what you saw there but all at once you'd know again the sorrow of exile, the exile of all living things on earth that not even these could assuage. No, nor the green hills of the mountains, the vast reaches of the Atlantic, nor could they fill your soul nor empty it, for there is always there the uncontained, the inexplicable, the discontent.

So you are there now and it's the 11th floor and you get out and it's "good morning" and you are always there.

RETREAT IN JUNE

A retreat will be held at Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Is., June 17 through June 22. The retreat master will be Father Guerin from the Marist Fathers Novitiate which is on the island also. Since space is a major problem it is necessary that those planning to come write us as soon as possible for reservations. Address communications to Beth Rogers, Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Rd., Staten Is., N.Y.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

We want to thank all the seminarians who sent us invitations to their ordinations, and to assure them that we put their cards in our missals and will remember to pray for them. Thanks is also due to whoever left me the beautiful wooden carved statue of the Blessed Mother who presides over my desk as I work. I came in one day to find it. I do not know whether it was mailed in, or delivered by hand. It might have been one of those days when there were many visitors, many disasters happening, sick to be delivered to hospitals or to be visited in hospitals, etc. Anyway the only way I can express my gratitude is to beg God to bless the donor, which I do often.

Repairs

Ours is a cheerful and a comfortable house, all told, and well worth repairing and brought into conformity with the rather particular building code of the city of New York. We had hoped to put in a bathroom for the women on the top floor. As it is now, twelve women, a large family, share one, on the next to the top, although there are capacious sinks on both floors for sponge baths and washing clothes, besides the big laundry in the basement with its automatic washer. But when we saw the figures of the contractor, \$935 for the installation of the bath, we decided to forego that luxury. \$935 would pay the rent of a summer place for all the Puerto Rican children whom Eileen Fantino, Mary Ann McCoy and Helen Russell have been taking care of for the last two summers. Or it would take care of one thousand eight hundred and seventy

remember them and their work, and send what help you can. You certainly will enjoy your own vacation more if you help.

Visitors

Book binding has been added to the crafts practiced at the Peter Maurin farm. We have had the equipment for some time, but an added impetus to the work came with the visit of Liselotte Stern, (wife of Dr. Karl Stern), who helped Deane Mawrer over one weekend to start book binding. Deane has been at it for the last three weekends now, and two products of the craft have come from her hands and been put in the wooden press we found in the carpenter shop.

In turn we showed Mrs. Stern our newly found craft of hand spinning with a spindle, which Tamar and I are engaging in, and I am so fascinated by the occupation that some day I may get up enough nerve to bring my spindle into New York, to the office so that I can spin while talking to visitors. Old copies of National Geographic magazines have innumerable pictures of women and girls spinning together, from every country in the world. We have started making a scrap book of these pictures.

Lauren Ford has provided us with the wool for some years now, from the sheering of her own sheep at Bethlehem, Connecticut (she is a neighbor of Regina Laudis) and this year, Tamar says, she would like to grade the wool more carefully, and take the softest to spin and weave into baby shirts. The coarser wool can go for afghans and scarves, hats, socks, and so on.

There has been an exhibition recently at the Tottenville Public library of the drawings of the children in the art class of the parochial school of Our Lady Help of Christians, and the children of the first and second grades have certainly done their teacher, Miss Doreen Kerreher, credit. She is a splendid teacher.

This exhibition inspired us to plan an exhibit of our own of spinning and weaving.

The Home

Vincenza Baglioni, who with Viera Brna is engaged in Family Service up around Orangeburg, New York, said to me one time that the more she saw of young people the more she realized how their interest needed to be stimulated by a great number of things in the natural order, such as botany, zoology, bird trips, gathering of specimens, swimming and fishing, clam digging and studying the life of woods and shore. Such interest makes for much happiness and joy and gratitude to God for His creation.

And Tamar adds, while we were talking about these things, that it was the home that needed to provide all these interests, first of all, rather than the school or the parish or the community. And teachers were giving too much homework and there were too many extra curricula activities now just as there were in the days when she went to school.

While she talked to me, Nickie (seven) rushed in with the Zamarky boys and rushed out again with an entire basket of fruit. "These bottomless pits," Tamar cried, meaning their stomachs. And she rushed to retrieve some of the fruit for the rest of the children who had not yet come home from school.

In addition to her own seven, she has two or three Zamarkys and three or four Scarpalis around the house after school and on week ends and holidays, but there are four acres and a big sand lot where nothing but bay berries grow, and here it is pitted with underground houses, covered with boards and bits of old carpet, and the trench houses and the tree houses make quite a village. This is the time of year when the flowers and blossoming trees make such beauty all around that the

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SAINT RAPHAEL



PRAY FOR US

nights lodging at one of the clean cheap old hotels on the Bowery. How many families in rural sections of our country live on less than \$935 in cash a year!

Appeal

Anyway, we write here an appeal for help for the three girls in East Harlem, begging our readers to send contributions for the vacations of the Puerto Rican children who so sadly need an outing away from our crowded city streets. Last summer they had some blissful times on the beach in Staten Island, but, sad to relate, Florio's is all taken this year. Or children are not wanted, or maybe it is Puerto Rican's, or maybe it is Jesus Christ Himself who is not wanted in his poor. We are looking, and Helen, Eileen and Mary Ann are all looking for a place for them, and they would dearly love to get an all-the-year-round place where they could bring their little neighbors for spring and fall weekends and for winter outings too. Maybe St. Joseph has a place in mind for them. Anyway, such help comes when we do our share. So we beg you to

CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 1)

the Maryknoll seminary near here stopped in for a few hours and at the meeting of the "Third Hour" held here a few weeks ago we had Mr. Johnson who was one of the group of Protestants who recently met with the leaders of the Russian Orthodox Church in Moscow. We hope to start holding the Friday night meetings out in the back yard this week; I guess we will all be glad to get out of that crowded, smoke filled library.

Annabelle has been away for four weeks taking care of her aunt who fell and injured her arm and side and in the meantime Veronica and Millicent have been handling the women's clothes room. I should mention that when I told last month of how many boxes of clothes we had received in response to our appeal I did not want to give the impression that we had enough to last us any great length of time, because they go very quickly. I suppose many of our readers remember when a year or so ago Tom Sullivan made an appeal for bed sheets and the place was deluged with them, so many in fact that in the next issue he had to beg that no one else send any, well, people may not believe it but we are again badly in need of sheets. I don't know whether the phenomenon will occur again but if it does it will make good copy.

Little Tommy who makes himself useful by taking copy down to the printer and going to the grocery for odds and ends that the cook needs just came in and showed me a fountain pen the professor had given him. It seems that last night the professor had accidentally knocked down Tommy's clothes from their hook on the wall and Tommy had reprimanded him rather sharply so the pen is a sort of peace offering. *Tommy says if it doesn't work, he will have to make agonizing reappraisals of their friendship.*

The workmen have left and the hammering has subsided until tomorrow and the only sound comes from Ammon's typewriter and my own. George Dawson and John Derry are cutting and sorting addresses in the back of the office in preparation for the mailing out of the June issue which goes to press early next week. The printer is yelling for copy and we all have waited until the last moment to do any writing this month. I suppose it's Spring fever.

After over four years we are sorry to report that Blessed Martin House of Hospitality in Memphis is closing down. Helen Caldwell Day, author of *Color Ebony* and *Not Without Tears* who rented a miserable store front in one of the worst Negro slum areas in the city was able after one year to buy a large five room house and took care of expectant mothers and many babies and small children during the day while their mothers worked. This was my own real introduction to *The Catholic Worker*. I had seen the paper of course in the library at the Christian Brothers College in Memphis but it didn't make too much of an impression at the time. Then later after two years with the Trappists I came back to Memphis and found that *The Catholic Worker* had opened a house and I don't think anything could have been more welcome as far as I was concerned. I had come across Dorothy's *On Pilgrimage* and Peter's *Easy Essays* at Gethsemani and at Bl. Martin House I found the same warmth and charity that was in the books.

There were one or two priests who were sympathetic to the work, one of them was very interested in *The Catholic Worker* movement, the other I think admired Helen and wanted to help Bl. Martin House in its corporal works of mercy but was rather distrustful of the ideological bases. The other clergy, if they were amenable to the work, did not give any sign and a small number were quite frank

in letting it be known that they disapproved of the work altogether, existentially, if not in theory. I should mention, though, the great generosity of one Catholic group without whose material help Bl. Martin House could not have survived and that is the Christian Brothers. More than once they literally kept food on the shelf and table. And another who shared smaller but equally welcome amounts of food which she begged from a grocer for the house was Miss Taylor who lived next door.

I should also in all honesty mention something which was responsible for the alienation of the ecclesiastical authorities and that was my picketing at local Bell Telephone offices during the strike in 1955. The sign I carried had two quotations, one from the Holy Father which came from his 1955 May Day speech to Italian workers to the effect that the Church was not aligned with capitalism against the working class and the other was made by a priest in Louisiana who said in reference to this particular strike that scabbing and union busting were grave sins. I was told that I had no right to pretend to represent the Church in this way and was ordered not to do this again.

I might mention that this was a very bitter strike with rock throwing and shooting involved and that there were Catholics on both sides, union and management and that no representative of the Church to my knowledge made any statement about it one way or the other. I did discontinue the picketing but aroused their ire again when I sold the *Catholic Worker* at another strike a few weeks later and word of the whole affair reached the bishop. Helen received a letter from the Chancery Office saying that I was no longer to have any official connection with Bl. Martin House and that she should in effect limit the work to the corporal works of mercy. This she has done for the past year. She tried to find someone to take over the work who would be willing to operate it in a manner satisfactory to the Chancery. She could find none.

So little money has been coming in and so little interest has been shown in the past year that Helen decided it was no longer feasible or possible to keep operating. It is my own opinion that it was very difficult to keep going from the psychological point of view also, though some people don't think that this is very important. Helen asked us to thank everyone who responded to our appeal for financial help for Bl. Martin House in the February issue, especially those who did not include their address with their donation. Helen and Jesse Riley, her husband, and their son Butch will continue living in the house and will keep the house open through June 1st. They wanted to sell the house and divide the money between *The Catholic Worker* and the diocese "so that those who gave because we were CW would have their intentions realized and those who gave because we were southern and Negro would have theirs also realized. However we could get so little, less even than we were prepared to pay ourselves, that we decided rather than sell at such a great loss we would buy the house ourselves taking over the notes and refunding in care of the bishop what has already been paid toward the purchase. The money we sent him for this is to be used for work in the diocese among the Negroes and we have his permission to send part to you for the C.W. What we will do in making monthly payments is send the money to him in two money orders, one for him and one to be forwarded to you because I feel the money was given really to help the CW ideal because that has been my own aim in starting the house. We will pay \$200 down and fifteen a month because that is all we can afford beyond the regular note we still have to pay. So much

Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

to swear allegiance to the King, but to them a Czar and a King was the same, so they left millions of dollars of property and went to British Columbia near Nelson and at this junction of the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers they cleared the forests and sang their songs of freedom. Soon they had the largest jam factory in Canada. About three years ago the Quakers in Philadelphia sent a certain Quaker by the name of Emmett Gulley to see what could be done about the difficult situation of the burning of school houses by the Sons of Freedom group of the Doukhobors. He it is who has helped the Government and the Mounties find the children who do not go to school, even blood hounds having been sent after the children. Forty of them are now in the New Denver Sanatorium and many parents are in prison for trying to follow their tradition of freedom.

War Resisters Dinner

Last night at the annual dinner of the War Resisters League there was an acceptance of reality by all of the speakers. Dave Dellinger spoke first. His message was that we should not try to fool ourselves that this commercialized way of life was worth defending, or that any conceivable portion of the people would think of measuring up to the Gandhian non-violent principle. Bill Werthy told in interesting detail of his visit to Montgomery, Ala. His thought was that those of his race who sought to lead a bourgeois life and rise in the white man's world were not achieving the emancipation of their race. Dorothy told of Peter Maurin's early days in the U.S. and of the early struggles of the CW. Ours was not a success story, but the "folly of the Cross." She told in detail of our arrest last June in the air raid drill. Her message was that with an acceptance of voluntary poverty and the denial of the alleged values of our exploitative system we would be free to be as Christian and as radical as we had the courage to be. I have often put it this way: "Unless we are ready to die we are not ready to live."

We have often quoted the anarchist weekly *FREEDOM*, founded over 50 years ago by Peter Kropotkin whom Peter Maurin so often mentioned. Although this paper is anti-religious and only pacifist when it comes to capitalist wars it does give the clearest interpretation and news from over the world of communities, decentralization, and other events of interest to those who seek a free society. Readers interested should subscribe at \$3 a year to *FREEDOM*, 27 Red Lion St., London, W.C.1, England. The current issue quotes in a box on the upper right front page something of mine: "The State is founded upon exploitation and to expect politicians who live by war economy to do away with war was like expecting a butcher to put a vegetarian sign in his window."

The air raid drill is set for July 20th. If it is compulsory many of us who refused to take part last time and are under suspended sentence will refuse to take part again. If I am not in jail because of this action I plan to go on a speaking trip of about fifteen months next October. First in the New England states, then Eastern Canada, the Middle West, and on to the Coast, and back to New York through the deep south. Readers who are interested should write to me for dates.

for the house. I hope it has done some good these years. We are all well but Butch has to have another operation to lengthen his leg when school is out. Please pray for him especially that this is the last."

It should be understood that I take full responsibility for anything I have said here that may antagonize someone; Helen Caldwell will see it for the first time when she receives the June issue of the paper.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 6)

wild disorder of the children (Tamar believes with Don Bosco in expression rather than repression) is all covered over with green shrubs and the lushness of trees.

The Hennessys live a mile away from Peter Maurin Farm and Tamar is always ready to come over to teach a bit of weaving, spinning or knitting to our household which this week was made up of five children and about twenty-two adults. Just a proper sized family.

New Projects

One of the things Liselotte Stern wanted to talk about on her trip to New York was her idea for a "farmatorium" where people on the verge of or recovering from breakdowns can go to relax and learn some of these crafts and reach closer to the good earth and its healing. When plans are more formed, we are hoping she will write about it for *The Catholic Worker*. Meanwhile there is the St. Dymphna Guild in New York which had its annual day of discussion last month at the Convent of the Holy Souls and at which a number of psychiatrists spoke.

We also want to call attention to the book "When Minds Go Wrong" by Dr. John Maurice Grimes, M.D., published by Devin Adair, about the present condition of our state mental hospitals. "Into asylums there have been dumped the old, the decrepit, the inadequate of every sort; with little consideration or question about mental illness, and with less consideration of the need or effectiveness of treatment. There is no more justification for keeping these patients in prison now than there was a century and a half ago for keeping them in chains."

Only those who have had occasion to visit a number of the many mental hospitals around New York, begin to realize how vast is the problem of the mentally ill, and how far we are from meeting

it with our giant hospitals caring for as many as 15,000 patients. Anyone who has seen these great structures rising from the flat country of Long Island must be startled into the realization that the building of more and more giant hospitals is not solving the problem.

The National Office of Recovery, Inc., at 116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill., can send out material on the work they are doing in the way of group therapy for ex-patients and the families of patients who need to be educated quite as much as the patients themselves.

REJOICE



CHILDREN of Zion, rejoice and be joyful in the Lord your God: because He hath given you a teacher of justice, and He will make the early

and the latter rain to come down on you, as in the beginning. And the floors shall be filled with wheat, and the presses shall overflow with wine and oil. And you shall eat in plenty and shall be filled; and you shall praise the name of the Lord your God, who hath done wonders with you; and My people shall not be confounded for ever. And you shall know that I am in the midst of Israel: and I am the Lord your God, and there is none besides; and My people shall not be confounded forever: saith the Lord almighty. (Joel II, 22-27).

How to Keep Conscience Clear

I heard an acquaintance of mine say once that he emphasized to his sons that they should each be trained in two different occupations. Then, if it became impossible for one to remain in an occupation and live with his conscience, he could quit and earn his bread in the other occupation. That is one way to be prepared to be able to maintain one's integrity.

Another way to make it easier to be able to maintain one's self-respect without having a wolf sitting on the doorstep is to be in business for one's self. True, a person in business for himself may have to pass up some business to keep his conscience relatively free, but missing out on a few projects, contracts or sales in one's own business is not as frightening as chucking a responsible position. There are still other projects, contracts or sales when a person is in business for himself.

In scientific fields, though, it is often difficult for a scientist to conceive of a business with capital requirements within his financial means which will utilize the education and training he has. Even if he has the necessary capital to equip a laboratory, he might still be unable to find a paying market for his laboratory work.

In some cases, a scientist may be able to act as a consultant in his field and be able to pick up enough business so that it will not be a catastrophe if he has to turn down a consultant job on war weapons.

In other cases, the scientist may use his talents in a more mundane fashion than he imagined in the rosy pictures he had of the future while in college. If, as a chemist, he mixes a cleaning agent in a washboiler in the kitchen and then goes out to sell it, he may feel that his talents are being terribly wasted. Yet, he may live a more satisfying life and make a greater contribution to society than by developing more deadly war gases or

hovering over test tubes in the research laboratory of a large soap company preparing a new miracle to be praised in singing commercials.

His washboiler cleaning agent can be a good product that no one need apologize for. It can be manufactured without labor strife, without surplus value being withheld from the worker and without the worker being an automaton. His product can be sold honestly without stooping to soap operas and singing commercials. His one-man enterprise can be what business ought to be.

If a scientist can develop a business which can be operated in a small community, he can enjoy the advantages of a small community during his active life, without waiting until retirement to live in the vine-covered cottage.

A mechanical engineer can repair household appliances, or a physicist can accept Einstein's advice to become a plumber in order to achieve a degree of independence. Scientific achievements in such types of work won't be written up in the *Readers' Digest*, but a scientist can have a less troubled conscience. He can feel that his work is constructive and that it is carried out in a constructive manner.

Walter Gormly, Mt. Vernon, Ia.

Editorial Note. Walter Gormly quit his job as an efficiency expert in a plant in Illinois in 1942 when the main work of that plant became connected with war production. He then refused to enter the army and did several years in Sandstone, Minn., prison. He now works as a private consultant to small business firms and has consistently refused to pay an income tax. At one time the tax officials sold his car at public auction for part of the tax due. The above letter appeared in the May, 1956, issue of Newsletter of the Society for Social Responsibility in Science.—A. H.

PERSONALISM

By TOM CAIN

PART III. (Conclusion)

The order of grace, in Catholic thought, is purely personalistic: the order of God's personal relations with men, wherein He supplements natural knowledge by revelation, and natural powers by actuating and habitual grace, to make the fullness of His unitary plan accessible and operative, to supply enhanced motivation and enhanced motive power for human cooperation.

Natural perfection and happiness consist, as has been noted, in sharing God's creative work and correspondingly sharing His joy of His work. This can be called an assimilation to God, but only in a functional, analogical, metaphorical sense. Nevertheless, human thinking everywhere presents at its limit, without precision or certainty, various notions of a more real assimilation. The order of grace supplies the precision and certainty and the means. In Catholic thought this mystical assimilation remains analogical, not substantial, except for a single one of us, Jesus Christ; but the analogy is real and as close as only God can make it. All lesser objectives are utterly insignificant in comparison, yet as means to this end they retain or rather acquire their full value, and the joy of them is enhanced by the joy of God.

Revelation communicates primarily what is otherwise quite unknowable: the mysteries, holy secrets of faith, which supply the enhanced motivation. All of these are intensely personalistic, at the same time that they are all mysteries of community. That is the meaning of saying that ours is distinctively a Catholic Christian personalism. Two of them must be specifically cited here for their significance concerning human relations, and a third because it is central to them all.

That which is central is the mystery of the Trinity of persons in the unity of God: the Father, the Son or Word, and the Holy Spirit.

The mystery of the Incarnation, which personally identifies the man Jesus Christ with God the Son, sublimates our physical brotherhood as sons of Adam into brotherhood in the Divine Sonship.

The mystery of the Mystical Body, that is to say, of the Church, concerns our own part in the Divine brotherhood and Sonship: that functionally we are all members of Christ and of one another, in time and in eternity. This ultimate mystery of human and Divine community, unlike totalitarian or pantheistic notions, leaves intact each man's substantial individuality, freedom, and responsibility, at the same time that it gives precision and certainty concerning our manner of assimilation to God.

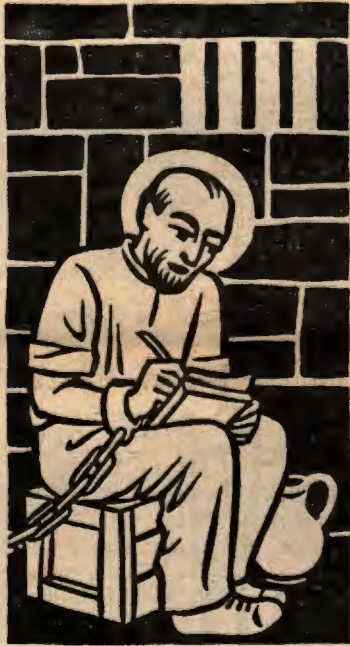
To assure its data and their practical implications being apprehended if not comprehended, revelation also certifies what ought to be already humanly known for its purposes, namely the natural law and its factual basis. For the supernatural law, as regards concrete behavior, differs in no wise from the natural law save by the enhancement and, as it were, doubling of meaning, and the extension of content, which follow from the mysteries of faith.

It must be noted concerning the two phases of the Judaeo-Christian revelation, the Old Testament and the New, the Torah and the Gospel, that they are phases of a single process. Regarding mystery, the Old is promise and the New is fulfillment. Regarding the natural law, the Old is mostly certification whereas the New is enhancement and expansion. The Old tends to

emphasize its negative aspects, the law of justice; the New emphasizes and expands its positive aspect, the law of love. Wherever there is a "thou shalt not" carried over or added, there is a correlative and more than equivalent "thou shalt." This reflects a deeper redirection of attention from rote observance of rules to intelligent application of underlying motives and intentions and attitudes, especially as these assume new value in the light of the mystical objective.

Sublimation of meaning is nowhere more apparent than in regard to the couplet of facilitating attitudes, recollection and detachment. When they mean attention to God and indifference to all else, at the least they lie in the region of overlap where no one can say which particular instance belongs to nature and which to grace. Their further development carries them into the realm of mystical theology. Suffice it here to note that as attitudes they are necessary to everyone for a Christian life, just as in the natural order they are necessary for a rational life.

Detachment in practice, repulse of even legitimate animal drives, is another matter and a highly personal matter, for it is conditioned to a high degree by a person's particular capabilities and circum-



SAINT PAUL.

stances. Momentary repulse pending rational decision is necessary for free choice. Single acts of "self-denial" beyond what the occasion demands serve to strengthen rational control. A particular person may find a particular drive such an obstacle to over-all self-fulfillment that it requires a blanket repudiation, total abstinence from whatever is the object of the drive. Or a person may find every drive an obstacle to the fulfillment of his assimilation to God, and so renounce everything in favor of that objective. Whereas the foregoing can be taken naturally or supernaturally, this has only a supernatural meaning; divorced from that meaning, it is foolishness; attached genuinely to that meaning, it is wisdom.

This wisdom emergent into action can be more fruitful even at the natural and social levels than action hampered by preoccupation with lesser motives.

The order of grace has its own "one man revolution," the reorientation of the individual toward God that is called "conversion" or "repentance." For men in general are born in a state of repudiation of grace. Our father Adam repudiated grace for all of us by his sin, and all of us are born in the spiritual state called "original sin." Not that men are born "guilty" of anything, or deprived of anything naturally due, but only deprived of undue perfections that were yet intended in God's overall plan and are still intended. In the mystery of the Redemption Christ nullified Adam's repudiation, as well as our

CATHOLIC C.O.'s

We recently heard that a Catholic had been refused the C.O. status by a New York draft board and that a priest had been subpoenaed to testify that a Catholic cannot be a conscientious objector. In the past 10 years or so we have published and reprinted numerous articles by American priests and European theologians who defended the right of Catholics to refuse military induction. If there are any Catholics of draft age who feel that they should refuse military service but who do not know who to consult on the matter we hope they will contact us. We will do anything we can to help them.

The Editors.

Alleluia

(Continued from page 5)

and died singing; and the martyrs down through the ages have followed their example. Fear has no place in the Risen Life.

The Alleluia, being the song of our true Fatherland, should be a sign of the harmony, the real fraternity of all the children of God, leaving no place for strife between nations, races and classes. During the Holy Year this spirit of fraternity was very obvious in Rome as pilgrims from the ends of the earth prayed together and tried to aid each other in spite of the barrier of language. It was beautiful—and sometimes funny.

We are not citizens of the earth; we are but pilgrims passing through it to our true country, the Jerusalem which is above. "I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and at the right of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunders, saying Alleluia, for the Lord our God, the Almighty, hath reigned. Let us be glad and rejoice and give glory to Him for the marriage of the Lamb is come."

The Benedictine artist has been singing the Alleluia with the angels and saints these many years but the little piece of vellum is still treasured in my Breviary with the word of Heaven, of endless joy, in letters of pure gold.

own particular repudiations, in the name of each and all of us. He is each man's mediator, if he makes Him his mediator: each man must make his own free choice.

Yet there is the paradox that a man can make no positive move toward the grace of God except by the grace of God. A person born in a Christian environment has the advantage of sacramental baptism, and as it were makes his preparation for grace after acquiring it. The best that another can do is to make a sort of negative preparation by keeping the natural law as he knows it, and thereby, as it were beyond his intention, removing obstacles to grace. We are assured that there is a point at which grace will become operative, and he will receive what is called "baptism of desire." Thus a man can be a pagan in his own estimation and a Christian in God's. In either case, there must be a spiritual revolution, gentle or violent, at some time of life. And in general it will be a lifelong process that will merge imperceptibly with a progress that is not corrective but constructive.

Thus in a sense the whole life of a man of good will, inside or outside the visible Church, is a continued one man revolution—one that is internal to begin with, but must become emergent in dynamic interpersonal relations with God and man. And the summation of such one man revolutions is the one world revolution that can hope to succeed, the implementation of the kingdom of God.

Hope in the Midst of Apathy

The men and women who have joined in the formation of LIBERATION, the new independent monthly magazine, believe that the world can move decisively in our time toward the abolition of war and toward a society built on responsible freedom, mutuality and peace. LIBERATION avoids the conventionalized responses of many liberal and radical journals and the inspirational evasions of good-cause publications. It seeks to inspire its readers not only to fresh thinking but to action now.

Among recent and forthcoming articles: "What I Believe" by Vinoba Bhave; the story of the Montgomery boycott by Rev. Martin Luther King; Ammon Hennacy on the State; Michael Harrington on Marxism; Claire Huchet Bishop on Abbe Pierre, and reports on Puerto Rico today by Sid Lens and Ruth Reynolds.

Editorial contributors include: Dorothy Day, Eileen Fantino, Norman Mailer, Milton Mayer, Lewis Mumford, Pitirim Sorokin and George Woodcock.

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Summer Camp

I HAVE LOVED, O LORD, THE BEAUTY OF THY HOUSE. When it comes to the children of East Harlem—how many of them have a chance to echo the words of the psalms, living as they do in dark and malodorous tenements and playing in the canyons of the city streets? Last summer, Eileen Fantino, Mary Ann McCoy and Helen Russell appealed for help from the readers of the Commonweal and from our readers to make a good summer for the children they have been helping these last five years on East 100th Street. First they had lived at home and worked in a store front, and then they moved into an apartment in this teeming slum in order to be closer to, and to share with their brothers, the sufferings of their poverty. Last summer the children had two months or more on the beach. The cost of renting bungalows was about \$800. There was also the money needed to satisfy those robust appetites. It was a good summer, though a hectic one, and now the summer is upon us again. Will you send us a tithe of your vacation money to help the East Harlem group? Send it to Eileen Fantino c/o The Catholic Worker, 223 Chrystie St., New York 2.

O ye priests of the Lord, bless the Lord; O ye servants of the Lord, bless the Lord.



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