

NOTABLE BOOK ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE PLAN OF — SOCIETY

REV. PETER McKEVITT, D.Ph.

Price: 8s. 6d. net.

Dr. McKevirt's reputation as an expert on Catholic social teaching was now securely established; he was looked up to as an authority far beyond the shores of Ireland.

—Most Rev. Dr. D'Alton, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All-Ireland, as reported in *Standard*, September 26, 1947.

"This book should be made compulsory reading in Government circles here and everywhere."

—*Irish Independent*.

"... An excellent hand-book for the social worker, the politician, or for the reader who desires a brief survey of the religious, political and economic constitutions of society."

—*Irish Rosary*.

"An admirable text book for a study circle."

—*Asst.*

"Though the book assumes the assistance of a teacher who will expand the points, it by no means gives the impression of being a mere guide book. Dr. McKevirt has in high degree the art of saying much in little space."

—*Irish Monthly*.

VERITAS COMPANY, Ltd.,
7 & 8, LOWER ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN

OR THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER

COMMUNISM: its foundations aims and claims

MARX THE MAN



*—an idol
with feet
of clay*

No.5

*"Marx's self-
appointed mission
was to bring
Atheism to
the people"*

Father John Meagher



MARX THE MAN

An Idol with Feet of Clay

By Father John Meagher

Karl Marx was an extremely selfish man, filled with conceit and ruthlessly intolerant of any opinion but his own. Egoism was the driving force which gave a consistent direction to his actions and thoughts and this same egoism was shaped, urged and inflamed by a natural laziness, a brilliant intellect and the disappointment that dogged his insolent and proud mind.

Marx's father, Herschel Marx, a shrewd Jewish lawyer, was very much alarmed at the manner in which his son was developing, and so he wrote: "Unfortunately you are confirming all too well the opinion which I hold of you that in spite of your many good qualities, *egoism is your ruling passion.*" This egoism continued to be his ruling passion to the end of his days.

Herschel Marx's alarm grew as the evidences of Karl's selfishness became more frequent.

"I DO YOU JUSTICE," HE WROTE TO HIS SON, "BUT I CANNOT QUITE RID MYSELF OF THE THOUGHT THAT YOU ARE NOT WITHOUT EGOISM, THAT YOU HAVE MORE OF IT THAN IS NECESSARY FOR YOUR SELF-PRESERVATION."

The father knew only too well the blight which was beginning to show itself in his son's mind. He may, even, have diagnosed in a vague sort of way the deformity of things to come. He may have sensed the ruin that would descend upon his son if he persisted in his proud ways but

**HE COULD NOT HAVE FORESEEN
THE CHAOS AND CRUELTY,
THE HATE AND SHEDDING OF BLOOD,**

**WHICH HIS SON'S RESENTMENT
WOULD BRING ON THE WORLD.**

The poor, frightened father did not cease from proclaiming what he had observed as a dangerous force in his son's character. "For your own sake," he warned Karl, "I dare not and I will not abandon this text until I am convinced that your otherwise so noble character is free from this blemish."

And a note of horror crept into the father's admonitions; for we find him reminding his son:

"Only if your heart remains pure and human, only if no demonic spirit can win it away from better feelings—only then shall I know the happiness which for years I have dreamed of finding through you" (p. 26).*

Marx was inhuman and Marxism remains inhuman. Clearly but helplessly the elder Marx watched the spirit of inhumanity turn his son into something like a minor ogre; but he was fortunately spared the reality of materialism, hate and terror, which his son's myth of Communism would gather into a poisonous torrent from the many separate streams of this sinful world.

**OLD HERSCHEL MARX WAS UNERRINGLY
AWARE OF THE DIABOLIC ELEMENT AT
WORK IN HIS SON. DEVILISH IT WAS IN ITS
FIRST UNFOLDING, AND DEVILISH IT RE-
MAINS IN ITS INFLUENCE SINCE.**

Herschel Marx was very much alive to every indication of the failing in his son's composition, which caused him so much anxiety. He noticed traces "of morbid sensitivity and fantastically gloomy thoughts." He went on to remark of his son that the "first tribulation, the first unfulfilled wish brings about disintegration"

* Herschel Marx, it may be noted, abandoned the Jewish faith and conformed to one of the Protestant sects.

*Karl Marx
would brook no failure.
Dare oppose him
and he was lost in an inhuman rage.*

He wanted to mould the whole universe closer to his heart's desire, and when reality would not bend to his will his resentment knew no bounds. All this disgusted his father, who was compelled to comment:

**"TO GIVE ONESELF UP TO SUFFERING AT
THE SMALLEST SIGN OF TROUBLE, TO
DISPLAY A BLEEDING HEART AT EVERY
SORROW, IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE
POETIC? IT IS WEAKNESS, INDULGENCE,
SELF-LOVE AND CONCEIT."**

As Karl Marx grew his self-love and conceit increased, his pride, often offended and frustrated, grew in power until it reached the pitch at which it became impossible to distinguish between human assertiveness gone mad and the pride that belongs to another world. Yes, Herschel Marx was only too right when he noted with dismay and horror the preternatural unreasonableness of his child.

The father's worst fears found confirmation in the opinions of those who came into closest association with Marx afterwards. Carl Heinzen, who collaborated with him, described Marx as an "untrustworthy egotist and lying intriguer," who "*wants only to exploit others.*" (p. 68). And Dr. Ruge was so disillusioned as to write of Marx that "*he professes Communism but he is a fanatical egotist, steeped in hatred and insanity*" (p. 89).

Techow, who knew Marx well, shows that even when Marx was drunk "he dominated the conversation up to the last moment."

"He gave me the impression not only of a rare intellectual superiority but also of an outstanding personality. If his heart matched his intellect, *if he*

could love as intensely as he can hate then I would go through fire and water for him . . . but I am convinced," continued Techow, that

" personal ambition
in its most dangerous form
has eaten away
anything that was good in him.
In spite
of all his assurances to the contrary
perhaps, just because of them
I took away with me
the impression
that everything he does
is aimed at
the acquisition of personal power " (p. 211).

His pride reached such heights of delusion that he would suddenly say to someone across the table: " I am going to annihilate you," " I am going to annihilate you," and keep repeating it to his own intense enjoyment.

Marx was so insanely selfish that he was an atheist by inclination. *His self-appointed mission in life was, as he described it to his friend Ruge, " to bring Atheism to the people."* His efforts in that direction—if direction it can be called—had the ecstatic support of an admirer named Jung, who, in his blasphemy, wrote :

*" Let all the angels rally around their old God,
and let Him have mercy on Himself. Marx will
surely cast Him down from His heaven and have
the law on Him into the bargain " (ibid).*

God *must* be abolished. The same universe could not accommodate God and Karl Marx and, in Karl Marx's opinion, and by his orders, God would have to

go. Marx illogically said " adieu " but God said " au revoir."

MARX WAS AN ATHEIST LONG BEFORE
HE FORMULATED THE DOCTRINE WHICH
GOES BY THE NAME OF COMMUNISM SO
THAT TO-DAY MARXISM IS ATHEIST BY
ITS PRESUPPOSITIONS AND IN ITS
ESSENCE.

*Just as Marx despised God so did he despise man.
For the workers he had nothing but the most bitter
contempt.*

THEY WERE OF NO IMPORTANCE
WHATEVER,
" THESE STUPID ASSES " WERE NOTHING
MORE THAN " A MERE RABBLE,"
" TOADS " AND " SCUM."

MARX'S EARLY ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE
WORKERS AND HIS SUBSEQUENT DOCTRINE
OF MARXISM SHOW CLEARLY THAT HE WAS
NOT IN THE LEAST INTERESTED IN IMPROVING
THE LOT OF HUMANITY. ON THE
CONTRARY, HIS DESIRE TWISTED BY HIS
SELFISHNESS MADE HIM INTENT ONLY ON
WREAKING HIS VENGEANCE ON GOD AND
MAN.

If he felt a fierce resentment against the rich and powerful it was rather the future humiliation of the rich than the future elevation of the poor which seemed to attract him (p. 77).

Even his language, which is reminiscent of Luther's, was extremely immoderate. *He was a specialist in the*

vocabulary of hate and selfishness, who had a genius for making enemies. If you did not happen to see eye to eye with him he would call you

- a "stinker,"
- a "fat Philistine,"
- a "mean wretch,"
- a "perfidious boor,"
- a "brute,"
- a "swine" or
- a "cow,"

according to his good pleasure. But the extraordinary thing is that in spite of his repulsiveness he retained the mesmeric power of Satan.

As a university student, Karl Marx was an incorrigible spendthrift, so that his father was forced to write:

"AS THOUGH WE WERE MADE OF GOLD, MY SON SPENDS IN ONE YEAR OVER 700 THALERS, IN SPITE OF ALL AGREEMENTS, IN SPITE OF WHAT IS CUSTOMARY, WHEREAS EVEN THE WEALTHIEST SPEND SCARCELY FIVE HUNDRED."

When his father died in 1838

**KARL LIVED FOR THREE YEARS
LIKE A PARASITE
ON HIS MOTHER'S MONEY.
HE DID NOTHING, AND
HE WROTE NOTHING TO SUPPORT HIMSELF.
HE WAS CONTENT
TO SPONGE ON HIS MOTHER,
NOW LIVING ON A SMALL PENSION, AND,
WHEN THE FUNDS WOULD NOT MEET
HIS IMPORTUNATE DEMANDS,
HE MADE NO SECRET
OF HIS SELF-RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.**

But he continued to afflict his unfortunate mother.

"My mother, who does not want to hear a word about ready money, but who is rapidly nearing the end of her life has destroyed two old I.O.U.s that I have made out to her. That is the one pleasant result of the two days I spent with her" (p. 251). So he wrote. And again "I have had an answer from my old lady. Expressions of affection but no cash."

Is there any term to describe such a man? "Cad," I think, comes closest to it.

No wonder then when he treated his own mother as he did that he could write pretentiously in the "Communist Manifesto" that capitalism "has left no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous 'cash payment'" (Manifesto p. 12). *Rarely has any man regarded the womb from which he sprang with such horrifying self-interest, and few sons' relations with their mothers were construed on such a callous "cash payment" basis.*

Callousness is the high feature of Marx's life, the result of his searing selfishness. His father had foreseen it, his mother had suffered grievously on account of it. It is true that he was tender towards his family in a sentimental sort of way but

**HIS LAZINESS WAS THE CAUSE
OF THEIR NEEDLESS SUFFERING AND
SQUALOR
IN LONDON.**

But for Engels, Marx's collaborator in Communism, that suffering and squalor would have reached what Americans call a "new low."

**FROM ENGELS HE RECEIVED CONSTANT
FINANCIAL SUPPORT AND IT DID NOT SEEM
TO TROUBLE MARX'S CONSCIENCE THAT THE
MONEYS THUS RECEIVED WERE PART OF THE
PROFITS FROM A CAPITALIST FACTORY IN
MANCHESTER.**

To supplement these donations Marx borrowed from his Dutch uncle and from his German brother-in-law. He even failed to make the little he could by writing and Engels many a time wrote the weekly article which Marx undertook to contribute to an American paper.

The measure of hope and confidence which he inspired in his own family may be gauged from the fact that two of his daughters committed suicide. If he could give them no strong hope to live by, if his personal presence was no warranty of the doctrines he profounded, his unfortunate daughters took the one unjustifiable escape from the world as he would form it for them and the rest of mankind.

WHEN HIS WIFE, JENNY VON WEST-PHALEN, LAY DYING OF CANCER, HER HUSBAND, THRILLED AT BEING DESCRIBED AS No. 23 IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON "LEADERS OF MODERN THOUGHT," ROSE FROM HIS SICK BED TO SHOW THE PAPER TO THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN. MARX TELLS US HIMSELF THAT HE WAS HAPPY IN THE THOUGHT THAT HIS DEAR WIFE "HAD THE LAST DAYS OF HER LIFE CHEERED" BY BEING SO INFORMED OF HER HUSBAND'S GREATNESS. THREE DAYS LATER SHE WAS DEAD.

MARX—THE JEW

Karl Marx was the son of Herschel Marx and Henriette Pressburger, both of whom were descended from generations of Rabbis. As a matter of fact, Karl's uncle was Rabbi of Trier, his native City. It is not surprising then to find in Karl's mental constitution those traits which have always shown themselves in the Jewish character, traits which were to stiffen the natural tendencies and enforce the prejudices of

one already irrationally strong-willed.

Lest one should be accused of injustice in so delicate and inflammatory a subject, let us confine ourselves to a few quotations from a Jew describing the stamp of the mind of his race.

"It is," writes Friedman, "insensible to criticism, unconscious of itself as a challenge and indifferent to its personal effect." It feels itself to be in the right at every point and all the time, and before the subject is even broached for discussion.

"ALL SERIOUS CONTRADICTION IS IMMEDIATELY CONSIDERED BY CONTRAST TO BE MALICIOUS AND BASED ON ULTERIOR SELF-INTERESTS WHICH COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAPPEN IN ITSELF"

(The Redemption of Israel. p. 87).

This very sense of intolerant and self-assumed infallibility is found in a very definite form in Karl Marx's collected assertions which go by the name of Communism. Never is there an attempt at proof. Marx merely throws off statements which are entirely to his own liking. Dare anyone question these and immediately the vials of red wrath are poured on his head.

With one sweeping denial of the value of any criticism which might be raised on a variety of reasonable grounds, Karl Marx affirms his complete satisfaction with himself and the views he puts forward.

One sentence in the "Communist Manifesto" illustrates this mystical and irrational selfishness: it runs: "The charges against Communism made from a religious, a philosophical and, generally, from an ideological standpoint are not deserving of serious examination" (Manifesto p. 26).

The song used to claim that fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong. Marx needs no such numerical support since he is satisfied that he is entirely right and completely irrefutable in the claims which he makes so

gratuitously—the Devil's parody of *Athanasius contra mundum*.

When Marx was a student and set out to be a famous poet he realised that his failure in that pursuit was due to working over much with "thin air." While he abandoned his attempts at poetry he never lost his love for thin air, so that when he imposed on himself his more famous task his Communism was made up of equal quantities of "thin air" and Karl Marx—especially Karl Marx.

Bakunin reminds us that Marx could be personal "to the point of madness" (Lubac p. 133) and it was commonly recognised that Marx, vain and jealous, possessed "the disastrous knack of not being able to settle a quarrel without leaving in his opponent's blood the poison of personal raillery" (ibid. p. 132).

There burned within him a "narrow pharisaical indignation" which joined with his frustrated pride in giving him a savage and destructive impatience with anything outside himself. When, for instance, Proushon, the French Socialist, with his innate sense of justice, wrote feelingly of the sufferings of his fellow-men and called his tract "the philosophy of misery," Marx reacted with a rejoinder inspired by his enduring selfishness and inhumanity and called it "the misery of philosophy." It was typical of the man, who lived so much amongst his own delusions.

The over-riding delusion of Marx's intellectual life was what he called the "mystery of dialectic," in other words, the principle he had set up to explain the world and relations between men in a world from which God had been banished.

In speaking of this "mystery of dialectic," as he called it, he paid an unconscious tribute to the mystery that lies at the core of being, and which is the source of all wonder. "Theories soon grow stale, but things continue to be fresh. And, according to the ancient conception of his function, the poet was concerned with things; with the tears of things as in the great lament of Virgil; with the delight in the number of

things, as in the light-hearted rhyme of Stevenson; with thanks for things, as in the Franciscan Cantic of the Sun or the Benedicite Omnia Opera" (Chesterton—Chaucer pp. 31-32).

But Marx hitched mystery to a very narrow theory and then added the aura of mystery to the narrow theory—a theory which cannot be proved. The theory called itself Communism, thus borrowing a title with a noble and ancient lineage; for communist in its root sense suggests a brotherhood sharing in the same ideal and co-operating freely according to their various capacities to bring about its realisation, whereas Marxism masquerading as communism means the forcing on Mankind of this belief in the "mystery of dialectic." And

THE DEVELOPMENT OF HUMAN POWERS
OF WHICH MARX SPOKE SO OFTEN MEANS,
IN FACT, A DEHUMANISATION OF MAN TO
BE ACCOMPLISHED IN COMPLIANCE WITH
A THEORY WHICH HAS NOT THE UNDER-
LYING VERACITY OR DIGNITY OF A
FAIRY TALE.

Man must be changed, Marx insists, "both for the production on a mass scale of this Communist consciousness and for the success of the cause itself"; "the alteration of man on a mass scale is necessary" (The German Ideology. p. 69).

HERE MARX INVOLVES HIMSELF
IN ONE OF THOSE CONTRADICTIONS
WHICH HE ALWAYS ACCEPTED SO
LIGHTLY BECAUSE
HE ACCEPTED CONTRADICTION
AS BEING THE VERY STUFF
OUT OF WHICH THE WORLD AND MAN
WERE MADE.
YOU CAN'T ARGUE
WITH A MAN
WHO BASES HIMSELF

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAVING THINGS
BOTH WAYS.

“HEADS, I WIN; TAILS, YOU LOSE.”

If progress is inevitable then there is no point in revolution organised, plotted and planned. But Communism old and new—or rather Marxism old and new is something in the appropriate vulgar phrase which “is rammed down your neck.”

All the universe was Marx’s plaything. He alone has become the playboy of the Western and the Eastern worlds.

Being a Jew, Karl Marx was filled with the sense of “original innocence,” which is the fundamental fact of Pharisaic moral psychology (The Redemption of Israel—p. 86). “Man is naturally good”—Marx agrees in company with Pelagius and Rousseau. “*Exploitation*” is a word which gained great currency as a result of Marx’s harping on it and Marxists have not ceased to exploit the word “*exploitation*” since. To exploit, in its most commonly accepted sense, means to use another person for one’s own ends and so is a morally reprehensible practice but for Marx it was merely a process in the working out of the world’s history. Never was an ambiguity so brutally misused in the interests of delusion.

At least on the surface, Marx was intensely optimistic about the truth and the success of his views. “God isn’t in His heaven but all is right with the world”—especially with a world taking its orders from Karl Marx.

Dean Swift was well aware that his scathing resentment gashed the human heart, and in his self-composed epitaph at least recognised that death put an end to his raging powers. But cynical as Swift was, Marx was of an infinitely more inhuman kind, who tried to erect his wounded selfishness and the expression it borrowed for itself so arbitrarily into the status of a law of ultimate benevolence and inescapable fulfilment for mankind.

COMMUNISM

—ITS FOUNDATIONS,
AIMS AND
CLAIMS

By FATHER JOHN MEAGHER

The complete series is
composed as follows:—

- No. 1—SE.64 “The New Look”
- No. 2—SE.65 “The Land of Make-Believe”
- No. 3—SE.66 “Keep Smiling”
- No. 4—SE.67 “Marxism, Death and Fear”
- No. 5—SE.68 “Marx the Man: An Idol With Feet of Clay”
- No. 6—SE.69 “Marxism Rooted in Prussianism”
- No. 7—SE.70 “Dictatorship of Proletariat—A Sham”
- No. 8—SE.71 “Blood from a Turnip”
- No. 9—SE.72 “Missionary Marxism”

Father Meagher resorts to Communist writers, mainly, to condemn them out of their own mouths.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND