

THE WORKS OF MERCY
FEED THE HUNGRY.
CLOTHE THE NAKED.
GIVE DRINK TO THE
THIRSTY. VISIT THE
IMPRISONED.
CARE FOR THE SICK.
BURY THE DEAD



THE WORKS OF WAR
DESTROY CROPS
AND LAND-SEIZE
FOOD SUPPLIES-
DESTROY HOMES
SCATTER FAMILIES
CONTAMINATE
WATER-IMPRISON
DISSENTERS-INFLICT
WOUNDS-BURNS-
KILL THE LIVING

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CATHOLIC WORKER

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THE CASE FOR UTOPIA

By PETER MAURIN
(1877-1949)

BETTER AND BETTER OFF

The world would be better off
If people tried to become better.
And people would become better
If they stopped trying to become better off.
For when everybody tries to become
better off,
nobody is better off.
But when everybody tries to become better,
everybody is better off.
Everybody would be rich
If nobody tried to become richer.
And nobody would be poor
If everybody tried to be the poorest.
And everybody would be what he ought
to be
If everybody tried to be
what he wants the other fellow to be.

Christianity has nothing to do
with either modern capitalism
or modern Communism,
for Christianity has
a capitalism of its own
and a communism of its own.
Modern capitalism
is based on property without responsibility,
while Christian capitalism
is based on property with responsibility.
Modern Communism
is based on poverty through force
while Christian communism
is based on poverty through choice.
For a Christian,
voluntary poverty is the ideal
as exemplified by St. Francis of Assisi,
while private property
is not an absolute right, but a gift
which as such can not be wasted,
but must be administered
for the benefit of God's children.

According to Johannes Jorgensen,
a Danish convert living in Assisi,
St. Francis desired
that men should give up
superfluous possessions.
St. Francis desired
that men should work with their hands.
St. Francis desired
that men should offer their services
as a gift.
St. Francis desired
that men should ask other people for help
when work failed them.
St. Francis desired
that men should live
as free as birds.
St. Francis desired
that men should go through life
giving thanks to God for His gifts.

THREE WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING

Mirabeau says "There are three ways
to make a living:
Stealing, begging, and working."
Stealing is against the law of God
and against the law of men.
Begging is against the law of men
but not against the law of God.
Working is neither against the law of God
nor against the law of men.
But they say
that there is no work to do.
There is plenty of work to do,
but no wages.
But people do not need to work for wages,
they can offer their services as a gift.

(Continued on page 7)

Beyond Anti-Communism

By REV. PETER J. RIGA

In his general analysis of the ideological situation of the modern world, contained in his first encyclical *Mater et Magistra*, published in 1961, Pope John XXIII studiously avoids over-simplification. He notes with bitterness that there are persecutions of Christians in various parts of the world on both sides of the Iron Curtain, in such places as Ceylon and Sudan as well as Russia. He may also have had in mind the persecutions of Orthodox communities in the Near East: for instance, those in Armenia, where he was Apostolic Delegate for so long.

216. It is well known that for decades many of our dearly beloved brothers and sons have suffered a ruthless persecution in many countries — including some with an ancient heritage of Christian civilization. This unhappy fact reveals to the eyes of the world the superior dignity of the persecuted in contrast to the cultivated barbarity of the persecutors. Even if it does not lead the latter to repentance, it does stir many men to deep reflection.

The Pope, however, is circumspect. He knows human history: men are never as good or as bad as the doctrines they preach, and ideologies do change during the process and under the pressures of human history and affairs.

213. In the modern era, different ideologies have been devised and spread abroad with this in mind. Some have already been dissolved as clouds by the sun. Others have undergone profound changes. In the case of still others, their hold on the minds of men today grows steadily weaker. And all this follows from the fact that they are ideologies which take into account only certain aspects of man, and these the less significant.

Moreover, they overlook certain inevitable human imperfections, such as sickness and suffering, which even the most highly organized socio-economic systems obviously cannot totally remedy. Then there is that profound and imperishable religious instinct which stirs the hearts of men everywhere and which cannot be stamped out by violence or smothered by cunning.

The "certain aspects of man" are the material and economic, which are elevated at the cost of the spiritual. This elevation is clearly an error, but is it not possible that such doctrines will change when their errors become apparent? This modification was certainly the case with much of the 19th- and early 20th-century socialism on the Continent and in England. Its anti-spiritual and anti-clerical bias has all but disappeared, and its aims today are of a purely secular nature.

But how is the Christian to face these philosophic changes? What is he to do? A kind of co-existence was continued and formulated clearly in *Pacem in terris*, where the Pope said:

159. It must be borne in mind, furthermore, that neither can false philosophical teachings regarding the nature, origin, and destiny of the universe and of men, be identified with historical movements that have social, cultural or political ends, not even when these movements have originated from these teachings and have drawn and still draw inspiration therefrom.

For these teachings, once they are drawn up and defined, remain always the same, while the movements, working on historical situations in constant evolution, cannot but be influenced by these latter and cannot avoid, therefore, being subject to changes, even of a profound nature. Besides, who can deny that those movements, in so far as they conform to the dictates of right reason and are interpreters of the lawful aspirations of the human person, contain elements that are positive and deserving of approval?

Among the many dramatic innovations of Pope John XXIII, his "opening to the left" held out the hope of a dialogue between the Church and Communism. His willingness in *Pacem in terris* to recognize the impact of historical change on Communist ideology and practice; his studious avoidance of inflammatory language when alluding to Communism in all of his talks and encyclicals; his personal meeting with Khrushchev's son-in-law — all of these things represented a healthy departure from the earlier practice of the Church. Pope John understood that Communism could change, and if it did, he wanted the Church to fill any vacuum left by that change.

Many Catholics were not happy with this turn of events, and a few even saw evidence that the "international left" had made its impact on the Vatican itself. Through the voice of Will Herberg, the *National Review* was very disturbed at finding nothing in *Mater et Magistra* (or *Pacem in terris*) that further condemned Communism. Pope John's silence on this aspect of today's world is significant, and that significance is found in the text of both encyclicals. In *Pacem in terris*, the Pope points out that the order of peace is not merely the absence of war, as many think; it is not a "complete victory" over Communism. The order of peace is founded on the basis of peace which he exposes in the first two sections of the encyclical; it is founded on truth, social justice, love and liberty. To suppress war or Communism, which are only names and not reality, the causes of war and Communism, which alone are reality, must be attacked. Pope John simply recognizes the old scholastic adage: take away the causes, and you take away the effect. With the causes eliminated by social justice, Communism of necessity will have to change in the course of history. The professional anti-Communist claims that this is impossible. These kind of "thinkers," the Pope says, are not true students of history, which shows that men and ideas change. If this is correct, then there is a chance and a hope for a true dialogue between Christianity and Communism. (It is interesting to note that Paul VI has continued this same hope of dialogue in his most recent encyclical, *Ecclesiam Suam*. While openly condemning Communism (as did, in fact, Pope John), Paul left the possibility of dialogue intact. If there is no dialogue it cannot be attributed to any bad faith by the Church, but rather explained by the bad faith of the Communists.) If not, the only alternative is to "drop the bomb," which really solves nothing, and, moreover, there is eminent danger of destroying all. Nothing is solved because the attempt to kill Communism by thermonuclear war — besides being un-Christian — would be unsuccessful, because ideas cannot be killed by bombs; it succeeds only in eliminating people, while the essential vice, social injustice, remains. The imminent danger of the insane annihilation of the human race is too real to need any commentary.

As the Pope saw it, man's only hope for peace is the program of *Mater et Magistra*: an all-out attack on the causes of inequality, social injustice, poverty, and human degradation, which alone is the order of peace. The only way open to peace is a positive program of human betterment for all men and the opening possibility for dialogue, between both sides. To shut off any possibility for dialogue by a sterile anti-Communism is, in reality, to give up hope in God's grace and in human freedom. Such an attitude is basically inhuman and un-Christian. In any case, the balance is always difficult to attain: the dangers and errors must be clear, but they must be condemned in a way that does not

exclude all possibility for fruitful dialogue, especially on those aspects which are positive and just on both sides. Pope John preferred to emphasize the latter, while Pius XII emphasized the former. This is not at all strange. What is important to emphasize at one time in pontifical teaching can receive lesser emphasis at another time. This shifting of emphasis is not the game of realpolitik, but the realization that human situations are continuously in evolution, even revolution, and no two times present quite the same circumstance in quite the same way.

Ed. note: Father Riga teaches theology at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana. His article in this issue forms part of a chapter from a book he has just completed on the encyclical *Mater et Magistra*. It will be published soon by Newman Press.

Rice Crop Spraying

ED. NOTE: We believe that the following letter, from our friend Father Peter Riga, which was published in the *New York Times* for December 27, 1965, deserves the widest possible circulation, dealing as it does with one of the ugliest tactics yet adopted in an increasingly infamous and brutal war.

To the Editor:

There have been many tactics of the American intervention in Vietnam which we who oppose this war have held to be morally dubious in the extreme. It is perhaps true that we who oppose the war do not have all the solutions to the conflict, but we do know the area beyond which our consciences will not permit silence in the face of Government action.

There are certain actions which are so criminal in intent and execution that one simply cannot remain a Christian and not protest with one's whole soul. The spraying of rice crops by United States planes (*Times*, Dec. 21) is exactly one of these crimes.

It is comparable to the indiscriminate bombing of city populations during World War II, with this specific difference: since Vietnam is eighty per cent rural, we can attain the same objective by burning the indispensable source of food of that poor country, where we starve and make suffer soldier and child alike. We are thus faced with the brutal reality of an act of total war.

Act of Total War

Let it not be argued—as is the wont of nationalistic theologians—that this is an act of double effect (if this principle ever really had any meaning). It is not "by accident" that food is destroyed, with the result that thousands of the innocent must suffer and die, but a direct result of the intent, and deed of those who commit such crimes. It is an indiscriminate act of total war which no Christian theologian could possibly justify.

It is a bitter irony that on the same page of the *Times* where the Administration "endorses" the peace pleas of Pope Paul VI we have this infamous story directly above it. In the name of all that is good and holy, how does the Administration morally connect these two actions?

It is also said these days that the Administration will soon seek a formal declaration of war, thus making it treason to oppose the actions of the Government. In that case, then, the Administration had better enlarge its prisons for the thousands like myself who cannot and will never cease to denounce such immoral actions of Government as the spraying of rice crops.

Far better a prison where we can live with our Christian consciences than the silence of Christian betrayal.

(Rev.) Peter J. Riga

Notre Dame University

Notre Dame, Ind., Dec. 21, 1965

A Farm With A View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The wind blew cold that January night—the night of Sunday within the Epiphany—and the hour was some time between midnight and three in the morning. Wakeful, and tired of reading by ear, I turned off the talking-book machine, put aside my earphones, and lay listening to the medley of windy, wintry voices. There was the rattling sound of loose-fitting doors and windows, and a chilly tremor was audible in the walls. Icy drafts of air, those invisible thieves of warmth, stole under my blankets. The bare shivering boughs of trees groaned and moaned. But the green needle-like leaves of the pines responded with erotic sonority to the cold blasts of the wind. Suddenly, over all these night-time winter voices, there was a kind of clamor as though the congealed babble of many frozen and forgotten tongues had been unlocked. What was it? Ice on the river? Or, as Arthur Lacey would undoubtedly prefer to believe, a voluble congregation of ghosts, assembled in "Beata Maria," the old mansion, to hold a solemn conclave over the sad decline of this onetime great estate where important personages lived and walked, but now—alas—given over to the plebeian tread of a freakish set of commoners, calling themselves both Catholic and pacifist?

On the following afternoon—with the wind subdued and the birds twittering happily while they fed at my sun-splattered window boxes—I recalled that strange clamor of the night and pondered for a while the history and legends of this place. I remembered that Mary O'Neil, who with her husband, Roger, and their three children visited us a little over a year ago, had put on tape for me some excerpts from the biography of General De Peyster, who bought this place in 1841, built the old mansion, and maintained his summer residence here for many decades thereafter.

Listening once again to Mary's clear vibrant voice reading these excerpts, I was so delighted with the description of this place written by an anonymous traveler for the Poughkeepsie Eagle of December 30, 1871, that I resolved to share it as a kind of old-fashioned winter-time diversion with the readers of this column. It may help some readers—as it has helped me—to form a better mental picture of this place; or (hopefully) it may entice some to come and see for themselves just what that curious old mansion—still standing, though much dilapidated—looks like, and whether this farm still has that wonderful view, which (though I cannot see it) surely cries out to every beholder—Look up and see the glory of God.

Traveler's Report

"A few days ago I happened to be detained at a station on the Hudson River Railroad, named Tivoli, opposite the Saugerties Iron works; and having a few minutes on my hands, I wandered up into the woods north of the depot. I found a good gravelled road, climbing a steep hill, carried along the edge of a slope, and supported in places by a wall embodying cyclopean stones, and continuing on underneath an evergreen foliage, came upon a dwelling which well repaid my walk.

"It was as queer a conglomeration of styles as can well be imagined. Some forty paces long, cross-shaped, recalling European mansions commenced in one age, continued in another, and completed a century or centuries afterward. The main building is in the Italian style, the north wing simple or rude as well may be, the southern somewhat more tastefully finished, while in the rear, over the roadway, soars a tower, reminding the visitor of the keep of an early modern manor house.

There was no one about, and

so I wandered around, and marvelled at the taste of the owner and builder. This tower, by guess sixty or seventy feet high, is a square, with one corner cut off, with heavy iron balconies, richly carved keystones with deeply cut armorial bearings, marble and stone sculptures set in without regard to artistic design, as if dictated by caprice, and queerest of all, in a niche aloft, sat a huge Aztec idol, such as only to be seen in museums. Shut up and alone, no questions could be asked, but peeping in through a grated window, imagine the surprise at seeing brass guns grinning out between the bars. No other building like it, I'll be bound, is to be found along the Hudson.

"A short distance north of the house are extensive, it might be said enormous, stables and farm buildings, overlooking the river, with gate-posts crowned with huge eagles or vultures. These constructions would be in exact keeping with the house were they in stone instead of wood.

"From the house, across a deep ravine, by a bridge some forty paces long, a path climbs a hill to a neglected flower garden beginning to be overgrown with a new growth of forest, and beyond this again another garden and orchard. The former must have been beautiful once, with beds marked out with luxuriant box, but everything seems neglected except the necessities such as roads, buildings, which were in good order. The roads were wonderful for such broken ground, and seemed to twist off in every direction, up steep hills and through woods of grand trees. Within the same area it would be almost impossible to find more natural beauties, almost altogether undeveloped by art.

"Doubtless the place was once in better condition. For underneath this gloomy vault of lofty pine and hemlock stood a marble monument; in another place a pretty little summer house, and in a fresh grassed opening, I stumbled over a cistern. Again out a way, in a level field in fine order, there was quite a pretty pond, which must have been excavated, not natural, although quite a growth of swamp willow was growing on the sides. Toward the southwest, adjoining the grassland, niched in this country seat, a very attractive Gothic church stood amid fine trees, with a row of massive funeral vaults as unlike the usual appendages of American country churches as the mansion which first attracted my attention.

"While wandering and admiring the strangeness of my surroundings, my watch told me that time was up, and so I hurried back to the station, pausing once or twice to note and admire some of the finest views of inland scenery, mountain and river noted in the course of long journeyings. In my haste I nearly pitched over a precipice, and trying to recover my road, stumbled into a cemetery devoted to dogs and parrots. "Mercy," thought I, "is the owner an Egyptian?" From his house, he might have been an eclectic admirer of all the orders and creeds of the new and old worlds.

"But enough. I made my way through the noble woods, almost as shady in the bright afternoon as many forests in summer, so numerous were the lofty evergreens, and on asking at the depot, learned that the owner of this curious place was a General De Peyster. Curiosity demanded more particulars, but the train was at hand, and I was off with my greed for information unsatisfied.

"And so at my first leisure I send you this memorandum of a visit to one of the most beautiful natural situations, and survey of one of the most eccentric or unusual of mansions. With money and art, the place might be made one of the finest in our land. As it is, it is queer, but doubtless most

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Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 175 Chrystie St., between Houston and Delancey Streets.

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot saffraan tea. Everyone is welcome.

CHRISTIE STREET

By CATHERINE SWANN

"Son of a carpenter/And a young girl/You were born in a stable so poor/You had no place to lay your head/You were born today." These and strains of other "songs of jubilee" composed by Jim Wilson rang through St. Joseph's House. We had scantily decorated two floors with a Christmas tree Chris got from the market and greenery from the farm, and Walter had re-painted the windows, Christmas style, on the third floor. We all sang carols, and Christmas presents were distributed to all members of the CW family and friends who came to join us. We ate Christmas cake and hard candy and chocolates given us by Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner, who had paid us a visit a few days before.

After the party—most of the "choir" left to join the "Peace and Freedom Sing-out" at Union



Square, organized by the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. The next stop was the Women's House of Detention, where CW carolers have gathered for the past several years in a gesture of sympathy for our sisters who are incarcerated there. Society has no time to help them, and misguidedly thinks that if they are imprisoned for long enough periods of time, they will "repent" and thus be "deterred" from their various crimes. What actually happens is that the same people return again and again and suffer immeasurable humiliations at the hands of society. The caroling was followed by the Liturgy, in which our little community joined to give expression to our joy at the coming of Christ.

Argentine Tony and Pete Kurkle on the second floor organize the paper mailing in the mornings so that Chris can sleep late! This doesn't happen every morning; twice a week, Chris has to rise early to beg vegetables at the Washington Street market.

Charlie Keefe plods on good naturedly in the kitchen. However, he wasn't quite his cheerful self the day Chris was given fifteen cases of cabbage at the market.

Ed Brown was sick for a few days, but is now back helping Charlie, along with John McMullen and Nick, who wait on tables, Tom Likley, Irish Pat, Bill Harder and Placid, who looks after the pantry and cleans the office.

We were all very sorry to hear that David Ruhalter, our butcher and friend for over five years, died on January 8th. We offer our sympathy to his son Alan and the rest of his family. We also grieve with Chris and his family at the sudden death of his father Basil Kearns on January 9th. May they both rest in peace.

We missed two Friday night

(Continued on page 8)

The Risks of Commitment

Ed. note: On the front page of last month's Catholic Worker we published a letter from MURPHY DOWOUIS, young draft resister, written from the Federal House of Detention in New York City. Since then, Murphy has been returned to his home state of Louisiana for trial and sentencing. The following three letters, received by CW Editors Dorothy Day and Peter Lumsden, bring our readers up to date on the case.

New Orleans, La.
Dec. 23, 1965

Dear Dorothy:

Yesterday I pleaded "guilty" to the four draft violations with which I've been charged. Judge Ainsworth, a well-known Catholic, refused the nolo-contendere plea, stating that my attitude was foreign to anything he'd been taught in all the years he studied at Catholic schools. He said I would be sentenced as soon as he gets a report from pre-sentence investigation. I could conceivably receive five years and ten thousand dollars on each of the four counts for which I've been indicted. But Ainsworth seems like a decent man and I do not expect the maximum.*

After court yesterday I was interviewed on television and I denounced the war in Vietnam, stating what I feel should be the Christian attitude. Today the Archbishop of our diocese was seen on television, justifying the war and saying that he would support the use of "tactical" nuclear weapons if our military experts thought it was necessary. Were it not for the Catholic Worker, I would feel very much alone. There are a couple of priests here who support my right to dissent, but they don't agree with my position. Most support is from non-Christians.

I am finally learning that the risks involved in commitment to the Sermon on the Mount are very real indeed. At the same time I am beginning to feel like a full man. I thank God for the influence you and Ammon have had upon me. My love to all the Catholic Workers.

In One,
Murphy Dowouis

P.S.—

I am being given hospitality by a fine family, the Lemanns.

* * *

Dec. 29, 1965

Dear Peter:

Greetings. I hope all is well at the Farm. It occurred to me recently that in all the hullabaloo at the Chrystie Street place most of us have somehow forgotten the Farm. Myself included, and I've always felt that the Farm is quite probably the most important single aspect of the Catholic Worker (or at least the idea behind the Farm, if the two do not always coincide).

This notion became especially apparent to me when it suddenly struck my mind that the Worker's most lucid anarchist thinker was not involved directly in the goings on in the city. I suspect that you would be able to give much in the line of ideas to this whole revolution that is building up on the Vietnam issue.

I pray that the coming year will be very productive at the Farm. My warm regards to all the folks there.

Solidarity,
Murphy

Dec. 31, 1965

Dear Dorothy:

Today has been a very wonderful day for me. The weather has cleared and warmed considerably and with so many birds singing it was very much like spring this morning. Later the mailman came, bringing your letter, one from Ammon, and several from professors and priests in the area who are anxious to help me in any way possible.

It will probably be a few weeks

* As we go to press, we learn that Murphy has received two years.

before I'm sentenced. I feel that the judge will not give me the maximum (five years on each of four counts). Meanwhile I find I am able to relax more than I expected. I still, in my mind, find it a little difficult to accept punishment for obeying my conscience, but I am absolutely capable of facing the situation. When I think of all that so many others have done in witnessing for peace and love I'm kept from exaggerating to myself the significance of this act of violating the draft law. I think of St. Maximilian, who was put to death for precisely the same thing and I feel that somehow we have come a little way at least.

I realize that we young men must continue to disobey the Selective Service law and that we are getting somewhere when so many people begin asking questions about the draft, but I can't help feeling that we are not doing nearly enough creative thinking about ways to make peace not only possible but attractive to those folks who have not come down the same road as we. What about the child who demands the toy machine gun, even when his mother doesn't like it? Will he be ready as a person to live in this world of peace that we're trying to build? Ammon's insistence on the need for change inside of people, individuals, makes more and more sense to me.

I am encouraged by the "peace efforts" being made by our government. Possibly they mean nothing. Certainly no one in the administration is talking yet about getting out of Vietnam. And it's so hard to trust those guys, after the lies we have caught them in. But refusal to trust a little is part of the cause of this whole mess. These "peace efforts" will not cause me to cease struggling against the government, but I shall not dismiss them yet, from the beginning. We have to believe that the war can end somehow, sometime. At least the bombing has stopped and there is that much less terror for many children. A beginning is a beginning.

I spoke at Tulane and was well received. Sunday, the 2nd, I'm speaking at the Church of All Nations in the French quarter at a Vietnam Day-type meeting. I imagine many people, perhaps most, in this area, can understand opposition to the Vietnam war much more readily than they can the principle of non-violence. For myself I am more convinced than ever that if we cannot have confidence in the idea of non-violent persuasion, we would have to resign ourselves to living in terror, inflicting terror and suffering terror. Perhaps that's how many government leaders live.

I'm worried that Ammon may not be able to find another house for the Western transients. I wish there was some way for me to help him.

I miss the Catholic Worker family very much but still feel close to you all.

In One,
Murphy

CHICAGO CATHOLIC WORKER ACTION FOR PEACE IN VIETNAM

We are planning a peace rally with Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy as speakers, along with at least one of several Americans who have recently visited North Vietnam. The date will be some time in March. We are also planning a Catholic Worker march for peace for the following day. Any readers interested in helping, contact:

KARL MEYER
St. Stephen's House
1339 N. Mohawk
Chicago, Ill. 60610
Phone 664-7877

Watch for the February
CATHOLIC WORKER
for full details.

DOM LORENZO MILANI—A P

Ed. note: Italy is one of the few remaining West European countries that makes no provision in its laws to recognize the right of conscientious objection to military service; even the public advocacy of conscientious objection is a crime. Nor are the sanctions of the statute merely theoretical; in 1964, Father Ernesto Balducci, a well-known Florentine theologian and author of a recent biography of Pope John XXIII, was prosecuted and given a suspended sentence of two years for speaking out in behalf of a Catholic intellectual who had been imprisoned for his refusal to perform military service.

More recently, another case involving a Catholic priest and his support of conscientious objection aroused widespread and often heated discussion among Italian Catholics. On February 11th of last year, the Military Chaplains of Tuscany held a meeting to mark the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Lateran Treaty, signed by Mussolini and the Papal Secretary of State, which granted a privileged position to the Catholic religion and in return demanded that the Church refrain from interfering with government institutions, including the Armed Forces. At the conclusion of the meeting, the president of the chaplains' organization proposed a resolution dealing with conscientious objection, which was approved by the assembled priests. Here is its text:

The Military Chaplains on leave of Tuscan Region, in the spirit of the recent national congress of the association held in Naples, pay their reverent and brotherly homage to all those fallen for Italy, hoping that every division has ended among the soldiers of every company and of every uniform, who, in dying, sacrificed themselves for the sacred ideal of the Homeland. They consider an insult to the country and their fallen, the so-called, "Conscientious Objection," which, foreign to the Christian command of love, is an expression of cowardice.

Father LORENZO MILANI, a parish priest and school-teacher of Barbiana del Mugello, wrote an open letter in reply to the chaplains and sent it to a thousand people, mainly priests, bishops and political leaders. The letter was published in several Italian papers. What follows is a substantial part of the text:

OPEN LETTER TO THE MILITARY CHAPLAINS

Why have you insulted certain citizens, whom we and many others admire? No one, so far as I know, had asked you any questions on the subject. Unless I am to conclude that it is the example of their Christian consistency which is burning into you because of some inner uncertainty on your part.

Why have you used words so extremely lightly and without clarifying their meaning? When you reply, remember that public opinion today is more mature than in the past and that you will not be able to escape particular questions by your silence, or by vague replies. Emotional words or vulgar insults to the objectors or to me are not arguments. If you have any arguments I shall be pleased to hear them.

I am not discussing here the idea of the Homeland as such. I do not much like such divisions. But if you have the right to divide the world into Italians and foreigners, then I must tell you that I have no Homeland in your sense of the word, and I claim the right to divide the world into the poor and oppressed on one side and the privileged and oppressors on the other. The former are my Homeland, the latter are my foreigners. If you are allowed, without episcopal interference, to teach that foreigners and Italians can lawfully and even heroically massacre one another, then I claim the right to say that the poor should oppose the rich. At least in choosing the

means I show some superiority to you. The weapons you approve are horrible killing machines, to maim, to destroy, to make orphans and widows. The only arms which I approve are worthy and bloodless: the strike and the vote.

We have, therefore, very different ideas. I could respect yours if you could justify them in the light of the Gospel or the Italian Constitution. But you too must respect the ideas of others: especially if they are men who face serious consequences for their convictions.

You will surely admit that Homeland is a word which has often been abused. It is often only an excuse to exempt oneself from thinking, from studying history, from choosing, when necessary, between patriotism and values of a much higher order. In this letter I deliberately do not refer to the Gospel. It would be too easy to show that Jesus was opposed to violence, rejecting for Himself even self-defense.

I shall refer instead to the Constitution. Article II: "Italy rejects war as an offensive instrument against other people's freedom." Article 52: "National defense is a sacred duty of every citizen." Let us test by this rule the wars the Italian people have been called upon to fight in the past century. If we find that the history of our army is full of unprovoked aggression against the Homelands of others you should make clear whether, in these cases, our soldiers had to obey orders or should have objected from motives of conscience. And then you will have to tell us who actually defended the Homeland, and its honor—those who objected or those who, obeying, made our country hated by the whole civilized world?

But enough of high-sounding and vague rubbish. Come down to real life. Tell us exactly what you taught our soldiers. Obedience at all costs? And if the order was, say, the bombing of civilians, retaliation against peaceful villages, the summary execution of hostages, the summary trial of mere suspects or the choosing by lot some of our own soldiers to be shot as an example to the rest, repression of public demonstrations? And these things are still the daily bread of every war. When they happened you lied about them or hushed them up. Or do you want to lead us to believe that you have always told the truth in the presence of your army superior at the risk of prison or death? If you are still alive and commissioned it is obvious that you have never objected to anything.

You have given us further proof by showing in your communique that you have not the most elementary notion of the meaning of conscientious objection. You must declare yourselves on recent events if you wish to be, as you ought, our soldiers' moral guides. That is what you have been, and still are being paid for by the the Homeland itself, the highest maintain the army at a high cost (almost two billion dollars a year) it is only to defend, in addition to the Homeland itself the highest values enshrined in this concept: democratic sovereignty, freedom, justice. Well then, in the light of recent history, it would seem to be more necessary to train our soldiers to resist than obey. In the last hundred years they have known too little about resistance, too much about obedience, to their shame and disgrace.

(At this point, Father Milani reviews the wars Italy engaged in during the past hundred years and concludes that all of them were futile and aggressive. In the only struggle during that period that might be regarded as a "just" and defensive war—the resistance of the Italian partisans to fascism—the Army, conditioned by concepts of unquestioning obedience, fought on the wrong side.)

Have you told your soldiers

what to do if another general like Franco should appear? Have you told them not to obey officers who rebel against sovereign people?

In 1939, Italian soldiers attacked six other countries (Albania, France, Greece, Egypt, Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union) one after the other, without provocation. For Italy it was a war on two fronts. Firstly, against the democratic system. Secondly, against the socialist system, the two noblest political systems with which mankind has endowed itself. The first represents the highest attempt of man to give, even in this world, freedom and human dignity to the poor. The second is the highest attempt of man to provide justice and equality to the poor here and now.

Do not bother to answer, accusing these two systems of blatant defects and errors. We know these are human things. Tell us instead what there was on the other side to defend. Surely the worst political system which unscrupulous oppressors had been able to devise. The denial of every moral value, of all freedom except for the rich and for the unprincipled. The denial of all justice and religion. The propaganda of hatred and the slaughter of the innocent; which includes the slaughter of the Jews (the people of our Lord driven all over the world into suffering).

In many civilized countries (in this respect more civilized than our own) the law respects conscientious objectors and allows them to serve their country in another way. They offer to sacrifice themselves for their Homeland longer than others, not less. It is not their fault if in Italy the only choice they have is to serve it in prison idleness. By the way, there is in Italy a law which recognizes one kind of conscientious objection. It is those very Lateran Agreements you wished to celebrate. Their third article enacts the basic right of bishops and priests to conscientious objection.

With regard to the other objectors, the Catholic Church has not yet given her opinion against them or against you. The human sentence, by which they have been condemned, says only that they have broken a human law, not that they are cowards. Who has authorized you to strengthen the dose? Do you not remember that cowardice is the property of a majority, not a minority? Heroism is the property of a minority. Wait before insulting them! Tomorrow perhaps you will realize they are prophets. Surely the place for the prophets is in prison, but it is not very dignified to be on the side of those people who keep them there.

If you tell us that you have chosen the military chaplain's mission to assist the wounded and dying, we can respect your views. Even Gandhi in his youth did the same; but when he grew up he very strongly condemned his youthful error. Have you read his life? But if you are telling us that conscientious refusal to defend oneself and one's neighbor, based on our Lord's example and His Commandment, is "extraneous to the Christian Commandment of love," then do you know of what spirit you are?

If you do not want to honor the objectors' suffering, at least be quiet!

We respect suffering and death, but in the sight of our young people who are watching us, we must not cause dangerous confusion between good and evil, between truth and error, between the death of an aggressor and that of his victim.

When this letter appeared, Father Milani was haled into court, along with Luca Pavolini, editor of the Communist paper La Rinascita, in which it had appeared. The first hearing of the

case was held last October. Here is the bulk of the defense statement that Father Milani presented at that time:

MY DEFENSE

Barbiana, October 18, 1965

Honorable Judges:

I submit here in writing what I should have liked to say orally in court. But it is unlikely that I shall be able to come to Rome, as I have been ill for some time. I am enclosing herewith a medical certificate, and beg you to proceed in my absence.

My illness is the only reason for my absence. Italian priests have long been suspected of showing little respect for the State. And this is the accusation that has been made against me at this trial.



The suspicion is ill-founded in the case of very many of my confreres and most certainly it does not apply in my case. On the contrary, I want to explain to you how indefatigably I strive to impress on my boys a feeling for the law and a respect for the tribunals of Man.

I should like to clarify one point regarding my counsel. The things I wanted to say in the indicted letter concern me personally as a teacher and a priest. So I asked my legal counsel not to speak on my behalf. But he explained to me that he could not renounce his part, either as a lawyer or as a man. I understand his reasons and have not insisted. Another point to be clarified concerns the magazine which has been prosecuted together with me, for kindly having offered me hospitality in its pages. The indicted letter had been circulated by me privately as early as February 23. Only later (March 6) was it re-published by Rinascita and then by other papers. Thus it is merely for procedural reasons—that is, by chance—that I find myself prosecuted in the company of a Communist paper.

I would have no objection if the trial involved any other matter. But the Communist paper did not deserve the honor of being made standard-bearer of ideas that are extraneous to it, such as the freedom of conscience and nonviolence. The implication of the Communist paper in this cause is no service to clarity, that is, to the education of the young people who follow this trial.

Now I am coming to the motives which impelled me to write the indicted letter. But before that I should explain why I consider myself not only a parish priest but also a teacher.

My parish is a mountain parish. When I arrived there, there was

only one elementary school. Five classes in one schoolroom. When the boys left fifth grade they were still half-illiterate, and they went to work, shy and despised by the world.

It was then that I decided to devote my life as a parish priest to their education for citizenship and not merely to their religious upbringing. For the last eleven years, I have spent most of my ministry teaching school.

The city folk used to marvel at our work schedule. Twelve hours a day, 365 days a year. Before I got there the boys had the same schedule of work (much harder work), providing wool and cheese for the town folk. Nobody had any objection. Now that I am imposing this schedule of work at school,

people say that I am too hard on them.

This question of our work schedule is pertinent to this trial only in so far as it would be difficult to understand my way of reasoning if one did not know that the boys are practically living together with me. We receive guests in common. We read together, books, papers, the mail. We write together.

The External Occasion

We were together, as always, when a friend dropped in and brought us a newspaper clipping. It was entitled "A Communiqué by the Retired Military Chaplains of the Region of Tuscany." Later we learned that this title was misleading: only twenty out of a total of a hundred and twenty of the members of that organization had been present when the communiqué was issued. I was unable to ascertain whether the others were as much as notified. I know only one person who belongs to this organization: the parish priest of Vicchio. He told me that he had not been invited to the meeting and that he was indignant at the form and substance of the communiqué.

The text, in fact, is a gratuitous provocation. It is enough to remember that, in referring to conscientious objectors, the communiqué uses the phrase expression of cowardice.

Professor Giorgio Peyrot, of the University of Rome, is presently editing a collection of all the sentences against Italian conscientious objectors. He tells me that, since the Liberation, over two hundred sentences have been pronounced. About 186 of these he has definite information; in a hundred cases he has the text of the sentence. He assures me that in none of the sentences has he found the word cowardice or any equivalent. On the contrary, in some of the sentences he found expressions of re-

PRIEST-TEACHER ON TRIAL

spect for the moral stature of the accused. For example: "The behavior of the accused throughout impels one to conclude that he incurred the penalties of the law out of love for his faith." In these sentences I found an acknowledgment of particular moral and social valor as motive.

So, there I was, sitting before my boys, in my twofold capacity as teacher and priest, and they looked up to me, passion and outrage in their eyes. A priest who insults an imprisoned man is always wrong. Even more so, if he insults one who is in jail for an ideal. I need not tell these things to my boys. They had intuited that much. They also had intuited that it was up to me now to give them a lesson for life.

I had to teach them how the citizen is supposed to react against injustice. How he has the freedom to speak and the freedom of the press. How the Christian must react, even against the priest, even against the bishop, if the bishop errs. How each one must feel responsible for all.

On one of the walls of our school is written, in big letters in English: I CARE. The exact opposite of the fascist motto: I DON'T GIVE A DAMN.

When the communique arrived at our school it was already a week old. It was known that neither civic nor ecclesiastical authorities had reacted in any way.

So we decided to react. An austere school like ours, which knows neither recreation nor vacation, has lots of time to think and to study. Therefore, we have the right and the duty to say what others do not say. This is the only kind of recreation I grant my boys.

We took up our history books (humble high-school text-books, not specialized monographs) and we went over a hundred years of Italian history in search of a "just war." A war, in other words, to which one could apply Article 11 of the Italian Constitution. It is not our fault if we did find such a war.

We have had lots of trouble ever since that day. We have received dozens of anonymous letters of insult and threat, with only a swastika or a fascio in the place of the signature. Journalists have inveighed against us, publishing "interviews" teeming with false information. Others have drawn incredible conclusions from these "interviews," without bothering to check the credibility of their sources. Even our own Archbishop has shown little understanding of our position. Our letter has been indicted.

But we kept up our courage, thinking of the thirty-one Italian boys presently in jail for the sake of an ideal. So different from the millions of youngsters who crowd stadia, bars, dancing halls; who live in order to buy themselves a car; who follow the fashions, read sports magazines, and don't give a hoot for politics and religion.

One of my boys, who goes to the Technical Institute, attends classes of religion there, conducted by the head of those military chaplains who published that "communique." My boy tells me that, in class, this chaplain often talks about sport and says that he is a passionate hunter and loves judo. It was no concern of his to call those thirty-one young men "cowards" and their action "extraneous to the Christian commandment of love." I want my boys to be more like those thirty-one than like that teacher.

The Underlying Cause

At this point I should deal with the basic problem of any real school. With this I think we have come to the crucial point of this trial: because I, as a teacher, have been indicted for advocacy of misdeemeanor: that is, for conducting a bad school. Therefore we should first agree on what constitutes a good school.

The school is different from a

court. The only thing that matters to you judges is the established law. The school, on the other hand, is placed between the past and the future. It must remain present to both.

The school must apply the delicate art of leading the boys on a razor's edge: on the one side, their sense of logic must be formed (and in this function, the school is similar to the court), on the other, the desire for better laws must be developed—in other words: the political sense (and in this, the school differs from the court).

The tragedy of your office is that you know you must judge on the basis of laws which are not yet just in their totality.

There are still judges alive today in Italy who in the past had to pronounce death sentences. We are all horrified at this thought; we must be grateful to those teachers who have helped us to progress; by teaching us to criticize the law then in force. This is why, in a certain sense, the school remains outside the bounds of your juridical order. The boy is not yet penally responsible; he does not yet exercise any sovereign rights; he must merely prepare to exercise them in the future. From one point of view, he is thus our inferior, because he must obey us, and we answer for him. From another point of view, he is our superior: because tomorrow he will promulgate laws which will be better than ours.

Thus the teacher must be a prophet, to the best of his abilities; he must scrutinize the "signs of the times," intuit in the boys' eyes the beautiful things they will see tomorrow, which we today see only in a haze.

The teacher remains therefore in some ways outside the scope of the legal order, even though in some other ways he is in its service. If you condemn him, you cut short any possibility of legislative progress.

As far as their lives as young sovereigns of tomorrow are concerned, I cannot tell my boys that the only way to love the law is to obey it. All I can tell them is that they must honor man-made laws so much that they must obey them only when they are just (that is, when they constitute the force of the weak ones). When they see that the laws are unjust (that is, when they sanction the overbearing of the powerful), citizens must fight in order that they be changed.

The normal instrument to change the law is the vote. The Constitution adds another instrument: the strike.

But the true lever to set in motion these two instruments is the word and the example with which we may influence voters and strikers. And when the hour comes, there is no greater school: no school that teaches more than he who pays with his person for a conscientious objection. Who breaks the law which he knows to be bad and accepts the penalty provided by that law. In this sense our letter, which lies here on the bench of the accused, is education. The testimony of the thirty-one young men imprisoned at Gaeta is education.

He who pays with his person bears witness to the better law he desires; testifies that he loves law more than the others do. I fail to understand how such a man can be mistaken by anyone for an anarchist. Let us pray to God that he may send us many young men capable of such testimony.

This technique, of constructive love for the law, I learned together with my boys as we read the *Crito*, the apology of Socrates, the life of our Lord in the Four Gospels, Gandhi's autobiography, the letters of the pilot of Hiroshima. Lives of men come into tragic conflict with the law of their time: not in order to destroy it but in order to improve it.

I have applied this technique in my little sphere; I have applied it all my life, as a Christian, in face of the laws and the authorities of the Church. Strictly orthodox and disciplined and, at the same time, passionately alert to present and future. No one can accuse me of heresy or lack of discipline. No one can accuse me of being a careerist. I am forty-two years old, and still a parish priest, in charge of forty-two souls.

I have raised admirable boys, for that matter, excellent citizens and excellent Christians. None of them has grown up to be an anarchist. None of them has become a conformist. Make your own inquiries! These boys testify in my favor.

A Legal Offense?

Up to this point I have explained to you that even if the indicted letter constitutes a legal offense, it was still my moral duty, my duty as teacher, to write it.

I have pointed out that if you took this liberty from me, you would threaten the life of the school and therefore legislative progress.

But is it really a legal offense that I am guilty of?

The Constituent Assembly invited us to display at school the text of the Italian Constitution "in order to make the new generation aware of the moral and social achievements embodied by it."

One of these moral and social achievements is embodied in Article II: "Italy repudiates war as an instrument of attack against the liberty of other peoples." You jurists will say that the law refers only to the future. But we, the common people, will tell you that the word *repudiates* is loaded with meaning: that it embraces the past and the future. It is an invitation to give everything a good airing. History, as they taught it to us, and the concept of absolute military obedience, as they are still being taught today, need a thorough airing.

You will excuse me if I have to enlarge somewhat on this point. But the Public Prosecutor has interpreted my letter as an apology for disobedience. In reality it is nothing but a summary glance at a hundred years of history in the light of the word *repudiates*.

Whether or not we must obey in future wars depends in fact on our judgment of those wars of the recent past.

When we went to school, our teachers—may God forgive them—led to us shamefully. Some of them, poor wretches, really believed what they were saying. They cheated us because they in turn had been cheated. Others knew they were cheating us, but they were afraid. The majority of our teachers were probably superficial. If we wanted to listen to what they had to say, all those wars were fought "for the homeland."

According to the law, the right to vote is universal today, but the Constitution (Art. 3) warned us in 1947, with a disturbing kind of honesty, that the workers were *de facto* excluded from the levers of power. Thus it is officially recognized that the peasants and workers, that is, the majority of the Italian people, have never been in a position of power. If this is so, our armies have marched only under the orders of a small ruling class.

The boys I have at school are exclusively the sons of peasants and workers. Electric light came to Barbiana only two weeks ago. But the draft cards have been delivered to Barbiana homes ever since 1861.

The nation itself, the Homeland, is something that has been created by man; therefore it is something less than God; an idol, if people adore it. I think it is not right to give one's life for something that is less than God. But granted even that it is right to give one's

life for a good idol (the Homeland), it is certainly inadmissible to think it right to give one's life for a bad idol (the speculations of industrialists).

To give one's life for nothing is worse yet.

I am saying all this because some critics have accused me of lack of respect for those who have fallen. This accusation is ill founded. I respect those unfortunate victims. It is because I respect them that I would think it an offense to their memory if I praised those who sent them to their death, and then scuttled away to save their own skins.

Respect for the dead, for that matter, can never push me to forget my boys who are alive. I do not want them to meet similar, tragic destinies. If, one day, they do sacrifice their lives, I shall be proud of them, provided they do so for the sake of God and the poor, not for Signor Savoia or for Herr Krupp.

They presented the Empire as a glory of the Homeland! I was thirteen years old then. It seems to me that was only yesterday. I jumped with joy at the idea of the Empire! Our teachers forgot to mention that the Ethiopians were better than we were. That we went there to burn their huts, with their women and children inside, while they had done us no harm.

That vile school—whether it was consciously or unconsciously vile I don't know—thus prepared the horrors that were to follow three years later. It prepared millions of obedient soldiers. Obedient to the orders of Mussolini. Or to be more precise: obedient to the orders of Hitler. And then: Fifty million dead.

Having been so grossly misled by my teachers when I was thirteen years old, I have in front of me, the teacher, these boys of thirteen, whom I love, and you want me not to feel the duty—not only the moral duty (as I explained in the first part of this letter) but also the civic duty—to pull the veil down, from everything, including military obedience of the kind they taught us when I was a boy?

Prosecute the teachers who still repeat the lies; those who have learned nothing between that time and now: not me.

We have written this letter without the aid of a jurist. But a copy of the Civil Code, we do have at school.

In the text itself we find that the soldier must not obey when the action that has been ordered is manifestly criminal. That the order

must have a minimum of appearance of legitimacy. A sentence condemns a soldier for having obeyed an order to exterminate civilians. Thus your own law recognizes that even soldiers have a conscience and must know how to use it in due time. How could there be a minimum of appearance of legitimacy in an order for decimation, for reprisals on hostages, for the deportation of Jews, for torture, for colonial warfare?

Our Archbishop, Cardinal Florit, wrote that "it is practically impossible for the single individual to evaluate the manifold aspects of the question of the morality of the orders received" (Letter to the Clerus, April 4, 1965). I am sure he did not mean the orders the German nurses received to kill their patients. Or those Badoglio received and transmitted to his soldiers, that is, to fire on hospitals or to use poison gas. (That the Italians used poison gas in Ethiopia is a fact established beyond discussion). Those obedient officers and soldiers who threw barrels of mustard gas are war criminals, even though they have not yet been prosecuted.

Prosecuted, instead, am I, because I wrote a letter which has been deeply appreciated by many readers.

At Nuremberg and Jerusalem men have been condemned for their obedience. All mankind agrees that they should not have obeyed; for there exists a law which men perhaps have not yet transcribed into their law-books but which is written into their hearts. A large part of humanity calls it the law of God. Others call it the law of conscience. Those who believe neither in one nor the other are only a tiny, sick minority. It is they who cultivate blind obedience.

When I was studying Moral Theology I came across a principle of Roman law which you, too, will accept: the principle of joint responsibility.

When you have two persons who jointly commit a crime, for instance the principal and the executioner, you send both of them to the penitentiary, and everybody knows that the responsibility can not be divided in two. A crime like that committed at Hiroshima called for thousands of directly responsible culprits: politicians, scientists, workers, pilots. Each one of these has silenced his own conscience, pretending that the guilt was to be divided by a multiple of thousands.

If we were to listen to certain advocates of the theory of obedience—or to certain German courts, it would be only Hitler who should be held responsible for the murder of six million Jews. But Hitler was irresponsible because he was mad. Thus the crime was never committed because no one committed it.

There is only one way out of this macabre play of words. To tell the young that they are all sovereign: that obedience is no longer a virtue but the subtlest of temptations; and that they should not count on using it as a shield, either before men or before God; that each one of them must feel uniquely and integrally responsible for everything. Only if this happens will mankind be able to say that this century has seen a moral progress commensurate to its technological progress.

As a Priest

Up to this point I have spoken as a citizen and teacher who believes that he has rendered a service to society with his school and his letter: not to have committed a legal offense. But let us assume once more that you consider it a legal offense.

If the accusation is made against me alone, and not at the same time against my confreres, it follows that my orthodoxy as a Catholic and as a priest is put in question. It would seem in fact that you are condemning the personal

(Continued on page 7)

Professor Quits Military

Rome—A prominent Roman law professor has resigned from military service, claiming conscientious objection. Dr. Fabrizio Fabbrini, assistant professor of Roman law at the University of Rome, turned his military uniform over to his commanding officer just 10 days before his scheduled discharge. He claimed in a letter that loyalty to the state prompted him to inform his superiors of his conscientious objection to any future warlike action. Preparations for war, he said, amounted to "a lack of trust in the clear, unequivocal promise of Christ to the meek and to the peacemakers." Professor Fabbrini is well known in Catholic circles for his knowledge of Scripture and the Church Fathers. He maintains that the teachings of the last three Popes leave no doubt about the obligation of every Catholic to commit himself in every war and at all levels to the cause of peace. Italy has no law which recognizes conscientious objection.

—Ave Maria, Jan. 1, 1966

Grape Strike in Delano

(Continued from page 1)

veloped much of their organizational skills while in the Mexican-American Community Services Organization. They left C.S.O. because it was a little too respectable and middle-class and failed to develop a really adequate program for the masses of California farm workers. And there is N.F.W.A. Vice-President Dolores Huerta, who has recently been in charge of operations in Los Angeles.

Some of the hardest direct action has taken place at the big market on 7th and Central in downtown L.A., where the loaded grape trucks come in sporadically during the night. It is there in L.A. in the early hours of the morning that the pickets face the full belligerence and brutality of one of the most efficient police forces in the world. Every attempt is made to keep incidents to a minimum, and certainly the movement's dedication to non-violence has been a real weapon in encountering not only the bully-ranchers here in the Valley, but also the cops and rough-and-tumble truck-drivers down in the big city.

The idea is to prevent those grapes that get loaded from getting through to the Los Angeles market. When we hear that a truck is being loaded at one of the local packing sheds, we send a car and driver (when one is available) to identify the truck and follow it as far as Bakersfield (thirty miles south of here). Then, if it continues south on Highway 99, we know that L.A. is its destination, and we telephone to Dolores and the L.A. pickets. The trucker finds a reception line to greet him. If he is a member of the officially sympathetic Teamsters Union, he may turn around and dump his grapes some place else. But lately there have been drivers, especially non-teamsters, who choose instead to bust through the picket line and deliver the scab grapes. I didn't get the full story, but one night's near-violence started when a crew unloading grapes on pushcarts yelled that if the pickets didn't pull down their line, they'd have their legs broken by pushcarts. There was some collision of pushcarts and pickets, with grapes scattering all over, but the pickets' non-violence absorbed the scabs' bitterness and things settled with only a few minor bruises for the pickets.

Student Radicals

I am particularly impressed by some of the student volunteers. Some are only of high-school age. (One sixteen-year-old brags that he was a "red-diaper" baby.) I ask them their ideas on Vietnam. Tom Canterbury, a sophomore from Stanford, has already applied for conscientious objector's status. He has just finished what will be (at least for now) his last quarter at Stanford. After a few more days of picketing here and down in Los Angeles, he will either go south with the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C.), do some more work for the Vietnam Day Committee around Palo Alto, or maybe both. Ken Blum is a sophomore history major at Berkeley, where he was arrested last year in the student demonstrations. He is an unabashed (but non-violent) Marxist and proud of it. He is also a devout Jew. I am happily surprised and I comment on his being the first Jewish radical I've met who still believes in God. He replies that it is his belief in God that gives him his belief in the dignity of the individual.

Ken cons me into driving him a hundred miles north into Fresno, where we spend a few hours in the agricultural market-reporter's office in the State building, trying to get enough information so that we can pin down exactly what shipments of grapes are going where. This will make it easier to identify and then trace the trucks

on their way to market. We're afraid to tell the market-reporter our real intentions and so we try to make him think we're just a couple of college kids doing research on the intricacies of grape marketing. He throws an awful lot of facts, figures and brochures at us, and Ken seems to absorb just about everything.

On the way down from Fresno we stop at the County of Tulare offices in Visalia. Ken knows just how to find the exact sizes, boundaries and worth of all the farmers that are being struck. I am amazed at his research skills, which he refined as an active member of S.C.A.L. (the Student Committee on Agricultural Labor). We start by looking at tax-audit books, which have every grower in the county listed. There are numbers there that refer us to other volumes that give complete tax and value information on every holding.

The first volumes also direct us to another room, where maps of all holdings are found. We copy down some of the maps to take back to Cesar and also invest a buck and a half in an aerial photograph of one of the ranches, just to bring back and show Cesar how much can really be psyched out about these fat farmers, if necessary. It's very interesting how different growers hide under different subsidiaries and market for each other. It's so damn complicated I wonder how the growers themselves keep their records straight. One of the biggest growers in the state, for example, are DiGiorgio Farms. Yet, in the tax-audit book, this particular grower has only one tiny listing on a page with at least fifty other listings. But Ken tells me to note how many acreage listings there are under the Earl Fruit Company, which happens to be DiGiorgio's major subsidiary. I check, and the listings go on for several pages!

After leaving Visalia, we pull off the freeway to take a look at the village of Tevison. This is an all-Negro farm-laborers' community, so small and so poor that it is not even on any maps of Kern County. It is in the middle of big cotton fields. The old broken-down shacks and leaky stuffed chairs dilapidating on broken-down front porches are enough to make any Negro migrant think himself back in the middle of Georgia or the Mississippi Delta country. It is probably the jumping-off spot for many Negroes newly arrived in California from the South. But it is so poor one can hardly imagine it to be part of this "rich" state of California. Indeed, this could be said for most of the San Joaquin Valley. To anyone like myself, accustomed to the fat and sleek suburbs of West Los Angeles, the whole valley seems like a foreign country. Can country as bleak and muddy, and people as poor and dispossessed as these, really be part of the golden state? Is Delano really in the United States? Must people really strike for a contract and \$1.40 an hour in 20th century America?

But the most exciting thing now in Delano is the picket lines. For what is probably the first time in the history of organized labor, picket lines have been formed that are portable, radio-directed and instantly dispatched. Of course, it's not always that efficient. This morning, for example, although Tony, a picket captain, was out in the radio-equipped Chevy at 5:30 a.m., scouting for field activity that pickets could be called to, Barbara, who should have been manning the other end of the wireless in the back of the office headquarters, was instead sacked out in her sleeping bag in the front room. The majority of pickets were several blocks away in the Filipino hall, where they had just had breakfast. They were waiting for Barbara to call their picket captain, Pete Velasquez, as soon as Tony relayed to her wherever scabs were picking or

pruning. The radio being unmanned, no information got reported, and at 8 o'clock the pickets, becoming very impatient for news, started drifting off in their own cars, burning up valuable gasoline while searching on their own for field activity. That's not the way it's supposed to happen.

Nevertheless, the actual picketing is exciting. As many as thirty or forty pickets will line up alongside a grower's field, and start yelling to the scabs. If the scabs are working in the patches next to the road, communication becomes easy and painfully human. I remember the distressed look on the face of one scab, a gentle, middle-aged Mexican. A woman picket standing next to me tried to tell him how reasonable and necessary the strike is. His face was very sad and pained as he explained how much he agreed with the strike and how unhappy he was to be scabbing, but what could he do? There was sickness in his family and he had bills to pay. He was terribly uneasy; I felt sorry for him and for the fact that we were so often unnecessarily insulting to the scabs, who certainly were getting it from both ends: the farmers who browbeat them and made them move into



**Raise up in Thy Church
O Lord, the Spirit
wherewith our holy
Father Benedict, Abbot,
was animated: that
filled with the same,
we may strive to love
what he loved, and
practise what he taught.**

the middle of the fields when we come around, and the pickets who keep shouting at them "Huelga! Huelga!" (i.e. "Strike! Strike!") Someone had mimeographed sheets containing lists of shouts to be used, with English in one column and Spanish, Tagalog and Arabic in the other (for scabs who were Mexican, Filipino or Arab). I made up my own: "Donde esta su dignidad?" ("Where is your dignity?") and shouted it lustily.

Often the sheriffs would arrive and add a little to the tension. There were forty arrests on one of the early days of the strike. But the press coverage made the police look so bad and the charges were so flimsy that the police evidently now prefer not to arrest any of the pickets if they can help it. But they are well equipped with cameras, and would sometimes take pictures, presumably attempting to prove that we had overstepped our narrow bit of picketing space between the edge of the road and the beginning of the grower's private property.

This is a very effective method of picketing. One can imagine the feelings of a poor scab when ten or fifteen carloads of pickets pull up alongside the field he is working in. And everyone jumps out and starts shouting at him. It must be hard for him to realize that we are sincerely non-violent. As many

as fifty scabs at a time have left their work and walked off the field to join us. They would not have had much real incentive to do so, had not the strike been so well organized. There are three free meals a day for all strikers, pickets and volunteers. The meals are served at the Filipino community hall, which is also headquarters for the Agricultural Workers' Organizing Committee, A.F.L.-C.I.O. This group is sharing with the Independent National Farm Workers' Association, in full communion, the pains, hardships and solidarity of the strike. A.W.O.C., under the leadership of Larry O'Neil and Ben Gines, is mostly Filipino-American, while Cesar's N.F.W.A. is mostly Mexican-American. N.F.W.A. is sharing with A.W.O.C. the help it gets from student, church and civil-rights groups. Because of its labor affiliations, A.W.O.C. has more access to cash donations. A.W.O.C. has also assumed responsibility for the stationary picketing that has to be done around cold-storage sheds and packing houses. N.F.W.A., with radio equipment lent from S.N.C.C., is in charge of the movable picket lines.

What You Can Do

But the emphasis now is on the boycott, and it is for help in this that I now plead to all readers of the *Catholic Worker*. Do not buy any Schenley wines or liquors. Do not buy Roma or Cresta Blanca wines. Do not buy any table grapes from the Delano area. (Perhaps the editors can, in each month's issue of the C.W., publish an up-to-date list of all the many and changing!) brand names of Delano grapes.) For those capable of direct action, form picket lines around stores and market chains that stock Schenley products or Delano grapes. This is not to picket the stores directly (which would be illegal), but simply to inform customers of what is going on and to ask them not to buy those products made or harvested by scab labor. In New York and several other leading American cities there are now full-time boycott coordinators. If you can help out at all with the boycott, contact your local coordinator. If you don't know if there is one in your location, contact: Rev. Jim Drake, Box 894, Delano, Calif., for information. Contributions of cash, food and clothing can be sent to Mr. Cesar Chavez at the same address.

The strikers are very poor and the growers are very rich, and may be able to sacrifice not only much of this year's crop, but next year's as well, for the sake of future, non-union profits. For those who can donate their time and their presence, it would be worthwhile to go to Delano and actually participate as a volunteer picket (possibilities of arrest are minimal). The strike must not be allowed to fail. For too long the migrant workers and indigenous poor of California have suffered under the factory-farm system. If such a system must survive, it must at least do so with the minimum of human dignity that unionization can bring. Many sincere and dedicated organizers have suffered and failed in attempts to organize California farm labor. This attempt must not fail. The noble efforts of Cesar Chavez and the leadership of Mexican and Filipino-American strikers must not be frustrated. Delano must go down in labor history as the birthplace of successful farm-worker unionization. The face of Christ must be recognized in those who toil the grape fields of Central California. God help us if we do not hunger and thirst for social justice in the vineyards of the San Joaquin Valley! Let us boycott Delano products and make all the necessary contributions we can.

Ed. note: Alan White is a graduate student at Loyola University of Los Angeles and a co-founder of CURE (Catholics United for Racial Equality). He has been a teacher in the Los Angeles City School Districts and a lay missionary in Africa.

The Christian Approach

(Continued from page 1)

against the ideology of the United States government, violence is our answer. Again we take on the role of Almighty God.

We have been taught by Thomas Aquinas, and the other great teachers of the Church, that in order for a war to be just, distinctions must be made between combatants and non-combatants. This means that if innocent people are being killed in a war, that war must be considered unjust, and Catholics are not to participate in an unjust war. If we answer this maxim by saying that innocent people die in every war, we are in essence saying that all wars are unjust, and indeed they are.

Is Silence Golden?

For too long silence has been a trademark of the Catholic Church. Laymen have learned their lesson well from the silent hierarchy. Catholic students have learned well from their silent parents. The clergy remained silent until the last minute in the recent movement for civil rights, and so did we the laity. Are we going to be the last to speak out about something basic to Christianity, something that has been taught to us by Christ for centuries? We have heard Christ, we have heard the Apostles. We have seen early Christians die, not kill, for what they believed in. We have heard the appeals of great saints throughout the ages, for a life of peace and brotherly love. We have read the encyclicals of our popes asking for world peace. Recently, we have seen Pope Paul VI visit our own country on a mission of peace. Yet all these appeals have fallen on the deaf ears of a mute people.

We have refused to accept Christianity as a way of life, we have refused to accept Christ, the Prince of Peace. We continue to participate in the Sacrifice of Love and Peace. We continue to call ourselves Catholics and Christians, but somehow we must know and realize that we have failed as both Christians and men. We are no longer deserving of the name Christ-bearers until we desist from bearing arms.

How Should We As Christians Respond to the Problem of War and Peace?

First—We must realize the importance of this issue and the pertinence it has to each Christian's life. We must be open enough to admit that real questions do exist. When we recognize the existence of them we must be willing to ask them and find out the answers for ourselves.

Next—We must act. We have already seen the harm done by the Silent Church. As witnesses for Christ we must place ourselves in the movement for Peace on Earth.

Conscientious Objection or complete refusal of the draft may be the paths we will take as Witnesses for Peace.

The most important thing is to begin to ask the many questions which face you as a Christian confronted with the problems of WAR AND PEACE.

Ed. note: Jim Wilson, a staff member at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on Christie Street, is one of the five pacifists who burned their draft cards at Union Square on November 6th. He wrote this statement for distribution by the Catholic peace team that recently toured several college campuses. (See November 1965 *Catholic Worker*).

"All who achieve real distinction in life begin as revolutionists. The most distinguished persons become more revolutionary as they grow older, though they are commonly supposed to become more conservative owing to their loss of faith in conventional methods of reform."

—Bernard Shaw

Priest-Teacher on Trial

(Continued from page 5)

I have quite intentionally avoided speaking from the point of view of the nonviolent. Personally I believe in nonviolence. I have tried to educate my boys in this sense. I have directed them, as far as I could, towards the trade unions (the only organizations which apply the technique of nonviolence on a large scale). But nonviolence is not yet the official doctrine of the whole Church. Instead, the doctrine of the priority of conscience over and above the law of the State has been adopted by the Church in its entirety.

I need not look for difficult modern theologians to prove this. You may ask any child who is preparing for his first Communion: "If father or mother order an evil thing, must one obey? The martyrs disobeyed the laws of the State. Did they do well or did they do wrong?"

There are some who misquote, in this respect, the saying of St. Peter: "Obey your superiors even if they are evil." Certainly, it is of no importance whether the person who commands is personally good or evil. Only he will answer before God for his own deeds. It is important, however, whether he orders us to do good or evil: Because for our own actions we will have to answer before God. So much so that St. Peter wrote his wise exhortations to obedience from jail—where he was imprisoned for having solemnly disobeyed.

The Council of Trent was explicit on this point: (Catechism, part. III, Precept IV, par. 16): "If the political authorities command anything iniquitous, they must not be listened to. In explaining this matter to the people, the priest should point out what great and commensurate prize will await in heaven those who obey this divine precept—that is, to disobey the State!"

Certain Catholics of the extreme Right (the same, perhaps, who have denounced me) are full of admiration for the Exhibition of the Church of Silence. That Exhibition amounts to an exaltation of citizens who for the sake of their conscience rebel against the State. Thus even my most superficial accusers really think the way I do. Their only mistake is to remember this eternal precept when the State is Communist and the victims are Catholic while forgetting it in those cases (like Spain) where the State is allegedly Catholic and the victims are Communist.

Everybody knows that the Church honors its martyrs. Not far from your Tribunal, the Church has erected a basilica in honor of a humble fisherman who paid with his life for the conflict between his conscience and the law then in force. St. Peter was a "bad citizen." Your predecessors at the Roman court were not altogether wrong in condemning him. And yet they were not intolerant against religion as such. They built temples in Rome for all the gods and they were glad to offer their sacrifices on any altar. In only one religion their profound legal sense intuited a mortal danger to their institutions. The religion whose first commandment says: "I am a jealous God: Thou shalt have no other gods before me." In those times it was thus inevitable that good Jews and good Christians would seem to be bad citizens.

Then the laws of the State pro-

gressed. Let me tell you—whether the laicizers like it or not—that the laws of the State kept approximating always more closely to the law of God. Thus it is becoming every day easier to be recognized as good citizens. But this is happening by coincidence: not intrinsically. You should not be surprised therefore if even now we cannot yet obey all the laws of man. Let us improve those laws, and one day we'll be able to obey all of them.

For I have confidence in the laws of man. During the brief span of my own life it seems to me they have progressed by leaps and bounds. The law today condemns so many evil things which it still sanctioned yesterday. Today the laws condemn the death penalty, absolutism, monarchy, censorship, colonialism, racism, the inferiority of women, prostitution, child labor. Today they sanction the right to strike, the trade unions, the political parties.

All this means an irreversible coming nearer to the law of God. The coincidence between the two in our days is such that, normally, a good Christian may pass his whole life without ever being impelled by his conscience to break a law of the State. I myself, for instance, have had a clean record up to this moment. And I hope to maintain it clean even after the end of this trial. This is a wish I make for the sake of those who are really patriotic. How miserable they might feel if they could read all the letters I receive from abroad! From countries where the draft does not exist, or which recognize the right to conscientious objection. The writers of these letters think they are writing to a savage country.

We said that today our two laws almost coincide. But there are some exceptional cases in which the old divergence still obtains, and the ancient commandment of the Church is still valid: that we must obey God rather than human beings.

Let us take conscientious objection in the strict sense of this term. Just in recent days the Church has given me aid and comfort on this particular point. The Council invites all legislators to "respect (respicere) those who, whether to testify to Christian meekness, out of reverence for life, or horror to commit violence of any kind, for reasons of conscience refuse military service or any individual actions of imminent cruelty such as war entails". (Schema 13, par. 101. This is the text as proposed by the respective Commission, which reflects all the currents of the Council. It is most likely therefore that it will become the final text.)

Those twenty military chaplains in Florence said that a conscientious objector is a coward. I have merely said that perhaps he is a prophet. It seems to me the bishops are saying much more than what I said.

Ultimate Issue

Let us now at last face the most burning problem of these last wars and of those to come: the killing of civilians.

The Church has never admitted that it is licit in a war to kill civilians, except if it happens incidentally, that is, during an effort to hit military objectives. Now we have read at school an article by Nobel Prize-winner Max Born, published by the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, April, 1964. Born says that during the First World War five per cent of all dead were civilians, ninety-five per cent were

military. (One still could sustain the thesis that the civilians had died "incidentally.") During the Second World War, forty-eight per cent of the dead were civilians, fifty-two per cent military. (It was no longer possible to claim that the civilians had died "incidentally.") In the Korean war eighty-four per cent of the dead were civilians, sixteen per cent military. (One may now sustain the thesis that it is the military who are killed "incidentally.")

We all know that generals today study strategy in terms of "megadeaths" (one megadeath equals one million dead), that is, that today's weapons aim directly at the civilians, and that perhaps only the military will go scot-free.

As far as I know there is not one theologian who would admit that a soldier may aim directly (one might even say: exclusively) at civilians. In this situation the Chris-



tian must object—even if it cost him his life. I should add that it would seem to me logical that in such a war the Christian may not participate, even as a kitchen hand.

Gandhi understood this long before the atomic bomb came into the picture. "I make no distinction between him who carries weapons of destruction and him who serves in the Red Cross. Both participate in the war and further its cause. Both are guilty of the crime of war." (Non-violence in Peace and War, vol. 1).

With regard to the war of the future, the inadequacy of the terminology of our theology and of our legislation becomes even more self-evident.

It is well-known that the only "defense" in a war waged with atomic missiles is to fire twenty minutes ahead of the "aggressor." But let us imagine a most honest State which, in "self-defense," shoots twenty minutes later. Which means: its submarines would fire—they being the only survivors of a country that would have been deleted from the map.

Defensive wars, then, no longer exist. Therefore there exists no longer any "just war"—neither for the Church nor for the Constitution. The scientists have warned us more than once that the survival of the human species is at stake. And we keep arguing here whether the soldier has or has not the right to destroy the human species.

I whole-heartedly hope that you will absolve me. The idea of play-

THE CASE FOR UTOPIA

(Continued from page 2)

CAPITAL AND LABOR

"Capital," says Karl Marx, "is accumulated labor, not for the benefit of the laborers, but for the benefit of the accumulators. And capitalists succeed in accumulating labor, by treating labor, not as a gift, but as a commodity, buying it as any other commodity at the lowest possible price. And organized labor plays into the hands of the capitalists, or accumulators of labor, by treating its own labor not as a gift, but as a commodity, selling it like any other commodity at the highest possible price. And the class struggle is a struggle between the buyers of labor at the lowest possible price and the sellers of labor at the highest possible price. But the buyers of labor at the lowest possible price and the sellers of labor at the highest possible price are nothing but commercializers of labor."

SELLING THEIR LABOR

When the workers sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor to accumulate their labor. And when the capitalists or accumulators of labor have accumulated so much of the workers' labor that they no longer find it profitable to buy the workers' labor then the workers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor. And when the workers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor they can no longer buy the products of their labor. And that is what the workers get for selling their labor.

ing the hero in jail does not amuse me. But I cannot help declaring in explicit terms that I shall continue to teach my boys what I have been teaching them thus far: if an officer gives them the order of a paranoiac, it will be their duty to tie him up good and tight and take him to the madhouse.

I hope that my fellow priests and teachers of all religions and all schools all over the world will teach the way I do.

Some general may nevertheless find somewhere the villain who obeys, and thus we shall fail to save humanity. This is no reason for not doing our duty as teachers to the end. If we cannot save humanity, let us save our souls.

Father Milani appended a number of documents to this statement. Among them were copies of written government proposals to revise the existing conscription law, expressions of solidarity from prominent Italian priests, judges and intellectuals, and a copy of the section of the statement on the Church and the Modern World, promulgated by Vatican Council II, which upholds the right of conscientious objection. At a second hearing of the case in December,

the court granted the request of the prosecution and rejected all these documents. The trial was then recessed until February 15th. Let us hope that it receives the widest possible publicity inside and outside Italy. Individuals and organizations still have time to send messages of solidarity to Father Milani, whose address is: Barbiana, Vicchio Mugello, Firenze, Italia. And pamphlets containing the full text of his statement may be ordered from the War Resisters International, Lane-field, Middlesex, England. (Twenty-five cents a copy; twelve dollars for a hundred.)

A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 3)

comfortable, and everywhere scrupulously clean and orderly.

"This, however, must be said. From the front of the house, on a point by the way, there is a river view, backed by the Catskills, unexcelled in extent and beauty. To the southward, the river resembles nothing less than one of the Seven Lakes, which have called forth so much good and bad poetry. Whoever the owner of this glorious spot my be, I thank him for as pleasant an hour as ever compensated for missing a train."

Back to the Present

Perhaps the voices I heard that night of windy clamor emanated from the author of the above letter, who had returned with a troupe of ghostly tourists to revisit the curious and beautiful scene which had so much intrigued him almost a hundred years ago. If so, he would have found much changed, many marks of wear and tear and deterioration (the orphanage and migrant workers who used this place during the greater part of our own century have left their marks), but the beauty of the natural setting and the view is still glorious enough to repay our

(Continued on page 8)

PLEASE SEND US SOME BED LINENS. At our farm in Tivoli there are 100 bare mattresses that need coverings. We will be most grateful for whatever you send. Address your packages of sheets, etc. to THE CATHOLIC WORKER, Box 33, TIVOLI, NEW YORK.

DANIEL G. MARSHALL
We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Dorothy Marshall and the other members of the family of our friend Daniel G. Marshall, a tireless and courageous champion of civil liberties, who died in Los Angeles on January 8th, at the age of sixty-three. Many of our readers will recall Mr. Marshall's writ in behalf of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, which won them a last-minute stay of execution. He also did much to promote racial integration in the Los Angeles Bar Association, and was a founder of the Catholic Interracial Council in that city. May he rest in peace.

LETTERS

Seven Storey Mountain

English Department
Loyola College
4501 N. Charles Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21210

Dear Dorothy Day:

Tom Cornell's "Life and Death on the Streets of New York" in the November *Catholic Worker* is a powerful article. His treatment of Roger LaPorte's immolation is, in my opinion, the correct one. Of course suicide cannot be condoned; fasting is the proper gesture. Yet Roger LaPorte's death is not, strictly speaking, suicide.

Dante makes the distinction clear. Suicide as such is placed deep in hell, the hell of the Violent—in this case, the violent against themselves. But Dante also places the famous suicide Cato as the warden of Purgatory. Cato of Utica (b. 95 B.C.) opposed Caesar's measures. After the Battle of Thapsus he slew himself, rather than fall into his enemy's hands (46 B.C.). Dante regarded this gesture as the supreme act of devotion to Liberty (*Convivio* III, and *De Monarchia* II). Dante's conception of Cato is derived from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, II, 373-391.

Cato is shown as standing in the light of the four moral virtues: "The rays of the four holy lights adorned his face so with brightness, That I beheld him as were the sun before him . . ." (Temple Classics edition, *Purgatorio* I, 37ff.)

The seven storey Mountain of Purgatory is Dante's symbol for the place or state in which the blessed dead are set at liberty from their sins. It is inevitable that Cato should be here. Thus great poetry, as it always does, helps to make things clear.

Pax,
W. L. Kinter

Suicide or Sacrifice?

Christ the King Seminary
St. Bonaventure, N. Y.

Dear Miss Day:

Congratulations on the November *Catholic Worker*! You outdid yourselves this time. I especially enjoyed the articles by Nicole d'Entremont and by you.

The quote to which you refer might well be the following:

According to Father Bernard Haering, C.S.S.R., it may be permissible for a Catholic spy to kill himself to preserve state secrets. His opinion—already vigorously contested—is based on the principle of double effect.

Says Father Haering: "I would compare the action of a spy with the action of a soldier who fulfills an important order during wartime which almost certainly or certainly would cost him his life. We would not call his action suicide, but sacrifice of his life under the order of legitimate authority, and as an action of legitimate defense in a justified war."

There is of course, a difference between submitting to violence ab extra and turning one's own hand against oneself.

This quote is from *The Priest*, Vol. 20, no. 8 (August 1964) pp. 649-650.

I tried to track down the source, but have been unsuccessful. That it is accurate is indicated by my inability to find any corrections, etc. in later issues of *The Priest*.

If I ever come across the context of the statement, I'll let you know. Till then keep up the good work.

God bless you, and may you all have a joyous Christmas.

Sincerely in Christ,

John Zeitler

Living Flame

897 Queens Avenue
London, Ontario
Canada

Dear Brother Corbin:

We wish to express our sorrow and sympathy to you at New York over the renunciatory death of blessed Roger LaPorte.

We would indeed be calloused and hard of heart if we were not truly inspired by his sacrifice, to know all of us together become a living flame of sacrifice to the Cause of Peace and Brotherhood. His great act humbled all of us here. It seemed to strip us naked of attachment to worldly comforts and pleasures, to put us face to face with the mediocre lives we live, doing so little for a cause so dear and essential to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In September, we had the honor and comfort to open our home here to six Negro brothers and sisters of the Jehovah Witnesses who were attending the National Convention of Witnesses here at London. They were from Ohio (U.S.A.) and a true friendship sprung up among their children and our children from this simple act of hospitality.

By such simple acts we will continue to in some small way make up to Roger LaPorte for his great generosity in giving his very life in protest of the blind brutality of war and racism.

Fraternally yours,
Joseph P. O'Brien

Joe Hill House

P. O. Box 655
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Dorothy:

The real-estate company finally sold my house, so the men had to get out before Christmas. I have several other places in mind but need to wait until the Health Department certifies any place that I find.

The day before Christmas ten of us poster-walked against the war. On my sign I had the Vietnam Mother and Child picture that the Fellowship of Reconciliation distributes as a Christmas Card. Near the end of the march some patriots called us Communists, and a few teen-agers hooted at us from cars. The television companies interviewed Bruce Phillips, who is a Korean War veteran and feels that the freedom he fought for needs to be implemented by this kind of pacifist activity. He has debated with several professors on the war. A carload of professors and students from the State University in Logan joined us on the picket line. The local Unitarian minister and the rabbi preached sermons against the war. All the other clergymen here are either for the war or keep quiet about it.

Love always to you and all,
Ammon Hennacy

Principled Resister

Dear Editor:

On Dec. 6, 1965, Irving Kurki, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, was arraigned before a Federal court on charges of refusing to cooperate with the draft. Like Dave Mitchell, who was convicted of similar violations of current "laws," Irv Kurki is not an absolute pacifist. His stand is based on the elementary principle that no government has the moral or legal right to make a citizen responsible for the death of other human beings to further a cause which that citizen regards as immoral. Irv's feelings about the war are summarized in the following excerpts from his letter to the public on Vietnam and the draft:

We are killing the Vietnamese people at a savage rate—civilian and soldier, women and children,

the old and the young, the crippled and the healthy. Genocide is being unleashed upon these people because, our politicians say, our government wants to give them "freedom." Given the freedom to vote, as they were scheduled to do in 1956 under the Geneva Accords, the Vietnamese people would certainly have repudiated the quisling regime in Saigon; such is the public testimony of former President Eisenhower and Senator Richard Russell of Georgia. The policy of supporting reactionary and oppressive rulers throughout the world naturally brings us into conflict with the majority of people in lands where they hope to shake off these old and corrupt regimes . . . Inevitably the struggle for social justice will be victorious; the question is, how many hundreds of thousands of lives must be wasted before our government sees the light?

Because the laws under which he is to be prosecuted violate the letter and spirit of the Constitution, as well as the international codes of conduct formulated at the Nuremberg Trials (of which the United States was a sponsor), Irv pleaded not guilty to the charges against him. A jury trial has been arranged, to begin near the middle of January.

An Irv Kurki Defense Committee has been formed, for the dual purpose of raising the funds desperately needed to fight this case through to a successful and historic conclusion, and of maintaining a campaign of publicity and education concerning the Irv Kurki case and the nature of and alternatives to the current draft laws. Please send whatever you can to the:

Irv Kurki Defense Committee
% Susan Reeve
409 N. Pinckney St.
Madison, Wisc. 53703

Wisdom of the Heart

444 Ocampo Drive
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Dorothy Day:

I take pleasure in sending you this small donation, which I would have made bigger did I not have to support so many friends and relatives.

My good friend Paul Jacobs was here the other evening and spoke of you and your co-workers with great warmth and admiration.

Your paper almost always contains inspiring and provocative texts, which I often transmit to friends here and abroad.

I mentioned your paper just recently in an article for the French revue *Arts*, Paris.

All good wishes—and good luck!

Bless you all!

Henry Miller

"Love of country becomes merely an occasion, an added incentive to grave injustice when true love of country is debased to the condition of an extreme nationalism, when we forget that all men are our brothers and members of the great human family, and other nations have an equal right with us both to life and to prosperity."

POPE PIUS XI

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A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 7)

anonymous traveler for his ghostly pilgrimage.

But we cannot — nor do we — spend all our time looking at a view. There is that other kind of view, that view of cult, culture, cultivation, formulated by Peter Maurin, which, though we never fully realize it, is the basis of all Catholic Worker activity. Under the aegis of this view, the routine work of house, farm, office, paper, etc., gets done, thanks to: John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Fred Lindsey, Joe Cotter, Marcus Moore, Alice Lawrence, Mike Sullivan, Arthur Sullivan, Peter Lumsden, Rita Corbin, Marty Corbin. Peter Lumsden, our scholar-worker, is so far recovered from his broken wrist that he has been able to resume work on his barn with the help of Joe Ferry and James. Betsy Zwicker has been kept busy chauffeuring and helping with typing. Arthur Sullivan tells me he has written at least a thousand "thank you" notes and thinks he should have a secretary now. Maria not only took over the nursing of Agnes from Dorothy Day (Dorothy had taken over from Jean Walsh after Jean left to stay with her mother in New Jersey) but has also helped with the typing and other work. Dorothy Day has had, as always, an overload of correspondence, writing, and other duties to keep her busy.

Agnes Sidney is much improved, though her legs are still too weak for her to stand or walk without support. She can sit in her chair by the window, however, and is able once more to enjoy the detective stories Peggy Conklin usually keeps her supplied with. Another member of our community is now seriously ill. Yesterday Joe Cotter, who has been ailing for some time, was admitted to the hospital at Rhinebeck. He seems to be suffering from pneumonia and other complications. We ask the prayers of friends and readers for him.

Recently, one member of our community, who suffers from severe alcoholism, almost met with a fatal mishap. On a bitterly cold night, he wandered outside the house and fell unconscious. He might have perished there if Arthur Lacey had not gone out for a breath of air and found him.

Early winter, with its Christmas-New Year holiday season, is a time when visitors are much appreciated. Joe and Audrey Monroe, Mary Lathrop, and Jonas did much to make our Christmas truly festive. Jonas contributed his famous unbaked fruit cake. Joe and Audrey brought their guitars and their warm outgoing good humor; Mary her irrepressible high spirits. Helene Iswolsky visited us during Christmas week and brought us something of the intellectual stimulus we need so much. Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner visited at New Year's. To complete the joy of the Corbin children, Mrs. Lorraine Freeman brought her three little boys to spend that important day with us.

During New Year's week, Becky Hennessy, Dorothy Day's granddaughter, drove back with Dorothy, who had spent New Year's Day with Tamar and the children.

During the past weeks we have had a number of visitors, including several groups of seminarians, and are grateful for all. We are also most particularly grateful to the priests who have come to say Mass in our chapel, and hope that others will do so. I should also like to thank all of our friends and readers who have sent us holiday greetings, gifts, contributions, and donations of food, clothing, books, etc.

Now on another January night—cold with little wind, and still no snow (where are the snows of yesteryear?)—I hear no clamor in the night but only warm human voices from our own community. It is too early for ghostly travelers. And in the sky, though I cannot

see them, the stars shine, bright in their ancient order, as they shone over Bethlehem when the angels sang and the Magi came.

Chrystie Street

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meetings recently, due to Christmas and New Year's. The Friday before Christmas Father Herbert Rogers, S. J., Jim Forest and Tom Cornell led an interesting discussion on the Vatican Council, with special emphasis on Schema 13. On January 7th, Felix McGowan, who now lives with us here at Chrystie St., and was formerly a Maryknoll priest, spoke on his experiences in South America. I just hope one day "Hap," as Felix is affectionately known around here, will set them down in black and white so that many more people can benefit from his knowledge.

December 28th was the day of the vigil and sit-in at the Vertol helicopter plant in Morton, Pennsylvania in protest against the use of Vertol helicopters in the war against the Vietnamese—a war in which we are spraying their villages with napalm, defoliating the crops which they depend on for food, killing old folks and babies—not to mention their "bread-winners" for years to come—with such brutal weapons as the "lazy-dog" missile, which explodes thirty feet above ground and scatters hundreds of deadly razor-sharp needles.

Those who had planned to commit civil disobedience did so beautifully, and the spontaneity with which others offered themselves after the main body had been arrested was very moving.

I am a little disturbed, however, by the fact that when these people were arrested they allowed themselves to sit patiently in the buses waiting to be driven away. A few years ago the Committee of 100 in England called a demonstration to take over an American military base for peaceful purposes. The idea was that people should attempt to climb over the fences, and start sowing seed on the land. The demonstrators were arrested as they started to climb and sow seed and thrown into trucks, which had a bigger capacity than paddy-wagons. Those who were arrested started to crawl out again, past the policemen who were rather inefficiently guarding the entrance and a few managed to rejoin the line of protest.

After relating these incidents I am not sure that I agree with those who performed them. I admit, however, that I was impressed the time Peter Lumsden spent a week in jail for a similar offence, with a label tied to his collar because he had refused to give his name. In England there is not the additional complication of not carrying a draft card, for we are fortunate enough to have no draft there.

On January 11th, Jim Wilson pleaded guilty in the Federal Court to burning his classification card. In the true anarchist spirit he refused counsel, and is to be sentenced on February 25th.

Murphy Dowd was sentenced on January 12th, in New Orleans, to two years imprisonment for refusing to be inducted into the Armed Forces. I am sure we all support the actions of our brothers and fellow workers. I hope we will promise them our prayers, and after that our actions in visible forms of support. We will not forget them, because this is just what the government wants us to do. We, the womenfolk, will continue to refuse to pay taxes—most of which go to warmaking, we will continue to shelter the flame of the burning draft-card, so that those who burn them will get a little warmth, and we will continue to encourage other young men to refuse to have anything to do with the part of our society that makes war.