



Burning a Draft Card

By CATHERINE SWANN

"I believe the napalming of villages is an immoral act. I hope this will be a significant political act, so here goes." These were the words of David Miller, 22, staff member of the Catholic Worker here at Chrystie Street, as he set fire to his draft card during the speakout at the Induction Center in Whitehall Street on Friday October 16th.

On Sunday the 18th, around midday, Terry Sullivan, Paul Mann, Jim Wilson, Dave Miller, Nicole d'Entremont and I set out for Manchester on our peace-team mission to several Catholic colleges in the New England area: to offer the students alternatives to the draft and discussion on Vietnam. Three hours later we noticed that we were being followed by two obvious F.B.I. men. We made no attempt to lose them, since Dave is not a "draft-dodger" but a committed pacifist who is conscientiously opposed to the Selective Service laws of the country. We stopped by the road for a picnic, we ate a strange mixture of donations to the kitchen at Chrystie Street—cake, two cans of smoked oysters, a candy bar, and a thermos jug of black coffee. The F.B.I. men watched from a distance, and we laughed as we ate and wondered why, if, as our rightwing friends suggest, we are paid by the Communist Party, we were not eating sturgeon and caviar, as those who walked to Moscow in 1962 did as they travelled through Russia.

We were greeted warmly at St. Anselm's College by Fathers Casimir and Anthony, who were our hosts and who devoted almost all their time for two days to looking after us. By this time the F.B.I. had reinforced their numbers to six men, in three cars, who fol-

lowed our car from St. Anselm's to a restaurant to eat supper, and then to a Catholic lay center, where we were to spend the night.

Monday morning was bitter cold—frost on the ground and icicles hanging from the window ledges. Our '61 Plymouth had a flat tire and was being nursed by Paul and Jim at the nearby garage, where the F.B.I. car was waiting, with the engine running, for signs of life from us. Dave was walking, on his own, to offer his help when the F.B.I. took this opportunity to arrest him.

Minus one man, we went to St. Anselm's and set up our peace booth in the cafeteria, where we were joined by the New England Committee for Non-Violent Action peace team, under the guidance of Marj Swann. Hot discussion was well under way in a very short time and continued throughout the day. Meanwhile, Marj and I were busy trying to locate Dave. He had been taken to the Commissioner's office in Manchester and charged with, "knowingly mutilating and destroying a Selective Service notice of classification." Bail was set at \$500. Dave was unable to post bail right away and so was transferred to Hillsborough County Jail, in Manchester. By the evening we found a friend of the Catholic Worker, a lay theologian, Tom Haessler, who was willing to fly to Manchester with \$500.

Father Casimir went to the jail to see Dave in the evening and I waited in the office. I peered through the security door; the smell was appalling and all the while a guard was shouting at the men as one might shout to a kennel-full of obstreperous dogs. There are men in that jail who,

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Life & Death on the Streets of New York

By TOM CORNELL

How to explain what has happened these past weeks? The providential, inspired act of David Miller; the draft card burning of November 6th and the victory it was; the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade; the shock, grief, the perplexity caused us by the self-immolation of Roger La Porte.

When President Johnson signed the new law forbidding the destruction of draft cards, we knew we had to respond, to demonstrate the punitive repressiveness of this law. We wanted to expose it for what it is, an attempt to stifle protest and the expression of dissent in the United States. More than that, it made the draft card what it had never been before, something for which there had never been a place in American tradition, an internal passport, a license to breathe for every male between the ages of 18 and 36. The draft card became the symbol par excellence of involuntary servitude for the works of death, and the symbol of moral and intellectual suffocation. It deserved to be burned.

David Miller stood before a crowd of three-hundred and fifty or so Vietnam war protestors, on October 15th, beside the Army Induction Center on Whitehall Street, in Lower Manhattan. It was a "coalition" crowd for part of the Two Day International Protest against the War in Vietnam; this was not a pacifist rally, but an anti-this-war demonstration. If the Holy Spirit had searched the face of this land for the best candidate to be the first to defy this law, he could not have done better. The nation saw in David a normal, healthy young man, who could be their son or brother, a Catholic, evidently moved by the Gospel of Christ, admittedly a dangerous document, one from which immature minds should be shielded, as it seems in times past the Church well knew. But this Vatican Council—unsettling!

Vietnam Peace Parade

The next day saw the Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade. Thirty thousand people came to walk down the traditional parade route, down thirty blocks of Manhattan streets, all under one ban-

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By NICOLE d'ENTREMONT

It is impossible for me to write of Chrystie Street without viewing it through the life of Roger LaPorte. Roger would show up at the house around five o'clock every night to wait on tables. He appeared at the door, and, pursing his lips and smiling at the same time, would look around for someone to kid with. He had a special affection for Julia, a modern Tugboat Annie, who also lives in apartment five. I remember one night walking back to the apartment after dinner with Roger and Julia. Julia has an earthy

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Suicide or Sacrifice?

By DOROTHY DAY

A Carmelite priest was called to the Emergency Ward of Bellevue Hospital last month where Roger LaPorte lay dying of his self-inflicted burns which covered ninety-five per-cent of his body. According to the testimony of the priest, Roger having made his confession, made an act of contrition in a loud clear voice. Unless we wish to doubt the integrity of a dying man, we must believe that he knew and realized with the clarity of one who lay dying, that he was wrong in taking his own life, trying to immolate himself, to give his life for the cause of peace. He had said he wanted to "end the war in Vietnam."

He wanted to lay down his life for his brothers, to take his own life instead of taking theirs, to follow the example of the Buddhist monks, and the two other Americans, who had done the same.

It has always been the teaching of the Catholic Church that suicide is sin, but that mercy and loving-kindness dictated another judgment: that anyone who took his life was temporarily unbalanced, not in full possession of his faculties, even to be judged temporarily insane, and so absolved of guilt. Many years ago, when the eighteen-year-old son of a friend of ours committed suicide, a priest told me: "There is no time with God, and all the prayers you will say in the future for this unhappy boy will have meant that God gave him the choice at the moment of death, to choose light instead of darkness, good, not evil, indeed the Supreme Good." I had been a Catholic only a year, and I had the names of ten people I knew

who had taken their own lives on my prayer list. As I look back, I recall how many of my own dear dead never had in this life a living faith.

November is the month when the Church commemorates all the holy ones who have ever lived, on All Saints' Day. To be holy is to be whole. On November 2nd, she commemorates all the souls who have gone before us. So it is fitting to be writing about these things now.

I remember how Kirilov, in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, took his own life, in this case as his supreme denial of the existence of God, to demonstrate to the world his conviction that man is not created, that his life is his own and he can lay it down as he pleases. Kirilov is the supreme literary example of self-will and self-deification.

I remember also reading in the memoirs of Lenin's widow her account of the self-inflicted deaths of Karl Marx's daughter and her husband, and her own commendation of this act. They had finished their work, they were making the supreme assertion of man's autonomy. They died as they had lived, she wrote, consistent with their principles.

I mention these two instances of suicide on the part of those who were dedicated to serve their brothers and who had lived for what they considered truth in themselves and in the world. Perhaps the current reaching out for dialogue between atheist humanists and Christian humanists (see January 1965 *Catholic Worker*) will explore this field more deeply.

But the case of Roger LaPorte

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Crime Against God and Man

Speech by Bishop CHARLES GRANT
Auxiliary Bishop of Northampton (England)

I wish now to speak on Section 2 of Chapter 5—*De Pace firmanda seu de bello vitanda*. Our schema in this matter is worthy of praise, but at first glance (and the first glance in this matter, which is of the greatest interest to the whole world and to all men, is of the greatest importance) it seems that our schema condemns as a crime against God and man himself the destruction of entire cities with their inhabitants; and at the same time to condone the balance of terror, and especially it appears to condone the intention to use present-day arms in the last resort. The words which carry this impression are: "Nevertheless, as long as international institutions give us no guarantee of peace, the possession of these armaments, exclusively as a deterrent for an enemy equipped with the same weapons, cannot be said to be in itself illegitimate." It is true, indeed, that the words exclusively as a deterrent could be understood, indeed should be understood, in the sense that all intention to use these arms for the destruction of cities is entirely excluded; but at a cursory glance to the ordinary reader this is by no means clear and most people will understand them as meaning that the retention of these arms destined for the destruction of cities cannot be said to be in itself illegitimate as long as the intention is to use them only for one's own defense and never for the purposes of aggression. If, however, we declare such use to be a crime against God and man, then according to the rules of Moral Theology in which we were all born and brought up, it follows that all intention to commit such a crime, whatever may be its purpose, whatever may be the provocation, is in itself illegitimate. In order to take away such ambiguity I propose that the words previously cited should be completely removed from our text; or at least should be so amended that ambiguity is excluded. For example, by adding at the end, after the word illegitimate the words **excluding all intention of ever using them.**

The text of the previous paragraph also needs amendment, so that without any ambiguity it clearly states that the Sacred Synod is merely acknowledging the existence of the balance of terror without any approval of this fact.

Finally, I wish to unite myself with those Fathers who urge that the text concerning those who from conscience refuse to take part in military service or certain acts of war, should be strengthened.

Proximate Occasion of Sin

From a speech by Most Rev. GEORGE ANDREW BECK,
Archbishop of Liverpool (England)

Our Schema deals with the question of war in an objective and balanced way. We must thank the authors for avoiding extremism. They emphasize that conditions must be created under which war of any kind can no longer be regarded as a legitimate means, even in defence of right. They state that unrestricted use of modern weapons is morally inadmissible and the goal must be their total elimination. All must work for the establishment of an international public authority wielding effective power at world level.

Meanwhile, we are obliged to live under the threat of war and in the shadow of destruction. What must be done in the interval? And how long will that interval last? The Schema is right to say that as long as international institutions give no adequate guarantee, the possession of these armaments, exclusively as a deterrent for an enemy equipped with the same weapons, cannot be said to be in itself immoral. The possession of nuclear arms may in a particular situation be legitimate.

What must we say, however, of the morality of deterrence? How far may threats of reprisals go? May a State ever threaten, by way of deterrence, the indiscriminate destruction of cities and whole regions, which our Schema condemns as a crime against God and man? What is the significance of the term massive retaliation? Is the responsibility for protecting the innocent in these areas (or, of evacuating them to a place of safety) a responsibility of the original aggressor which he must bear in mind before he makes the decision to attack? Have we yet, even among our experts, worked out the ethics of threat and counter-threat? Has the Church anything to offer to governments on the morality of bluff, especially when the stakes are hundreds of thousands of human lives? It seems clear that a government which possesses nuclear weapons as a deterrent and threatens to use them as such is in a proximate occasion of grave sin. It may be argued that, until our international institutions become effective, so that a nation can sacrifice its deterrents without grave risk to its freedom and cultural and spiritual values, this proximate occasion of sin is what moralists call a "necessary occasion," to be accepted as a compromise pending the creation of that balance of trust and discussion which must succeed to the present balance of terror. We must remind such nations of their present and grave obligation to make the occasion of sin remote, by showing readiness to accept limitation of their national sovereignty in the measure necessary to the creation of an effective international authority.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

(Continued from October issue)

There were thirty-five bishops on board the *Raffaello* on the way to the Council in September and a great many priests, so there were masses morning, noon, and night in the little chapel. Bishop Mark McGrath, of Panama, concelebrated every afternoon at five o'clock with other priests and on several occasions I had the opportunity to talk to him about Schema 13 and the paragraphs concerning war and peace and conscientious objection. Father Allan Cormier, a young Holy Cross priest, was on his way to study at Strasbourg (one of his teachers will be Yves Congar) and he had introduced me to the Bishop, who said he had met me when he was an undergraduate at Notre Dame. He remembered we had a house of hospitality at South Bend, run by Julian Pleasants, who now teaches at Notre Dame and continues to carry on some of the traditions of the CW, in that he lives on the land, keeps a cow, and is near a few other families with like interests who are both workers and scholars. Bishop McGrath receives the *Catholic Worker*, and I gave him *Reconciliation Quarterly*, published by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, an unusually good issue, with articles on the Church and State and conscientious objection in Italy and a comment on Pope Paul's talk to the Belgian soldiers. There were also very good articles in the *Jesus Caritas Booklet*, No. 23, including those by Yves Congar and Stanley Windass and one by Father Rene Voillaume, Prior of the Little Brothers of Jesus, on "The Christian in the World Today."

Penitential Procession

The Council opened with a penitential procession on the feast of the Holy Cross, with the Pope, cardinals, bishops, and clergy proceeding from the Church of the Holy Cross to St. John Lateran, the Mother of all the churches of Christendom. It was a most solemn procession, with litanies and the *Parce Domine* sung and the loud speaker system was good, so every word could be heard. Before the singing began, the women around us were reciting the rosary together, and later during the procession there were the litanies. I was with Doctor Joseph Evans and his wife Hermine, of Chicago, and James Douglass, with whose writings our readers are familiar and who teaches theology at Bellarmine College, in Louisville, Kentucky.

The procession made me think of Vincent McAloon's description of the funeral of Palmiro Togliatti, the secretary-general of the Italian Communist Party, who died last year. There had been a procession of Communists which proceeded for three hours through the streets of Rome, past closed church-

startling in black but lightened with red scarves and red flags, and dramatized as they passed workingmen's clubs and headquarters, by their silence and upraised clenched fists. I wondered why all the churches were closed; perhaps it took place between twelve and three in the afternoon, when they are all closed anyway.

Relic of Franz

Later that night at dinner, Hermine Evans told us of her visit to the home of Franz Jagerstatter and her talk with his widow and now married children. The widow gave Gordon Zahn a few bits of Franz's bones, which had not been consumed by the flames of his cremation, and Gordon gave one to Archbishop Thomas Roberts, who put it in his pectoral cross. Archbishop Roberts prepared an intervention on Jagerstatter which he was not permitted to deliver at the Council; instead he delivered it as a eulogy at a press conference held in the hall of the communications commission, which was large enough to accommodate quite a gathering of newsmen from all over the world.

For non-Catholic readers who do not understand the significance of relics, one need only substitute the word *souvenirs* and remember how we all treasure mementoes of those we love which we keep to remind ourselves of them.

When my friends from Chicago had left Rome and Jim Douglass was busy visiting bishops, I often got to bed early, after a seven o'clock Mass at St. Mary Major, and read two books, one of them the life of Pope Paul VI, *Apostle for Our Time*, by Rev. John Clancy, who is now, I believe, teaching at St. John's University, in Brooklyn. It is a fascinating book, which shows the wide experience our present Pope had in dealing with the practical affairs of the huge diocese of Milan, and tells how he said mass in the factories and helped rebuild the working-class sections. I felt that Time magazine had treated him unfairly indeed by giving the impression that he was a man at home only in the State Department of the Vatican, protected from the life of the real world about him by his desk and paper work. With all the talk of reforming the seminaries today, it was interesting to find that Pope Paul had never lived in a seminary, but carried on all his studies while living at home in the midst of a family where the father and brothers were engaged in journalistic and political work. Both by his reading and his work he kept in contact with and took part in the work of his times.

Manzoni's Novel

For lighter reading there was the great Italian classic, *The Betrothed*, by Alessandro Manzoni, with its engrossing story of war, famine and pestilence, and the touching romance of the Berga-

(Continued on page 4)

Why Destroy Draft Cards?

By DWIGHT MACDONALD

NOTE BY D.M.: On February 12, 1947, some four or five hundred Americans either publicly destroyed their draft cards or mailed them in to President Truman. The demonstrations signalized these individuals' decision to refuse further cooperation with military conscription. In New York City, a meeting was held at which Bayard Rustin was chairman; speakers were: James Blish, David Dellinger, A. J. Muste, and myself; 63 persons destroyed their draft cards in the presence of reporters, cops, FBI agents and an audience of about 250. The following is what I said there.

This demonstration has two purposes: (1) to take a public stand against military conscription; (2) to protest against the preparations of the U.S. Government for World War III. Or, in general terms: civil disobedience and pacifism.

As to the civil disobedience: we have decided to attack conscription by the simplest and most direct way possible: that is, by refusing, as individuals, to recognize the authority of the State in this matter. I cannot speak for the motives of my comrades in this action. But for myself, I say that I am willing to compromise with the State on all sorts of issues which don't conflict too oppressively with my own values and interests. I pay taxes, I submit to the postal and legal regulations, which are not very burdensome, about publishing a magazine. These commands of the State appear to me to affect my life only in minor, unimportant ways. But when the State—or rather, the individuals who speak in its name, for there is no such thing as the

name of the State or not, to decide for me a question as important as this. If it be argued that I am an American citizen and so have an obligation to "defend my country," I would note that my being born on American soil was quite involuntary so far as I was concerned, and that I have not since signed any social contract. In such a serious matter as going to war, each individual must decide for himself; and this means civil disobedience to the State power that presumes to decide for one.

Many people think of pacifism as simply a withdrawal from conflict, a passive refusal to go along with the warmaking State. This sort of pacifism is better than assenting to the coercion of the State, but it does not go far enough, in my opinion. Pacifism to me is primarily a way of actively struggling against injustice and inhumanity; I want not only to keep my own ethical code but also to influence others to adopt it. My kind of pacifism may be called "non-violent resistance," or, even better, "friendly resistance."

Let me illustrate. Pacifists are often asked: what would you have advised the Jews of Europe to have done after Hitler had conquered the continent—to submit peacefully to the Nazis, to go along quietly to the gas chambers? The odd thing about this question is that who ask it have forgotten that this is pretty much what most of the Jews of Europe did in reality, not because they were pacifists, for they weren't, but because they, like most people today, had become accustomed to obeying the authority of the State: that is, essentially, because they recognized the authority of force.

Suppose the Jews had been pacifists—or rather, "friendly resisters." They would not have resisted the Nazis with guns, it is true. But they would have resisted them with every kind of civil disobedience—they would have made it difficult, and probably impossible, for the Nazis to have herded them by the millions into the death camps. They would have done this by going underground in the big cities, ignoring the orders of the German authorities to report at a certain time and place, falsifying papers, establishing contacts with anti-Nazi groups and families in the local population and hiding out with them, taking to the forests and hills in country districts.

Techniques of sabotage and evasion can always be worked out, provided one has developed the will to resist and has thought about the problem. But if one thinks in terms of law and order, of being part of an established society, there is no hope: for law and order today means war and violence. So we get the paradox that those who accept force as a means to social ends are likely to act in a passive, if not pacifist, way when the force is on the side of their enemies. While those who reject force are free to resist in an active way.

The most common argument against pacifism is: what would you do if you saw a man torturing a child? Wouldn't you use force to stop him? I don't know what I would do; I know that I would try to prevent such an act, and I rather imagine that, if non-violent methods didn't work, I should attempt violence. To this extent, I suppose I am not a complete pacifist. But those who pose this problem do so only in order to make an analogy: if you would use force to prevent the torture of a child, why wouldn't you use force to prevent, say, the Nazis from killing and torturing thousands of children? The analogy seems to me defective. If I use violence myself in a concrete

limited situation such as the one just outlined, then I can know to some extent what will be the results. Even if I have to kill the man in order to prevent him from killing the child, it can still be argued that my action is a just one, since, if one or the other must die, it is better the man die. But in a war against Nazism—or Stalinism—those who suffer on both sides are mostly as helpless and innocent as the child.

"Nor can we see what the results will be—or rather we can see all too clearly. The means that must be employed are morally so repugnant as to poison the whole culture of the victor. How does it punish the Nazis for massacring helpless Jews and Poles to massacre ourselves helpless Germans in saturation bombings? But if we use the instrumentality of the State and organized warfare, the only way we can prevent massacre and atrocities is to commit them ourselves—first; and justice is done for the innocent Jews and Chinese not by executing their murders but by ourselves killing hundreds of thousands German and Japanese innocents. This is a kind of book-keeping which I don't accept."

To return a moment to the problem of the man who tortures the child: Tolstoy once remarked that people were always bringing this hypothetical monster up to him—you see, the argument is not a new one—but that, in a long lifetime full of the most varied experiences in war and peace, he had never yet encountered this brute. On the other hand, he had encountered, every day at every step, innumerable real men who hurt and killed other real men in the name of some creed or social institution. He had frequently met, in the flesh, judges and government officials and businessmen and army officers who habitually used violence toward the weak, who forcibly exploited the great mass of their fellow human beings. So he concluded, reasonably enough, that the problem of what to do about some hypothetical individual brute whom he had never personally encountered was not so important as the problem of what to do about the numerous real users of violence whom he was constantly meeting face to face. And he further concluded that it was the real and widespread use of violence that he was against, its use in war and in the defense of an unjust social system, and that pacifism was the only way to counter that violence.

Finally, let me admit that the method we have chosen to implement our protest against military conscription is open to many practical objections. How effective it will be I don't know. But I have adopted it because it is the only action I can think of which directly expresses my opposition to conscription. A beginning must be made somewhere. We can only hope that others will think of more effective ways to arouse people against the violence and killing which have become the most prominent features of the age we live in.

Ed. note: Mr. Macdonald has contributed innumerable articles on political and cultural matters to the *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, *Partisan Review*, *Encounter*, and other publications, and is active in the committee of writers opposed to the war in Vietnam. During the forties he edited, and was the chief contributor to, *Politics*, which many of us would pronounce the best radical magazine ever to be published in the United States. His statement, which is obviously of more than historical interest, first appeared in *Politics*, and is reprinted here by permission of the author.



State—tells me that I must "defend" it against foreign enemies—that is, must be prepared to kill people who have done me no injury in defense of a social system which has done me considerable injury—then I say that I cannot go along.

I deny altogether the competence—let alone the right—of any one else, whether they speak in

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A Farm With A View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On a somber chill November morning, the Feast of St. Martin of Tours—that great patron saint of conscientious objectors, on whose feast day, somewhat ironically, our country celebrates Veterans Day—several of us from the farm—Jean Walsh, Dorothy Day, Katherine Mayo, Arthur Lacey, Stanley Vishinski, Hugh Madden, Joe Dumensky, and I—attended the Mass at St. Sylvia's in Tivoli, which Father Kane said to honor and remember all those who had fallen in our country's wars. But the Mass was that of St. Martin of Tours, who as a young soldier was converted to Christianity and, shortly after his conversion, realizing the full implications of Our Lord's teaching, besought the Emperor to release him from his service that he might spend the rest of his life in the service of the Prince of Peace.

So on this feast of peace I prayed for those who had died in war, for all those who had died fighting for our country, then for those who had died fighting against our country (for are we not enjoined to pray for our enemies?). Then I prayed for all those (what myriads, what legions they are) who had died in any war, or in consequences of war, in any country, down through the dark and bloody abyss of time.

Then, since November is the month when we remember all the dead most particularly, I prayed for all of my own family and relatives who had died, some of whom I knew had died in the wars of this country, and many more of whom I had never heard had died in ancient and now forgotten wars; (are not our histories written with blood?) yet I knew and was glad that it was so, that there had been many who had died peacefully in their own beds, trusting in the love and mercy of God. Finally, I prayed for all of our large Catholic Worker family, especially for those who had died more recently. I prayed for Mollie, Joe, and Tom who died shortly before we moved from Peter Maurin Farm; for Albert, who died at St. Rose's Hospital not long after our move; for Larry who died last June; for Jimmie Hughes, who died so young and of whose death we spoke last month. Finally, I prayed for George, who will be better known to many of our readers and friends as "German George." He will be remembered by many as one of our most faithful workers at the old Christie Street house, at the Spring Street loft, at Peter Maurin Farm and here at our present farm until he became too ill to work. Last winter, the removal of most of his tongue and part of his jaw in an operation for cancer at Memorial Hospital left George with only a rudimentary kind of speech that was almost impossible to understand. Although Jean Walsh took good care of George on his return to the farm and went with him to keep his follow-up appointments at the clinic, he suffered a recurrence of cancer late this summer, and this time the doctors could do nothing. When George reached that stage of his illness when he needed stronger medication and more professional care than we could give, Jean made arrangements with the wonderful nuns at Rosary Hill to care for him in their hospital-home. So it was that George spent his last days in a haven of peace and gentleness, where he received not only all the alleviation of pain that medicine could give, but also the spiritual solace that he had wanted and needed much. May he rest in peace.

There is, however, one more for whom I prayed at the Mass of St. Martin of Tours. Since the story of Roger La Porte has been given in great detail in many papers and

is told more fully in this paper by those who knew him, I shall not speak of him at great length. Since he had not visited the farm, I had not met him, had hardly heard of him. The news that this young man had attempted to burn himself to death before the United Nations and referred to this act as a religious act filled me with shock, horror, almost incredulity. Yet the act had happened. Jean Walsh says that Roger was kind to George Roehm at a time when the physical ravages of George's disease caused many to shun him. Others speak of Roger's kindness, idealism, and devout religion. How then could he commit this act so contrary to the teachings of the Church and to the nonviolent pacifism of the Catholic Worker? For surely nonviolence, like love, must begin with oneself. I can only think that in his confusion and burdened with guilty anxiety as a result of thinking he wasn't doing enough for peace, the delicate balance of his mind gave way and a kind of inner darkness obscured temporarily the true teachings of his faith. Most of us have undergone periods of depression, of near-despair; perhaps it is only God's grace that keeps us from committing some terrible deed. We must pray constantly for His protection from our inner night. It is certainly a great blessing that Roger La Porte lived long enough to receive the last rites of the Church, to make a good confession, to repent his terrible act of violence against self and God, and to send word to his friends that he would like to live. This recognition of the value of life seems to me very important. For surely the gift of life is so great a gift that no one should ever take it from us, save the Giver Himself. So on Veterans Day, at the Mass of St. Martin of Tours, that great Saint of peace, I prayed for Roger La Porte. And prayed too that no other pacifist—such an act seems abhorrent whether committed by Christian or non-Christian but seems worse when committed by a Christian since it is clearly contrary to our faith—will ever again seek to oppose war by any act of violence but will choose those weapons of the spirit—which alone can bring true peace—prayer, fasting, and the performance of the works of mercy.

Against the background of such a tragic event, it becomes almost impossible to speak of our ordinary workaday lives. I do not forget, however, that November is not only the month set aside for prayers for the dead but also the month in which we as a nation give thanks to God. First of all, I thank Him for the confession of Roger La Porte. I thank Him for Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker. I thank Him for all our friends and benefactors who make possible the work of the Catholic Worker. I thank Him for all who visit us, especially those who share with us the riches of their minds and lives. I thank Him for all the priests who visit us, especially for Father Cantwell, who drove from Hudson to say Mass in our chapel on All Souls Day. I thank Him for the beauty and fruitfulness of this farm with a view. I thank Him for all those who do the work of cooking, cleaning, housekeeping, plumbing and furnace maintenance, plowing, repairing, shopping, laundering, office and correspondence—Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter, Alice Lawrence, Fred Lindsey, Marcus Moore, Joe Ferry, Jim Canavan, John Filliger, Eric Marx, Hugh Madden, Peter Lumsden, Mike Sullivan, Joe Dumensky, Jean Walsh, Marty Corbin, Rita Corbin, Arthur J. Lacey, and Arthur Sullivan.

Now, on another gray November day, rain falls intermittently.



Why I Said No to the Draft

By MURPHY DOWOUIS

Like conscientious objectors who choose "alternative service" I believe that violence leads to more violence and is no solution to problems at any level, especially the international. All pacifists would agree upon this fundamental point. Personal experience and connection with the freedom struggle in the United States has led me to accept non-violence as a code and rule of action. At one time non-violence was for me primarily an intellectual exercise; it had seemed sensible in all of the situations I had read about. From early childhood on, I saw the continued failure of violence in the South. Further thinking, coupled with prayer and commitment to experiments in non-violence, made me see this approach as a way of life, a practical matter not only of reasoning, but also of faith. When something becomes a matter of faith, a way of life, then conscience has to readjust to this new aspect of being; it needs instruction.

I now consider my conscience well instructed and I must be true to it at all costs; this attitude being necessary to moral responsibility. As Pope John XXIII says in *Pacem in Terris*, "If civil authorities legislate or allow anything that is contrary to that order and therefore contrary to the will of God, neither the laws made nor the authorizations granted can be binding on the conscience of the citizens, since God has more right to be obeyed than man."

Obedience To God

The individual discovers the will of God for him by listening to the dictates of his conscience, guided, of course, by Scripture and tradition. I conscientiously believe that the Selective Service Act is contrary to the will of God, to right reason and order, so that to obey this law or to participate in making it function smoothly at any level would be to betray my conscience. I will put no stamp of approval upon an unjust law. To accept a special classification would be to admit that the draft system has a right to continue making killers out of other young men. But I want conscription itself to cease.

To help the SS process is to support preparation for war, so one should not register at all. I registered at the age of eighteen because I didn't know any better at that time. Since then I've sent back all of the cards and have refused induction. I also refuse to accept 1-O or other classifications aimed at silencing my opposition and making me a part of the draft system. To be consistent and to make this refusal to cooperate meaningful I must also refuse to pay Federal taxes for war, so I avoid work

(Continued on page 5)

I think of riotous heaps of leaves in the woodland, now suddenly quiescent. And I remember trees with bare limbs uplifted, like arms upraised in prayer. Against the gloom of the November sky, a chickadee sounds his cheerful affirmation of life. May the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Lamb of God, grant us peace.

Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

Manny and four other men are living at Joe Hill House until the real-estate company sells the house. I will keep on looking for a new place in an industrial section of Salt Lake City.

We drove north to Logan, where I met Professor Leonard J. Arrington, the Mormon author of *Great Basin Kingdom*. On the campus I happened to meet the one student I knew among the ten thousand there: Douglas Rich, a Mormon, who has played and sung for us on Friday evenings. At Pocatello, Ray Obermyer had me speak twice to his art students; I was busy until midnight answering questions. We drove through Boise and said hello again to Vardis Fisher, the author. For several hundred miles north of Boise we found the most beautiful scenery we had ever seen, except for the spectacular Grand Canyon and southern Utah. Professor Howard McCord, of Washington State University at Pullman, had asked me to stop, so I spoke to the ministers of the vicinity and other groups. Since October 15th was the day when Vietnam protests were being held all over the country, I listened to a discussion on this subject. The chairman was a conscientious objector and the two other professors who spoke gave an academic account of the struggle. I said a few words about the validity of the C.O. position.

I had visited the Doukhobors several times, but not since 1961. We met Helen Demoskoff and her family and the wife of another Doukhobor who is doing twelve years in prison. We took one of their steam baths, which is something to be remembered. Helen lent me a new and very unsympathetic book about the Doukhobors, written by a reporter from the *Vancouver Sun*. I plan to review it in the CW. We said hello to Peter Maloff and his family and drove on through beautiful high mountains towards Vancouver. We saw a sign indicating one mountain we had never heard of: *Anarchist Mountain*. About seventy-five miles east of Vancouver, we came to Agassiz prison, where 68 Doukhobors are now incarcerated. At one time, twelve hundred members of their families had camped outside the prison fence, but now there are only about three hundred. We spoke to some of them and I gave them a copy of my *Book of Ammon*. They communicate with their relatives inside by signs. Our young lawyer friend, Douglas Sanders, arranged for me to speak to the Basilian Fathers and over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. I had never met Helen Demoskoff's brother, Joe Podovinkoff, so I was happy to meet him and his family. Ikra, the Doukhobor paper in Grand Forks, British Columbia, reprinted the article by Pat Ruak about going to jail in Washington from the September CW. In Seattle, we visited Sue and Mike Miyake. The Students for a Democratic Society and the Young Socialists had a fine meeting in Eugene, Oregon, arranged by Professor Bob Kelly.

Tom and Nancy Coddington greeted me kindly as usual at their Hennacy Farm. This is in commercial growing country, where pears are the chief crop. The poison spray has to be stronger each year to kill the bad bugs, and it has also been killing the good bugs. When Tom tried to reintroduce the good bugs to kill the bad ones, the Department of Agriculture took him to court. The Department admitted that the present system of spraying is not good enough, but in order to protect the profits of the commercial growers, it ordered him to cut down his fifty pear trees. If he had refused, the Department would have cut them down and charged him for the operation. So now Tom has sweet-smelling pear wood for his fireplace. Last time we were there he had bees, but

the bees, not knowing enough to go to the unsprayed trees, had gone to the poisoned ones and died.

Days of Protest

At Berkeley, we stayed at Bob Callagy's. He told me about a soldier who had returned from Vietnam. His job had been to instruct the Vietnamese in oiling and taking apart American rifles. After six weeks of instruction, the Vietnamese shot the soldier and went into the jungle. It seems that the Central Intelligence Agency and Army Intelligence had not yet discovered that they were "Viet Cong." When the great march from Berkeley arrived on October 15th, the marchers were stopped by the Oakland police. Bob laid down in front of an oncoming troop train, but no one joined him and someone saved his life by pulling him off the track in time. When he climbed on one of the Diesel engines, the guards chased him in and out and over and around.

The local Catholic Worker Student Commune, members of the Newman Club, had asked me to speak, but the priest in charge became frightened and cancelled the meeting, saying that I was too controversial. So that noon I spoke to five hundred students (more than a hall would have held). Then I spoke to a student forum for two hours in the afternoon. That night I spoke to a hundred and fifty students in Stiles Hall. We visited Francis and Carol Gorgen and Debbie Brennan. In Walnut Creek, I spoke to the Unitarians. The minister there is Rev. Aron Gilmartin, in whose Seattle church I had spoken ten years ago. I was pleased to visit Jack London's daughter Joan, who is writing a book on the migrant worker with Hank Anderson. On November 2nd FM station KPFA broadcast a special program on Dorothy Day; it included what John Cogley, Mike Harrington and I have said about her over the years on various KPFA programs.

Going down the coast, I spoke at Peninsula School, where Hal Stallings has introduced me several times. I said hello to Edward Keating, publisher of *Ramparts*, and spoke to the Newman Club at Sanford, where Joan Abrams and Father Duryea gave out CW's. Radical Catholics are collecting food and clothing for the strikers in the grape fields near Fresno.

In Santa Monica, we visited Father Dubay, who is now a hospital chaplain, hidden away so he cannot "corrupt the youth." He is a cheerful young priest, who is happy, as we all are, that David Miller, a Catholic, burned his draft card. I visited my daughters briefly and we stayed at the home of Rev. Stephen Fritchman, of the First Unitarian Church, who introduced me to his morning church audience. I spoke to them afterwards at a rousing meeting. He and I were born in the same county in Ohio and both of us have some Quaker ancestors.

We are going to Riverside, Phoenix, Tucson, Flagstaff, and then back home to Salt Lake City.

\$3.50 A YEAR

"If the present population of the world could be represented by a thousand persons living in a single town, 60 persons would represent the population of the U.S.A. and 940 all the other nations. The 60 Americans would have half the income of the entire town: the 940 would share the other half. 303 white; 697 would be non-white. The 60 Americans would have an average life expectancy of 70 years; that of the 940 would be under 40 years. The average Christian family would be spending \$850 a year for military defense and less than \$3.50 a year to share with other residents the knowledge of why they are Christians."

—New Zealand National Council of Churches

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BOOK REVIEWS

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CONTRACEPTION by John T. Noonan; Harvard University Press, \$7.95. Reviewed by Rev. JOHN J. HUGO.

This book, advertised as an exhaustive analysis of its subject, has also been called by some reviewers "definitive." There can be no doubt about its thoroughness; admirable care and skill have gone into its making; it is, as one reviewer called it, "monumental." Yet I question whether it is "definitive." It contains—I hesitate to call it a thesis—a drift, a progression, a mounting climax, that itself needs to be evaluated.

No doubt a historian is expected to interpret the facts he describes. But the interpretation should emerge from the facts, not be imposed upon them. The vast number of carefully marshalled and skillfully interpreted facts read inexorably in favor of a basic revision of the Church's stand on contraception. Indeed, as the evolution is depicted here such a basic revision seems to be the next inevitable step. (I say "basic" because no one can doubt the desirability of continued refinement of the Church's teaching; but according to the principle of identity in growth, revision of a basic or essential doctrine, or one that has hitherto been regarded as such, is another matter.)

First we are given an account of how the Church's position became defined and fixed during the Middle Ages. Then we are shown how, in the changing conditions of the modern world, this position was challenged and, in some respects, softened. The teaching of Pope Pius XI, which now stands as the doctrine of the Church, is presented as a return to the older tradition and so seems out of harmony with modern theological progress, calling therefore for further evolution, or revision, in the manner in which the position of Pope Pius IX on liberty of conscience is being "revised," or reinterpreted, by Vatican II.

The drift begins to appear quite early in the book, in its treatment of Clement of Alexandria, who, the author points out, in response to the threat of paganism and Gnosticism, began the work of formulating the Church's position on the relationship of procreation to marriage. Obviously, such a start is already a notable contribution to the discussion; it corrects at once the fantastic assertion appearing in some recent writings that the Church's "tradition" began only with Pius XI.

Nevertheless, it raises a question. Clement, in pursuing his work—and his example was to be followed by others—drew upon the philosophy of the Stoics, borrowing especially their notion of a law derived from nature. Is Clement here making a first false step, diverging, however slightly, from the broader and more benign teaching of Scripture? If the first step is in the wrong direction, subsequent steps take one further away from the goal.

Catholics have always taken satisfaction from the fact that their thinking, implementing revelation, has freely borrowed from human wisdom, whatever its source, to construct a *philosophia perennis*. St. Augustine was to give this tendency a slogan in his famous "faith seeking understanding," but it had been followed from the time of the first educated converts to Christianity, like St. Justin Martyr and St. Irenaeus, as well as Clement. That Christian doctors have incorporated elements of pagan philosophy into their presentation of Christian doctrine has always been considered a sign of the Church's catholicism and of her ability to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the natural man. Moreover, as Professor Noonan of course realizes, the idea of a law of nature had already appeared in St. Paul (Rom. 2); Clement and others set out to explore this principle, guaranteed for them by revelation.

As a historian, Professor Noonan

would be expected to point out the Stoic origins of certain Christian teachings; his insistence on it, however, seems to weight the issue. At least he might also have made it clear that Augustine, who here as usual bears the brunt of the responsibility, had explicitly rejected Stoicism as a philosophy immediately preceding his conversion and afterwards spent the last thirty-five years of his life fighting Stoicism freshly resurgent in Pelagianism. That Augustine was able to assimilate certain elements of Stoicism does not mean that he was so unperceptive as to be misled. For him, as for all the saints and doctors, faith is the filter. There can be no question of the propriety of their introducing principles of natural wisdom into their thought. The question that must be asked, first, is whether the principles are true (labels do not count), and then whether there was genuine assimilation.

Stoic principles that were unassimilable, it seems, are that passion should be controlled by reason and that pleasure should not be an independent end. But should passion not be controlled by reason—in the Christian, by reason illuminated by faith? And is intercourse expressing conjugal love the same as that motivated by pleasure? No doubt pleasure is not itself sinful, but it is scarcely the highest motive available to those who are called to the heights of a divinely indited love and holiness. To discard these "Stoic" teachings would be indeed to change the course of moral theology: of a moral theology, not confined to study of minimal obligations, but in the larger sense of a school of Christian holiness. Are the married, in being released from uninformed restrictions, also to be kept forever at the minimum level of moral conduct? Augustine and the saints generally think of moral theology in the larger sense as a guide for those whose vocation is holiness. Only later, in the period of "progress," was moral theology, as a case study in minimal obligations, detached from the splendor of holiness. But is this true development? All change is not necessarily unilinear and progressive. Could it be that, while gaining in some respects, we have lost in others not less important?

This brings us to what, it seems to me, is the central issue in *Contraception*. On the surface the book may appear to be an illustration of Newman's *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, the tracing of growth in theological teaching in a particular area. But Newman distinguishes between true and false development—a tumor or a paunch is a growth but not development—and he indicates the criteria for detecting the difference. Professor Noonan does not approach the problem from this point of view; apart from distinguishing certain constants in Catholic teaching, he does not discuss the criteria for judgment. Indeed, he adopts a policy that excludes such an investigation. He is, he tells us, studying theological opinion on the subject historically and vertically, not horizontally or in depth. But can we know whether change is progress and growth, true development, without examining the wider and deeper implications of pragmatic and casuistic solutions? I think not; and this is why I do not think the present book is "definitive"; it needs to be completed by a study of even more herculean scholarship.

We live in an age of vast achievement by "the genius of the average," and it therefore may be of no great significance that, as Professor Noonan describes it, the two pioneers of the modern trend, Martin Le Maistre and John Major, who began to loosen the tight medieval bond of procreation to marriage, were relatively minor figures in the history of theology; What does seem to be significant is that, although eclectic, their background was nominalism; the system that betrayed the medieval Catholic

synthesis and prepared the way for the Reformation. Ockham, the head of this school, whose ethical theory is not considered here—a puzzling omission at this crucial point—did not accept the concept of a law of nature as manifesting the divine will; a complete break from the "Stoic" position. Were the liberalizing tendencies of Le Maistre and Major, influenced by him, the result merely of a more pragmatic and humane approach, or did they have metaphysical roots? What were these? Would they affect the judgment of how much real progress their opinions represented?

Of course, analysis of pragmatic opinions may merely expose a metaphysical rootlessness or inconsistency; but this, too, is not without importance for a study in depth. In this connection, it is noteworthy that most of the theologians of progress were minor writers. One of the heroes, however, as Noonan sees it, is St. Alphonsus Liguori, who, nevertheless, is identified, perhaps more than any other, with the modern decline of moral theology in general. Although a saint and Doctor of the Church, who did his work well, he yet entered the field at a time when the admirable unity of all sacred science, as conceived by St. Thomas Aquinas, had been dissolved, and moral theology, loosed from its doctrinal moorings, was becoming the mere casuistry against which the theology of the agglornamento is now reacting. Strangely, too, John Peter Gury, the theologian in whom Noonan thinks moral theology reached its nadir, is yet credited with a great advance in the theology of marriage in the nineteenth century.

Herein, indeed, is the central paradox of the "development" de-



scribed in these pages: that marriage theology was moving upwards while theology in general was in decline.

There are other more definable metaphysical shadows lurking in the background of the development herein described. The Church's position in binding procreation so tightly to marriage was taken up largely in response to the threat of Gnosticism, Manichaeism, and Catharism, all of which considered both marriage and procreation evil. Dr. Noonan, enumerating the constants of Catholic teaching, says, "About these values a wall had been built; the wall could be removed when it became a prison rather than a bulwark." (This deft use of words shows the manner in which the book's "drift" is made clear; the author might have merely questioned whether the "bulwark" is still necessary, but with the word "prison" judgment is already made.) In other words, it is suggested, Manichaeism, a dead heresy, is no longer relevant. But Denis de Rougemont, who has spent a lifetime in research on the meaning of love in the Western world, thinks differently. He believes, in fact, that the Catharist notion of love—a love sovereign in its own right, a "fusion of sexuality and religion," independent of marriage, opposed to procreation—is still very much present in our world, still a threat to Christianity, in fact, a rival moral and religious conception largely responsible for the modern breakdown of marriage. He sees evidence for this in our popular literature, which at once expresses our secret dreams and forms our

ideals, in novels, drama, films, commercial advertising even, down to the promotion of the latest Hollywood love-goddesses, admired and imitated by our boys and girls as they prepare for Christian marriage. Could it be that our notions of conjugal love have been confused by this myth of "passion-love"? (Not to mention Freudian ideas of "fulfillment.") Could it be that Pius XI was right in praising conjugal love, more eloquently than any of the "progressives," yet refusing to allow that it may exclude procreation? Is his stand an interruption of progress, or a staying of retrogression? May the Church safely dismantle the "bulwark" laboriously raised over many centuries? Is there nothing further to be feared from the demonic (and what comes to the same thing) idolatrous tendency inherent in human sexuality, clearly revealed by the Catharist myth of love?

Another lurking metaphysical shadow behind this discussion is Pelagianism, which, although a dead heresy like Manichaeism, like it also, as Jean Guitton says, represents a permanent attitude of the human mind. This attitude, which in modern times shows signs of straining at the shroud-cloth, is in any case deeply involved because St. Augustine, in the thick of this controversy over marriage morality, formulated his thought on the subject largely in response to the threat of Pelagianism. And of course Augustine and Augustinism are very much to the center and front of Dr. Noonan's book. He speaks—prematurely, I think—of the Church's "rejection," in her present stance, of Augustinism.

In fact, all the authentic development that has taken place in marriage theology, as described by Professor Noonan himself, has been within the framework of the three goods attributed by Augustine to marriage—offspring, fidelity, and the sacrament. This is likely to continue to be the case. It may be agreed that the saint left his thought on the second and third goods relatively undeveloped; and that he was too restrictive in limiting the right of legitimate intercourse largely to the first of these, with a reluctant extension to the second, and none at all to the third.

But none of the theologians whom Professor Noonan quotes, except some recent ones justifying contraception, steps out of the Augustinian framework. Only if the ban on contraception is removed could we speak of rejection of Augustine.

The problem presented by Pelagianism, as distinct from the ends of marital intercourse, is whether the goodness of nature, about which we hear so much again today, is absolute. Augustine believed that nature is good, including—contrary to his critics—sexuality, but he also held that nature has been wounded in all its activities, not excluding sexuality, by the Fall. This teaching is not a denial of the goodness of sexual love, however limited Augustine's views were on this point, but it is opposed to the modern assertion of the complete innocence of sexual love and its glorification.

Although the problems of marriage morality are separated from the problem of concupiscence by modern writers, they cannot be so separated in the teaching of Augustine. For him—he is this optimistic—there would be no problem of marriage apart from concupiscence, that is to say, there would be no problem in the paradisaical state in which man was originally placed by God. The problem of the regulation of sexuality, within or without marriage, derives from nothing inherent in man's nature; it results solely from the Fall and from concupiscence, resulting from the loss of integrity, the punishment of Adam's sin, which we still bear even after

baptism. Modern theologians have so far ignored this, choosing to consider man in an abstract state rather than in his actual condition, that they have tried to work out the problem of sexuality within marriage on the grounds of a natural law derived from nature abstractly conceived in its metaphysical perfection. Perhaps this helps to explain why their solutions are sometimes considered less than satisfactory. Augustine, it is important to realize in assessing his teaching, proceeded concretely, historically.

Now it is Augustine's teaching on concupiscence, especially sexual concupiscence, that earns for Augustine the unenviable reputation as a "pessimist." Professor Noonan reveals why, when he describes Jansenism as a transporting of Augustinism "from the fifth century to the seventeenth and restored without allowance for the growth that had occurred in the Church." Like almost all modern Catholics, he reads Augustine through the eyes of Jansenius. But things are not that simple; everything cannot be explained by history. Jansenism was, in fact, an internal distortion of Augustinism—in Gilson's word, a "deviation." Such an estimate as Noonan's subjects to question his whole analysis of this aspect of Augustine's teaching and, especially, the implications of its development, as he sees it, for the future.

St. Augustine's teaching on concupiscence was substantially and, on vital points, verbally, incorporated into the body of the Church's doctrine by the Council of Trent. Moreover, this teaching is organically joined to Augustine's on grace, which the Church also has made substantially her own.

The meaning of conjugal love is complicated by the reality of concupiscence, a datum of revelation which only Christians are called upon to accept. But if its existence is denied, its reality turns nevertheless in the Catharist myth of love and in modern Freudianism, which also greatly complicate today the effort to understand the meaning of conjugal love: in a Christian sense. (In this respect, Augustine could be said to anticipate Freud, as his Manichaeism and experience enabled him to sense the immanence of the Catharist myth of love). Now the issue in the controversy over contraception is, precisely, conjugal love vis-a-vis procreation: is the genuine need to express Christian conjugal love through intercourse sufficient to positively exclude procreation?

If Professor Noonan, for the purposes of his study, may legitimately prescind from the "horizontal" relations of the ideas he assesses, the Church, in making her decision, must realize fully all their metaphysical and theological bearings. Even "the experience of marriage," however poignant, cannot override the doctrinal barriers that define Catholicism. Still, all these issues, however abstract, converge on one very concrete reality, namely, the child. If there is an underlying flaw in Professor Noonan's work, throwing off his analyses and "indications," it is the assumption, apparent throughout, and held in common with all the writers who favor contraception, that the Church's concern for procreation is reducible to "biologism." But the introduction into the world of a living personality, rational, immortal, and destined for eternal life, is not "biologism." What the Church, in fact, is being asked to decide is whether man can take into his own hands what has hitherto been considered a divine prerogative, i.e., full authority over the sources of human life. Would this be an authentic development? Or merely giving in to the temptation that has plagued our race from the beginning: "You shall be as gods?"

Problems of Conscience

From a speech at Vatican Council II
by Most Rev. GEORGE ANDREW BECK
Archbishop of Liverpool (England)

The presumption that legitimate authority has the right to obedience is clearly stated in the text of Chapter V, Schema 13. But I should like to see stronger emphasis both on what a public authority must never do or threaten to do under pain of losing its right to the obedience of its subjects and the rights of conscience of all citizens in certain circumstances. In this aula only a few days ago we debated at great length the right which every human being possesses to religious liberty, a right which he can vindicate before civil governments as part of his dignity as a human person. But religious liberty applies to matters of moral conduct as well as to matters of doctrine. Just as the surgeon must refuse to kill the innocent child in the womb of mother by the practice of abortion, so must the soldier or the captain of the aircraft have the right to refuse to use, for example, a nuclear weapon which will obliterate a whole town or a whole nation, or to take part in any form of indiscriminate attack.

We must ask that the rulers of nations should respect the consciences of those of their subjects who look upon certain forms of war as never justifiable, even for defensive purposes. This is not a question of Christian meekness, or of non-violence. There are many men in the world today who are convinced that some forms of modern warfare are always and in all circumstances gravely evil. If our Declaration on Religious Liberty is to mean anything it must be admitted to apply in this field.

The true doctrine on this subject can only be made explicit if a new emphasis is placed on the rebuilding of our Christian vocation as peace-makers at all levels. "Blessed are the peace-makers." Our Holy Father, Pope Paul, has given an outstanding lead in this respect. All Christians everywhere are bound by this obligation.

In Section 101, line 18, the qualification *praesumptio juris* is quite unnecessary. We know the validity of this doctrine in its own context. We also know the abuse of it in our times. The rights of conscience, so basic to the spirit of the Council, must be properly safeguarded: not accorded with one hand whilst being removed by the other. Surely the whole of *praesumptio juris* should be reviewed in relation to the concept of world government, which could shift the weight of *auctoritas competens*. Moreover, it should be reviewed in the light of the Schema on Religious Liberty.

In line 23, the words describing the conscientious objector are so weak and patronizing as to suggest that he is a milksop. The witness of the conscientious objector is something to be valued and welcomed as a special factor in modern life, even by those of us who would not be classed as conscientious objectors. I would like to see these weak descriptions changed to proper *testimonium vocationis Christianae ad afferendam pacem*.

Requiem for a Flame

By ANNE TAILLEFER

You came here to affirm the very thing which (Nancy) is going to die tomorrow to postulate: that little children, as long as they are little children, shall be intact, unanguished, untorn, undefiled . . .

TEMPLE: Is there a Heaven, Nancy?

NANCY: I don't know. I believe.

TEMPLE: Believe what?

NANCY: I don't know but I believe.

(WILLIAM FAULKNER: Requiem For A Nun).

Camus, in *The Fall*, recalls a method of torture used in the Middle Ages, called the *Little Ease*; a cell where one could neither stand, nor sit or lie; where not for one instant could one believe oneself innocent. And he says that the human soul faced with its (subjective or collective) guilt can be exposed to that kind of torture in certain untoward circumstances. It would seem that Roger LaPorte's action of turning himself into a living flame has done this to every one of us. Why, why, and where does my own responsibility for this lie?

The choice of good may sometimes amount to a luxury; that good defined in the tranquillity of an Angelic Doctor's cell or at a Council. There come times of hideous turmoil, either individual or general, where one may be confronted only with one of two bad choices: to be able to cry out, to be able to be heard.

And Faulkner, much more than Camus, preys upon our thoughts with his visionary findings. In *Requiem for a Nun*, Temple, a young socialite with a shady past, owing, to her wilful attraction to evil, has engaged as her children's nurse Nancy, a Negro, who has the same shady past but in her case

owing to the cruelty of society. Nancy discovers that Temple is about to elope with a man from the underworld and take her six-month-old baby with her. In spite of every effort and entreaty of Nancy's, Temple remains adamant; she will not budge from her horrible resolve. Faced with the destruction of a child's innocence, Nancy, in a maze of desperation, chooses to destroy its body by smothering it, and then gives herself up. "Thanks, Lord" is her comment when she is sentenced to be hanged. She opposes Temple's efforts to get her a pardon and the mother is brought to face her own guilt and Nancy's effort to redeem her by her own suffering on her own terms, which are not good but all that she had at her disposal. What remains is the shattering act of love and blind faith, defying all tenet and reason.

Roger has perpetrated the same shattering act, defying reason and the tenets of the Church. But how much choice did he have, if he wanted to inform the whole world of his love and his indignation?

The indignation of the young is a terrible thing. The call and the witness of Antigone, to protest overbearing power, have been taken up all through the ages. But here is no stark Greek doom. Even if we must view it as a unique action, never again to be imitated by a Christian for fear of destroying its purity and making of it a monstrous parody through pride or fanaticism, it stands out as an impulse of extraordinary innocence. Roger did not know, he just believed. Faced by extraordinary, overwhelming evil, he had no good choice and cried out "Murder." "Murder" in the best way he could to the entire world; not to some narrow Christians, but

(Continued on page 6)



No to Draft

(Continued from page 3)

where income tax is withheld by the Federal government.

Like those who decide to perform "alternate service" I'm engaged in work which benefits society. I want to serve, and every person I know of who has openly refused induction on moral grounds feels a concern for society, but we get about serving on our own. A young man can do constructive social service without having to participate in universal conscription. I think his witness is then stronger.

Catholic educators tell young people to pray for guidance in discovering their true vocation. I think it important that we begin praying more for guidance to undertake our vocations in terms of the Sermon on the Mount. Let us pray that we may, like St. Peter, "obey God rather than man." Non-cooperation with draft law is not a negative, but a positive approach to obedience.

I'm constantly reminded to "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's . . ." What did Jesus actually render to Caesar? Nothing; he had nothing to render to the State. I do not believe that Caesar has a legitimate right to tell me exactly when and in what manner I help my fellow citizens (of this country and of the world), how long I shall help, and when I shall help. This applies to other young men as well as myself and I speak for them too by refusing to cooperate with the state's robbing the individual of his personal responsibility in this vital area. I have a right to live in this country (I was born here) and I have a right to assume responsibility for myself. I think I'm as responsible as Caesar; the state casts a lot of stones, from nooses to napalm, and has little right to be considered judge. "He who is without sin among you . . ."

Shortly after writing this statement, Murphy Dowd was arrested on Wednesday morning, November 17, by two F.B.I. agents on the corner of Delancey Street and the Bowery, one block from the Catholic Worker. He was on his way over to St. Joseph's House. In a firm voice, Murphy told the Federal agents that he could not co-operate with them and sat down on the corner. The agents placed handcuffs on his wrists and signaled for another car, which pulled up swiftly. They lifted him into the back seat and sped away. We ask you to stand with him in his witness.

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 sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome!

Liturgy and Society

By CANON F. H. DRINKWATER

You live and learn. Never did I expect to see the day when Catholics would be arguing with partisan asperity over what they would do at Mass. It must be a sign of something, but of what? How did we arrive here?

Personally, I have been a fellow-traveller of the liturgical movement from its earliest stirrings in Belgium six decades ago.

Let me underline this, because in a minute I am going to say something which will not only enrage both parties, and (let us hope) divert their mutual lightnings upon my head instead of each other's, but which also will be rather shocking to all the nice neutral and peace-loving readers of the *Catholic Herald*, who never did me, or anybody, any harm.

Speaking personally then, in the corners of the Vineyard where I have found myself operating, we had dialogue Mass on suitable occasions, with reading of the Proper in English by lay lecturers: all this twenty or thirty years before Vatican II was dreamed of.

For most people there are psychological limits to the pleasures of being read aloud to, and there may be a few wrong-headed people like myself who love and value not Latin so much as silence.

But manifestly when the ordinary faithful are present in large numbers at Low Mass it should be in their language up to the Offertory. So I am as keen as ever on liturgical renewal, believing that the Mass is the heart of the Church's life, and whenever we get that right it helps everything else to come right too.

Well, then. Having said all that, I still say that the liturgical movement, I mean the emotional urgency that has gone into it, has all along been very largely an escape, an unconscious effort to avoid more urgent problems confronting the Christian: such as people not getting enough of the necessities of life, or getting too much of nuclear war perils, problems of Christian unification, of the desperate impasse about the use of marriage, problems of class-war, race-hatred, over-population.

All these are problems of charity, the problems of love in practice, the problems always waiting for us when we come out from Mass. And charity is too difficult, liturgy is much easier.

How tragic it must have been for Pope John, with his heart and mind full of *Pacem in Terris*, and his immortal longings for unity, to have to watch his Council wasting week after precious week, month after precious month, over such trivialities, repeat trivialities, as concelebration, or Communion in both kinds, or the amount of vernacular to be allowed, or married deacons, or new definitions about Our Lady.

After the 50 years of liturgical movement, the essential liturgical reform could have been legislated in a week. When it came to speeches about putting St. Joseph into the Canon, Pope John did draw the line, and signed a decree putting St. Joseph in himself, as if to tell the Bishops to get on to what really mattered.

From my point of view, this notion of liturgical affairs providing a useful escape-route is no novelty. Sixty years ago it was my own experience.

In the first decade of the nineteen-hundreds, when the Modernist panic was on, and St. Pius X had fixed the traffic-sign permanently at "Stop" against theological speculation or Scriptural scholarship, and had condemned the French Sillon, the most promising Catholic social movement there had ever been, a young seminarist or priest could find only one outlet for enthusiasm, and that was the same Pope's idea for more frequent Communion and for earlier first communions.

More or less consciously I con-

centrated on these, and postponed Scriptural and suchlike interests indefinitely, and many other young priests must have done the same. In their own way Pius X's Eucharistic ideas were novel and revolutionary like Marc Sangnier's or Pere Lagrange's, and consequences flowed from them, especially from the new communion-age for children.

I don't say we were wrong to channel our enthusiasm down that line, turning aside from social teaching and Scripture study, but certainly it was the line of least resistance at the time.

(Did you know that Peter Maurin was a Sillonist? When it was silenced, he left France and was a wandering labourer all over North America for years until in the thirties he found Dorothy Day and they started the *Catholic Worker* in New York.)

My guess is that the future author of *Pacem in Terris* went through a somewhat similar inner experience in those pre-first-war days, as secretary to his well-loved Bishop who was in bad odour at Rome for his go-ahead ideas.

Like it or not, things are very different now. The Pluses of yesterday, with all their heroic virtues, and almost heroic shortcomings, are safe in heaven, and we live in the age of the Johns and Pauls.

The Popes of today are quite evidently eager to wind up the Counter-reformation, to put the Church and its Good News right into the contemporary world situation.

But just as evidently the Popes of today need to feel our support for what they are attempting.

They need the backing of Bishops, priests and people if they are to carry out the Johannine programme, to disband the prophets of doom and send them out perhaps for some pastoral experience, and at long last to confront mankind with the risen and unencumbered Christ in all his saving power.

Ed. Note: Canon Drinkwater is England's best-known authority on catechetics and has contributed to numerous British and American periodicals. His essay on papal infallibility forms part of *Birth Control and Natural Law* recently published by Helicon Press. His article here is reprinted, by permission, from the *Catholic Herald* (London).

Student Action

83 Lion Lane
Westbury, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I'm sure most of you are aware of the conditions of the migrant farm workers at Riverhead, Long Island (see February 1965 *Catholic Worker*), but if not, let me tell you. These people (all Negro) live in unbelievable squalor — no plumbing, broken windows, ancient kerosene lamps used for heat. They live in stinking duck houses. (The area was once a duck farm.)

Long Island CORE has done a truly magnificent job, but the task is far too great for only one organization to handle. The students at Stony Brook University (about twenty miles from Riverhead) have organized a Student Nonviolent Action Committee (S.N.A.C.). They have organized a "peace army" to combat the blatant acts of discrimination waged against these workers every day, set up schools (the adult illiteracy rate is very high) and organized the people. The only thing holding S.N.A.C. back is a lack of money. Please send contributions (no matter how small) of money, toys, clothing, books or school supplies either to me or to: Miss Barbara Medoff, Box 137 North Hall, S.U.N.Y., at Stony Brook, Stony Brook, N.Y.

Sincerely,
Greg Jackson

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

mess peasant and silk weaver and his betrothed. I had wanted to read it because Pope John quoted from it in his *Journal of a Soul*, speaking of the stirring sermon of Cardinal Federico Borromeo and his rebuking the peasant priest for his cowardice. It is a stirring book and the new translation in the Everyman edition is an excellent one.

One day I had lunch with Father Bernard Law, editor of the diocesan paper of Mississippi, and later we visited the shrine of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, which is in a little church not far from Notre Dame Hospitality center, which is located at Largo Brancaccio 82. The center is surrounded by places you want to visit on foot; St. Mary Major, St. John Lateran, the Colosseum, the great railroad station and bus terminal, and the open-air markets. Jim Douglass and I had dinner with Bishop John J. Wright at the Piazza Navona, and the next day lunched with Cardinal Eugene Tisserant's secretary, Father Riches, who has a little parish outside of Rome. He had heard me speak at Santa Clara, California, where he had taught for a period, and we talked together as fellow converts. He and his cousins, the two de Menasse priests, are converts, originally from Alexandria, Egypt, and educated in Rome. The next day, Archbishop Roberts, his unofficial peritus Richard Carbray, and I went to pay a call on His Beatitude, Patriarch Maximos, at the Salvatore Mundi hospital on the Janiculum Hill. On the way I saluted the statue of Garibaldi, who was God's instrument in relieving the Papacy of those encumbrances the Papal States, and preparing the way for the great part the Church had played in this century. Never when she was a great temporal power was the Church listened to with such attention as she is today. One might say the work of detachment has only begun. As I passed this great equestrian statue, I could not help but think of the words of Bishop P. N. Geise, of Indonesia, who said that we must seek poverty, live poorly, build poor buildings, take in the poor where we are. He himself gave up his Dutch citizenship. The Bishop of Mwanza, in Tanzania said; "The world is not divided into the East and the West but into the haves and the have-nots. Only a wealthy country can afford the luxury of all this private ownership."

Our meeting with the impressive Patriarch Maximos was a brief one. He said that he would speak in season and out of season, in the Council and out of it, on the subject of peace. I think he was the only one at the Council who invariably spoke in French instead of Latin. But with his double dignity of Patriarch and Cardinal he could do as he pleased. Later, when he heard of us twenty women who were fasting for peace, and praying for the light of the Holy Spirit to descend on the Fathers, his comment was "Water nourishes!"

Another evening there was a dinner at the convent of the Canadian Sisters of the Precious Blood to honor Archbishop Roberts on the anniversary of his 56 years as a Jesuit, 40 years as a priest and 28 years as an archbishop. There were three bishops at the dinner, one from Peru, one from Southwest Africa, and one from the Amazon. Guests included Dr. Gordon Zahn, Professor of Sociology at Loyola University in Chicago, author of *In Solitary Witness*, the life of Franz Jagerstatter (reviewed in the July-August and September issues of the *Catholic Worker*), Father Joseph Small, S. J. from Seattle, and two Maltese Jesuits, Father Ghigo and Father Tonna, who were in charge of distribution of all news bulletins. It delighted me to see the small, nar-

row cells, formerly occupied by the Sisters, in which the bishops stayed on either side of the long sitting rooms, which was also the corridor between the row of little bedrooms. The bishops' quarters were comfortable, but certainly not luxurious.

Vatican Radio

It was interesting to visit the Vatican Radio, where Father Ellwood Kieser, Paulist, made a taped interview with me for his program *Insight*, which is broadcast in California.

There was a happy meeting with Barbara Wall, of whom I had heard much but whom I had never met. She with her husband Bernard started the *English Catholic Worker* many years ago, perhaps before their marriage, and now they are grandparents. Bob Walsh took over the CW and the Walls published a magazine called *Colliseum*, probably the first venture in lay intellectual discussion of theological, as well as sociological, problems of the day. Bernard Wall is a man of letters and his wife is a novelist as well as essayist, journalist, and translator.

Cardinal Suenens

The only time I spoke in Rome was informally at one of the regular Monday afternoon meetings held at the headquarters of Cardinal L. J. Suenens, of Belgium. The guest was Frank Duff, founder of the Legion of Mary, which has spread from Ireland throughout the world and is doing significant work in Africa and the Chinese People's Republic. Fearing that some of these present might dismiss the Legion as merely a pious organization with little social emphasis, I told of my encounters with the Legion in



prison, when one of the correction officers in the New York Woman's House of Detention started a Legion group on her own time and did more than anyone else I encountered in the prison to bring some reminder of the beauty of religion into the lives of the women there.

October First

The fast of the twenty women, which I had come to join and which was the primary reason for my visit to Rome during the final session of the Council, began on October 1st, which was a Friday. The night before I had enjoyed a feast with Eileen Egan, who was on her vacation, and an Indian bishop, at one of the most famous restaurants in Rome, as the invited guest of Signor Rossi, who operates the Scoglio. I felt rather guilty at prefacing a penitential fast in this way—thinking of St. Augustine's and Tolstoy's discourses on the greedy appetite for food, which continues through old age.

But Eileen reminded me that after all penitential Lent was prefaced by carnevale, which means farewell to meat as well as a celebration. So I enjoyed the pleasant evening, and certainly felt all the better for it those first

two days of my fast, which are supposed to be the hardest.

The next day, very early, I checked out with my suitcase from my little room on the Via Napoleone 111, proceeded by cab to the American Coffee Shop on the Via Concillazione to check my bag, and then on down to the great square in front of St. Peter's to wait for Barbara Wall and Eileen Egan at the end of the Colonnade. We were going to mass together on that First Friday morning.

Without tickets we could not have got in, since all the masses which preface the meetings of the Council are packed to the doors. The laity receive communion not at the main altar but at a side altar. All around there were confessionals, frequented, I was edified to see, by bishops and cardinals, with their scarlet and purple robes billowing out behind them on either side of the open confessionals, taking as long, I noticed, as nuns, who I always thought were scrupulous indeed, judging by the length of their confessions.

But I was able to go to confession on that last visit I paid to St. Peter's, and I felt with joy and love that warm sense of community, the family, which is the Church. How the Council has broken down barriers between clergy and laity, and how close the bishops seem to us when they are together from all parts of the world, at home in Rome, and not set apart alone and distant on episcopal thrones and in episcopal palaces!

The mass that morning was in the Syrian rite and was sung, so it was not until ten that I arrived at the Cenacle on Piazza Prigilla, which was on the other side of Rome in a district that I had not yet visited, on the edge of the suburbs. There we gathered in the garden, twenty women, and a few of the male members of the Community of the Ark, including Lanza del Vasto, whose wife Chanterelle had initiated the fast. He led us in the prayers that we would say each morning as we gathered together after mass, the Our Father, the peace prayer of St. Francis, and the Beatitudes. Afterwards, the trained members of the community sang. Then we went to our rooms, which were on the third floor of the old convent, looking out on gardens and sky.

Each day we followed a schedule. There was mass at seven-fifteen and then prayer together. From nine to twelve we kept to our rooms in silence, reading, writing or praying. During the day we divided up our time in the chapel so that throughout the day and night there was always one of us keeping vigil. At noon we went to the garden and read together. Readings included a book by Martin Luther King, and an account of the work of Father Paul Gauthier, who founded the Companions of Jesus the Carpenter, in Nazareth. Most of us had some sewing or knitting to do. The wicker chairs were comfortable, the garden smelled of pine trees and eucalyptus and sweet herbs, and every day the sun was warm. Other members of the Ark, who were running an exhibit on non-violence, came and told us news of the visitors to the exhibit and of the Fathers of the Council they had talked to.

At four in the afternoon there were lectures by priests, and at six a French doctor came daily to see how everyone was getting along. Two of the women were ill during the fast and had to keep to their beds, so the lectures were held in Chanterelle's room. Prayers again at seven or eight, and then silence and sleep—for those who could sleep.

As for me, I did not suffer at all from the hunger or headache or nausea which usually accompanies the first few days of a fast, but I had offered my fast in part for the victims of famine all over the world, and it seemed to me that I had very special pains. They were certainly of a kind I have never had before, and they seemed to pierce to the very marrow of my bones when I lay down at night. Perhaps it was the hammock-shaped bed. Perhaps it was the cover, which seemed to weigh a ton, so that I could scarcely turn. At any rate, my nights were penitential enough to make up for the quiet peace of the days. Strangely enough, when the fast was over, all pains left me and I have not had them since. They were not like the arthritic pains, which, aggravated by tension and fatigue, are part of my life now that I am sixty-eight and which one accepts as part of age and also part and parcel of the life of work, which is the lot of the poor. So often I see grandmothers in Puerto Rican families bearing the burdens of the children, the home, cooking and sewing and contributing to the work of mother and father, who are trying so hard to make a better life for their children, so I am glad to share this fatigue with them.

But these pains which went with the fast seemed to reach into my very bones, and I could only feel that I had been given some little intimation of the hunger of the world. God help us, living as we do, in the richest country in the world and so far from approaching the voluntary poverty we esteem and reach towards.

Kind Visitors

I must not forget to thank the visitors who came: Richard Carbray, Bishop Shannon of St. Paul, Abbot Christopher Butler, of Downside Abbey, Barbara Wall, Eileen Egan and Mrs. Stephen Rynne (Alice Curtayne), who wrote the lives of St. Catherine of Siena and St. Brigid of Ireland and is now covering the Council for an Irish paper.

On the night of the 10th of October, the fast, those ten days when nothing but water passed our lips, was finished, but hard though it was, it was but a token fast, considering the problems of the world we live in. It was a small offering of sacrifice, a widow's mite, a few loaves and fishes. May we try harder to do more in the future.

Requiem

(Continued from page 5)

to those who believe in God's strange and terrifying ways; to those brothers too in whose religion this is an act of faith—not only the victims in Vietnam but also the gentle, religious man who presides over the great glass house Roger lit up, from Ghana to Burma, not for an instant, but for years to come.

He who seemed to belong to the Meek who will inherit the Earth chose to try to take Heaven by storm with the violent who bear it away.

Sinner Before the Cross

A stubborn grey guilt survived excuses

softly first then anger-turned, the pliant red words of wild abuses petered out when laughter burned.

Two sensual lips unwound their curls weakened to a silent truce; five livid wounds caused self-unfurlings, staring holes of outraged puce.

Brother T. Kretz S.J.

Draft Card

(Continued from page 1)

after five months, are still awaiting trial and a breath of fresh air.

Manchester had become very excited by the presence of those whom their local paper called "Viet war foe" and the town was stirred up into a mass of professions of "patriotism." "What can YOU do," the paper asked, "to combat the activities of leftists and the peaceniks?" It then urged its readers to write letters of encouragement to the New Hampshire soldiers in Vietnam.

Work Of Mercy

Tom Haessler and Tom Cornell arrived on Tuesday afternoon, and formalities over, we took refuge in a private home or people who took grave risks in offering hospitality to the dangerous criminal and his friends.

Wednesday was one long stream of interviews by newspapers and radio stations, and in the evening Dave and Tom Cornell appeared

In a front-page story on Dave Miller's arrest, the New York Times last month erroneously reported that Dave had expressed support for the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam. Many of our readers no doubt read this story and did not see the correction which the Times printed a few days later, on an inside page, as the last paragraph of an article dealing with the conscientious objectors' handbook. What Dave actually said, as the correction acknowledged, was that he supports, among other things, negotiations with the National Liberation Front.

on a television forum. On Thursday, Dave was on the receiving end of an "open line" program on the local radio station—a program which normally lasts for half an hour was extended to the record time of an hour and ten minutes. The lines were jammed with people full of hates and fears, and needing someone to take them out on—Gandhi said that if we want people to become nonviolent we must first absorb the violence in them. That evening, Dave did his share of absorbing. He had to be escorted out of the station by police because an angry mob had gathered round the building.

On Friday, the 22nd, a hearing was held to transfer the case to the United States District in New York. A New York arrest warrant was issued but bail was continued. Some local peacemakers turned up for the hearing, and afterwards we met Arthur Harvey, a modern-day Thoreau and editor of the *Greenleaf*, who lives near Manchester, in Raymond, New Hampshire.

On Monday, Dave appeared in U. S. District Court in New York. He said in a public statement to the press: "The piece of paper I burned was in fact my draft card. I burned it as a public expression of protest and dissent in regard to the recent law of Congress prohibiting such acts, to the Selective Service system in itself, and to the dangerous and self-defeating course of United States policy in Vietnam. I believe that the law against mutilation of draft cards is foolish, biased and intended only as intimidation. I believe further that the premise of the Universal Military Training and Service act is involuntary servitude and as such is highly unjust because of the serious violation of conscience."

Meanwhile, in Dave's home town of Syracuse, trials were being held for a series of demonstrations sponsored by CORE last March against the segregation policy of the Niagara Mohawk Power Company. Dave appeared in Syracuse Criminal Court on Friday October 29th, was charged, and found guilty of trespassing and sentenced to 30 days in Onondaga County Penitentiary.

Suicide or Sacrifice?

(Continued from page 1)

was different and must be spoken of and written of in a far deeper context. It is not only that many youths and students throughout the country are deeply sensitive to the sufferings of the world. They have a keen sense that they must be responsible and make a profession of their faith that things do not have to go on as they always have—that men are capable of laying down their lives for others, taking a stand, even when the all-encroaching State and indeed all the world are against them.

In Ignazio Silone's *Book Bread and Wine* the revolutionary in hiding risks capture by going out and chalking slogans on the walls of the village where he has taken refuge, and when he is scoffed at for the seeming futility of this gesture, he answers:

"The Land of Propaganda is built on unanimity. If one man says, 'No,' the spell is broken and public order is endangered."

Throughout our country the protests against the war in Vietnam have grown and young men have been imprisoned, some of them for years. (One was recently sentenced to five years for refusal to cooperate with the draft.) Stories keep coming out in the press of planes spraying napalm, gasoline jelly, over the enemy, and that means over villages of men, women and children; of mistaking targets and destroying innocent villagers. In forty-eight hours last week, there were six massive air strikes. There were more killed on both sides last week than at any time since the war began. The *Wall Street Journal* for November 3rd had a first-page, first-column headline.

"Vietnam Spurs Planning for Big Rise in Outlays for Military Hardware. Spending on Tanks, Copters, other Gear may Double . . ."

"Now that we are finally committed to an active combat role in Vietnam the whole atmosphere has changed within the Pentagon and elsewhere in Government," says one Defense official. Extra Zip for Economy . . . Both the Army's spending plans and those of the other services promise added zip for the nation's peppy economy . . . added billions will be funnelled into pocketbooks in many parts of the land." The story goes on with "shopping lists" and paragraph after paragraph listing the expenditures to be made for this "five-year package" as it is blithely called. There is something satanic about this kind of writing, which envisions a colossal waste of the resources of the earth, and of man himself.

One day our *Catholic Worker* farmer, John Filliger, talking of drying up the cow a few months before she was about to calve, said, "The only way to do it with a good cow like this is to milk her out on the ground. She gets so mad at the waste of her milk that she dries right up." That may be an old wives tale, or an old farmer's tale, but there is a lesson in it. We waste what we have, and the source of supply will dry up. Already we are suffering a drought in the whole Northeast. Any long-range view points to an exhaustion of our economy, not to speak of man himself.

On the other hand, witness Roger La Porte. He embraced voluntary poverty and came to help the *Catholic Worker* because he did not wish to profit in this booming economy that the *Wall Street Journal* speaks of so gloatingly.

Many a time when I have spoken in colleges, the bitter comment is made that "conscientious objectors should not benefit by the high standard of living made possible by our American way of life that our boys are fighting for."

Conscientious objectors around the *Catholic Worker* certainly do not so benefit. In the Second World War those who accepted alternative service in hospitals and camps around the country worked twelve hours a day, seven days a week, in order to save up four days a month to take a brief leave. They not only had no pay, but some of the religious peace groups stipulated that they pay their own way; thirty-five

dollars a month, to show their willingness to go a "second mile" with the Administration. I am glad to see the stiffening of resistance to war and conscription in this present war.

Roger La Porte was giving himself to the poor and the destitute, serving tables, serving the sick, as St. Ignatius of Loyola did when he laid down his arms and gave up worldly combat. Roger wanted to continue working to support himself, and he was looking for an apartment so that he could take in others and by living poor afford to help others more.

And now he is dead—dead by his own hand, everyone will say, a suicide. But after all, there is tradition in the Church of what are called "victim souls." I myself knew several of them and would not speak of them now if it were not for the fact that I want to try to make others understand what Roger must have been thinking of when he set fire to himself in front of the United Nations early Tuesday morning. There had been the self-immolation of the Buddhist monks; and of a woman in Detroit, of a Quaker in Washington—all trying to show their willingness to give their lives for others, to endure the sufferings that we as a nation were inflicting upon a small country and its people by our scorched-earth policy, by our flame-throwers, our napalm. One priest we knew in the Midwest offered his life for his parish and when he said this he spoke of some child suicides, whether in his own or a neighboring parish I do not know. He offered his life, and God took him a year later. He died after a six months' illness with tumor on the brain. Another priest was stricken with paralysis and dies daily in a long illness. Our own Father Pacifico Boy, whom I visited when he was confined to a hospital in Montreal, said, "We say many things we do not mean to God and He takes us at our word. You make an offering. He accepts it. But He always gives strength to accept the suffering." All these priests knew that only in the Cross is there redemption.

We have this teaching in the Church about victim souls, but what about that teaching of an eminent theologian, quoted in many a diocesan paper and religious weekly last spring, who said that it was permissible for a man in the service of his country to commit suicide if he was in danger of betraying secrets of his country to the enemy? (If I can find this quotation by the time this paper goes to press I will reprint it.)

I have heard it said that in the armed services of some countries suicide pills were given to soldiers to take if they were in danger of torture when captured. Certainly Andre Malraux, in *Man's Fate*, told of this and he also said that once a man had taken the life of another, all was changed for him in his life, that he had crossed a certain point and would never really recover from the effects, no matter how hidden.

Last week, on the occasion of a college talk, I was the guest of a priest who had been a chaplain in the Army, who told me that he would use any weapon if he were about to be attacked, gun or bayonet, but he added that he had encountered many soldiers who refused to use their arms, who would accept death, rather than inflict it. According to an article on Suicide in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, such an action might come under the heading of suicide, as being a direct refusal to save one's life.

In this month's *Theology Digest*, Father Karl Rahner, S.J., has an article called "Good Intention." Roger "intended" to lay down his life for his brother in war-torn Vietnam. The article is about purifying one's intention and how complex and elusive a thing an intention is and how often other motives of which we are unaware are at work. There will undoubtedly be much discussion and condemnation of this sad and terrible act,

"There are many stories in Buddhism," said Rev. Hosen Seki, the minister of the Buddhist Church on Riverside Drive to one of the writers for the *New York Sunday Post*, Al Klenberg.

"One tells of a forest in which birds and animals live in harmony. Suddenly, a great fire comes to the forest and all the creatures are in panic.

"But one little bird flies up through the flames and finds a lake. He touches the water of the lake with his wings, then he goes back to the burning forest.

"He shakes his wings. Little drops of water fall on the flames. He goes back to the lake, then back to the forest, shaking little drops of water. Back and forth.

"The other creatures laugh at him. But the little bird says, 'I know this is very little water to put out the fire, but it is all I can do.'

"Then finally, the little bird falls into the fire and passes away. And all the other birds and animals say: 'The spirit of this bird will spread to make peace some day.'"

but all of us around the *Catholic Worker* know that Roger's intent was to love God and to love his brother.

May perpetual light shine upon him and may he rest in peace.

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10. This Item Must Be Completed for All Publications Except Those Which Do Not Carry Advertising Other Than the Publisher's Own and Which Are Named in Sections 132.231, 132.232, and 132.233, Postal Manual (Sections 4355a, 4355b, and 4356 of Title 39, United States Code): That the average total number of copies printed is 34,000. Paid Circulation, 72,000; Free Distribution, 2,000; Total No. of Copies Distributed, 84,000. That the Single Issue Count Nearest to Filing Date was 83,000; Paid Circulation, 82,000; Free Distribution, 2,000; Total No. of Copies Distributed, 77,000.

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Edgar Forand,
(Business Manager)

Chrystie Street

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sense of humor that Roger always delighted in and both of them were in a particularly happy mood. Roger would grab Julia's arm and tease her by pulling the funny yellow knit cap she wears down over one eye. Julia ate it up and came back with some comments like, "Oh, Baby, Baby . . . watch out Baby." Roger came in for coffee and talk, and then returned to his apartment near the East River. Before he left he scribbled something on the mammoth shopping bag that Julia carries. In the morning, while I was washing my face and Julia was sitting on the couch in the kitchen, she said to me, chuckling, "Hay, Nicola, look what my honey wrote on my bag." In his angular script, Roger had written a simple "I love you." He was a man who understood how people spoke from their needs and he answered them as spontaneously and completely as possible.

I remember once when we were having coffee on the corner, Roger saw a fellow panhandling right outside the door and invited him in to share a cup of coffee with us. He had the kind of grace that allowed him to make such an invitation without seeming either awkward or condescending. For the past four weeks Roger had been going to see Ursula McGuire, one of the family here who has been with the CW since September, and who was felled with a mysterious ailment that the doctors have even yet to diagnose. Almost every night Roger would go to St. Vincent's Hospital to visit her. Seeing him communicate with Ursula was to understand how love can cast out fear. The disease has left her paralyzed from the waist down and unable to talk, so Roger would clasp her hand in his and make faces at her and Ursula would smile. Often she would be seized with pain in her legs and Roger would massage the pain. I can recall him once, after a seizure of pain had left her legs, leaning over the bed and musing with a kind of mock amour in his voice about the joys of performing the works of mercy. Once the nurse came in and fed Ursula some white liquid and two pills. After she left Roger leaned over and kissed Ursula quickly on the lips. "Mmmmm, milk of magnesia," was his comment and I remember how Ursula grinned at him and how he smiled teasingly back. Roger gave of himself with great joy the last few months of his life. St. Paul in his letter to the Corinthians said: "If I give away all I have, and even if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing."

It will be impossible for us ever to be the same after Roger's life and death. His friends see in his death not a call to the self-same immolation, for that was Roger's act, but instead a call to engage ourselves in the world and to bring peace; to seek out Christ in the lowly and in the high. We see Roger telling us, as Christ told us, to live more abundantly. Roger felt that the greatest sin was separation and his act has united us and called us to bring forth a world where such acts will be inconceivable. Roger spent his life in an attempt to communicate. He would have smiled at Arthur Goldberg's admission, in speaking of Roger's act, that: "Perhaps there has been a failure on our part. Perhaps we are not sufficiently communicating to the people of the world our dedication, our attachment and complete commitment to the idea that peace is the only way for mankind in the nuclear age."

I remember once we spoke of how wonderful it would be if New York suddenly jerked to a halt for a few moments so that people could unfix their faces and realize the one another, which is God. By a strange coincidence, it was

at 5:20 on Tuesday morning November 5th that Roger was enveloped in flames and at 5:20 that night twenty-five million people in the northeastern United States and southeastern Canada were thrown into darkness. We were serving the evening meal at the CW when the lights began to flicker. I suppose few of us realized then that something was going to happen that was both terrifying and beautiful in its providence. Most of Roger's friends had gathered at the CW for the evening meal. Candles were brought down from the third floor; Joe Drexler brought over his bicycle and Paul Mann, Chuck and John Corry, from the *New York Times*, took turns pumping the pedals to generate the headlight and the dinner went on as usual. Joe contrived a makeshift candelabra out of a mattress spring and stuffed four big candles into each corner and hung the whole arrangement from the ceiling. The mattress swung around, the light danced on faces, and someone broke into a chorus of "This Little Light of Mine."

After the House closed a group of us decided to walk over to Tom and Monica Cornell's. There was a great need to share the painful bewilderment of this day in one another's company. New York was uncannily quiet and for the first time, perhaps, in the history of this modern city, you could see the stars and the deepening blue of the sky. Cars filled the streets, people hurried by in clusters, often holding one another's hands or joining arms. The *New York Times* reported solicitude on the streets unheard of in New York—strangers talking to one another, pedestrians directing traffic. There was even a decrease in the crime rate.

People in this huge and impersonal city felt a need to talk to one another. A Puerto Rican fellow stopped Jim Wilson as we walked and started talking to him in Spanish. Jim smiled and the fellow walked with us for about half a block chattering on in Spanish, even though it was apparent that none of us could speak the language; so great was the need that night for communication. I thought of how Roger would have smiled if he had heard that civil-defense teams were out directing traffic and escorting people across the streets, military vehicles were used to transport the elderly and sick to hospitals, armories were opened up as Houses of Hospitality. And all over New York were candles and lights. It was as if the technological world had revolted so that the stars and candles could forever witness that this day was a prayer.

I have no doubt that the blackout will be scientifically explained. The President has called for a study of the power failure and both the F.B.I. and Con Edison are investigating. They will explain the world's largest power blackout in terms of voltage and power grids. But why did these events happen on the day they did? There is a line in Francis Thompson's poem "The Hound of Heaven" that asks the question, "Ah, must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?" God scrawled across the heavens that night and hushed the world to behold.

"The State is not God and its demands are not categorical imperatives. The State was made for man, not man for the State. The State is a convenience, like drains or the telephone: its demand that it should be treated as an all-wise divinity is inadmissible and leads, as the history of tyrannies and dictatorships shows, to every kind of crime and disaster."

—Aldous Huxley

Life & Death On the Streets of New York

(Continued from page 1)

ner (almost), End the War in Vietnam Now. A notable feature of the parade was the opposition, shrieking, hysterical, violent, many of them wearing Bill Buckley for Mayor buttons. They hurled red paint at the front ranks, splattering one three-year-old.

Union Square

The draft card burning of November 6th at Union Square produced an even more concentrated reaction. It was more of a prayer meeting than a demonstration. The more than two thousand supporters maintained a most serious and intense, calm atmosphere. (See *Commonweal*, Nov. 19, 1965). We observed a minute of silence in memory of Norman Morrison, the 32-year-old Quaker leader from Baltimore, who had immolated himself before the Pentagon four days before.

A. J. Muste and Dorothy Day set the tone with their presentations. They spoke from age and experience, with such depth of conviction and commitment that we were deeply moved.

Counter-demonstrators on the other side of 17th Street ranted and chanted "Moscow Mary! Moscow Mary!" as Dorothy spoke. "Give us joy, Bomb Hanoi!"

Dorothy Day's Speech

"When Jesus walked this earth, True God and true Man, and addressed the multitudes, a woman in the crowd cried out: Blessed is the womb that bore you, and the breasts that gave you sustenance. Jesus answered her: Rather, blessed are those that hear the word of God and keep it.

"And the word of God is clear, in the New Testament and the Old. 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'Love your enemies,' 'Overcome evil with good.' To love others as He loved us, to lay down our lives for our brothers throughout the world, not to take the lives of men, women, children, young and old, by bombs and napalm and all the other instruments of war.

"Instead he spoke of the instruments of peace, to be practiced by all nations: feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, not destroying their crops, not to spend billions of dollars on defense, which means instruments of destruction. He commanded us to feed the hungry, shelter the homeless, to save lives, not destroy them, these precious lives for whom he willingly sacrificed His own.

"I speak today as one who is old, and who must endorse the courage of the young who themselves are willing to give up their freedom. I speak as one who is old, and whose whole lifetime has seen the cruelty and hysteria of war in this last half century, but who has also seen, praise God, the emerging nations of Africa and Asia and Latin America, achieving their own freedom, in some instances, with nonviolence. Our own country has, through ten of thousands of the Negro people, shown an example to the world of what a non-violent struggle can achieve. This very struggle was begun by students, by the young, by the seemingly helpless who have led the way in vision, in courage, even in martyrdom, which has been shared by little children, in the struggle for full freedom and for human dignity; which means the right to health, education, and work which is a full development of man's God-given talents.

"I wish to place myself beside A. J. Muste to show my solidarity of purpose with these young men, and to point out that we too are breaking the law, committing civil disobedience, in advocating and trying to encourage all those who are conscripted, to inform their consciences, to heed the still, small voice, and to refuse to participate in the immorality of war. It is the most potent way to end war.

"We two, by law, should be arrested and we would esteem it an honor to share prison penalties with these others."

James Wilson, 22 years old, a former Maryknoll seminarian on the Chrystie Street staff of the CW, Roy Lisker, a 27-year-old mathematician, David McReynolds, 37-year-old field secretary of the War Resisters League, Marc Edelman, 19-year-old office manager for the Student Peace Union, and I delivered short statements explaining our actions. Part of mine follows.

Why I Am Burning My Draft Card

Protests against the United States involvement in the war in Vietnam have been carried on with increasing intensity in recent months, dramatically disproving President Johnson's claim to a consensus for his foreign policy. Still the war continues to escalate. Each day innocent peasants are being burned to death by napalm, their crops are destroyed and their hopes dashed. American men are giving their lives, American families are being shattered, to pursue a war that cannot be won, a war it was shameful for us to enter, a war we must use all our moral energy to halt, so that we might set about building the conditions of peace.

To intimidate and stifle the expression of protest and dissent, the Congress passed a bill without debate—making it a criminal offense

I can expose myself to such severe legal penalties when I have a wife and a child to support. I can answer only in this way: fellow Americans, sincere and conscientious soldiers, leave their wives and families and go to Vietnam, subjecting themselves to the risk of their lives.

We who have dedicated ourselves to the war upon war, to the development of nonviolence as an effective means to resist tyranny cannot shrink from accepting the consequences of our conscientious acts. My family and I have faith that God will provide for us as long as we attempt to do His will.

The five of us stood together on the raised platform before the Union Square pavilion, presented our cards, ignited a Zippo lighter, and held our cards over it. Suddenly a stream of water doused us. There was no confusion, no panic, no hesitation. My cards were thoroughly drenched. I despaired of being able to ignite them, so I tore each in half and resubmitted the soggy pieces to the flame. They burned brightly, nonetheless.

I had hoped to try to remain calm, almost solemn, to communicate the better what we were trying to do. But suddenly, as the flames started to consume our cards and my drenched trousers warmed to my body heat, I heard a voice from the crowd, strong and joyful, singing, "This little light of mine."

At 5:20, on Tuesday morning, November 9th, Roger LaPorte sat in the middle of First Avenue before the United Nations, poured gasoline from a two-gallon can over himself, and struck a flame. He died thirty hours later at Bellevue Hospital.

Newspaper accounts told us more about Roger than he ever would. He was reserved and quiet. He had taken the greater part of the awards at his high-school graduation. He had attended a Catholic prep school in Tupper Lake, New York. He had gone to seminary for two years in Barre, Vermont, in preparation for entering the Trappist life. He spent about a month in a monastery in Wisconsin when he decided that his vocation and witness were not there. For nearly two years, he studied the nonviolent movement and the Catholic Worker. The week before he died, he moved into our Kenmare Street apartments, with Christopher Kearns, while looking for an apartment of his own. He worked at a library on the Columbia University campus.

Just hours before Roger set himself afire, Nicole d'Entremont and Terry Sullivan happened to meet him walking on Delancey Street. They stopped at Weizman's delicatessen for a hot dog. They spoke of the Vietnam war, of the draft-card burnings, of the things that have been on our minds. Roger was deeply con-

fasting, and there is no question as to violating life in this way.

"Roger is still alive, and we pray for the miracle of his recovery.

"We hope that he has communicated something to the American people. We hope that all people dedicated to peacemaking will redouble their efforts in a positive, life-giving way."

What perplexes us is this: How can we forestall similar actions while still keeping the sacrificial integrity of Roger's witness intact? How can we interpret this action in light of the theological teachings of the Church on suicide? Certainly God has unique and exclusive dominion over human life. Those who assert so uncompromisingly that there is no distinction between suicide and self immolation, that each is a violation of God's dominion over human life, could speak with more authority if they did not grant exceptions in the cases of the death penalty and war.

Psychologists and sociologists have warned (in the *New York World Telegram and Sun*, Nov. 10,) that there is a possibility of many more such incidents. They reason that frustration is a factor. The bipartisan nature of our foreign policy, the fact that there has been no public debate of these issues that seemed to touch the decision makers, no debate in the Congress or elsewhere, has led many people to believe that they cannot communicate their deep concern over the slaughter. So a great many are convinced of the need for more and more extraordinary demonstrations, ourselves among them. Some more may be moved to a form of ultimate sacrifice in an effort to be heard. There is an element of despair here. It is up to us to show that there are means, positive, life-giving ways, by which one can live the peace movement and share in the building of a great movement, share in the formation of the theory and practice of nonviolence. One reason why we propose fasting is that it is a slow death, from which one recovers, to come again into the stream of life-force. Christ is in the world through us. We immerse ourselves in this world to realize Christ in His Creation. There is a great list of ways to bring the dreaded questions before the consciousness of the American people and our political leaders. Among them: refusal to serve in the armed forces, refusal to pay taxes for war, strenuous civil disobedience at military bases and production sites of weapons of massive annihilation, draft-card burning.

To bear with the frustration we meet daily is a Crucifixion. The greatest sacrifice is to keep on going, to live out this frustration in the sure and certain hope that God will bring good out of it all.

Roger was conscious and lucid for hours. He was not in pain; his nerve endings had been burned off. He spoke to the police and the ambulance attendants, saying, "I am a Catholic Worker, I am anti-war, all wars. I did this as a religious action . . . all the hatred in the world . . . I picked this hour so no one could stop me." He spoke to the doctors and to several priests and to a nun. He made his last confession, and received the anointing of the sick and dying. He indicated his desire to live.

The morning after Roger's death we gathered privately for a memorial Eucharist. Father Dan Berrigan's homily was healing. Murphy Dowd, "Cajun," led the singing, spirituals adapted by the peace and freedom movements. The last seemed to sum up so much for us:

"One man's hands can't bring a world of peace,

"One man's hands can't bring a world of peace;

"But if two and two and fifty make a million,

"We'll see that day come 'round, 'We'll see that day come 'round!"



to burn one's draft card, providing a five-year prison penalty and a 10,000-dollar fine. On August 30, the President signed the bill into law.

We cannot let this draconian law stand. Not only is the penalty provided outrageously disproportionate, but the very concept of the law indicates that the U.S. Government, albeit accidentally and in a moment of frenzy, has taken upon itself the power to consecrate a piece of paper, invest it with a quality it cannot have, and then exact obedience for that piece of paper. I can no longer carry that card.

For a number of reasons, I am not eligible for the draft. I am thirty-one years old, married and the father of a young son. Selective Service physical examiners would not accept me. I could let the war in Vietnam pass me by. But I feel that I must associate myself with David Miller, Steven Smith and Karl Meyer in the open act of destroying my draft card, not in the spirit of defiance for public authority, but as a plea to my government and to my fellow citizens to turn away from the present course in Vietnam, to turn away from intimidation and the stifling of dissent and protest at home; and to call upon like-minded people to stand with David Miller and the others who have expressed so forcefully their dedication to the cause of Peace on Earth.

Many people have asked me how

The counter-demonstration across 17th Street went into a frenzy. "Treason!" "Burn Yourself, Not Your Cards!" "Burn Yourself!" Roger LaPorte was in the crowd supporting us.

We dispersed quickly and quietly. Thanks primarily to the staff people of the Committee for Non-violent Action, especially Bradford Lyttle, and to Dr. Gordon Christensen, chairman of the Chemistry Department of Connecticut College, the demonstration was the most meticulously planned and skillfully executed in memory. The next day, A. J. Muste stated his opinion that it was the most powerful single demonstration since World War II.

Public Impact

Public response was electric. All the media of mass communication gave heavy coverage to the event. Some of the reaction was extremely hostile. A polarization did occur. The reason for this is that the demonstration, along with David Miller's action, posed a question, or a series of questions, the kinds of questions people do not want to have to entertain lest the answers be uncomfortable. The answers threaten to change people's lives. Polarization is dangerous, but it is also necessary to focus the issues, to push the questions in the back of people's minds to the forefront of their consciousness. Reconciliation can then follow.

cerned about the war, as we all are. He showed no sign of unusual distress and gave no indication whatever of what he was contemplating. If he had we would never have let him out of our sight, not for a moment!

The Catholic Worker issued an official statement to the press. It read:

"We are deeply shocked, perplexed and grieved by the immolation of Roger LaPorte this morning before the United Nations.

"He was trying to say to the American people that we must turn away from violence in Vietnam, and he was trying to say something about the violence that is eroding our own society here in the United States and our city of New York. And so he made this sacrifice, attempting to absorb this violence and hatred personally, deflecting it from others by taking it voluntarily to himself.

"At the same time, we strongly urge people committed to peace to employ other means in expressing their commitment to peace, bearing witness and working non-violently to build a decent, non-violent society, a society of conscience.

"Among these means is fasting, which is deeply rooted in our religious tradition, fasting in private or publicly, fasting alone or in groups. Clearly no violence is done against one's own person in