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Criminal Anarchy in the South

By EDGAR FORAND

One does not have to go to a Communist or Fascist country to find laws restricting basic freedoms. Some of our Southern States have been and are using extreme measures in order to curb racial integration. One of their newest means is Louisiana's latest device of charging advocates of civil rights who run afoul of the law, with "criminal anarchy." And for the simple reason of advocating and fighting for their constitutional rights, conviction under this charge can mean up to 10 years at hard labor. It is horrible, as well as incredible, that many young people are facing chain-gang penalties for actions that most civilized people would find admirable. We have information on three of them: two of them attempted to deliver inte-

gration literature to a young Negro jailed for his part in a student anti-segregation boycott. The third was arrested for trespassing and disturbing the peace during an integration demonstration.

It should be kept in mind that on Dec. 11, 1961, the U. S. Supreme Court held that peacefully seeking service at a lunch counter cannot be construed as "disorderly conduct."

Much of what Ronnie Moore went through can be found in the CORE pamphlet, "It Happened in Baton Rouge."

On the day of the Supreme Court decision, Baton Rouge CORE led sit-ins at Kress's and McCrory's. Three days later they conducted a mass picket demonstration at the

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"Company Union" Charged at Fordham U.

What sort of difficulties confront men and women who work in non-profit institutions and who are not covered by state or federal labor laws, when they try to improve their working conditions? Such a situation exists now at Fordham University in New York City, and the following material will illustrate some of the problems involved.

About six years ago, an effort was made by the Cafeteria Workers' Union, Local 302, AFL-CIO, to organize some of the employees of Fordham University. Shortly thereafter, the Fordham University Employees Association was set up, and recognized by the University. Mr.

Robert Moser was hired by the Association as its attorney for the negotiation of the first contract. At a certain point during the negotiations, Moser called for a strike vote. The members voted for a strike. Then Moser was fired by the Executive Board of the Association.

A year ago or so, Mr. Moser was hired again by the Association. At a meeting, at which Moser and a representative of the Building Service Employees International Union, AFL-CIO, were present, the members voted to authorize the Executive Board to affiliate with this union. Moser was again fired by the Executive Board, which then voted not to affiliate. Mr. Wallace

Gossam, President of the Association and an advocate of the AFL-CIO affiliation, was fired by the University on a charge of insubordination. Subsequently, the Vice-President and Secretary of the Association signed the contract with the University, after consultation with some groups of employees, but without authorization from the general membership.

In 1961 Mr. Joseph Early was elected President of the Association. Mr. John Heinsohn was elected Chief Shop Steward at an Executive Board meeting on November 15, 1961. The following statement was submitted by them to The Catholic Worker.

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Appeal

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Beloved—

Spring is here, the Winter is over and gone and the voice of the turtle dove is heard. In this case the turtle doves are some of the kids who want to know when they are going to the farm and the beach house again. True, there is not a bud on a tree as yet, but on our Staten Island farm they are hunting to see if the dappled green and maroon of the skunk cabbage is up, and in the city they watch for the first swelling of buds on the trees in the park across the street from St. Joseph's house and on the little trees along the Bowery. We remind our readers so that they will be grateful that these trees were cultivated by the prisoners on one of the prison islands in the East River. Many of those who come to eat with us or stay with us for a time have been in these prisons.

These semi-annual letters of appeal are to help us keep going in the works of mercy, feeding and sheltering our brother. There is plenty of visiting the sick and the prisoner and over the years, innumerable times, we buried the dead, the most expensive work, and usually done on the installment plan. Right now we are paying out well over a thousand dollars a month in rents for the building on Chrystie Street and the ten or twelve apartments in the neighborhood, and there is gas and electric and heating and all the staples like peas and beans, coffee, tea, sugar and milk, eggs, oleo and bread, very little of which is donated. Ed gets an abundance of vegetables and salads and fruits at the market early mornings and our butcher who is a member of the Edith Stein Guild is generous to a fault in the meat he gives us for very little. God bless him. Somehow, what with good cooks, the editors taking turns, Bob Steed, Charles Butterworth, Ed Forand and Walter Kerell, and the able assistance of Charlie Keefe for the soup line (the best pot-au-feu in the world) we eat well, sometimes scandalously well, according to some of our visitors. But in the

life of poverty the poor always have feast or famine, what with shopping around and taking loving care in the preparation. This business of eating is important, the sustaining of life. Heaven itself is compared to a heavenly banquet. After Easter, which will be late spring, we will have to have a fish fry on the beach in memory of the time our Lord breakfasted with his disciples.

And that is another expense that is coming up—the families which will take turns in coming to the beach houses and perhaps to the tent on the farm unless some hermits make for it first. Sometimes we have had as many as four families at a time, not to speak of the three mothers and children we had with us last summer. Two of them are still there with most adorable babies.

How many meals have been served since we called on our readers last October? At the rate of 400 a day at least, there would be 132,000, an impossible number. Truly that is a foolish way of reckoning. We might as well count the breaths we draw, the steps we take.

These are works for peace—and how completely opposite are the works of mercy to the works of war!

So again we beg you with confidence to help and in return can send you only the best of writings we can gather together in The Catholic Worker and a promise of remembering you in our prayers, works and sufferings of each day. So do remember the widow woman in Scripture who went out to gather a few sticks to cook herself and her family a hearth cake with the last of her oil and meal, and how in her charity she sacrificed even her family to feed the old man Elias who begged for food. And her reward was that the cruce of oil was never lessened nor the meal diminished and she was blessed a hundred fold. May St. Joseph the good provider, pray for us all.

In Jesus caritas,
Dorothy Day

Easy Essays

By PETER MAURIN

Blowing The Dynamite

Writing about the Catholic Church, a radical writer says:
"Rome will have to do more than to play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite inherent in her message."

To blow the dynamite of a message is the only way to make the message dynamic.

If the Catholic Church is not today

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Criminal Anarchy in the South

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stores and 23 were arrested, including CORE field secretary Dave Dennis.

In protest over these arrests, some 4,000 persons, mostly students from Southern University, assembled at the parish courthouse the next day. Tear gas bombs and German Shephard dogs were used to break up the peaceful and orderly demonstration. More than 43 shells of tear gas were hurled by police during three successive charges. The students tried to hold their ground, but finally were forced to retreat. Fifty were arrested that day, including Ronnie Moore. He was originally charged with "annoyance" and bond put at \$1,500. Within minutes after his release, he was rearrested on a charge of "Conspiracy to commit criminal mischief," which raised his bond to a total of \$3,500. Core Field Secretary B. Elton Cox, whose ankle had been badly injured by a tear gas shell, was not arrested until that evening—on charges of "conspiracy." Temporary restraining orders prohibiting any further CORE demonstrations in Baton Rouge were promptly issued in both federal and state courts.

The day's arrests brought the total to 73 students. The all-white State Board of Education announced that any student arrested

all 73 student-demonstrators being dismissed, in accordance with the edict of the State Board of Education, only 7 leaders would be so penalized. Among these seven was the entire leadership of the Baton Rouge CORE group, including Ronnie Moore, the chairman, and Weldon Rougeau, the vice chairman. Despite his pledge of December 15, Dr. Clark approved this compromise, which, itself, was later violated.

On January 17, about 1,000 students marched to his residence to ask for an explanation. For 12 long hours in freezing weather they waited in vain, meditating and praying.

At a special convocation the following day, Dr. Clark explained that he had not come out to address the students assembled at his residence because there can be no communication in a mob situation. He officially announced dismissal of the seven student leaders whom he characterized as vandals and anarchists. He also announced that the university was closing that same day, that each student would have to apply for re-admission and that none would be allowed to return to class until accepted by the university. When Moore returned to campus with Rougeau that afternoon to get his dismissal letter and turn in his coupon book, they were both placed under arrest at the request of university officials for trespassing.

Their bail was set at \$3000 apiece. They were locked up together in an isolated cell. For 30 days they were denied mail and visiting privileges. On February 12, as CORE prepared to put up the bail, the charge against them was changed from trespassing to criminal anarchy which carries a maximum sentence of 10 years at hard labor. Specifically each of them is accused of being a member of the Congress of Racial Equality, an organization known to the offender to advocate, teach and practice opposition to the government of the State of Louisiana. Moore's bail was increased to \$12,500 and Rougeau's to \$7,000. To raise this increased sum, it took CORE an additional month. They were released, finally on March 16, having served 56 days—which will not count on whatever prison sentence they may get.

Their trial is set presently for May 28. On one occasion District Attorney Pitcher told Moore he would accept a guilty plea on sedition, which carries a maximum of only five years instead of 10. Needless to say, he refused.

On February 1, Dion Diamond, field secretary of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, was arrested on the University campus for vagrancy. The charge was later changed to criminal anarchy and bail was set at \$13,000. Seventeen days later SNCC Chairman Charles McDew and SNCC field secretary Robert Zellner were arrested and charged with criminal anarchy simply for seeking to visit Diamond in jail.

A week after Dr. Clark had closed the university—it reopened for the spring semester, January 25, under state police guard. Despite the compromise that only seven student leaders would be dismissed, 40 additional students discovered that they had been refused re-admission because of their desegregation activities.

"We regret the action which has been taken against Southern University students for their demonstrations," said a statement signed by 140 faculty members. "We feel there is a need for constructive reappraisal of the present policy regarding student participation in such protest."

Dave McReynolds has this to say in the Village Voice.

"You may say it is obvious that the law and arrests will be struck down at the level of the Supreme Court and therefore we need not worry. But the catch is that even if the law is struck down (and it is

unduly optimistic to assume so automatically that the Bill of Rights will be enforced) there will be no bail granted from the time of conviction in the State court until the time of reversal in the Supreme Court. This is one of those laws under which you don't get bail once you are convicted! And this means that even if the case reached the Supreme Court as swiftly as is legally possible, a minimum of 200 days must pass before the students can be free. Their conviction seems certain in the lower courts. The first trials are in May. That means that with the best possible luck and greatest possible speed, these boys will be in jail until late in the month of November. With moderately good luck they will be in jail for a year or two. With bad luck they will be in jail for 10 years.

"Is the Federal Government really without power to act? Twice now groups of students have staged sit-ins at Attorney General Kennedy's office, in a plea for Federal action. And twice they have been offered coffee (the Kennedy brothers are nothing if not courteous) and then taken gently out in wheel chairs in order to avoid the publicity which arrest would bring. Our government broke solemn treaties solemnly entered into when we backed the Cuban adventure, on the ground that Communism 90 miles from home was too serious a danger to permit legalism. What about this tyranny in Louisiana, which, unfortunately, is within our borders? Does that state—or any state—have the right to violate the Constitution with impunity, knowing that by the time the Supreme Court has struck down its barbarous laws it will already have exacted months or years of freedom from those who dared oppose it? (End of McReynolds' quote.)

Translating the law of the land and the rule of morality on integration into practical terms is the goal that the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) set for itself when it was founded 20 years ago. Most of the time the organization tries to convince store owners and business executives by quiet persuasion. But on occasion it uses picket lines and leaflets to change a practice that it feels is contrary to law or court interpretations. The National Headquarters of the congress is at 38 Park Row, New York 38, N. Y.

We should cooperate and try to help them in every way possible. If we can't be active with them, we can at least sacrifice some of our hard-earned cash for their cause. By excessive fines, the South is doing everything possible to break CORE. This is a group that is truly fighting a battle for Brotherhood—just as much for us as for the colored. James Farmer, head of CORE, has said that in skirmishes with the whites down South, he has felt a great pity for them. The colored, and in some instances some whites with them, have taken terrible beatings from the racists. But where the integrationists have suffered physically, he believes the racists are killing themselves and their own souls by their hate and violence.

THE RETREAT

The basic retreat which provided the spiritual sustenance for Catholic Workers all through the forties, is being revived this summer in two retreats at the Church of St. John, Belle Plaine, Minnesota, of which Fr. Marion Casey is the pastor. The first retreat begins July 5th, the second at the end of August. Write Fr. Marion Casey, Belle Plaine, for details and for reservations. He can accommodate only a dozen people (but there are motels nearby) so make your reservations now. These are five day retreats, in silence.



COME FOLLOW ME

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

(DIED MAY 6, 1862)

By James Douglass

The voice of one crying in the desert, "Make ready the way of the Lord, make straight his paths."

The desert of Henry Thoreau was Nineteenth-Century America with its materialism, slavery, imperialism—the expressions of a young nation falling in love with itself before it had emerged from adolescence. Thoreau passed through this history in much the same way as he managed his excursions from his Walden retreat into nearby Concord, running the gauntlet of shopkeepers intent on drawing him into their dens.

"For the most part I escaped wonderfully from these dangers, either by proceeding at once boldly and without deliberation to the goal, as is recommended to those who run the gauntlet, or by keeping my thoughts on high things, like Orpheus, who, loudly singing the praises of the gods to his lyre, drowned the voices of the Sirens, and kept out of danger. . . . I was even accustomed to make an irruption into some houses, where I was well entertained, and after learning the kernels and very last sieveful of news,—what had subsided, the prospects of war and peace, and whether the world was likely to hold together much longer,—I was let out through the rear avenues, and so escaped to the woods again."

Thoreau's final escape to the woods, a surrender to tuberculosis at the age of forty-four, occurred one hundred years ago, May 6, 1862. On the centennial of his death, the voice of Thoreau has become a far more significant guiding spirit for our century than it was for his own. The movements of our time which his words have helped form may even be a saving element in the precarious spiritual balance which keeps the modern world from falling into complete destruction. The Gandhi-led struggles for human dignity in South Africa and India, the Montgomery, Alabama, bus strike, the student sit-ins, the Catholic Worker Movement, have all derived much of their spiritual power from the inspiration of Thoreau. The voice they have followed has frequently been identified as the author of one essay, *Civil Disobedience*, but to make that limited an identification is to ignore the integrity of Thoreau's thought on a range of subjects more comprehensive than civil disobedience, and whose outlines are those of life itself. In fact, to confine one's attention to this one essay is to run the risk of seeing Thoreau solely as a rebellious citizen, whereas none of the movements he has influenced have understood him simply as such. The man who wrote *Civil Disobedience* is also the author of *Walden*, and it is in the understanding of this latter masterpiece that his resistance to governmental evils achieves its rightful context and full meaning.

The "romance" between Henry Thoreau and Walden Pond began formally on July 4, 1845, when Thoreau moved into the hut he had just built on Walden's shore at an expense of \$28.12½. It ended formally on September 6, 1847, when he left his hut permanently for Concord. Yet to say that Walden is concerned with the adventures of the intervening two years, two months, and two days is to say nothing about the book. Nor is the locale of Walden any more a key to understanding than the time of the external action. For despite the annual movement of literary pilgrims to its shores, perhaps anticipating a magic effect upon their sensibilities, Walden Pond itself is almost irrelevant to the book which it inspired. It is as much to the point to describe Walden as "a book about life beside that pond" as it is to call Robert Frost "a poet who writes about New England."

Walden to Thoreau was the oc-

casional for an experiment in living.

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

What Thoreau discovered, or at least confirmed, through his experiment was an idea so big that it could be expressed only in the amalgam of personal philosophy and natural observations which is *Walden*.

In the center of Thoreau's experiment in living was himself. The term "experiment" is applicable here only if we can dissociate it from laboratory connotations. Thoreau's trial in the woods was conducted in the same spirit as Gandhi's experiments in truth. He wished "to explore the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone." He desired to know himself in the light of the deepest truth discoverable through a strictly disciplined existence, open entirely to the movements of the spirit. Like Kierkegaard he was in search of that solitary individual who was himself, stripped of his public garments, naked before the eye of God.

For his experiment Thoreau sought solitude and poverty. Neither was chosen through a simple preference; they were a deliberate recognition of the human situation. Thoreau saw men leading "lives of quiet desperation" because they allowed themselves to be buried beneath the preoccupations of property and other men's opinions. The legal slavery of the Negro was little worse than the voluntary slavery of the White, who squandered his spirit on his possessions and the trivial ambitions which other men expected of him. Under the normal circumstances of society a man's days were too full of the care of his things and the cant of his fellows to let him turn a measuring eye inward. How was a man to know himself if his every moment was spent on distractions, which besides occupying his time withered his power of understanding?

Thoreau attacked his own proneness to the diversions of the world by partially severing himself from that world. He was not afraid to choose solitude because he saw that loneliness existed everywhere. Man was by definition lonely. The temptation was to deny loneliness by an illusory company which finally intensify his isolation.

"We are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers. A man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will. Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between a man and his fellows."

He could choose poverty because he recognized that a certain indifference to possessions was essential to vision. "Humility like darkness reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, and lo! creation widens to our view."

To poverty and solitude, measures of self-discipline, Thoreau joined nature in his experiment. His mission at Walden was not mystical but mediative; he needed the objects of nature as a medium for understanding existence itself. He was never alone. His contemplation of nature was like a continual dialogue, nature speaking, he responding. As his thoughts became full with the natural symbols which spilled into *Walden*, he could see himself more clearly in a world of infinite design. His life by the pond in hours of quiet concentration allowed him to witness a continuing creation and to drink deeply of existence in its native purity. Nature prevented him from becoming self-confined in abstractions. Her objects gave him a pure access to his own nature by the responses they provoked. She was



A. de Bethuni

the way to transcend the limits of a self-conscious hermit.

If we were to diagram it, Thoreau's experiment could be shown by three concentric circles, the first representing himself in poverty and solitude, the second representing a surrounding nature, and the third circle standing for the society of Concord. For Thoreau did not retreat entirely from the village. His decisions to keep several miles between his home and his neighbors was balanced by his practice of strolling every day or two to the village "to hear some of the gossip which is incessantly going on there, circulating either from mouth to mouth, or from newspaper to newspaper, and which, taken in homeopathic doses, was really as refreshing in its way as the rustle of leaves and the peeping of frogs."

Visitors were also welcomed by Thoreau to his hut, although if two came together they were often forced by their host's lack of supplies to fast through a mealtime. Thoreau's principal objection to society was not that it was essentially evil, but that men met so often and so carelessly that there was no possibility of real communication. They did not allow themselves time to acquire any new value for each other. He expected a man to be himself before being sociable.

None of the three concentric circles representing Thoreau's experiment—his own frugal life, an enveloping nature, and finally society with the reservations Thoreau attached to it—is itself a rare note in literature. Yet *Walden*, which draws the three realities together, is the expression of a theme rare in earlier works and almost totally absent in the literature of the Twentieth Century. It is a theme nowhere stated explicitly in *Walden*, but which gives the eighteen essays which comprise the book the effect of a deeply unified and comprehensive view of existence. What Thoreau realized through a narrative which to some readers seems to waver from one of these three realities to another, uncertain as to its central concern, was an expression of the communion in diversity which is given to man to experience.

From a comprehension of its total vision, *Walden*, can be seen as a conscious razing of the barriers to understanding which men have erected within themselves, between themselves and nature, and between themselves and other men. Thoreau devoted his efforts to each of the three realms which together compose our earthly experience because he understood that a man could not trust himself to simply drift into the proper order of being. Thoreau was aware that evil had disrupted order and that only a highly disciplined spirit could restore within himself the vision of order. The seeds of disorder in himself should be the individual's first concern, so Thoreau centered his attention on himself,

an individual distinct and unique from other men yet at the same time a man whose solitude was an overture to his communion with nature and society. His view that man is always alone was not in conflict with Donne's contention that no man is an island. The limits of individual consciousness can be transcended, provided the person first realizes his unique responsibility to probe deeply the possibilities of his own spirit. The solitude which Thoreau speaks of is that of a man before truth and God. It is the solitude affirmed by the parable of the talents. The man who buries his own possibilities will be forced finally to stand alone and see his folly. Each person is alone in having to follow the guiding pressures of truth. His life is a potential value meant to be realized, however mean it may seem in his eyes. Thoreau believed that no man is an island but that every man has his island, serene in its own beauty, be it the dirtiest corner of an almshouse.

Thoreau made a deliberate effort to offset the forces which had destroyed the communion in which man was meant to live. He made nature his home because society had merely used nature as the materials for village life. He wanted to meet nature in her own realm, where nothing was at stake except his response to the beauty of the world. A typical modern attitude toward nature is expressed in the term "sight-seeing." Rather than see from without Thoreau wanted to be within. Whereas the modern viewpoint wants to see what nature has to offer during a two-weeks vacation, he wanted to enter into her cycle of seasons. While we dilettantes in nature make our living in the city and hoe our gardens on Saturday, Thoreau hoed his bean-field during the week and in his hours of rest lay watching it grow. He cared nothing about what professional farmers thought of his ancient and half-cultivated fields. Their advice usually betrayed a desire to drain nature with no respect for her wishes; Thoreau aided nature's growth on her own terms. He rejoiced even at the abundance of the weeds whose seeds were the granary of the birds.

"The true husbandman will cease from anxiety, as the squirrels manifest no concern whether the woods will bear chestnuts this year or not, and finish his labor with every day, relinquishing all claim to the produce of his fields, and sacrificing in his mind not only his first but his last fruits also." Although Thoreau made no commitment to Christianity, he sought first the kingdom of God and his justice, trusting that his own needs would be met as were those of the birds.

He found the kingdom of God in his communion with nature, but justice had to be sought elsewhere, in the realm of human society. As a result of his retreat from society Thoreau could return to it with the strength of a prophet who knew his message. That message, whose form is *Walden*, is that man, nature, and society are separate yet interdependent in the most intimate manner. Man himself is the focal point of this world; nature mirrors his possibilities; the society of men demands a community founded on justice and love. When any one of these three is emphasized to the detriment of the other two, only a fragment of man is permitted to emerge. The strong-willed individualist, the dreamy romantic, and the deadly efficient social worker are three types suggestive of the peculiar evils which can result from an undue attention to any one realm of human experience. We need to withdraw into ourselves and nature in order to bring a purified vision to expansion in the community of men. Thoreau's vision included justice in a revolutionary way.

His conception of social evils was a part of the idea that being involves a communion among the three realms, on the condition that men order those realms properly. Society no less than nature demands the attention of the individual who desires to move farther along the ways of truth, none of which is totally independent of the others. And as a man is responsible for the acts affecting himself alone, if there be any which he can confine so completely, so too is he responsible for those actions and omissions which expand into society and help form the community around him. Holding this view of personal responsibility for evils given an indirect assent, Thoreau considered his relation to his government highly important. His contacts with a government which condoned slavery were principally through an annual poll-tax, so he expressed his protest against the federal protection of slavery by refusing each year to pay the tax. His action was deliberate and non-violent, committed with the purpose of casting his whole influence against the evil he condemned. It was a form of protest punishable by imprisonment, thereby forcing on the government an awareness that he was willing to sacrifice his own freedom rather than give even a token recognition of its right to permit the slavery of others.

At this point it should be clear that Thoreau's civil disobedience was not a wild shot fired impulsively at a windmill. He believed firmly that no realm of human action was disconnected from any other, and that a man could not compromise himself in one realm without diminishing his being in another. The helplessness which an individual feels in the face of a powerful evil and which moves him to ignore the evil as being beyond his control is usually the result of his failure to recognize the power at his command, his own being. A single man by a willingness to suffer evil for the sake of the good can have an immeasurable effect upon the community. At one time it might have been possible to doubt the efficacy of Thoreau's principle. Now in a post-Gandhian age it is not. We may say that we are not Gandhis, or that we do not wish to be Gandhis, but we can no longer say that a Gandhi is impossible.

In the last half-century the voice of Henry Thoreau has gained a strength which it never possessed during his own forty-four years. It has increased in volume in the manner of a cry echoing more and more loudly down a valley of hope—hope for the Indian, hope for the Negro, hope for all those who do willingly suffer evil for the good to be found in a communion of being. At the height of what he called "the laws of his being" Thoreau placed the integrity of man's existence, and by his witness to the communion in diversity which is given to man to experience he fashioned the perception and courage of others. The hope which prompted him to say, "it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done forever," was confirmed in Mrs. Rosa Parks, a Negro seamstress who on December 1, 1955, quietly refused to move from her seat in a Montgomery bus so that a male white passenger could sit. Mrs. Parks sat and the Negro people in the South stood up in a chorus of approval. They are still standing and shall probably continue to stand until their white neighbors are wise enough to stand, too.

Henry Thoreau was not a saint, nor was he even a Christian. He was simply a man devoted to the discovery of truth and to the expression of truth in his life. That he was no more than such a man is witness enough to the power of the spirit when followed with a pure intention.

We Have To Make

By THOMAS MERTON

1. The Dance of Death

No one seriously doubts that it is now possible for man and his society to be completely destroyed in a nuclear war. This possibility must be soberly faced, even though it is so momentous in all its implications that we can hardly adjust ourselves to it in a fully rational manner. Indeed, this awful threat is the chief psychological weapon of the cold war. America and Russia are playing the paranoid game of nuclear deterrence, each one desperately hoping to preserve peace by threatening the other with bigger bombs and total annihilation.

Every step in this political dance of death brings us inexorably closer to hot war. The closer we get to hot war, the more the theoretical possibility of our total destruction turns into a real probability.

In the rapidly deteriorating situation we find the foreign policies of the great powers confused, ambiguous and sinister. Extremists tend more and more to advocate a "first strike" on the military installations and the key cities of the enemy. Others threaten massive retaliation in a "second strike" which will destroy all his cities if he strikes first at our bases. At the same time, the hopes of a few optimists are still pinned on the possibility that even with these extreme and provocative policies, an all-out war can be avoided, and that if differences have to be settled violently, a limited war with conventional weapons, or with tactical nuclear weapons, will "suffice."

There are also others who wish to be considered optimists and realists on the basis of breezy calculations involving "acceptable losses," and "megapersons," or indeed "megacorpuses." They shrug off civilian deaths by the million and assume that "survivors" will emerge from shelters to resume business as usual. By what title this kind of thinking can be called realistic is difficult to imagine.

There is no control over the arbitrary and belligerent self-determination of the great nations ruled by managerial power elites concerned more with abstract-bureaucratic procedures than with the actual good of real people. The UN is proving itself unable to fulfill the role of international arbiter and powerless to control the pugnacity of the nuclear club. Indeed the big powers have been content to use the UN as a forum for political and propagandist wrestling matches and have not hesitated to take independent action that led to the discrediting of the UN whenever this has been profitable to them. Hence the danger that the uncontrolled power of nuclear weapons may break loose whenever one of the belligerents feels itself sufficiently strong and sufficiently provoked to risk an all-out war. Repeated threats to use the bomb have doubtless been mostly bluff, but one day somebody's bluff is going to be called, perhaps in a very drastic fashion.

As politicians and strategists play their irresponsible game, unconcerned with anything but expediency and the advantage of their own power bloc, Christian moralists have been debating in the background. Very much in the background! For though their judgments may receive a little polite attention from the general public, and may arouse genuine concern in the religious sector of the population, which is an articulate and significant minority, what they say has little direct effect on the policy of the western powers and none whatever on the decisions taken by the Soviets.

The fact remains that theologians and moral philosophers, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, have felt bound to express their opinion, and indeed many non-religious observers have contended that the religious spokesmen have been inordinately timid in speaking up.

One senses, in the liberal comment upon our hesitancy and our silence, a kind of contempt for what is conceived to be opportunism and cowardice on our part. It is felt that we have, in general, contented ourselves with a sheepish conformity, a servile respectability which took care to see that our religious people did nothing to question or to oppose the maneuvers of the strategists. To put it bluntly, we priests and theologians are accused more or less explicitly of selling everybody down the river in order to maintain our own status and to protect the social advantages that have been acquired by our religious groups. Our "patriotism" tends to be discredited as the vociferation of publicists who know how to pick the right side and defend it hotly, since it is the side on which their bread is buttered.

Meanwhile the United States alone possesses a stockpile of nuclear weapons estimated at 60,000 megatons. This is enough to wipe out the present civilized world and to permanently affect all life on the planet earth. These nuclear bombs can be delivered by some 2,500 planes. It is no secret that such planes are constantly in the air, ready to strike. There are 200 missiles available to U.S. forces, mostly of intermediate range, and this does not suggest the immediate likelihood of a purely push button war. But it is estimated that by 1963 there will be two thousand more of them, of which a large proportion will be intercontinental ballistic missiles based in "hard" installations.

An ICBM can carry an H-bomb warhead to a destination five thousand miles away, twenty times faster than the speed of sound. Intermediate range missiles can be fired from submarines and deliver H-bombs which could reduce the Eastern United States to a radioactive wasteland. H-bombs will soon be fitted to satellites and will be able to reach a target within a few minutes, without hope of interception.

It must be remembered that H-bombs are relatively cheap to produce, and it is not difficult to build and deliver big ones. Poison gas can also be delivered by long range missiles. One such gas is manufactured in quantity by the U.S. Army Chemical Corps and it can exterminate whole populations of men as if they were insects. A similar

nerve gas, originally developed by the Nazis, is manufactured in Soviet Russia. This gas is considered to be more effective against civilian populations than any nuclear agent. It leaves industry and property intact and there is no fallout! Shelters offer no protection against chemical agents. The only problem is effective "delivery."

In a word, the logic of deterrence has proved to be singularly illogical, because of the fact that nuclear war is almost exclusively offensive. So far there is no indication that there can be any really effective defense against guided missiles. All the advantage goes to the force that strikes first, without warning. Hence the multiplication of "hard" weapon sites, and of "deep shelters" tends to become provocative and instead of convincing the enemy of our invulnerability, it only invites a heavier preemptive attack by bigger bombs and more of them. The cost of moving a significant portion of industry, business and the population underground is prohibitive and the whole idea is in itself nonsensical, at least as a guarantee of "peace."

Far from producing the promised "nuclear stalemate" and the "balance of terror" on which we are trying to construct an improbable peace, these policies simply generate tension, confusion, suspicion, and paranoid hate. This is the climate most suited to the growth of totalitarianism. Indeed, the cold war itself promises by itself to erode the last vestiges of true democratic freedom and responsibility even in the countries which claim to be defending these values. Those who think that they can preserve their independence, their civic and religious rights by ultimate recourse to the H-bomb do not seem to realize that the mere shadow of the bomb may end by reducing their religious and democratic beliefs to the level of mere words without meaning, veiling a state of rigid and totalitarian belligerency that will tolerate no opposition.

In a world where another Hitler and another Stalin are almost certain to appear on the scene, the existence of such destructive weapons and the moral paralysis of leaders and policy makers combined with the passivity and confusion of mass societies which exist on both sides of the Iron Curtain, constitute the gravest problem in the whole history of man. Our times can be called apocalyptic in the sense that we seem to have come to a point at which all the hidden, mysterious dynamism of the "history of salvation" revealed in the Bible has flowered into final and decisive crisis. The term "end of the world" may or may not be one that we are capable of understanding. But at any rate we seem to be assisting at the unwrapping of the mysteriously vivid symbols in the last book of the New Testament. In their nakedness they reveal to us our own selves as the men whose lot it is to live in a time of possibly ultimate decision. In a word, the end of our civilized society is quite literally up to us and to our immediate descendants, if any. It is for us to decide whether we are going to give in to hatred, terror and blind love of power for its own sake, and thus plunge our world into the abyss, or whether, restraining our savagery, we can patiently and humanely work together for interests which transcend the limits of any national or ideological community. We are challenged to prove we are rational, spiritual and humane enough to deserve survival, by acting according to the highest ethical and spiritual norms we know. As Christians, we believe that these norms have been given to us in the Gospel and in the traditional theology of the Church.

2. The Christian as Peacemaker

We know that Christ came into this world as the Prince of Peace. We know that Christ Himself is our peace (Eph. 2:14). We believe that God has chosen for Himself, in the Mystical Body of Christ, an elect people, regenerated by the Blood of the Savior, and committed by their baptismal promise to wage war upon the evil and hatred that are in man, and thus help to establish the Kingdom of God and of peace.

This means a recognition that human nature, identical in all men, was assumed by the Logos in the Incarnation, and that Christ died out of love for all men, in order to live in all men. Consequently we have the obligation to treat every other man as Christ Himself, respecting his life as if it were the life of Christ, his rights as if they were the rights of Christ. Even if the other shows himself to be unjust, wicked and odious to us, we cannot take upon ourselves a final and definitive judgment in his case. We still have an obligation to be patient, and to seek his highest spiritual interests. In other words, we are formally commanded to love our enemies, and this obligation cannot be met by a formula of words. It is not enough to press the button that will incinerate a city of five million people, saying in one's heart "this hurts me more than it hurts you," or declaring that it is "all for love."

As Pope John XXIII pointed out in his first encyclical letter, *Ad Petri Cathedram*, Christians are obliged to strive for peace "with all the means at their disposal" and yet, as he continues, this peace cannot compromise with error or make concessions to it. Therefore it is by no means a matter of passive acquiescence in injustice, since this does not produce peace. However, the Christian struggle for peace depends first of all upon a free response of man to "God's call to the service of His merciful designs." (Christmas message, 1958). Christ Our Lord did not come to bring peace to the world as a kind of spiritual tranquilizer. He brought to His disciples a vocation and a task, to struggle in the world of violence to establish His peace not only in their own hearts but in society itself. This was to be done not by wishing and fair words but by a total interior revolution in which we abandoned the human prudence that is subordinated to the quest for power, and followed the higher wisdom of love and of the cross.

The Christian is and must be by his very adoption as a

son of God, in Christ, a peacemaker (Matt. 5:9). He is bound to imitate the Savior who, instead of defending Himself with twelve legions of angels (Matt. 26:53), allowed Himself to be nailed to the Cross and died praying for His executioners. The Christian is one whose life has sprung from a particular spiritual seed: the blood of the martyrs who, without offering forcible resistance, laid down their lives rather than submit to the unjust laws that demanded an official religious cult of the Emperor as God. That is to say, the Christian is bound, like the martyrs, to obey God rather than the state whenever the state tries to usurp powers that do not and cannot belong to it. We have repeatedly seen Christians in our time fulfilling this obligation in a heroic manner by their resistance to dictatorships that strove to interfere with the rights of their conscience and their religion.

Hence it must be stated quite clearly and without any compromise that the duty of the Christian as a peacemaker is not to be confused with a kind of quietistic inertia which is indifferent to injustice, accepts any kind of disorder, compromises with error and with evil, and gives in to every pressure in order to maintain "peace at any price." The Christian knows well, or should know well, that peace is not possible on such terms. Peace demands the most heroic labor and the most difficult sacrifice. It demands greater heroism than war. It demands greater fidelity to the truth and a much more perfect purity of conscience. The Christian fight for peace is not to be confused with defeatism. This has to be made clear because there is a certain complacent sophistry, given free currency by publicists who want to justify war too easily, and who like to treat anyone who disagrees with them as if he were a practical apostate from the faith who had already surrendered implicitly to communism by refusing to accept the morality of an all-out nuclear war. This, as any one can easily see, is simply begging the question. And one feels that those who yield to this temptation are perhaps a little too much influenced by the pragmatism and opportunism of our affluent society.

There is a lot of talk, among some of the clergy, about the relative danger of nuclear war and a "communist takeover." It is assumed, quite gratuitously, that the Communist is at the gates, and is just about to take over the United States, close all the Churches, and brainwash all the good Catholics. Once this spectral assessment of the situation is accepted, then one is urged to agree that there is only one solution: to let the Reds have it before they get our government and our universities thoroughly infiltrated. This means a preemptive strike, based not on the fact that we ourselves are actually under military attack, but that we are so "provoked" and so "threatened" that even the most drastic measures are justified.

If it is argued that there can be no proportion between the awful destruction wrought by nuclear war and the good achieved by exorcising this largely imaginary specter of Communist domination, the argument comes back: "better dead than red." And this, in turn, is justified by the contention that the destruction of cities, nations, populations, is "only a physical evil" while Communist domination would be a "moral evil."

It must be said at once that this fantastic piece of nonsense has no basis in logic, ethics, politics or sound moral theology. It is a sophistry pure and simple. Two quotations from Pope Pius XII will suffice to establish the true Catholic perspective on these points.

The destruction of cities and nations by nuclear war is "only a physical evil"? Pope Pius XII called aggressive ABC warfare a "sin, an offense and an outrage against the majesty of God." And he adds: "it constitutes a crime worthy of the most severe national and international sanctions." (Address to the World Medical Congress, 1954) Fr. John Courtney Murray, S.J., whom no one can accuse of being a "pacifist" (he favors the licity of "limited nuclear war" and also believes that such a war would have practical value) has stated, "The extreme position of favoring a war . . . simply to kill off all Communists, cannot be a legitimate Catholic opinion."

The real issue here is not actually a moral principle so much as a state of mind. This state of mind is the one which we find in the American mass media. It is made up of a large number of very superficial assumptions about what is going on in the world and about what is likely to happen. It is a gross oversimplification of the facts, based largely on naivete and ignorance. It would be tragic indeed if our survival and indeed our Christian faith itself were left entirely at the mercy of such assumptions!

To protect ourselves, we have to stand back and try to recover our Christian perspective, instead of rationalizing, in moral terms, the familiar mental cliches that are dinned into our ears by the mass media.

3. Beyond East and West

We are no longer living in a Christian world. The ages which we are pleased to call the "ages of Faith" were certainly not ages of earthly paradise. But at least our forefathers officially recognized and favored the Christian ethic of love. They fought some very bloody and unchristian wars, and in doing so, they also committed great crimes which remain in history as a permanent scandal. However, certain definite limits were recognized. Today a non-Christian world still retains a few vestiges of Christian morality, a few formulas and cliches, which serve on appropriate occasions to adorn indignant editorials and speeches. But otherwise we witness deliberate campaigns to oppose and eliminate all education in Christian truth and morality. Not only non-Christians but even Christians themselves tend to dismiss the Gospel ethic of non-violence and love as "sentimental." As a matter of fact, the mere suggestion that Christ counselled non-violent resistance to evil is enough to invite scathing

Like Ourselves Heard

ridicule. One Catholic writer seems willing to abandon the Sermon on the Mount to "Protestant ministers and Jewish Rabbis." (sic.)

It is therefore a serious error to imagine that because the West was once largely Christian, the cause of the Western nations is now to be identified, without further qualification, with the cause of God. The incentive to wipe out Bolshevism with H-bombs may well be one of the apocalyptic temptations of twentieth century Christendom. It may indeed be the most effective way of destroying Christendom, even though man may survive. For who imagines that the Asians and Africans will respect Christianity and accept it after it has apparently triggered mass-murder and destruction of cosmic proportions? It is pure madness to think that Christianity can defend itself by nuclear preemption. The mere fact that we now seem to accept nuclear war as reasonable and Christian, is a universal scandal.

True, Christianity is not only opposed to Communism, but in a very real sense, at war with it. However this warfare is spiritual and ideological. "Devoid of material weapons," says Pope John, "the Church is the trustee of the highest spiritual power." If the Church has no military weapons of her own, it means that her wars are fought without violence, not that she intends to call upon the weapons of nations that were once Christian, in defense of the Gospel. Whatever we may think of the ethics of nuclear war, it is clear that the message of the H-bomb is neither salvation nor "good news."

We must believe, precisely, that an essential part of the "good news" is that spiritual weapons are stronger than material ones. Indeed, by spiritual arms, the early Church conquered the entire Roman world. Have we lost our faith in this "sword of the Spirit"? Have we perhaps lost all realization of its very existence?

Of course we must repudiate a tactic of inert passivity that purely and simply leaves man defenseless, without any recourse whatever to any means of protecting himself, his rights, or Christian truth. We repeat again and again that the right, and truth, are to be defended by the most efficacious possible means, and that the most efficacious of all are precisely the spiritual tones, which have always been the only ones that have effected a really lasting moral change in society and in man. The Church tolerates defensive use of weapons only in so far as men are unable to measure up to the stricter and more heroic demands of spiritual warfare. It is absolutely unchristian to adopt, in practice, a viewpoint which practically rejects or ignores all recourse to the spiritual weapons, and relegates them entirely to the background as if they have no efficacy whatever, and as if material weapons (the bigger the better) were the ones that really counted.

It seems that a great deal of the moral discussion about nuclear war is based, in fact, on the assumption that spiritual weapons are quixotic and worthless and that material weapons alone are worthy of serious consideration. But this attitude is precisely what leads to a fundamental vitiation of the Church's traditionally accepted doctrine on the use of violence in war: it seeks in every possible way to evade the obligation to use war only as a last resort, purely in defense, and with the use of just means only.

Inevitably, as soon as the obsession with bigger and bigger weapons takes hold of us, we make it impossible for ourselves to consider the just rights of non-combatants. We twist and deform the truth in every possible way in order to convince ourselves that non-combatants are really combatants after all, and that our attack is in reality "defense" while the enemy's "defense" really constitutes an attack. By such tactics we disqualify ourselves from receiving the guidance of light and grace which will enable us to judge as spiritual men and as members of Christ. Obviously, without this special gift of light, we remain utterly incapable of seeing or appreciating the superiority of spiritual weapons, prayer, sacrifice, patient negotiation, and non-violent means in general.

This results in the unhappy situation that non-Christians with rather dubious doctrinal support in irreligious philosophies, have been able to take over characteristically Christian spiritual methods, appropriating them to themselves and thus further discrediting them in the eyes of the orthodox believer who is already confused by the now instinctive justification of war and weapons as the "normal" Christian way of solving international problems.

We must remember that the Church does not belong to any political power bloc. Christianity exists on both sides of the Iron Curtain and we should feel ourselves united by very special bonds with those Christians who, living under Communism, often suffer heroically for their principles.

Is it a valid defense of Christianity for us to wipe out those heroic Christians along with their oppressors, for the sake of "religious freedom"?

Let us stop and consider where the policy of massive retaliation and worse still of preemptive strike will lead us. Suppose we plan to annihilate huge population centers, at the same time showering vast areas around them with lethal fallout. Suppose we believe it necessary to do this in order to protect ourselves against the menace of world communism.

In these countries which we will not hesitate to annihilate, the vast majority is not Communist. On the contrary, while the people have resigned themselves passively to Communist domination, and have become quite convinced that there is no hope to be looked for from us because we are their declared enemies, and intend to wipe them out, they are by no means communists. They suffer under communism. They do not want war. They have, in many cases, lived through the horrors and sacrifices of total war and experienced things which we ourselves are barely able to imagine. They do not want to go through this again.

We, in the name of liberty, of justice, of humanity, may be pursuing a policy which promises to crush them with even greater horror, except that it may be perhaps "merciful" that millions of them will simply be blown out of existence in the twinkling of an eye. Merciful? When many of them have a Christian background, many are faithful Christians?

In the name of faith, and of the Church, are we willing to exterminate other believers in Christ, other members of our Church, without even giving them the opportunity to make an act of contrition?

What good will our belligerent policy do us in those countries? None at all. It will only serve to reinforce the fatalistic conviction of the necessity of armament and of war that has been dinned into these populations by the Communist minority which dominates them.

Thus in order to get at a small minority of fanatics, we will deliberately threaten the most frightful terrorism to crush their innocent victims. The populations of the Iron Curtain countries will then be victims twice over. Already prisoners of our enemy, we are making them at the same time our hostages and preparing to kill them in the most barbarous manner in order to make their captors feel our power. Is this Christianity? Is this even sane logic?

I say that "we" are willing to do all this. Of course we do not want these effects: but if we want what makes them inevitable, how can we disclaim responsibility for them? Must we continue to insist on stretching our moral principles to the breaking point in order to accommodate unprincipled and irreligious military strategists who cynically calculate in such terms?

How do we justify our readiness to wage a war of this kind? Let us face the fact that we feel ourselves terribly menaced by Communism. Certainly we believe we have to defend ourselves. Why are we menaced? Because, as time goes on, the Communists have gained a greater and greater advantage over us in the cold war. Why have they been able to do this? This is a question of historic fact, which however is not absolutely clear, but anyone will admit that our very reliance on the massive power of the bomb has to a great extent crippled us and restricted our freedom to maneuver, and the Communists have been operating under the protection of this massive threat that is too enormous to let loose for any but the most serious causes. Hence, instead of the serious provocation, the massive attack, we are confronted with a multiplicity of little threats all over the world, little advances, little gains. They all add up, but even the total of all of them does not constitute a sufficient reason for nuclear war.

But we are getting mad, and we are beginning to be thoroughly impatient with the humiliation of constant defeat. The more humiliated we become, the worse we compromise our chances, the greater errors we make.

We used to have an unrivalled reputation among the backward peoples of the world. We were considered the true defenders of liberty, justice and peace, the hope of the future. Our anger, our ignorance and our frustration have made us forfeit this tremendous advantage.

We forget that Castro came to us first, and Lumumba came to us first. In each case we literally pushed them into the arms of Soviet Russia. All the other undeveloped nations were watching, and drew their own conclusions. Where do we stand now?

4.—Moral Passivity and Demonic Activism.

One of the most disturbing things about the Western world of our time is that it is beginning to have much more in common with the Communist world than it has with the professedly Christian society of several centuries ago. On both sides of the Iron Curtain we find two pathological varieties of the same moral sickness: both of them rooted in the same basically materialistic view of life. Both are basically opportunistic and pragmatic in their own way. And both have the following characteristics in common. On the level of morality they are blindly passive in their submission to a determination which, in effect, leaves men completely irresponsible. Therefore moral obligations and decisions tend to become practically meaningless. At best they are only forms of words, rationalizations of pragmatic decisions that have already been dictated by the needs of the moment.

Naturally, since not everyone is an unprincipled materialist even in Russia, there is bound to be some moral sense at work, even if only as a guilt-feeling that produces uneasiness and hesitation, blocking the smooth efficiency of machine-like obedience to immoral commands. Yet the history of Nazi Germany shows us how appalling was the irresponsibility which would carry out even the most revolting of crimes under cover of "obedience" to "legitimately constituted authority" for the sake of a "good cause." This moral passivity is the most terrible danger of our time, as the American bishops have already pointed out in their joint letters of 1960 and 1961.

On the level of political, economic and military activity, this moral passivity is balanced, or over balanced, by a demonic activism, a frenzy of the most varied, versatile, complex and even utterly brilliant technological improvisations, following one upon the other with an ever more bewildering and uncontrollable proliferation. Politics pretends to use this force as its servant, to harness it for social purposes, for the "good of man." The intention is good. The technological development of power in our time is certainly a risk and challenge; but it is by no means intrinsically evil. On the contrary, it can and should be a very great good. In actual fact, however, the furious speed with which our technological world is plunging toward disaster is evidence that no one is any longer fully in control—least of all; perhaps, the political leaders.

A simple study of the steps which led to the dropping

of the first A-bomb on Hiroshima is devastating evidence of the way well-meaning men, the scientists, generals and statesmen of a victorious nation, were guided step by step, without realizing it, by the inscrutable yet simple "logic of events" to fire the shot that was to make the Cold War inevitable and prepare the way inexorably for World War III. This they did purely and simply because they thought in all sincerity that the bomb was the simplest and most merciful way of ending World War II and perhaps all wars, forever.

The tragedy of our time is then not so much the malice of the wicked as the helpless futility of the best intentions of "the good." There are warmakers, war criminals, indeed. They are present and active on both sides. But all of us, in our very best efforts for peace, find ourselves maneuvered unconsciously into positions where we too can act as war criminals. For there can be no doubt that Hiroshima and Nagasaki were, though not fully deliberate crimes, nevertheless crimes. And who was responsible? No one. Or "history." We cannot go on playing with nuclear fire and shrugging off the results as "history." We are the ones concerned. We are the ones responsible. History does not make us, we make it—or end it.

In plain words, in order to save ourselves from destruction we have to try to regain control of a world that is speeding downhill without brakes because of the combination of factors I have just mentioned: almost total passivity and irresponsibility on the moral level, plus demonic activism in social, political and military life.

First of all we must seek some remedy in the technological sphere. We must try to achieve some control over the production and stockpiling of weapons. It is intolerable that such massive engines of destruction should be allowed to proliferate in all directions without any semblance of a long range plan for anything, even for what is cynically called "defense." To allow governments to pour more and more billions into weapons that almost immediately become obsolete, thereby necessitating more billions for newer and bigger weapons, is one of the most colossal injustices in the long history of man. While we are doing this, two thirds of the world are starving, or living in conditions of unparalleled and subhuman destitution.

Far from demanding that the lunatic race for destruction be stepped up, it seems to me that Christian morality imposes on every single one of us the obligation to protest against it and to work for the creation of an international authority with power and sanctions that will be able to control technology, and divert our amazing virtuosity into the service of man instead of against him.

It is not enough to say that we ought to try to work for a negotiated disarmament, or that one power bloc or the other ought to take the lead and disarm unilaterally. Methods and policies can and should be fairly considered. But what matters most is the obligation to travel in every feasible way in the direction of peace, using all the traditional and legitimate methods, while at the same time seeking to improvise new and original measures to achieve our end.

Long ago, even before the A-bomb, Pope Pius XII declared it was our supreme obligation to make "war on war" (1944). At that time he stressed our moral obligation to ban all wars of aggression, stating this duty was binding on all and that it "brooks no delay, no procrastination, no hesitation, no subterfuge." And what have we seen since then? The A-bomb, the H-bomb, the ICBM, the further development of Chemical and Bacteriological Weapons, and every possible evasion and subterfuge to justify their use without limitation as soon as one or the other nation decides that it may be expedient!

Therefore a Christian who is not willing to envisage the creation of an effective international authority to control the destinies of man for peace is not acting and thinking as a mature member of the Church. He does not have fully Christian perspectives. Such perspectives must by their very nature, be "catholic," that is to say world-wide. They must consider the needs of mankind and not the temporary expediency and short sighted policy of a particular nation.

To reject a "world-wide" outlook, to refuse to consider the good of mankind, and to remain satisfied with the affluence that flows from our war economy, is hardly a Christian attitude. Nor will our attachment to the current payoff accruing to us from weapons make it any easier for us to see and understand the need to take the hard road of sacrifice which alone leads to peace!

Equally important, and perhaps even more difficult than technological control, is the restoration of some moral sense and the resumption of genuine responsibility. Without this it is illusory for us to speak of freedom and "control." Unfortunately, even where moral principles are still regarded with some degree of respect, morality has lost touch with the realities of our situation. Modern warfare is fought as much by machines as by men. Even a great deal of the planning depends on the work of mechanical computers.

Hence it becomes more and more difficult to estimate the morality of an act leading to war because it is more and more difficult to know precisely what is going on. Not only is war increasingly a matter for pure specialists operating with fantastically complex machinery, but above all there is the question of absolute secrecy regarding everything that seriously affects defense policy. We may amuse ourselves by reading the reports in mass media and imagine that these "facts" provide sufficient basis for moral judgments for and against war. But in reality, we are simply elaborating moral fantasies in a vacuum. Whatever we may decide, we remain completely at the mercy of the governmental power, or rather the anonymous power of managers and generals who stand

(Continued on page 6)

CHRYSTIE STREET

By CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

Walter has painted our outside front wall green. Ed cleans up the accumulations at the front windows every morning. Walt has extended the women's clothes room. Millie and Marie sweep the floors and clean the toilets daily. Italian Mike has added Siloe House to his duties, which every day is filled with over a hundred men waiting for Charlie's soup.

So the good battle continues. Our roof leaks again as bad as ever. Every few days we hear kids running on the roof. Sometimes I pound on Keith's door and climb out on the ladder, but they are always gone. A student who helped tar the roof last summer sent us a contribution and in his letter mentioned that Miss Day had spoken at his school.

"There was quite a crowd present. I guess what she said didn't make too much difference. A lot of people watched but didn't listen, a lot of the listeners didn't hear, and most of the hearers didn't understand. The Catholic Worker isn't something you understand from hear-say. Often seeing won't help either. You've got to be there for a while! It took me several hours to begin to realize what the Worker is—and a few days for that to settle in."

The appeal is still coming in now and our bills are being thinned out. You may wonder why we print the appeal after sending it separate. That's because the separate mailing goes only to our readers in the United States. We are behind in thank-you notes, but they will come. And we trust St. Joseph not to forget any gift, prayer, or thought that is sent to help this work for the poor and for peace.

Co-op Clinic

Dr. Peter Macklein brought us good news from Montreal on his visit to us. A medical clinic for the poor has begun there at St. Joseph's House and is open two nights a week. Dr. Macklein runs it one night and a woman doctor the other. Equipment and medicine is obtained by gift or at cost price. St. Joseph's House is a house of hospitality for women run by Margo d'Angelo. A co-op for the poor follows up the people served by the clinic to help them further. We want to learn more about this co-op founded under father Kunz. In it families help each other. Seven families work together. If one can't provide for itself the other six each supply food for it one day a week. The seventh day the family must manage on its own.

Personal Notes

The doctor visited Hattie at 54 Spring St. while he was here. He said she was in good health in spite of eating so little and never leaving her room. Scotch Mary still climbs the 5 flights daily to care for her. For over a week they were without water and Ray Leach brought them full jars every morning.

Jim Gosline and Al Whitehead are going up to the Oxford group regularly now. The group is located in the lobby of the Oxford Hotel at 205 W. 88th St. It was started by Mr. Val Peterson and serves meals daily. It runs on donations and has no bank account. It is a place for informal discussions and television, but mainly it is a place where a person finds friends to help him get to AA meetings and to help him bear the discomfort, fear and shame that is part of getting better.

German George is still at Tri-boro Hospital, but doing very well. He has put on 25 pounds and can borrow as many books from the library as he likes. He may get a one-day pass soon. Gerald McGratty has again brought us 60 cord rosaries made by ladies on Long Island. They make the beads by winding the cord around an umbrella spoke. The manager at the Sunshine Hotel said Mike Sullivan and Jim Lyons kept the cleanest rooms in the hotels. They took pictures to prove it. Then he

found a pigeon in Jim's room and started talking about charging a dollar extra.

Saturday I was on the Broadway bus to South Ferry and the colored driver was cheering up each passenger as he entered or left. He was chatting on kind of to himself and I was just able to hear, "And now good people we are passing Slave's Alley, more commonly known as Wall St." I was so happily shocked that I gave him a Catholic Worker and forgot my hat on the bus.

Farm Commune

Miss Day gave a talk on agriculture April 13th. She said we must do away with fear and feel free to study what is being done around the world, the experiments of Vinoba Bhave, the Kibbutzim, and the collectives in Russia. The collectives are closer to our ideal than the state farms. 360 families live on one farm of 7,000 acres. Good books are *Inside Russia* by Gunther and *Main St., USSR* by Levine. A basic book is *Paths in Utopia* by Buber. Needed are an esteem for voluntary poverty, respect for people and a change of motive from profit motive to the common good. One crop and profit thinking are wrong, rather we should think in terms of people's needs, a philosophy of labor, crafts, families and single people on the land together, unemployed, old people and children. We need a plan for a farm commune, common laundry and library, people living close together not separate, living for the common good, and willing to learn by mistakes. What is worth doing is worth doing badly.

Eddie Egan

On the Friday after Easter Eddie Egan spoke on the moral imperative of pacifism. If you don't believe in killing people then you are out of it politically. If a man saw that slavery was wrong in the 2nd century he was out of it economically. So be it. A man may be out of step with the political or economic reality of the moment, but in step with the moral evolution of man. Therefore a young person should not hesitate to be an absolute pacifist because he sees that as politically unrealistic.

Then Eddie talked about why it's wrong to kill. In the first place, young people today can't trust themselves to make big decisions so they dump the problem into the hands of a psychiatrist or priest. But the young person still decides in a way because he decides which psychiatrist or priest to trust. But as to the decision to kill, where can you find a top sergeant learned in the spirituality of St. Francis, one of whom you can put your full trust in? Nowhere.

In the second place, the whole message of Christ is that we must learn to love persons. And can I love a person and at the same time drive a bayonet into him, or drop a fire bomb on him? Can I love him and at the same time intentionally decide that he shall no longer be on this planet? Eddie's answer is no. When Tolstoy saw an execution and the head fall from the body he experienced a truth—he saw the killing as absolutely wrong. So Eddie sees killing as absolutely contrary to love, and we must love.

Miss Day made the final comment at 11 P.M. She said the things we teach, we will be tested on at some time. We should make practical efforts to prepare for that test. We can't say how we shall act in a crisis. We might kill too in sudden provocation, or out of fear or weakness. But we can pray and trust that grace will be given and that by grace we shall then live the truth that we see and teach now.

Father Metzger

John Heidbrink of the F.O.R. sent us a copy of the biography of Fr. Metzger who was a martyr for peace under the Nazis. The title is *Max Josef Metzger, Priest and Martyr 1887-1944* by Lillian Ste-



venson. It was published by S.P.C.K. in 1952, Northumberland Ave., London W.C.2. It is out of print now but the F.O.R. hopes to republish. There is a biographical sketch, a description of the Society of Christ the King and the Una Sancta Movement which Fr. Metzger founded, a letter to Pope Pius XII on Church unity, a long letter to fellow prisoners and other letters and poems from prison.

He worked for world peace with the International F.O.R. and his concern for true peace led to active work to heal the divided Church. He began the Una Sancta Brotherhood in 1938 seeking mutual understanding between different Christian confessions. The second conference in 1940 with both Catholic and Protestant clergy was interfered with by the Gestapo. The movement still continues. There was a two day retreat at Stuttgart in 1946 with about 100 Catholic and Protestants together. The first day began with a Roman Mass, the second with a Lutheran Celebration. Naturally there was no act of intercommunion, but "no one felt outside."

Fr. Metzger was arrested on June 29, 1943, the feast of Saints Peter and Paul. He tried to state his case in court but the prosecuting lawyer grew wild with indignation and shouted that no trial was possible. He cried out, "Una Sancta, una sanctissima... Una, una—that means us!" After that Fr. Metzger was silent and the death sentence was given. He comforted his friends with the words, "Now it is over! I am quite at peace. I have offered my life to God for the peace of the world and the unity of His Church. God has accepted it and I am glad. But if He should grant me life (petitions had been filed) then I should still be glad. As God wills!"

For six months he waited execution and yet with hands chained he wrote letters, essays, prayers, songs, litanies, and melodies. He was beheaded alone, without friends beside him. But a prison employee who was present said to a friend, "Never have I seen a man die like that."

One of his letters shows how a prisoner can pray (page 72): "Here is another beautiful and fruitful way of praying. Place before you in order all the people with whom you have contacts and think of them as a Christian ought to think of them before God. Perhaps you have to ask forgiveness from many of them. Well, do it and you will be a better man. Perhaps you owe them thanks? Thankfulness is a sign of a noble mind. Of some of them you think with sadness or with a homesick longing. In God the most distant are near. Bless them with your thoughts and prayers. No eye sees you, no ear hears, but the Father in heaven 'who seeth in secret,' he sees and hears it all and blesses you and all for whom you want his blessing. How lovely it is, in the silence of night, to meet all one's loved ones in God. And how your life—that life which at present seems so useless—will be enriched if you daily ask God's blessing upon others."

This Night I Carry the Banner

By KARL MEYER

Holy Thursday

164 W. Oak St.

At 5:00 we went to Mass at St. Dominic's Church, and, as on Palm Sunday, the people were called to join the Procession, for which we were grateful.

After the Mass we held a Paschal supper at St. Stephen's House. Eleven residents and guests sat down to feast on lamb sent us by Fr. Damian, and a twelfth sat down to vegetables, having some concern for the poor lamb.

After the supper we had a reading of St. John's story of the Last Supper.

At 9:30, seven of us set out for St. Dominic's for an hour of vigil and prayer, a part of the actions of the Week for Peace in Chicago. Seven of us—four Romans, two Jews and one Anglican—set out for a vigil of prayer before the Eucharist for the intentions of the Pope for world peace. Is it strange that two Jews and an Anglican should go out with four Romans to such an event? Each man has his own Christ, though we seem in this movement to have a power to draw the estranged together. We had plotted together, and had it in mind to bear him away and make him a king over a pacifist kingdom, to bring the people into subjection to his universal law of love. "Each of us," said Mauriac, "makes Christ a prisoner of his own limited way of thinking and feeling." But somehow he always resisted.

Down on skid row they are "carrying the banner"—a euphemism of the destitute meaning to walk the streets through the night with nowhere to sleep, taking only a temporary refuge from cold or rain in all night coffee houses, movie houses or taverns, hoping to be spared cops, night court and jails. This is the night when Christ "carried the banner." To commemorate his night of prayer and his arrest, I walk the chill streets without sleep, taking my refuge for a few hours before the Eucharist.

I walked down North Clark and over on Madison. The street was empty. Everyone was seen through dingy windows slumped at bars. I began to say to myself, Here is a man seeking to emulate Christ in his presence to the destitute, and yet he has never stood at the bar with them to drink a glass of beer. How shall he know them? How shall he be present to them? So I began to ask myself, Will I dare to go into one of these places and ask for a glass of beer? And if I dare, how shall I ask? Will I know what brand of beer to name? Will I be conspicuous to them in all the newness of this experience? Will the bartender question my age, who have no draft card to prove it?

So discussing with myself, an hour passed quickly and I found myself beyond Madison and Morgan. I turned back towards some

likely bar I had passed.

I had gone a few feet, when, looking down just to my left, I saw a small white pigeon standing against the wall. I bent to touch it and it backed away, then flew off weakly, almost settling in the middle of the street, and then, reaching the far side, stopped against the opposite wall. I crossed the street and now took the bird in my hands, and sheltered it under my coat and brought it home to rest safely.

What is the meaning of this omen on such a night, the night of these words: I am going away—but I will ask my Father to send you another—peace I leave with you; it is my own peace that I give you; I do not give peace as the world gives it.

Tomorrow, we will carry the banner of protest in the Easter March for Peace. Yes, let us go on doing that. But if we really would go in search of peace, we must carry the banner of poverty, of cold and sleepless nights, walking the pavement among the poor in spirit. Down there on Skid Row (not Park Row), down there on Madison St. (not Madison Ave.) we will find the dove of peace, weak and unsheltered in the darkness of the shabby night.

The hour going down, passed in meditation, moved quickly and carefree; but the hour returning was very long and impatient, weighed under the burden of a small pigeon carried under my coat. When I had brought the bird home and placed it in my room, I went back to the Church. A Methodist came too in the small hours.

Later on I went out onto the streets again, and made the Gold Coast rounds digging up a couple of cleft potatoes and some fruit in a small basket. When I had brought that home, I set out for the Church again. Along the way I heard boxes rustling in an alley, and being interested in such things, I stopped to look, and behold, there was Brother Rat trying to make a go of it too.

This is whereby the Lord's Passover is duly kept with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth by the casting away of the old leaven of wickedness and the inebriating and feeding of the new creature with the Lord Himself. For nothing else is brought about by the partaking of the body and blood of Christ than that we pass into that which we then take, and both in spirit and in body carry everywhere Him, in and with whom we were dead, buried, and rose again.

St. Leo the Great

Be Heard

(Continued from page 5)

behind the facade of government. We have no way of directly influencing the decisions and policies taken by these people. In practice, we must fall back on a blinder and blinder faith which more and more resigns itself to trusting the "legitimately constituted authority" without having the vaguest notion what that authority is liable to do next. This condition of irresponsibility and passivity is extremely dangerous.

An entirely new dimension is opened up by the fantastic processes and techniques involved in modern war. An American President can speak of warfare in outer space and nobody bursts out laughing—he is perfectly serious. Science fiction and the comic strip have all suddenly come true. When a missile armed with an H-bomb warhead is fired by the pressing of a button and its target is a whole city, the number of its victims is estimated in "mega-corpses"—millions of dead human beings. A thousand or ten thousand more here and there are not even matter for comment. Can we assume that all who make such terrible decisions, will make them in accordance with Christian moral standards? Obviously not! To what extent then can we assume that in passively following their lead and concurring in their decision—at least by default—we are acting as Christians?

Ed. Note—This article contains fragments of one that appeared in *The Commonwealth* on Feb. 9, 1962, revised and expanded.

TO BE CONTINUED

Peter Maurin Farm

By DEANE MOWRER

May Day, the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker, arrived in the midst of such chilly rainy weather that no one, I think, went looking for the traditional May flowers. The flowers, however, were there, made ready by the bright, warm, bird-lyrical days of Easter week to welcome St. Joseph and make beautiful the altars of Our Lady. So despite the inclement weather, we were glad to keep the feast of St. Joseph here at the farm, particularly since this feast of our patron Saint happens also to be the anniversary of the birth of the Catholic Worker which made its first appearance on May Day, 1933. Now today the sun is shining again, and anyone who cares to can stop for a meditative moment under the blossomy boughs of cherry, apple, or pear trees, or breathe the familiar fragrance of lilacs at the corner of the house, or look for violets among the tufts of grass or trout lilies down by the little brook; and whoever cares to listen can hear a choir of bird voices with a merry brown thrasher stealing a melody from each to make his own gay medley of song. And it is May, the month of Our Lady.

The sounds that I hear when I turn on my radio are by no means as reassuring as the brown thrasher would have me believe. The talk is of cold wars and rumors of colder wars and preparations for total war, for war of annihilation. The United States has resumed testing of nuclear weapons; Russia will soon do so, as will other nations in their turn. There is no need to dwell on such news. We have all heard. We all know our secret sense of guilt and fear. There are some who are protesting; there ought to be more. Not everyone can take part in a large demonstration or engage in those acts of civil disobedience which may incur the penalty of a jail sentence. The brown thrasher is right, I think. The cheerful performance of the immediate task, the cheerful singing of one's own song in praise of God, the daily effort to keep one's life in tune with that song—may be harder than any protest—and does not of course cancel out any such action—may ultimately be the only enduring protest simply because it is first of all an affirmation of good.

Here at the farm the daily task must go on. The garden is doing well since the rain, but, as John Filliger will tell you, can hardly be left to itself. Johnny Bruhl not only helps John but also has his own garden project to look after. Shorty and Albert are usually on hand to help in the garden when John needs them. Albert, however, has been filling in the waiting time by painting the trunks of the trees to protect them from insects, and in painting the outdoor chairs, benches, and tables. Hans Tunnesen is busy, as always at this time of year, repairing and putting up screens at doors and windows. Andy Spillane returned from a sea voyage and stayed with us long enough to put a bright new coat of yellow paint on the upstairs kitchen. Joe Roach and Classie Mae have been looking after the laundry and are well pleased with the washing machine which Tina Meek gave us. Larry Doyle, Joe Cotter, and Joe Roach do the major part of the cooking, but are glad to have the help of Greta Mitchell, Classie Mae, and Hans on certain days. Slim deserves a medal for dishwashing. Agnes Sydney and Mollie Powers are more regular in their habits and more faithful to daily duty than most of us, and are largely responsible for whatever order one sees about the house. Jean Walsh is kept busy driving persons here and there and running the innumerable errands without which the farm cannot seem to operate. During Jean's absence—she is now in Boston where her father was

operated on this week—we are particularly grateful to Eddie Oxnall for coming over almost every day to take people to trains or out shopping for the farm necessities. Brenda Fay and David have been busy growing and so manage to keep their mothers—Classie Mae and Lucille—a little busier every day. Brenda is at that stage when there is nothing more interesting than a staircase or an open door, and has had a few falls in consequence of following up her interest. She is least likely to get into mischief when she is taking her meals in state at her new table which Leonard Robinson repaired and painted for her. Even the geese down on the little pond are busier and gabble with more anxious concern, for they now have three little golden goslings to care for.

Baptisms are, I think, happy occasions. During the month of April five children—three of them infants—who are living or have lived here at the farm were baptized in our parish Church. On the first Sunday of Paschontide, Fr. Riordan baptized Brenda Fay and David Daniel, with Ralph Madsen and Jean Walsh acting as god-parents to Brenda, and Dorothy Day and Ed Forand as god-parents for David. On Holy



Saturday Fr. Riordan baptized Michelle, Aimee, and Rayna DeVore, with Stanley Vishnewski and Anne Marie Stokes as god-parents for the three. On both occasions everyone returned to the farm to enjoy a little celebration in honor of these important events, which are true birthdays and mark the beginning of one's life in Christ. We are glad to have our Christian family so enlarged; we pray that they will grow in grace and keep the faith.

It was also during April, during Holy week when our thoughts turn to the death of Our Lord on the Cross—that death by which we all may enter, through baptism that little dying into Christ's risen life—that we learned of the death of Stanley Borowski. Stanley lived here at the farm a few years ago; he was a good worker, John says. He was also a convinced pacifist and went to jail with us in the early Civil Defense Protest demonstrations. He was devout and tireless in the performance of works of mercy. Two years or so ago he went to Alaska to help in the missions there, and was taken gravely ill. We are glad that he was able to return to his family in Brooklyn before his death. He was buried on Good Friday. God rest his soul; and may he pray for us.

We have had a number of visitors during the past weeks. Several from our Christie Street staff and family have visited—Charles Butterworth, Judith Gregory, Walter Kereff, Ed Forand, Al O'Connell, Jim Canovan, Bob Stewart, Mike Dumansky, and Arthur Lacy has not only come for several visits but has also brought out movies for the farm family and neighborhood children to enjoy. Al Gullion, who helped in the work a few years ago both

here at the farm and at Chrystie Street, surprised us by coming by for a short visit during Holy Week. Al is now married and living in Brooklyn. Tom McIntee who helped here at the farm last summer also re-visited one afternoon. Diane Lewis, who went to jail for taking part in the Civil Defense protest demonstration two years ago drove over Easter Sunday with her mother and her two young sons. Peggy and Howard got out one day, and we hope will return soon. Virginia Whelan came out to hear Bill Horvath speak. Mr. and Mrs. Carolyn from New Jersey brought their children over on Easter Sunday to visit with Jean Walsh, Mrs. Carolyn's cousin.

What with baptism, the feasts of the Easter season, and a number of birthdays—Albert Cheek, 74, Agnes Sydney 81, Lucille Holman 20, Johnny Bruhl 23—it seems that we have been doing more than a little feasting. The most beautiful feast, I think, was that of Holy Thursday. Hans Tunnesen and Greta Mitchell collaborated to make a real paschal meal. We had no white table cloth, but Agnes found some new sheets which served very well. Greta took special care with the table setting. Dorothy Day brought her two granddaughters, Becky and Susie Hennessey, and their friend Mary Hughes. The men of the family for once all consented to eat at the main upstairs table. Stanley read the Holy Thursday

Gospel. There was a sense of reverence and beauty, of our relatedness to one another through His Mystical Body. Who ate the paschal lamb with His apostles on that first Holy Thursday.

Although Peter Maurin Farm is hardly the kind of farming commune that Peter Maurin had in mind, it does represent some kind of gain, I think. A house of hospitality on the land has something to offer that a house of hospitality in a crowded city slum cannot offer—the fresh air, the fields, the woods, flowers, the actual tilling of the soil, watching a garden grow, eating vegetables grown on the very land where one lives, the closer relatedness to the procession of seasons—all these bring one closer to a more natural way of life and so enable one to see more clearly the relationship of creatures to Creator. These are goods that we like to share with others. Every Sunday afternoon during the coming months, we hope to have some sort of discussion. When the weather is good, the talks will be held in the grove. Dorothy Day has spoken to us earlier this Spring and has promised to do so again. Bill Horvath and Ruth Collins gave a most interesting talk about cooperative housing on the afternoon of Paschontide Sunday. We hope that visitors will come to take part in these Sunday afternoon discussions and find time for a walk across the fields, perhaps making the Stations of the Cross which Tom Cain has repaired and put up again along the path leading to the brook. Many visitors like to stay for buffet supper with us and participate in the kind of informal discussion that continues through the evening. We are certainly a heterogeneous group here at the farm, and have the kind of problems one would expect in such heterogene-

Spring

The blue eye of the centered and cataclysmic frame does not entirely derange the crocus; the planted, stricken, face at the bottom of the pool completes the butting of the frost. There is no accounting for the waters and grasses. In spring we're saved from place and time by pain, the passive root that cuts the striving of the mole. The brute of winter that took the mind at the first snow when the head fell rigid in a chill cask, pushes on the palings and slats that hold the mind intact through freezing. Now the casque will turn and light lists from current to current and the bee hangs fire in the hive. "Look," we say, side by side the Isis, "How posed the sun, how the nested green lifts the stone from the fields where the fawns lean into the sky" . . . and at our heads the jacks and pulleys of heat lift us like twin rockets toward the sun. This, we take it, is the spring. In my chest I feel the green spining of a vine and a flower remarkable for a flame at its edge swings in the air and breathes touched by the sovereign wizard of seed.

Ned O'Gorman

The Detroit Catholic Worker

St. Francis House, Box 615.

Dear Dorothy:

Two weeks ago Justine and I were able to make a week-end retreat. We were the guests of a Sodality sponsoring this movement, called, "Week-end retreat for Married couples." The conferences were held in the Chapel of U of D high school, meals in the cafeteria, and then you spend the night at a Motel. Father Edward Lovely, S. J. was the retreat master. It was wonderful to have a chance to make the retreat together. Ruth O'Rourke, generously agreed to stay with the family in our absence. You remember her, she was a volunteer here, for a couple of years, some time ago.

Through the winter we have had various groups to visit the "Worker"; help serve the men at St. Francis House, and then lunch and discussion at the Martha House.

Particular interest to you is the re-establishment of an old Jesuit tradition of having the Novice's in the seminary spend two weeks in the poor areas, visiting families, attending union meetings, spending the night in a flop-house; working in hospitals, attending interracial meetings, and meetings of changing neighborhood problems. They come to Trinity from Colombiere Seminary, Clarkston, Mich., a Detroit suburb. They never fail to grab the opportunity to serve the men in the line at St. Francis house, and on the Sunday come here to visit the family and have dinner and a discussion in the evening. Their only regret is that it can't be for a month's period.

I had a letter from the CW staff around the first of the year asking me to write an article on the "Worker" in Detroit. Well, at that time every thing was in a turmoil here, and has been since. It all began the first part of January. Brian developed paralysis of the throat and the lower bowel, and was taken to Bon Secour Hospital. He was withering away, and things looked hopeless. After about two weeks, Bon Secour discovered an ulcer on his lung, and that he would have to be transferred to Maybury TB Sanitarium. As consequence we all had to be X-rayed.

ity. Even here there is some hope, I think. For with all our tensions, our problems, we do continue, we do survive; we have, I think, some sense of belonging together.

The month of May is not only the anniversary of the founding of the Catholic Worker but also of the death of Peter Maurin; the founder, who died in May, 1949. May he pray for us.

Everyone came through clear, but me. They found a spot on my lung.

Well, along came the man in the white coat and net in hand, and swooped me up. I'm kidding, but since then I have been subjected to innumerable skin test, blood test, sputum test, and X-raying. (I meant to spell it that way) They still can't prove anything. In the meantime Brian was given the works in Maybury and they still don't say he has TB. In fact his gastric test was negative and if the second one is negative he will be home the middle of next month. Boy we surely miss him and are anxious to have him back with us. He has had wonderful treatment out there, looks great and has gained weight total 25 lbs. He will be 19 years old May 10th. For two month's he was in isolation and on the critical list. In the meantime I have to go this Thursday for another X-ray. It has been a terrible worry; as Grampa said the worry will kill you quicker than the disease.

Kevin had a wonderful time with Father Max Murphy in Trinidad. He would go back there on a moment's notice. He really learned to love the people there. It was a wonderful experience for him, and gave him a wider vision of life. He will be going to Cathedral Central High, taught by the Brothers of Christian Instruction. We were very fortunate to get him located. You sure have to fight your way in.

I am sure you remember Don Cochran; he had been with us for years. He died in December after a lingering illness. Please remember him in your prayers.

As far as the "Worker" goes it has been a long struggle, financially through the Winter. Then to contradict myself, we are now driving a new Chevy Bel-Air black station wagon with a red interior. It is wonderful to have reliable transportation. A gentleman friend of the "Worker" paid for 3/4 of it, and the Catholic Daughters of America are having a party in May to pay the balance. It was a treat to pick the color and style of the car you wanted, for a change. I hope this one will last seven years, like the old one did.

I see you quoted in the New York Times Book Review on the new O'Neill biography. I hope to get a chance to read it.

Justine and all the family send you their love and prayers, and eagerly await a visit with you. I'll close now for I want to get this in the mail tonight.

Sincerely, in Christ,
Louis and Justine Murphy
and family

Fordham University

(Continued from page 1)

Statement of Joseph Early and John Heinsohn

Fordham University abetted and encouraged the establishment of the Fordham University Employees Association, a so-called "Company Union." The present Contract, almost a carbon copy of the first signed in 1957, has a no-strike clause, the denial of recognition at negotiations of any outside representation (inserted, of course, to discourage employees from affiliating with a genuine labor organization), no successors and assignees clause, and a grievance procedure loaded in favor of Management. (For example—the final step in resolving grievances allows an individual, if both sides can agree to one, to act as arbitrator. If Management refuses to agree to any individual, preferring that arbitration be conducted pursuant to the rules of the American Arbitration Association, the cost of such shall be shared equally by Management and Union; this is unfair as our Union funds would be depleted if we were to pursue all grievances to the final step. The University, with their many and flagrant contractual violations cannot reasonably or decently expect the Union to pay half the cost of arbitration.)

The Lincoln Center Division of the University has brought in an outside contractor for cleaning and Schrafft's has the contract for Food Service. Fordham University has no intention of changing this situation, which is a complete disregard of our contract. Lincoln Center should be staffed with our Association employees, pursuant to our Contract.

We charge that there is a pattern of discrimination at Fordham against Negroes and Puerto Ricans. Supervisors are all white. The secretarial staff, approximately 230 people, are overwhelmingly white. There are no Negro maids. The stock reply to these charges that Management gives is implausible. It is incongruous to believe that since the Civil War no Negroes with the proper qualifications ever applied for positions at Fordham. The minority groups you do see working at Fordham are usually in the unskilled, low-paying classifications.

Management frequently suspends employees for numerous reasons. This punitive action which hurts only the families of low-salaried working people has not been empowered to Fordham University by the Contract. It has been used mostly as a weapon against Union officials. The last two presidents of the Association, the General Shop Steward and several Shop Stewards have been suspended on different pretexts.

An instance of labor-baiting occurred recently when Management abetted an illegal meeting to seek the ouster of Joseph Early, our President. A group of Union members demanded a special meeting to be called. Mr. Early, notified on a Friday to call a meeting for the following Monday, informed these members that the notice was too short but that he would call a meeting within five working days. The Vice-President sought and got permission to hold this meeting on University grounds from the Provost Office for that Monday! Mr. Early and John Heinsohn, the General Shop Steward, met with Brother Kenny (the Business Manager of the University) on that Monday afternoon and quoted the by-laws to him which empower the President to set the date for meetings and asked that he not allow this illegal meeting to take place. Brother Kenny promised that the meeting would not be considered as binding and vaguely felt that it was merely a meeting of employees.

Supervisors gave all employees the right to attend this meeting on Company time, though the Contract says, "The Union will not hold meetings on University time." Management printed up notices

(no charge) that a Union meeting was to take place. Never was Fordham so liberal! At this "Kangaroo Court" Early was accused of dishonesty involving an expenditure of \$50, which Early denies. No formal charges were filed; no opportunity was given to elect a trial committee and to hear testimony; and the members were not informed, in the first place, of the purpose of the meeting. Such a procedure robs the members and the officers of a reasonable opportunity to judge the question and to decide on the basis of justice. Finally, there is no provision in the Constitution (by-laws) for such a summary dismissal of an officer and such action is contrary to the ideal of democratic, constitutional union government. Mr. Early was naturally voted out of office. Several days later Mr. Heinsohn was dismissed by the Vice-President as General Shop Steward.

Brother Kenny again did an about-face and of course no longer recognized Joseph Early as President or John Heinsohn as General Shop Steward. Incidentally, Management knew that both these Union executives had sought affiliation with a decent labor organization about a month before this.

The inherent weakness of the Association lies in the by-laws which again were the brainstorm of Management. Early and Heinsohn, having a background in unions, have seen through this nonsense and as a result pose a threat to the tranquillity of Fordham University.

Universities and hospitals have a lobby in Albany and Washington. As a result non-profit organizations like Fordham are exempt from national and state labor acts, and these employees cannot collect unemployment insurance benefits, nor is their right to collective bargaining guaranteed.

While Fordham University may be "non-profit," the fact remains that in the past several years, the University has been engaged in a massive expansion program involving millions of dollars, new buildings and added University services. There is apparently not a lack of "non-profit" money and surely the employees, in social justice, have one of the first calls upon this income. Their pay and conditions, however, have not kept pace with the material advance of the University as a whole.

Really, we do need the aid of all in ending our status as second class citizens. There are so many grievances that space does not allow our enumerating them all, but it is clear that Management will not live up to its end of the bargain, and unless the students let their feelings be known, unless the clergy urge justice and unless the employees themselves get behind Joseph Early, who is their president still, conditions will worsen, discrimination will go on and probably a contractor will take over their jobs when our present contract expires. Incidentally, Management will not publicly state that this latter fact is not so. In fact, they are contemplating it.

Finally, intimidations are becoming more grave. Mr. Heinsohn informed Management that a certain individual was demanding that Heinsohn not take Mr. Early's side in these disagreements. Heinsohn requested that this party not be allowed to enter the building where he works and make threats. This man had no business in Mr. Heinsohn's building but later that day he entered and demanded that Heinsohn promise not to distribute any leaflets championing Joe Early's cause. Management did not suspend this party. Other instances of intimidation on two special occasions were also ignored by Management.

In summation, legally Joseph Early is still president of the F.U.E.A. It is certain that Management has interfered with the internal affairs of the Union. Contractual violations are many and

serious. Sadly, discrimination at a religious institution is being practiced. Management will not clean its own house, refusing to face these facts. Progress cannot be stopped. Under these severely unjust conditions men will unionize. Catholic colleges seeking government subsidies will not get the backing of labor.

Management is not concerned with their employees—period.

John Heinsohn
Joseph J. Early

April 24, 1962

The statement of Mr. Heinsohn and Mr. Early is a forthright one, and we know that some people at Fordham will disagree with it in part or perhaps in its entirety. Two of the editors of *The Catholic Worker* went up to Fordham on April 17 and interviewed first Brother Kenny, the Business Manager of the University and Mr. W. P. Bunyon, the Purchasing Agent, then Mrs. Cecella Miller and Mr. John McMahon, members of the Executive Board of the Fordham University Employees Association.

Brother Kenny gave us the impression that he felt there was no



problem at Fordham. If there was, it was merely a disagreement among the members of the Association. He recognized Mrs. Miller as President of the Association, saying that Mr. Early had been relieved of his office by the Union members. He said that the Association did not recognize any effort to affiliate with an outside union, and he believed, the Association said that Mr. Heinsohn was never official General Shop Steward.

He said that there is certainly no discrimination against Negroes and Puerto Ricans at Fordham; that quite a few of the latter are employed, a number in responsible positions (he did not say supervisory). Brother Kenny and Mr. Bunyon showed us a list of the employees, and said that we could see from the names that there is no discrimination at Fordham! Brother Kenny said also that although the University has signed a separate contract hiring new workers at the Lincoln Center Division of the University, none of the old employees has lost his job or been injured by the move. The old employees are still there and have less work because there are fewer people occupying the buildings.

Brother Kenny expressed considerable satisfaction with the present Contract with the Association. He pointed out that the minimum wage at Fordham is \$1.50, and invited us to compare the Contract with those of other

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the dominant social dynamic force, it is because Catholic scholars have failed to blow the dynamite of the Church.

Catholic scholars have taken the dynamite of the Church, have wrapped it up in nice phraseology, placed it in an hermetic container and sat on the lid.

It is about the time to blow the lid off so the Catholic Church may again become the dominant social dynamic force.

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Out Of The Temple

Christ drove the money changers out of the Temple.

But today nobody dares to drive the money lenders out of the Temple.

And nobody dares to drive the money lenders out of the Temple because the money lenders have taken a mortgage on the Temple.

When the Church builders build churches with money borrowed from money lenders they increase the prestige of the money lenders.

But increasing the prestige of the money lenders does not increase the prestige of the Church.

universities. He also pointed out that it would be bad faith on the part of the University to recognize a new union before June 30, 1963, the date through which the present Contract remains in force.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. McMahon were also quite complacent about the working conditions at Fordham, and stated that all but a very few of the employees are satisfied. Mr. McMahon said that some of them at one time looked to an outside union but then decided that they were getting more in the Association than an outside union could give them. He said that unemployment compensation will come in time, and felt that no injury had been done to the Fordham workers by the new contract at Lincoln Center. He thought that eventually the new workers will become members of the Association. Mr. McMahon and Mrs. Miller appeared to feel that Mr. Early and Mr. Heinsohn are troublemakers who are not working for the good of the employees as a whole.

The Church in the Market Place

Considering all these points of view, we feel that the issue should be aired, and the statement of Mr. Early and Mr. Heinsohn presented to the public. We hope there will be further comment on the matter, including a more adequate statement by representatives of the University than we are able to print in this issue.

Fordham University is a non-profit institution run by a religious order of the Church. Its employees are not covered by state or federal labor laws. It is always possible for the University to withdraw recognition of the Association at any date of expiration of the Contract, and it cannot legally be compelled to recognize any union, whatever the wishes of the workers. It seems to us that although the workers' position at the University is certainly better than in some other non-profit institutions, there is considerable room for improvement. It is clear that the Association is a "company union," and most of the employees are evidently unaware of the disadvantages that this entails. The Association has seldom hired legal counsel, and no grievance has ever been carried to arbitration, and these facts indicate that by and large the members are also unaware of the possibilities that exist for improving their situation.

The Church has made many

statements of principle on relations between labor and management. It is often difficult to apply these principles in particular situations, but it seems clear to us that in this case Fordham is acting more as an employer in the market place than as a cooperative partner with its workers. This state of things is fantastic, as is the opposition of the New York State Catholic Welfare Committee to the Albert-McCloskey Bill, recently defeated in the State Legislature—an opposition "on behalf of all the organizations under the auspices of the Archdiocese of New York" and the other New York State Dioceses. The Memorandum from the Committee, from which the above is quoted, also says:

"The long standing and basic policy of both our national government and our state recognizes that certain procedures and obligations suitable to commerce and industry cannot be fairly or properly applied either to governmental agencies or to religious, charitable and educational organizations, and that, furthermore, the vital public services rendered on a non-profit basis by these organizations might be restricted without such exemptions. Our state and federal laws therefore wisely accord to all such agencies and organizations the same exemption."

We hope that a discussion of the current situation at Fordham will throw light on the whole question of the Church and its organizations as employers of workers who are, after all—though they may produce no goods in interstate or local commerce—responsible for the welfare of their families and in need of a decent living and free conditions of work.

J. G.

Editors note: Mr. John Heinsohn was fired by the University on Monday, May 7.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, *THE CATHOLIC WORKER* holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

After the lecture and questions, we continue the discussion over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is invited.