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Irving Amen

May 15, 1974:

A Commentary on Maalot

By BARBARA KRASNER

"Arabs kill just for the sake of killing"—a statement of belief and despair already inculcated into a sensitive and caring twelve year-old American Jew, my daughter. My response to her is quick if mechanical. "No, Karen, don't reduce Arabs to a subhuman species. They're not alone in their behavior. Americans carry the guilt of killing children in Vietnam. Look at the photographs of Arabs mourning their young who died at the hands of Israelis."

"But children," she demands. "Capturing a school and killing children!" Karen is disturbed by my reluctance to agree with the one-sidedness of her evaluation. She confronts me with further evidence of Arab inhumanity, evidence learned at the Jewish parochial school that she attends. She documents her case against Arabs by citing a math problem allegedly contained in an Arab textbook: "If seven Israelis are walking on a path and four of them are killed, how many Israelis are left?" The unfairness of it all makes her start to cry.

But ten minutes later she returns and stands in front of me with jutted chin and folded arms, prepared to prove her point. Half inquisitively, half defiantly, she says, "Tell me something. Are there any Israeli terrorists?" "Well, yes and no," I begin, recalling accounts of the activities of the Irgun and the Stern gang, and the violence in whose midst the State of Israel was forced to evolve.

My reply is short and ambiguous but, in any case, Karen doesn't like what she hears. "But we didn't start it, did we?" she asks with less sureness than before.

"We didn't start it, did we?" The question hangs over the five of us who sit at the dinner table. Irritated by each other, by the weather, by the day, we nevertheless recount whatever details we know of Maalot. Elio, our twenty-three year-old Cuban son, is stony-faced and silent. Jill, our fifteen year old is in apparent mourning. She wears a cap kibbutz style, and holds her hands in a way that hides her eyes. She anticipates the inevitable memorial service that is certain to take place at school tomorrow, and tells us so. Then she is quiet, unable to say anymore. Our sense of helplessness is complete and David, my husband, says so. Karen agrees that she feels helpless but, more than that, she feels angry. Since it's safer to be angry at teachers than at the conditions surrounding the death of children, she chooses to direct her anger at school officials who dismissed their students today without calling them to the chapel to discuss the situation at Maalot. Jill replies, "But there weren't enough facts, and everyone was worried." Karen's rejoinder is without hesitation. "They could have called us together anyhow. At least we could have prayed."

"At least we could have prayed." Karen
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No Money For Warfare

Kansas City, Missouri

Dear Friends at the Internal Revenue Service,

I am writing you this letter to let you know how my personal federal taxes are being used. First, I have not been having money withheld from my salary so that it would not go to you.

Please, do not take this personally. I have no animosity towards you and your fellow workers at the I.R.S. However, the money which is paid to you by us (the taxpayers), you turn over to the federal government general fund. Over half of this money is used each year by the Defense Department.

Why do I not want my hard earned money going to the Defense Department? I believe that it is morally wrong to kill other humans. I believe that we are all brothers and sisters and that we have a morally binding responsibility to help each other any way we can. If I believe that it is morally wrong to kill another brother or sister, must I not also believe that it is morally wrong to give money that makes weapons of such deadliness, that whole cities could be wiped out—killing millions? Yes (you might have guessed), I do believe this way.

We are told by our President and other government officials that we must protect ourselves and "defenseless" countries from communism. So, we went to Indochina to "protect" it from a "bloodbath." Unless newspapers, government reports, etc. are lying, I have heard that American soldiers, American bombers and their bombs, napalm, anti-personnel (people) bombs and other American weaponry have caused the death and crippling of millions of Indochinese people, the destruction of countless acres of once fertile land, and the death and crippling of thousands of American soldiers. If that is the only way we know how to "protect" and prevent a "bloodbath," something is wrong.

I, as an American citizen and a citizen of the world, disown myself from such practices. Therefore, I can not in good conscience give my money for such purposes.

Do I hear you saying that the war is over in Southeast Asia? If you believe that, read the newspapers more closely. Not only are thousands more Vietnamese dying and the South Vietnamese prisons and torture chambers (financed by U.S. dollars) full (about 200,000) of South Vietnamese Buddhists, Catholics, students, workers, etc. whose only "crime" is they asked for an end to the madness, but the weaponry and money supporting the Thieu government come from (don't you know?) the American taxpayer.

The Arms Race Continues to Accelerate

However, even if the war in Indochina were completely over I could still not give money to you. The potential destructive power of the weapons being built today by the nuclear powers is so frightening that I have no alternative but to resist promoting it. The "overkill" (that is the ability of the U.S. to destroy the Soviet Union) is more than 7 times. This means that we now have the potential to destroy the Soviet Union seven times over. How much more?

There has to be another way we humans can work together peacefully on this planet than under the constant threat of total annihilation. There are many people around the world who believe that the practice of nonviolence in local, national and international affairs is by far superior to violence and threats of violence. Mohandas K. Gandhi of India proved the effectiveness and superiority of non-violence, as have others like Danilo Dolci of Italy, Martin Luther King and Cesar Chavez of America.

I have dedicated my life to teach my brothers and sisters what I have and continue to learn: that if each one of us tries to the best of his or her ability to live a nonviolent life, the world will be that much closer to peace. I, along with thousands of other proponents of nonviolence around the world, will also continue to bring nonviolence into national, and international affairs.

Meanwhile, I feel that I have to be consistent. How can I deplore violence and then pay for it? Since I realize that you must give any money you receive over to the general fund, I must respectfully refuse to give you one penny.

However, I do feel a responsibility to pay taxes to help others. Therefore, I pay my state, city and county taxes. I also plan on paying my federal taxes—but not to you. I want you to know that my federal taxes are being used for the good of mankind.

Today, I have given \$319.60 to the Catholic Worker Holy Family House of Hospitality in Kansas City, Missouri. This house provides shelter and help to needy people. For example: a mother with six children needed a place temporarily. She and the children are now living in the Hospitality House. A young man on probation needing a place to stay so he could get on his feet is now there, as have been others including a mentally retarded person.

Money for the Works of Peace

Today I am also giving \$319.60 to the Nonviolent Studies Institute of Kansas City, Missouri. This group is actively working to teach the concepts of nonviolence. They have 60 books and pamphlets about nonviolence available to the general public. They will also be conducting training sessions on how to practice nonviolence in various conflict situations.

This \$639.20 is the equivalent of the money that would have been withheld from my salary under normal circumstances since January 1, 1974. I have claimed 14 withholding allowances on my W-4 Form in order to stop withholding. These allowances are "war-crimes" deductions that I will be taking on my 1040 Form next year. I am simply using your rules in deducting deductions that I will have this year, ahead of time.

I realize that there is a possibility that I could be arrested for this and even convicted on a non-payment charge. I accept the fact that I could even go to prison someday for my conscientious refusal to pay. But I ask you—what is worse—to go to prison for what one believes is morally right, or to be a conscious participant in what one believes is morally wrong? I have decided that to be a conscious participant in what is morally wrong is by far worse than the suffering of prison.

I hope that more citizens of America and other nuclear power countries will join with me and thousands of others in standing up for real peace.

In peace, Robert Calvert

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Notes/Commentary

FAMINE RELIEF

Famine relief for the devastated peoples of the sub-Sahara drought and famine region can be directed through Catholic Relief Services. Make checks payable to: National Council of Catholic Laity, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

REPRESSION IN CHILE, U. S.

On June 5th a document alleging the brutal torture of women political prisoners in Chile was released by the U.S. Committee for Justice to Latin American Political Prisoners. Judith Malina, one of those who made public the document smuggled out of Chile, stressed the importance of international pressure against the Chilean junta's continued use of atrocities. Amnesty International has documented similar widespread uses of torture in Chile, and has called on people around the world to write the Chilean government in protest.

On July 4th more than 10,000 persons marched in Raleigh, N.C. against racism and repression in the U.S. Sponsored by the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression, the rally called for, among other things, an end to the construction of the new Federal Prison at Butner, N.C., which will specialize in the use of behavioral modification techniques on prisoners. Ralph Abernathy called the march the largest Civil Rights action since the death of Martin Luther King.

TRUE "GREEN REVOLUTION"

The term "Green Revolution" is being used today to mean two different things—for organic, decentralist agriculture and for commercial agriculture with artificial fertilizers and chemical sprays. Obviously such opposites should not have the same name. Decentralists and School of Living people urge that Green Revolution be retained for its first and logical meaning—for organic gardening, natural foods, modern homesteads, intentional community and the related social-economic-political changes in a decentralist direction.

The term Green Revolution came into being as long ago as 1940 at a meeting at the School of Living, founded by Ralph Borsodi in 1936, near Suffern, N.Y. A group had spent several days probing decentralist ideas and practices. Greatly moved by the range and depth of their findings, they sought a term for it. Suggestions include decentralism, School of Living, new age. Peter Maurin, co-founder of the Catholic Worker, said, "In France, we call it the green revolution." Right! Growth, nature, life—all

the strength and wonder of living, natural things.

It was thenceforth so used by School of Living publications and by the Catholic Worker. Thus it has a 30-year history in a decentralist framework; since 1962 it has been the official masthead of the School of Living journal. Aided by such books as "Silent Spring" and "Organized Gardening," a wave of decentralist thinking is now surging to a crest.

Hence, we protest Green Revolution being used by agro-business advocates to mean a system of high-yield grains, dependent on irrigation, large acreages, high technology, commercial fertilizers and chemical sprays. This is the system which the decentralist Green Revolution has turned from because of negative results—depleted, inert soil, erosion, increasing pests and fungi, calling for more fertilizers, sprays, etc. Let's keep "Green Revolution" for practices that result in more life, not less.

Mildred Loomis

PUBLISHING NOTES

The second number of the PAX CHRISTI THIRDLY, entirely devoted to the theme "Nonviolent Liberation in Latin America," is now available for \$1 a copy. Pax Christi-USA is also offering a complimentary copy of Paul and Arthur Simon's THE POLITICS OF WORLD HUNGER to new members of Pax Christi-USA (membership \$5 a year). Write Rachelle Linner, Pax



Sr. Meinrad

Christi-USA, 1335 N. St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Notecards bearing the art work of Rita Corbin are available for \$2 per dozen plus postage. Write Rita Corbin, Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583.

SEEKING HELP

Wanted: Resident Pediatrician in a New York City Municipal or State Hospital, to observe a nurse's expert detoxicating techniques proved effective in the treatment of various degenerative diseases, hydrocephalus, mental retardation, diseases of severe and long duration in children, especially epilepsy. Phone Clara Walter: (212) 228-4278.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Since I am lying in bed writing this, and have cancelled all the engagements which I so witlessly made, On Pilgrimage is a bad title. But I always regard this column as a letter to our friends, so it will travel for me. A strep throat, a three-day dosage of antibiotics, and a tired heart (physically) laid me out; and my speaking voice has failed me. But I have been a compulsive writer ever since I was 8 years old when I wrote a serial story on a little pad of pink paper for my younger sister's entertainment.

I began this column on First Street, St. Joseph's House, in a mood of depression, as a way of writing myself out of it. Writing, keeping a journal, can be a way of praying, too, as we are reminded in *Prayer Is A Hunger*, an excellent little book by Edward Farrell, the head of Sacred Heart Seminary in Detroit (Dimension Books, Denville, N.J., \$3.95).

A New Community

Looking around our so crowded women's apartment with boxes, suitcases, clothes, blankets, books, shopping bags, piled under beds, around beds, on shelves over beds, I began to see our present situation as a life in a railroad or bus station, always fascinating places, but getting more and more uncomfortable in these latter days. I thought of that incredible journey in Dr. Zhivago, and incredible journeys back and forth across our vast country, due to change of jobs or in search of jobs. In war time, our buses were crowded with mothers and babies (I always holding an extra child), young families following young husbands in the service around the country. Buses so crowded people sat in the aisles. But to be going somewhere, to be going to something, to someone, made such conditions endurable.

We women of the Catholic Worker are going somewhere indeed—to a new house, an old music settlement a few blocks away. City regulations mean we submit plans to the Building Department to change a school back into a residence. More bathrooms needed, steel self-closing doors on all bedrooms, fire-retarding staircases, etc. Already there are sprinkler systems and fire escapes. The building is paid for—no mortgages, no interest to pay! Our dear Lord, who so reassured us in the "journals" written by Matthew and Luke with all the tenderness of love shining thru in the Sermon on the Mount, will see to our new "shelter."

But—the worry which I try to drive away comes to this—when we take women in, it means for life. They stay until they die and then, too, we find that spot of earth they still need, and bury them. How tiny a plot of earth does a woman need!

We will not be in our new Maryhouse very long before it will be filled up. This is the distressful way the mind sometimes works and we need to remember the chiding of Jesus. "O you of little faith! Doesn't your heavenly Father know your need of these things?" "Take no thought for the morrow." Very well, dear Lord, I will obey. I will mortify—put to death—those interior senses of the soul, the memory, the understanding and the will—forget all past difficulties, the little hells created around us so often, and think instead of the folly of the Cross, and how wasteful God is with His graces, and try to appreciate and rejoice in our folly, modelled after His folly—the folly of the Cross. "Self-justification!" one of our early critical but very efficient fellow workers used to fling at me. "You seem to be aiming at failure." But in the "Recovery" movement, which is for "mental patients," commending oneself is part of the therapy. Also St. Paul said, "I do not judge myself even." "Judge not," Jesus told us. A terribly important statement for Community.

Later—The Farm

I am writing from the Farm now, surrounded by the jungle greenness, the result of much rain. There is a smell of

drying sweet clover in my room. The air is humid, it is hard to breathe. But O, the beauty of the river, the quiet, at this early morning hour.

If I am reminded by the clutter around me of a railroad station in the house in New York, I am suddenly reminded of villages here at the farm. (In N.Y. I have often thought of the city as being made up of villages:—East Village, Greenwich Village, Chinatown, SoHo, which is South of Houston Street and now the home of artists and craft shops, and of course the Italian section.)

But I'm thinking here of an Italian village, such as Ignazio Silone describes, and our two big houses are crowded with families, in one room, if a single woman and child, or in several rooms. Our larger houses are like village tenements, some neat apartments, some untidy, and always a struggle for living space in tent, hut, or shack, well built though small. How many are there? I've lost count. But a village we are, I have decided, not a commune. I'm afraid we still are individualistic, not Communitarian. But we get along, a lot of work is done, and hundreds of meals are put on the table daily. Home bread baking—everyone has learned how.

Frank O'Donnell, Bob Stewart,
Emily Coleman

Sometimes one can look on this "farm with a view" as the "poor house" of Dutchess County. Friendly highway police, seeing old men journeying on foot, give them rides to our place.

Our cemetery plot, which Msgr. Kane gave us ten years ago, is now full; what with Emily's recent death and Bob Stewart's a few weeks before. Both were in their 70's. John has made little white birch crosses with the name of each for those buried there. Dominic who cares for the graves recently decorated each with little American flags—commemorating Memorial Day and Fourth of July!!!

There are three deaths to be commemorated in our evening vespers this summer. Frank O'Donnell, one of our first volunteers on Fifteenth Street, a conscientious keeper of the files in our first years, making cards for new subscribers. He was a resident for a time near the first farm at Easton, and later at St. Benedict's Farm at Upton, Massachusetts.

Then Bob Stewart died early one morning of emphysema, very peacefully and painlessly. He was anointed, and buried in the little Tivoli graveyard. Then Emily Coleman, my very dear friend whom I had known since the Forties, at Maryfarm, Newburgh, where she came to make retreats, and at Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island, where she wrote the farm column. I visited her at Stanbrook Abbey guest house, where she lived for twelve years. She was a convert, the godchild of Jacques Maritain, and had been secretary to Emma Goldman in Paris years ago. Emma gave her credit for her help in the foreword of her fascinating book *Living My Life*.

Emily's life had been for the last ten years one of suffering, yet of joy, too—her mind and heart were so rich in wisdom and love. Her suffering must have been intense, but she never complained. She had a tumor on the brain and lived for ten years or more after an operation and later several hospitalizations. Joe Geraci has written more about her in this issue.

Ammon Each August

I had wanted in this issue to write about those mysterious words of Jesus, "Resist not evil," and about the violence which so often creeps into the Resistance movements today. But it will take some more prayer and meditation, in our little chapel here at Tivoli where a summer storm today lashed against the windows, shaded by the heavy foliage which is so lush this wet summer.

Instead I'll end this column with a commemoration of Ammon Hennacy who
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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

This morning, the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, dawn came up with full July pyrotechnics. Thunder rumbled, crashed, clapped, roared. Light, gone psychotic, streaked in erratic, arrowed fury across sky and land, displacing the orb, diurnal radiance of sun. No birds sang, sheltered (I hoped) under the green thatch of woods. This morning's music was composed of thunder and rain, falling in tropical torrents, cascading down the ravine. Under wild lightning flashes, green glowed, myriad-shaded, lush with Summer, drunk with rain. Listening, I heard Nature singing with Hopkins—"What would the world be once bereft of wet and of wildness? Let them be left, O let them be left, Wildness and Wet. Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet."

In midsummer, pyrotechnics originate not only in weather. With the influx of visitors and the increase of heat and humidity, tensions build up, personality clashes break out, ordinary problems are magnified into crises, confrontations occur between young and old, male and female, workers and scholars, newcomers and oldtimers, etc. Yet all this occurs in a setting which could serve as a graphic depiction of peace and beauty.

Imperfect Instruments

One evening, shortly after the departure of the Peacemakers, Dorothy Day and I took the long way round from chapel—where we had participated in Vespers and Compline—so that we could enjoy the tranquility of the hour. Somewhere a wood thrush sang. The perfume of multiflora roses lingered in the air. Then as we rounded the corner toward the front of the house, the fumes of a running motor and the harsh sound of a two-way police car radio greeted us. The radio was blaring out information about the Catholic Worker, that strange assortment of people which always seems to baffle officialdom. There was a general atmosphere of uptightness. Several persons informed us that a young man, who is both retarded and epileptic, had become violent and drawn a knife. There had been another knife-drawing incident a year or so ago which resulted in this young man's being sent from the farm. Eventually he had been committed to a nearby State hospital, from which he walked out one day and hitchhiked back to us. The outcome of this particular police drama was that, after considerable coercion and persuasion, the young man agreed to re-commit himself in the State hospital.

Another tragic side to this story is that it dramatizes all too clearly our failure as a group to cope with one of the profound problems of poverty which besets us and the world. For this young man is one of the truly poor. Part Indian, his family background was marked by cruelty and neglect.

Early in his childhood he suffered a serious injury to his head as the result of the negligence of his father. From this time on he suffered epileptic type seizures. As a result of this handicap and the general poverty of his environment, he received little education, scarcely learning to read. From the story he tells, it seems that a good part of his twenty years has been spent knocking about from misfortune to misfortune, seeking some kind of security, some kind of home. For a while after he first landed with us, he seemed to improve under the tutelage and help of a young Franciscan visiting us. Extraordinarily gentle and patient, the Franciscan kept the young man busy helping him repair plumbing and assisting with other work. Unfortunately, the Franciscan had to leave. Then a young woman tried to help. But she, too, had other duties which took her elsewhere. Yet she procured additional medical help and found

other groups which she thought might be better for him. His seizures increased and were attended by more violence. No group could keep him for long. Impulsive, aggressive, turbulent, undisciplined, he seems too much of a problem for anyone to cope with except for the extraordinarily gentle and kind. In our group, as in many others, too many are already wrapped up in the cocoon of their own problems. Now he is back in the State hospital. Meanwhile we remain here, wrapped in our cocoons, meditating on our failure.

We are indeed imperfect instruments. Yet some of us, at least, hope and pray that help for this young man and others similarly afflicted will be found somewhere. Perhaps some active religious orders, looking for new ways to serve, could undertake the care of retarded persons, especially those with the additional affliction of epilepsy. Meanwhile I hope that those great powerhouses of spiritual help, the contemplative orders, will pray for help for such afflicted persons, and will pray for us, the imperfect instruments, that we may do better.

Instruments of His Peace

Looking back over the Peacemakers' sojourn (June 14 to June 28) with us, I am struck by the fact that they began spreading peace over troubled waters almost as soon as they arrived. For that, too, had been a difficult week. The day before their arrival Emily Coleman died. This was the second death in our community within two weeks. We knew Emily's spiritual readiness, but death is saddening. An article about Emily, written by Joe Geraci, her best friend among us, appears in this issue. To add to our distress, the day of the Peacemakers' arrival, we were practically moneyless and foodless. The first of the week, our food check had been entrusted to someone who had gone off and had not returned. (Nor to date has done so.) This, too, may be evidence of our failure in meeting the real needs of those about us. Whatever our fault, God in His Providence did not fail us. The Peacemakers, His instruments, arrived to provide us with food, good cooks, and good fellowship.

While many of us were attending Emily's funeral Mass, Saturday morning, which Fr. Andy said, the Peacemakers began their conferences. Then Sunday afternoon many of them attended our Third Sunday discussion with Professor Jacques Travers of Brooklyn College speaking on Gabriel Marcel, philosopher and Nobel Award winner, who is generally regarded as the most brilliant exponent of Catholic Existentialism. It was a good talk, with a good discussion afterward, thanks especially to some of our Peacemaker guests.

Ernest Bromley, Ralph Templin, Ross Anderson, Brad Little, and Ruth Reynolds were among the principal speakers during the Peacemaker conference. Ernest, Ralph, and Ross are older men, with something of the quality and dedication of Ammon Hennacy and A. J. Muste. Each day these dedicated men went up to the fields to help with the hoeing. All of the Peacemakers in fact were very helpful in many areas of work. Ralph Templin, who as a young man had lived in India as a missionary and worked with Gandhi, seemed like a fountain of Indian non-violent truth. Ruth Reynolds, who spent a shorter period here, gave one of the best and most informative talks on Puerto Rico I have ever heard. She spoke out of a lifetime of service spent working for that much exploited people. Some years ago Ruth was sentenced to nineteen months in jail as a result of trying to help the Puerto Rican struggle for independence.

No sooner had the Peacemakers folded their tents—for many came so equipped—and departed, than a large trailer arrived and another group of visitors emerged and started setting up tents. This was a prayer group from the Hartford, Connecticut area, who had come to spend a farewell weekend of prayer and

joy—they were a joyous lot—with us and with their leader, Fr. Tom Goekler, before he set out for Mexico. We were privileged to participate in their Masses and to enjoy their presence and prayer among us.

During the visitations of the Peacemakers and the prayer group, Stanley Vishnewski displayed his talents as guest master to the full. Stanley's Cath-

the summer, with no beds available. Tents, sleeping bags, campers, etc. are a help. Even so, our plumbing is old and inadequate, and our water supply usually gives out during the summer. Visitors are part of our work and tradition, but it would be better for all to let us know if you wish to visit.

Summer conferences are also part of our work and tradition. Beginning July



Sr. Meinrad

olic Worker slide show is always available to visitors and—if expenses are paid—to outside groups. Those interested in slide shows or in visiting us should contact Stanley Vishnewski, here at the Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583. We are often very crowded during

11, Clare Danielsson and Fr. Thomas Berry will conduct sessions on the "Intimate Community." These sessions will employ psychodrama to explore means of reconciling and healing alienation in human relations. These conferences will be

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EMILY

Emily Holmes Coleman died peacefully and without pain at Tivoli on June 13, 1974. She had lived with us for six years at the Farm, a hard person to know—abrasive, violent, tender and loving. As Stanley once said, "To know her is to love her; but few want to know her." Emily's strong convictions put off many, but to those not put off, she was remarkable, reasonable and quite simply the most important influence on their lives.

Emily had a barbarous personality for someone so civilized. She was intense and passionate, sometimes to the point of mania. She could be infuriating and intimidating. She once said to her friend, the novelist Djuna Barnes, "Djuna, I'm afraid I've gone too far." To which Djuna replied, "That's one of your destinations, my dear." It was. And she was constantly heading there.

But her wild personality only made her towering faith more remarkable. There have been few individuals of poetic genius who have heroically tried to do God's will. Emily was one of them. Faith was the only thing that could have tamed her, and did. She converted at the age of forty-five, and, as with everything she did, her conversion was total. It was the great gift she received: faith without doubt. Faith commanded and ruled her life. She referred all her decisions, all her judgments to it. Fearless, if not reckless, she found no fear in dying. Rather, death was for her a release, a continuing, a passage from world to world which brought an end to love's separations, and marriage with Christ. Fully conscious to her last breath, a profound, most deep peace settled over and even around her. She believed. She knew.

Emily died relatively unknown, but she might have chosen fame. In 1930 her novel *The Shutter of Snow* was published in England and in the U.S. The reviews were excellent. She had already published poems in the *New Statesman* and in *Transition*. She was a good friend of Dylan Thomas, Peggy Guggenheim and the painter Max Ernst. She had been the secretary of the anarchist Emma Goldman. Later, her godparents were to be the Maritains. The doors were open. She wrote another novel, *The Tygon*, volumes of poems, stories and plays. But she chose to publish nothing.

Her poetry is known only to a handful of family and friends who have read it with astonishment and awe. Her range is immense. Above all a love poet, she was neither a romantic nor a puritan, but always and ever what she could only be, a remarkable and original genius, a poetic mystic. Most of her life and work remains to be seen. It is a rich treasure she has left behind, proof of her love of life and her exuberance in living, but proof, too, of that most extraordinary and surprising faith which to the end kept growing, deepening and surprising. Emily, that violent, passionate, intense, tender, loving, caring, feminine creature dear to so many of us, is dead. Death has eaten a gap in our lives. But she who knew us best now knows us better. She who loved God far beyond her jealousies, far beyond her egocentricities, far beyond herself, is in her thorny and impatient saintliness now with Him. How fortunate for us that in Christ there is no dying, that she lives and intercedes for us. For Christ is life and she is in His Kingdom praying for us. For her, "Death has no dominion."

JOSEPH GERACI

"36 East First" does not appear this month. It will return with the cooler weather next month.

THE MORALS OF EXTERMINATION

By LEWIS MUMFORD

(Although this article first appeared some years ago—in the "Atlantic Monthly"—we are indebted to Lewis Mumford for his permission to reprint it here. Alas, it is ever too timely.)

This year marks the 24th anniversary of the Hiroshima Bomb. It has also witnessed the explosion of nuclear weapons on the part of numerous states, both western and non-western. Perhaps most alarming has been the explosion of a nuclear warhead by a poor nation—India—and the American promise to export nuclear technology to warring parties in the Middle East, technology which numerous scientists believe could easily be converted for malodorous purposes.

In the United States the President has proposed a military budget for the 1975 fiscal year of \$94 billion, an increase of 9.4% over last year's record budget. In acting on part of this budget, the Senate has already approved nearly \$29 billion for new weapons procurement and the development of a "counterforces" strategy. This strategy is to retarget some U.S. missiles at Soviet cities and defenses.

It is in the face of such developments, and in the realization that we have failed our moral responsibility to question not only the morality of nuclear but also non-nuclear and biochemical weapons of war, and in remembrance of those who have suffered at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, that we reprint Mr. Mumford's penetrating article.

The Editors.)

Since 1945, the American government has devoted the better part of our national energies to preparations for wholesale human extermination. This curious enterprise has been disguised as a scientifically sound method of ensuring world peace and national security, but it has obviously failed at every point on both counts.

This situation should give us pause. While every scientific advance in nuclear weapons and intercontinental missiles only widens to planetary dimensions the catastrophe we have been preparing, our leaders still concentrate the nation's efforts on hastening these advances. Why, then, do we still listen to those mistaken counsels that committed us to the Cold War, though our own military plans have wiped out the possibility of war itself and replaced it by total annihilation as the only foreseeable terminus of the tensions we have done our full share to produce?

What was it that set in motion the chain reaction of errors, miscalculations, delusions, and compulsions that have pushed us into the impossible situation we now occupy? Every day that we delay in facing our national mistakes adds to both the cumulative dangers that threaten us and the difficulty of undoing them.

Moral Eclipse

The first step toward framing a new policy is to trace our path back to the point where we adopted our fatal commitment to weapons of mass extermination. This moral debacle, it is important to remember, was not a response to any threat by Russia or by Communism; still less was it imposed by Russia's possession of similar weapons. Actually, the acceptance of extermination antedated the invention of the atom bomb.

The principles upon which the strategy of extermination was based were first enunciated by fascist military theorists, notably General Douhet, who believed like our own Major Seversky, that a small air force could take the place of a large army by confining its efforts to mass attacks on civilians and undermining the national will to resist. This reversion to the vicious Bronze Age practice of total war was a natural extension of fascism's readiness to reintroduce terrorism and torture as instruments of government. When these methods were first carried into action,

by Mussolini in Abyssinia, by Hitler in Warsaw and Rotterdam, they awakened horror in our still morally sensitive breasts. The creed that could justify such actions was, we thought correctly, not merely antidemocratic but antihuman.

In the midst of World War II a moral reversal took place among the English-speaking Allies, such a transposition as happened by accident in the final duel in Hamlet, when Hamlet picks up the weapon Laertes had poisoned in advance in order to make sure of his enemy's death. The fascist powers became the victims of their own strategy, for both the United States and Britain adopted what was politely called "obliteration bombing," which had as its object the total destruction of great cities and the terrorization and massacre of their inhabitants.

By taking over this method as a cheap substitute for conventional warfare—cheap in soldiers' lives, costly in its expenditure of other human lives and of the irreplaceable historic accumulations of countless lifetimes—these democratic governments sanctioned the dehumanized techniques of fascism. This was Nazism's firmest victory and democracy's most servile surrender. That moral reversal undermined the eventual military triumph of the democracies, and it has poisoned our political and military policies ever since.

Civilized warfare has always been an atrocity in itself, even when practiced by gallant men fighting in a just cause. But in the course of five thousand years certain inhibitions and moral safeguards had been set up. Thus, poisoning the water supply and slaying the unarmed inhabitants of a city were no longer within the modern soldier's code, however gratifying they might once have been to an Ashurbanipal or a Genghis Khan, moral monsters whose names have become infamous in history. Overnight, as it were, our own countrymen became such moral monsters. In principle,

present policy, once prided itself on its pin-point bombing, done in daylight to ensure that only military targets would be hit.

As late as the spring of 1942, as I know by personal observation, a memorandum was circulated among military advisers in Washington propounding this dilemma: If by fighting the war against Japan by orthodox methods it might require five or ten years to conquer the enemy, while with incendiary air attacks on Japanese cities Japan's resistance might be broken in a year or two, would it be morally justifiable to use the second means? Now it is hard to say which is more astonishing, that the morality of total extermination was then seriously debated in military circles or that today its morality is taken for granted, as outside debate, even among a large part of the clergy.

More than any other event that has taken place in modern times this sudden radical change-over from war to collective extermination reversed the whole course of human history.

Plainly, the acceptance of mass extermination as a moral outcome of war undermined all the moral inhibitions that have kept man's murderous fantasies from active expression. War, however brutal and devastating, had a formal beginning and could come to an end by some formal process of compromise or surrender. But no one has the faintest notion how nuclear extermination, once begun, could be brought to an end. Still less can anyone guess what purpose would be accomplished by it, except a release by death from intolerable anxiety and fear. But this is to anticipate. What is important to bear in mind is that atomic weapons did not bring about this first decisive change; they merely gave our already de-moralized strategy a more effective means of expression.

Once extermination became acceptable, the confined tumor of war, itself an atavistic pseudo-organ, turned into a

proved as short-lived as it was belated. Yet it prompted Henry L. Stimson, a public servant whose admirable personal conduct had never been open to question, to publish a magazine article defending the official decision to use the atom bomb.

The argument Mr. Stimson advanced in favor of atomic genocide—a name invented later but studiously reserved for the acts of our enemies—was that it shortened the war and saved perhaps more than a million precious American lives. There is no need here to debate that highly debatable point. But on those same practical, "humanitarian" grounds, systematic torture might be employed by an advancing army to deter guerrilla fighters and to blackmail the remaining population into accepting promptly the torturer's terms.

That only a handful of people ventured to make this criticism indicates the depth of moral apathy to which our countrymen had sunk in less than a dozen years. Those who used this illustration, however, were not surprised to find that the French, themselves the victims of Hitler's carefully devised plans of torture and mass extermination, would authorize the use of military torture in Algeria a decade later. Our own country had forecast that depravity by our national conduct. This conduct still remains without public examination or repentance, but, unfortunately, retribution may not lie far away. Should it come, Civil Defense estimates have established that it will at once wipe out forty million American lives for the one million we once supposedly saved.

Let us be clear about cause and effect. It was not our nuclear weapons that committed us to the strategy of extermination; it was rather our decision to concentrate on the methods of extermination that led to our one-sided, obsessive pre-occupation with nuclear weapons.

Senseless Strategy

The total nature of our moral breakdown, accurately predicted a half century ago—along with the atom bomb—by Henry Adams, can be gauged by a single fact: most Americans do not realize that this change has taken place or, worse, that it makes any difference. They have no consciousness of either the magnitude of their collective sin or the fact that, by their silence, they have individually condoned it. It is precisely as if the Secretary of Agriculture had licensed the sale of human flesh as a wartime emergency measure and people had taken to cannibalism when the war was over as a clever dodge for lowering the cost of living—a mere extension of everyday butchery. Many of our professed religious and moral leaders have steadily shrunk from touching this subject; or, if they have done so, they have naively equated mass extermination with war and have too often given their blessing to it, for reasons just as specious as those our government has used.

It is in relation to this gigantic moral collapse that our present devotion to nuclear weapons and their equally dehumanized bacterial and chemical counterparts must be gauged.

When we abandoned the basic moral restraints against random killing and mass extermination we enlarged the destructive capacities of our nuclear weapons. What was almost as bad, our pride in this achievement expressed itself in an inverted fashion by our identifying our safety and welfare with the one-sided expansion of our weapons system. Thus we surrendered the initiative to our instruments, confusing physical power with rational human purpose, forgetting that machines and weapons have no values and no goals, above all, no limits and no restraints except those that human beings superimpose on them.

As late as 1947 this situation, though grave, was not disastrous. Our very mistakes in turning to mass extermination were capable, if openly and honestly faced, of leading both ourselves and

Shelters—1950

I had a dream when I was young that
woke me in terror.
(it was the time of bomb shelters)
We would use the old root cellar
dig it deeper and rest with the turnips
while the hideous vapor blew in the upper air.
They showed us movies in school.
The blinding light
The roar
The mirage-like gelatinous rush
and the house crumples on its sticks.
The fire storm
Then silence and the lethal air.
If we were lucky our hair would not fall out
we would not vomit
nor go blind.
We would live beneath the earth
and miraculously no mold would grow.
But in my dream I lunged for the upper air.
I could see from the underground city, through the special vents
Blue sky and flowers.

NICOLE D'ENTREMONT

ple, the extermination camps where the Nazis incinerated over six million helpless Jews were no different from the urban crematoriums our air force improvised in its attacks by napalm bombs on Tokyo. By these means, in a single night, we roasted alive more people than were killed by atom bombs in either Hiroshima or Nagasaki. Our aims were different, but our methods were those of mankind's worst enemy.

Up to this point, war had been an operation conducted by military forces against military targets. By long-established convention, a token part, the army, stood for the greater whole, the nation. Even when an army was totally defeated and wiped out, the nation it represented lived to tell the tale; neither unarmed prisoners nor civilians were killed to seal a defeat or celebrate a victory. Even our air force, the chief shaper of our

cancer that would invade the blood stream of civilization. Now the smallest sore of conflict or hostility might fatally spread through the whole organism, immune to all those protective moral and political restraints that a healthy body can mobilize for such occasions.

By the time the atom bomb was invented our authorities needed no special justification for using it. The humane pleas for withholding the weapon, made by the atomic scientists, suddenly awakened to a moral crisis they had not foreseen while working on the bomb, were automatically disposed of by well-established precedent, already three years in operation. Still, the dramatic nature of the explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki threw a white light of horror and doubt over the whole process; for a moment a sense of moral guilt counteracted our exorbitant pride. This reaction

MINATION

the world back to the right path. Up to then, our totalitarian weapons system had not yet consolidated its position or threatened our free institutions. . . . Meanwhile, unfortunately, the strategy of mass extermination, which did not bear public discussion or open assessment, was rapidly taking shape.

In our commitment to the strategy of extermination, under a decision made when General Eisenhower was Chief of Staff, the United States rejected the timely warnings of the world's leading scientists and the common counsels of humanity. Instead of holding a series of world conferences in which the dangers of nuclear energy could be fully canvassed, not alone by physicists but by thinkers in every threatened field, our official agencies deliberately played down these dangers and used every available mode of censorship to restrict the circulation of the knowledge needed for such an appraisal. In this obstinate desire to exploit nuclear power solely for our national advantage, our government relied upon insistent publicity and indoctrination to build up a false sense of security. Instead of regaining our moral position by ceasing the reckless experiments whose mounting pollution justified a world-wide apprehension, we flatly denied the need for any such cessation. . . .

To explain this obstinate commitment to the infamous policy of mass extermination one must understand that its side reactions have proved as demoralizing as its central purpose. Within a bare decade, the United States has built up a huge vested interest in mass extermination—in the weapons themselves and in the highly profitable manufacture of electronic equipment, planes, and missiles designed to carry them to their destination. There are tens of thousands of individual scientists and technicians engaged in nuclear, bacteriological, and chemical research to increase the range and effectiveness of these lethal agents, though we boast we already have a stockpile of nuclear weapons capable of wiping out the entire planet. There are also corporate bodies—the air force, the Atomic Energy Commission, great industrial corporations, and extravagantly endowed centers of research—whose powers and presumptions have been constantly widened along with their profit and prestige. While the show lasts, their careers depend on our accepting the fallacious assumptions to which they have committed us.

Towering Insolence

All these agents now operate in secret totalitarian enclaves, perfecting their secret totalitarian weapons, functioning outside the process of democratic government, immune to public challenge and criticism or to public correction. Whatever the scientific or technical competence of the men working in this field, their sedulous restriction of interest and the limited conditions under which they work and have contact with other human beings do not foster wisdom in the conduct of life. By vocational commitment they live in an underdimensioned and distorted world. The sum of their combined judgments is still an unbalanced judgment, for moral criteria have, from the start, been left out of their general directives.

Is it any wonder that even in the narrow segments of science where they claim mastery our nuclear officials have made error after error? They have again and again been forced to reduce their estimate of the "permissible" limit of exposure to radiation, and on the basis of knowledge already available they will have to reduce these estimates still further. . . . Furthermore, in matters falling within their province of exact knowledge, the judgment of these authorities has repeatedly proved erroneous and mischievous.

All this should not surprise us: neither science nor nuclear energy endows its users with super-human powers. But what should surprise us is the fact that

the American nation has entrusted its welfare, safety, and future existence to these imprudent, fallible men and to those who have sanctioned their demoralized plans. Under the guise of a calculated risk, our nuclear strategists have prepared to bring on a calculated catastrophe. At some unpredictable moment their sick fantasies may become unspeakable realities.

Does anyone really think that, unless a miracle supervenes, there can be a more favorable outcome to the overall policy we have been pursuing? If this policy had a color of excuse before Russia had achieved her first nuclear weapon in 1949, it became thoroughly discredited in Korea in 1950 and became suicidal as soon as Russia's superiority in rocket missiles was established. The fact that Russia now has equal or better weapons of extermination and has joined us in these same insane preparations doubles our danger but does not halve our original guilt. Neither does it nullify our willful stupidity in now clinging to an obsolete, discredited strategy, based on a negation of morality and a defiance of common sense.

The only possible justification of our continued reliance upon weapons of total extermination would be that they do no present harm and would never be used by either side under any extremity of provocation. Can any mature mind comfort itself with either hope? Even our experimental explosion of nuclear bombs, at a rate of more than two for Russia's one, has poisoned our babies' milk, upset the delicate ecological balance of nature, and, still worse, defiled our genetic heritage. As for the possibility that nuclear weapons will never be used, our children in school know better than this every time they are put through the sadistic mummery of an air-raid drill and learn to "play disaster." Such baths of fear and hostility are gratuitous assaults against the young, whose psychological damage is already incalculable; their only service is to bar more tightly the exits that would permit a real escape.

There are people who would defend these plans on the grounds that it is better to die nobly, defending democracy and freedom, than to survive under Communist oppression. Such apologists perhaps exaggerate the differences that now exist between our two systems, but they err even more seriously in applying to mass extermination a moral standard that was defensible only as long as this death was a symbolic one confined to a restricted number of people on a small portion of the earth. Such a disaster, as in the bitter-end resistance of the Southern Confederacy, was still relatively minor and retrievable; if the original resolve to die were in fact an erroneous one, in a few generations it could be corrected. Nuclear damage, in contrast, is cumulative and irretrievable; it admits no belated confession of error, no repentance and absolution.

Under what canon of sanity, then, can any government, or any generation, with its limited perspectives, its fallible judgment, its obvious proneness to self-deception, delusion, and error, make a decision for all future ages about the very existence of even a single country? Still more, how can any one nation treat as a purely private right its decision on a matter that will affect the life and health and continued existence of the rest of mankind?

There are no words to describe the magnitude of such insolence in thought or the magnitude of criminality involved in carrying it out. Those who believe that any country has the right to make such a decision share the madness of Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*. For them Russia is the White Whale that must be hunted down and grappled with. Like Ahab in that mad pursuit, they will listen to no reminders of love, home, family obligation; in order to kill the object of their fear and hate they are ready to throw away the sextant and



compass that might give them back their moral direction, and in the end they will sink their own ship and drown their crew. To such unbalanced men, to such demoralized efforts, to such dehumanized purposes, our government has entrusted, in an easily conceivable extremity, our lives. Even an accident, these men have confessed, might produce the dire results they have planned, and more than once has almost done so. To accept their plans and ensuing decisions, we have deliberately anesthetized the normal feelings, emotions, anxieties, and hopes that could alone bring us to our senses.

Imaginative Proposals

No one can guess how a sufficiently wide recovery of moral responsibility and initiative might be brought about. Neither can one predict at what moment our nation will see that there is no permissible sacrifice of life, either in experimental preparation of these vile weapons or in a final conflict whose very method would nullify every rational end. Certainly it seems doubtful that popular pressure would bring about such a change in government policy, except under the emotion of a shattering crisis, when it might well be too late. But great leadership, exerted at the right moment, might clear the air and illuminate the territory ahead. . . . We must make a moral about-face before we can command a political forward march.

A moral about-face does not demand, as those whose minds are congealed by the Cold War suppose, either a surrender to Russian Communism or a series of futile appeasements; neither does it mean any increase in the dangers under which we now live: just the contrary. Those who see no other alternatives are still living in the pre-nuclear world; they do not understand that our greatest enemy is not Russia but our treacherous weapons, and that our commitment to these weapons is what has prevented us from conceiving and proposing the necessary means for extending the area

of effective freedom and, above all, for safeguarding mankind from a meaningless mutilation and massacre.

No dangers we might face once we abandoned the very possibility of using mass extermination would be as great as those under which we now live; yet this is not to say that a bold change of policy would be immediately successful. . . . While sober judgment need not minimize transitional difficulties and possible losses, one must not underestimate, either, the impact of a new policy, wholly concerned to re-establish the moral controls and political cooperations necessary to enable mankind to halt the threatening misuse of the extraordinary powers that it now commands.

Even in a purely military sense, this changed orientation might produce the greatest difficulties for those Communist governments who misunderstood its intention and sought to turn it to their private national advantage. Russia would no more be able to escape the impact of our humane plans and moralized proposals than it was able to avoid the impact and challenge of our nuclear weapons. If we rallied the forces of mercy, human-heartedness, and morality with the vigor with which we have marshaled the dehumanized forces of destruction, what government could stand against us and face its own people, however strong its cynical suspicions and misgivings?

. . . The key to all practical proposals lies in a return to human feelings and sensitivities, to moral values, and to life-regarding procedures as controlling factors in the operation of intelligence. The problems our nation has tried to solve by mechanical weapons alone, operated by a detached and de-moralized mechanical intelligence, have proved insoluble by those means. . . . The time has come to reinstate the missing human factor and bring forth generously imaginative proposals addressed to mankind's survival and working toward its further development.

Books on Work, Workers and Systems

RANK AND FILE: Personal Histories by Working-Class Organizers. Edited by Alice and Staughton Lynd. Boston: Beacon Press, 1973. 296 pp., \$12.95. Reviewed by Gary Phaneuf.

"We believe that most labor history is created neither by famous leaders nor by faceless masses in crisis situations. We believe that the labor movement draws its life from many thousands of committed persons who work, day in, day out for years, to bring unions into being, to resist their bureaucratization, and to better the lives of others, not just themselves."

This is the overriding philosophy of Alice and Staughton Lynd as well as the observed organizers who tell their own stories in *Rank and File*. Chronologically, the book follows the course of the labor movement from the auto strikes of the thirties to the Miners for Democracy of the seventies. The historical landmarks of the American labor movement throughout this time-span are illustrated in the personal lives and work of these organizers, interviewed by the Lynds.

A variety of people is represented, both men and women, black and white. And yet, there is a common thread, running through the lives of Stella Nowicki, Mario Manzardo and Jesse Reese. There is first and foremost a common work experience of exploitation (none of these organizers were only theoreticians). Most have a heritage of oppression and radicalism. Many became

disillusioned with the fallacies, contradictions, and hypocrisy of religion as they had come to know it, and accepted a primitive, heart-felt socialism as their creed. To them, this creed best expressed the simple yet essential underlying faith of all the rank and file organizers, a faith in the basic goodness and dignity of working people.

But what especially distinguishes these organizers is their complete dedication to the men and women in the work places, the rank and file. By complete dedication I mean virtual voluntary poverty and the endangering of their own personal safety for their brothers and sisters. Often these organizers could have accepted comfortable, bribed positions in industries they had agitated against, or profitable positions of status in unions which they had fought for, but which in the end went stale. These rank and file organizers today go unmentioned and unrewarded. By choice, they have preferred to remain in the workplace and not lose their democratic essence. The editors quote this phrase of Eugene Debs as expressive of the rank and file organizer spirit: "When I rise it will be with the ranks, not from the ranks." These words are very true of the men and women in *Rank and File*.

The book, being the oral history of "uneducated," working-class people, told by themselves, is by nature at times choppy, repetitive, and rudimentary, but by and large is skillfully edited and highly readable. For the young and those who have not experienced the labor movement, literature such as *Rank and File* is necessary for a true understanding of the real nature of the labor movement. *Rank and File* deflates some of the myths of the labor movement, but more importantly, adds flesh to the sterile, skeletal facts of impersonal textbook history. *Rank and File* is a much-needed change of pace with its personalist approach. Its only major drawback is its price.

JOB POWER: Blue and White Collar Democracy. By David Jenkins. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, 1973. 375 pages, \$8.95. Reviewed by Norman Lederer.

The traditional goals of the American labor union movement have been to shorten hours and raise wages. A third traditional goal, that of bettering working conditions, has until recently been relegated somewhere after the above. People worked in order to live and it was the living that was paramount. But in recent years workers have come to realize that not only is work here to stay, but that time spent at work, in fact occupies the greatest amount of the worker's energy and spiritual substance. It is therefore imperative that any moves toward enhancing the humanistic opportunities of blue and white collar workers should first be directed at an examination of the meaning of work and the manner in which work can be converted into a behavior-enlarging (rather than a humanly demeaning and restricting) activity.

The concern over the nature of work has produced no consensus of opinion among those involved in the discussion. In fact it has resulted in sharply divided views on the subject. Many labor union officials, for example, fervently believe that workers are primarily in the plant for monetary reasons and that virtually any working conditions are tolerable if the money is good enough. A large number of industrial psychologists and sociologists agree with these union officials.

There is, however, another side to the picture as presented by David Jenkins in this thoughtful book. Events such as the Lordstown strike indicate that man does not live by bread alone, and that he desires some modicum of control over his working environment. The term "alienation" has been bandied about in recent years to explain the growing indifference to quality production, absenteeism and

downright sabotage that afflicts a considerable number of industries in America and abroad.

Jenkins' book is concerned with the concept of "industrial democracy" as an alternative to the present alienating structure of labor-management relations in the United States. By this term the author does not mean merely such window-dressing devices as profit-sharing plans, worker representation on boards of directors of corporations, or trade unionism. Nor does he find the meaning of the term in psychological devices to help employers and employees "get along" with one another, nor in the redefining of jobs to make them more interesting. While the entire book is an effort to come to grips with a solid definition of "industrial democracy," in essence it deals with the deep-seated desire of people to have some control over their lives at work and the devising of such organizations as will fulfill these desires.

The author carefully examines various innovative programs (several of long standing) throughout the world in an effort to discover that mode of work involvement most congenial to the participants as well as to management's need for production. The kibbutz in Israel is one. Jenkins concludes that with adaptations the kibbutz is an example of how democratic systems are possible in an economic context, that people can become meaningfully involved in their work to the profit of all concerned.

The purview of the author also extends to the program of self-management in Yugoslavia, the policy of codetermination in the coal and steel industries of Germany, and to the experiments in worker management being practiced in various Scandinavian countries. The general conclusions of the book are that freedom from autocratic controls in industry can be accomplished if the will exists on the part of the persons involved to achieve it, and that the effort must be made if the fullest potential of the individual in the workplace is to be realized.

THE ANARCHIST COLLECTIVES: Workers' Self-Management in the Spanish Revolution (1936-1939). Edited by Sam Dolgoff. Free Life Editions, 41 Union Square West, N.Y., N.Y. 10003; pb.: \$2.45. Reviewed by Jan Adams.

Anyone at all interested in decentralized alternatives to our irrational, destructive capitalist society will find this book fascinating. Revolutionary Spain, where a long tradition of anarchist education and agitation existed, is the only historical example available to us of large scale application of management from below of modern social and economic life by freely associating groups of workers. Despite terrible obstacles, both obstruction by other groups in Republican Spain and the struggle against the fascist Franco forces, anarchist industrial workers and peasants succeeded in organizing large areas of the country on the principles of local and producers' autonomy.

Dolgoff has combined background essays of his own with descriptions of the collectives by contemporary observers. Even a reader quite unacquainted with the Spanish events will find enough historical material to get oriented. Observers' descriptions of the urban collectivizations recount amazing feats of self-organization in the midst of war. For example, immediately after the attempted fascist coup of July 19, 1936, which anarchist workers took a lead in defeating, members of the Transportation Union in Barcelona took over the city's transit system. Despite streets torn up by barricades, they restored service within five days after the fighting ended. No longer having to pay the huge salaries of top management and owners who had fled, they increased salaries of the lowest paid workers 40% to 60% while reducing the work week to 40 hours. Anarchist self-management also

benefited riders: despite the war, 100 new trolleys were introduced, more runs made, and fares reduced from 15 to 10 centimes with free service for school children, injured militiamen and workers, and the aged.

The book presents much detail on the collectivization of the land. In many areas, groups of villagers pooled their property, working it in teams responsible to a village council which was elected or chosen by lot. Some collectives opened "free stores" from which all members could simply take what they needed. Others rewarded work with a "family wage," ensuring each household what it required regardless of how many tillers it supplied the collective. The land was improved, and everywhere schools started to try to end the 70% illiteracy among the peasants. The collectives seem to have been very tolerant of individuals who would not join them, hoping to attract them by positive example.

While this book provides an enthralling record of the Spanish anarchist experience, it raises difficult questions for the reader who seeks the application of anarchist self-management to contemporary America. In his thought provoking introduction, Murray Bookchin points out one problem which struck me: Spanish anarchism was strictly "proletarian" in focus. In the revolutionary situation, owners and highly skilled technicians had fled. Moreover, industry and agriculture were rather unsophisticated technologically. They could easily be taken over by the masses of unskilled workers and a few sympathetic helpers from among the more educated. Our society is so highly technological that reorienting it to management from below would require the dedicated commitment of many highly skilled and educated persons as well as the energy of us all. Yet the sort of training the highly skilled receive encourages hierarchy and specialization. In this connection the Chinese experience, where years after the "proletarian" takeover of power a Cultural Revolution was needed to re-educate the educated for the service of the people, shows just how difficult such a change is. Anarchism demands the further difficulty of changing the attitudes of the educated without the agency of state power.

While reading *The Anarchist Collectives*, I was struck by how readily workers took pride in doing their jobs for the service of all once they had assumed control. I am sure that taking over management would work a transformation in people's level of commitment, but I also suspect that most Americans feel much greater alienation from their work than did Spanish workers. In our extremely complex capitalism, oriented to endless consumption even by the relatively impoverished, so much more work is objectively socially meaningless. To feel alienated is not only to feel powerless, but also to express reality. In order to take over management of our own lives, we would have to turn vast areas of our experience around, divesting ourselves of the false needs created by advertising and rediscovering our actual needs. Reading about the Spanish experience reinforced my conviction that those of us concerned about arriving at self-management in America must learn to live simply and search hard to find and define work which we can experience as meaningful to ourselves and useful to all.

AMERICAN LABOR: A Pictorial Social History. By M. B. Schnapper. Washington, D.C.: Public Affairs Press, 1972. 576 pp., \$15. Reviewed by Pat Jordan.

This volume is a treasury, an important addition to the documentation of labor history in the United States. What its text sometimes lacks in analytical depth, its images make up for tenfold. It can be opened at any page and found engrossing. The 70,000 words and 1,250 pictures and illustrations are a tribute to the years of tenacious research (and

(Continued on page 8)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

every August commemorated the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and did his part expiating our national crime by a fast which grew longer every year. He fasted another day for every year since that fatal August.

He was not one of these non-cooperators, or resisters when he went to jail for civil disobedience—I cannot count the number of times. He treated all men as brothers, even those who arrested him or sneered at him for his lifetime opposition to war. He was always ready to help or serve anyone, friend or foe, police or jailor. I went to greet him once when he was being released from the Federal Prison at Sandstone, Minnesota. The warden came out with him, as he was being released, to shake his hand, and mine too, telling me he had never met a finer man.

He asked nothing for himself (like Peter Maurin) but took the jobs assigned him, indoors or out. He rejoiced in helping build up a library at Sandstone. He liked to share the meat and fish served (he was vegetarian), and the men sitting next to him benefited by his portions.

He was as friendly as a puppy, I used to say, never abashed or resentful at any brushoff. He respected courage and honest conviction—even when it meant acceptance of war. I should admit that he was at times highly critical of the clergy for their luxury, their drinking (an expensive habit) and conformities to patriotism. He had a strong faith that men could change, and a fearlessness, a courage, unmatched by anyone I have ever met. He literally talked himself out of bodily danger on numerous occasions—a crazed welfare recipient with a knife, a brutal cellmate intent on rape, a mob in Arizona coming to his isolated cabin to "get him." Moral jiu-jitsu, he called it.

Dear Ammon, pray for us that we too grow in courage. "Love casts out fear," and we are living in fearful times.

Joan Thomas, Ammon's wife, has written a biography of him which she will publish herself when she raises the money by the sale of his two books, *The Book of Ammon*, and *The One Man Revolution in America*. She will be glad to receive orders. Write her: Joan Thomas, Box 25, Phoenix, Arizona 85001.

I may not agree at all with her interpretation of Ammon, but I'll certainly be interested in reading her book.

Picking Oranges: A Wetback's Story

By DEMETRIO DIAZ

(Eds. Note: The following is the text of an affidavit filed in Maricopa County, Arizona by Diaz, an illegal Mexican immigrant to the U.S. He was imported, like a commodity, to pick our food. The text has been edited into sentences and paragraphs, but otherwise is unchanged.)

The United Farm Workers Union is struggling to organize legal workers on California and Arizona's vast agribusiness plantations. It seeks to expose illegal immigration in order to end the sort of gross exploitation of wetbacks outlined below. While the Border Patrol ignores the situation and growers can bring in illegals at next to no cost to themselves, farm workers will never be able to win strikes and organize their own union. You can help by not buying grapes, head lettuce and Gallo wines.)

My family and I live in Guameo Chico, Michuacan, Mexico. A man named "Alberto" came to our house and asked my family and me if I wanted to work in the United States. He had work lined up for us working in the oranges for at least \$20 a day. He would get us across the U.S. border and we would walk for two days to reach the Ranch. He would charge me \$100.

On the 20th of December, 1973, 21 of us traveled with "Alberto" to Altar, So-

nora, Mexico by bus. Most of us didn't even have blankets because "Alberto" had told us that they wouldn't be needed. When we arrived in Altar, we spent the night outside with only a little fire to keep us warm while "Alberto" slept inside a house. At 2 A.M. we rode to the Border in two pick-up trucks, where we were dropped off. We jumped over the fence and then followed "Alberto" through the desert for four days and nights, sleeping at the most four hours a night. At times we walked up to three hours bent over so that the Border Patrol wouldn't find us.

The food we had brought lasted us three days, after which we killed a desert pig to eat, because the last day and a half of the walk, we had no food to eat. One young short boy hurt his leg. His leg was so swollen that the boy couldn't walk. "Alberto" gave him some marijuana to make the boy walk. The boy couldn't get up and "Alberto" wouldn't let us carry him, saying "no, leave him." The boy was left in the desert with one gallon of water and unable to walk, an entire night's walk from the U.S. border. On the path of the desert were many human skeletons and loose bones, alongside empty water cans.

"Living" in the Orchards

Twenty of us arrived in Casa Grande, Arizona with "Alberto". He telephoned a foreman named "Meza" to come and get us. "Meza" took us to an orange orchard to sleep without having eaten. The next morning "Meza" took us to work picking oranges, also without having eaten. The orchard he took us to belonged to Martori's, and in that orchard I stayed to live for the next five months. The first afternoon after work, I went to eat with my brother, but most of my comrades didn't eat any

food that day. They had no money and they didn't eat until the evening of the second day of work.

We were taken to work by "Meza" everyday. We picked, oranges, lemons, grapefruit and mandarins. We worked from sun to sun, six days a week. I never missed a day of work in the five months I stayed with "Meza" at Martori's. We were paid every Saturday by check. My



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checks came between \$0 (nothing) and \$40 per week. None of us had a Social Security number, but Social Security was taken out of the checks: one week I was to have earned \$30 but there was \$10 deducted for Social Security.

The food we ate was brought to us by "Meza". He took our orders in the afternoon and then brought us the food and took it out to us in the orchard. At the end of the week, money was taken out of our checks for the food that "Meza" had brought for us. He never showed us how much money had been spent for the food that was brought to us, but too much money was taken from our checks

for the food. For example, for a bag of flour, two dozen eggs, salt, and 3 cans of beans, we were charged up to \$20, which was taken out of our checks.

We slept in a lemon orchard of Martori's from December to April, and made our beds of cardboard and orange crates. There were no bathrooms in the orchards. We cooked our food on fires in the orchards. There was a guard all the time to make sure that no one left the orchard. The guard called "Meza" one night when my brother left the orchard to go to a dance, and the Border Patrol picked up my brother before he arrived at the dance, and sent him back to Mexico. "Meza" often said that if we left the orchard, he would call the Border Patrol.

"Meza" often said "the Border Patrol are my friends, and if there is ever a report, the Border Patrol calls me, and I tell my workers to hide." The Border Patrol never entered a field where I was working to check the papers. One day the Border Patrol arrived where I was working and a man named "Pedro", whom they called the "Hippie", went out to talk to the officers. I saw "Pedro" give them something from his pocket, then the officers went away. The Border Patrol arrived at the orchard where I was working one day, and "Meza" told all of us to go inside the orchard. "Alberto" and two other men named "El Tio" and "Pedro" (not the "Hippie") brought a new group of illegals every two weeks. It is known among the workers I lived with in the orchards that "Alberto" had been working for "Meza" as a tractor driver, and then had switched jobs to bring illegals from Mexico to work at Martori's.

I make this affidavit of my own personal knowledge.

Tivoli Farm

(Continued from page 3)

held in Peter Maurin House, and will continue for ten days.

Farm work is basic, and goes on with many helpers. Larry Evers, who plays the clown for children during the winter, is here again to help John Fillgar with farming, lawn-mowing, etc. Fr. Tony, Fr. Andy, Bob Tivani, Kathy St. Clare, Miriam Carroll, George Scherman, Alan Cerca, Pat Rusk, English Bob, Florian, and others work in our fields and do picking for nearby farmers. I am told that—thanks to Andy's fine greenhouse—we have two thousand tomato plants under cultivation.

Some aspects of our work have been made easier by the gift of a United Parcel Service van. Before turning this vehicle over to us, United Parcel had it overhauled and renovated. Windows were put in, seats, and carpeting. Tires are new. It is ideal for use on a farm. May God bless and reward these United Parcel workers who made us this gift.

I am sure that many readers will be glad to learn that George Collins, who broke his hip last winter, is now walking with a cane so well that Kathleen—our nurse who helps him with his exercising—is threatening to take the cane away. As always, George continues our most faithful leader at Vespers and Compline. Not content with that, however, he has also reclaimed his old post as pot-washer.

The other morning, as I passed through the kitchen, I heard George Quinlan, who celebrated his eightieth birthday in May, grumbling over the dishwasher. Grumbling, but doing the job, voluntarily, as is the Catholic Worker way. So with many volunteers, of many ages, our work gets done.

On summer days, moving through sweet clover, Linda and Susie gather herbs for winter use. On the porch of the old mansion, Walter, Erica, and their friends, work at learning the ancient art of pottery. Children play about, dreaming of an outing at Twin Lakes, remembering wild strawberry picking with Erica. Last night they celebrated the Fourth of July with a watermelon feast. Later when darkness fell, they enjoyed the spectacle and sound of the great fireworks display just across the river.

We move toward August, toward the great Feast of the Assumption, and the song of katydids. *Salve, Regina*, pray for us, that we may grow gardens to nourish us both in body and soul. *Deo gratias*.

A Question for the Big Unions

P. O. Box 4723
Las Cruces, N. M. 88003

Dear Friends,

Was browsing through back issues of the *Catholic Worker*. As so often happens, a first-time cursory reading doesn't seem to register where a later reading will amazingly make it come alive. After rereading in the May, 1973 issue Daniel O'Hagan's honestly questioning letter and Jan Adams' rebuttal-reply to it, I am prompted to jump in with my two bits worth. Daniel is questioning, and I might add very justifiably so, union tactics employed to achieve ends that I might say are in themselves, very questionable indeed.

What I have to contribute is done so from the background of over 30 continuous years of underground work, nearly all of it as a contract miner, and consequently 30 years or more of continuous association with the problems and attitudes of the working man—this more in the individual realm as opposed to the collective whole.

In my opinion, unions, as Daniel stated, are just as corrupt and power hungry as the management—and I might add much more so. The brains and the know how to direct company operations comes from no other place than out of the ranks of labor. Those already in company positions of control, which attainments already speak for the intelligence and ability of such persons, will of necessity choose those who in the ranks of labor appear the most intelligent and able. So the company robs the working class of its brains and talents, with the laboring group on the losing end and much of its effectiveness centered in a few strong individuals at the head of their union, leaving the group itself with no real driving spirit, having lost their potential lights to company blandishments.

The horrendous crime here is that the unions, albeit unknowingly, have, masquerading as the laboring man's savior, not opened to him a right path, but have

led him into a frying pan from which he can see no exit except into the fire. The unions, as much as any other agency, have started the worker on a buying spree that can only culminate in a dire, spiritual poverty.

Nearly all laboring people dream of becoming rich, or at least having all that today's technology and culture has to offer, to obtain the money to buy anything and everything one's heart might desire, with no fears of unpaid bills. We all dream of next year when we'll have it made. Next year comes and its the same old dream—next year. Everyday, technology brings out a new gadget or a new fancy, refusing to allow the worker to rest with satisfaction in his accumulations but only serving to complicate and compound the mess that today's person is involved in.

In this process who catches it in the neck, who is the most frustrated? You guessed it, the worker. Why? Because he hasn't been able to see through this odorous scheme that pervades our society. Why hasn't he seen through it? Because those same unions, professing to be the guardians of his rights, have unwittingly made him a pawn in an economical system that not only squeezes every cent out of him, but to add insult to injury, mortgages all his future earnings also. Not so many years ago, even though our fathers' wages were nil, they were still a proud people and a satisfied people who bought only what they paid for.

The laboring individual is his own worst enemy. I know because I was hooked—hook, line, and sinker. When will we or can we wake up to the realization that the blessed state is one of voluntary poverty? When will we begin minimizing our wants? I'm not talking of the farm workers and other lower paid classes so much as I am of that large majority that has been pushed and pulled into the chaotic mess called "middle America" by their respective unions.

To this class belong miners, loggers, fishermen, construction trades, electricians, plumbers and many others. If the farm workers and others in the lower pay scales succeed as the aforementioned have, they will only join the main, middle stream that has sacrificed its freedom and dignity in the name of that round thing with the words on it, "In God We Trust," and in the name of all the "junk" it buys.

Why, oh why, can't a way be found especially for farm workers who know the land, to acquire their own land, work for themselves, renounce today's mad-dening rush to acquire all the latest gadgets and instead enjoy a simple, free, life-style on the soil? This was Peter Maurin's dream and this was also Kropotkin's dream—small, localized, independent groups, nearly self-sufficient in themselves, although relating to each other in a loose, free federation.

Today, with social legislation beginning to bring us ever closer to Sweden's "cradle to grave security bubble," it is difficult for me to talk of poverty or to attempt to define destitution. What some today regard as destitution, may have been, not so many years ago, deemed a comfortable existence. I find that even today with its galloping inflation, if a person keeps his head screwed on right and does not allow himself to be carried away with futile dreams of "tomorrow we'll have it made,"—does not allow today's horrendous advertising clamor to turn his head,—he can still have a good life. Only last month a dear friend in Southern California told me she eats well on a dollar a day and less. "Quick foods," "heat and serve things," and all the hundred and one gimmicks the food chains bring out, naturally have no place in her scheme of things.

So with tongue in cheek, I'm siding with Daniel O'Hagan. I still can't see Jan's way or the way of any union activity.

Henry Kuoppala

Salute to the Laborers and the Workers

(Continued from page 6)

obvious enjoyment) of M. B. Schnapper, the book's editor. Working people in particular owe him a delightful debt.

American Labor gives a sense of the industrial greatness of the American people, their endurance of atrocities in the working place, their abiding anticipation and hope of making life better. While the book contains facsimiles of unique documents, some of which Mr. Schnapper unearthed for the first time, it is the pictures of working women, men and children that give this history its true social sense. The faces all seem contemporary.

The author steers far afield from any revisionist history, and this is one of the book's chief failings. On the other hand, **American Labor** adds a number of significant insights to the history most commonly read in schools. When the Boston Massacre is seen as sparked by a labor dispute between ropewalk workers and British soldiers seeking those workers' jobs, not only is the historicity of the event amplified, but the importance of labor in the history of the American Republic is solidly established. That the Courts convicted workers as early as 1806 for "conspiracy" to band together to seek better wages only puts in clearer perspective the rampant use of court injunctions today to divide and frustrate workers' causes.

At times, however, as this volume indicates, labor history in the U.S. seems all too often the record of doomed strikes, government alliances with the rich, and abusive working conditions, of black listing and power politics. **American Labor** puts more importance on presidential campaigns and the hierarchy of the Labor Establishment than it should. The photographs themselves are consistently more fruitful than the text in this regard. They represent better than the words the millions of workers who are American Labor.

The book gives fair treatment to Leo XIII and the dispute over the Knights of Labor, to the I.W.W., to the fight for the eight-hour day that engrossed the labor unions for decades, to the patriotism and fear of aliens the labor movement has traditionally been subject to. It identifies labor primarily with the aims of the American Federation of Labor: to achieve the here and now goals of higher wages and better working conditions rather than reforming the social fabric itself. Such an acquiescence is to the ultimate detriment of working people and delays the creation of a more inherently just system.

The text exemplifies other fissures resulting from its exaltation of established labor. While the book treats working

women with some alacrity, the text states (p. 82) that women's "exploitation went unchecked until they were unionized early in the twentieth century." Gasp. The book also gives minority workers far too little attention. While the text mentions Frederick Douglass, Martin Luther King, and Cesar Chavez, one wonders why other worker-minority champions such as W. E. B. Du Bois and Paul Robeson are ignored. Is it because of their socialist adherences? The book seems to fear such tendencies in the labor movement (p. 431), pays little heed to the corruption and bureaucratic na-



Fritz Elchenberg

ture of huge unions, ends with some questionable assertions in an essay by Henry Fleisher that American Labor is at its "zenith of power," and speaks almost nowhere of the dignity, the beauty, the artistry of work, or even of the necessity for such qualities in work.

But for all these failings, there are still the pictures. Marvelous, gripping, ennobling like the spirit of the greatest arts. These make the book imposing, and despite the drawbacks (but not forgetting

them), a most moving and unforgettable collection.

THE UNCERTAIN ALLIANCE: The Catholic Church and Labor in Latin America. By Alexis V. Floridi and Annette E. Stiefbold. Monographs in International Affairs: Center for Advanced International Studies, University of Miami, 1973. 108 p. Reviewed by Bill Griffin.

The revolution continues in Latin America. Although couched in the dispassionate language of sociology, this monograph leaves no doubt that the struggle for justice and an equitable society is intensifying. The authors give the recent history of Church and Labor relations as well as an analysis of different labor movements and unions in a cross-section of Latin American nations. The ideas of important leaders such as Dom Helder Camara and Camillo Torres figure prominently in this study. There is an appendix containing Church and Labor documents on the Latin American revolution. These documents expose the controversies and antagonisms which continue to divide Church and Labor leaders and delay the cause of social justice.

This monograph does not study explicitly the impact of American Industry and Military involvement, nor is the focus of study limited to the activities of guerilla groups. These elements necessarily inform the atmosphere of the monograph, but the fundamental question for the authors (and for us) "is whether the Church can afford to outdo the extremist secular political movements in an effort to establish its credentials as an agent of revolutionary change or whether it should avoid partisanship and broaden its appeal to incorporate and legitimize all reformist and progressive currents, to assist, but not lead the process of political change."

What we know of the human tragedies daily occurring in Chile and the ferocious nature of poverty in Latin America contribute enormously to the urgency of this question. The very formulation of this question reveals, however, that the

Church is no longer to be exclusively identified with the established systems of repression. The authors distinguish three different positions on this question within the Church.

The first and most conventional position seeks reform within present structures through gradual change. The second current of thought is represented by Dom Helder Camara, who inspired the revolutionary "Message to the People of the Third World," published as long ago as 1967, excerpts of which are contained in the appendix to this monograph. Believing in the primary need of raising the social consciousness of the people, he insists on the necessity of peaceful violence, "not the violence of arms, but the violence of Gandhi and Martin Luther King, the violence of Christ. I call it violence because it won't settle for trivial reforms, but calls for a complete revolution of the present structures, on socialist bases and without the shedding of blood."

Camillo Torres, killed in 1966, is the legendary priest-guerilla who inspires the third current of thought within the Latin American Church. Fraternity and solidarity with the poor has led a small but significant segment of church clergy to take up arms against the Capitalist Oligarchies. If such movements as the Golconda Movement in Columbia have done much in illuminating the revolutionary content of the Gospels, they also have raised important questions as to the real efficacy of violent tactics. And it is on the level of tactics that Dom Helder Camara presently argues against violent revolutionary means. Cuba remains the only instance where such means have effected basic social changes. The heroic yet tragic failures of other attempts, says Dom Helder, argues for a new and more massive effort based on civil disobedience and nonviolence. However, it is clear that the example of Camillo Torres will continue to speak to those who suffer seeing children enslaved in a corrupt and inhuman system of exploitation.

The authors present the volatile and desperate climate in which the Church and Labor are presently struggling in Latin America. The danger of totalitarian repression is increasingly present. However, the mystery of men coming to terms with the injustices within themselves and their society means more than sounding the trumpet of doom or retreating into comfortable, immobile fear. The authors make few projections or judgments; they seek primarily to formulate questions along sociological lines. The fact that much of their source material dates from the late sixties says much about our North American level of awareness and sympathy.

The many quotations from Dom Helder Camara's speeches and writings come from the heart and strike the deepest chords in me. Here are two quotations in conclusion:

"With us, without us, or perhaps despite us, the masses are going to wake up. Woe to Christianity if tomorrow the awakened masses feel convinced that their religion, out of fear of governments and the mighty of the earth, abandoned them."

"The Church salutes with pride a new humanity in which honor is conferred not on the money accumulated in the hands of a few, but on the workers, laborers and farmers."

Commentary on Maalot

(Continued from page 1)

ren, in her twelve year-old wisdom, has joined the issue that I've been evading. All afternoon long she has assaulted the foundations of my theology, and now she clarifies the paradoxical situation of Jews who still proclaim a "living" God. Her comment puts all I believe into question: A just and loving God who must be the Author of all men and women, or of none; a loyalty system that places meaning beyond myself and my contemporaries as well as among us; the possibilities of creation, revelation and redemption for our time and place; a human order based on reciprocal justice and on actualized human concern.

I try to wrench myself free of the impossible implications of the alternatives presented by the Jewish theology: Either there is no God at all or, if there is, . . . My mind turns to the probability of more U.N. sessions that will try abortively to determine blame for the current tragedy in the Middle East, as well as to the inevitability of Israeli retaliation for Arab terrorism. I find myself wincing at the expected avalanche of claims and counterclaims, and am equally uneasy at the prospect of more public mourning. I try to explore my feelings about the indignation that will be expressed by American Jews—many of us already deeply burdened by the penetrating guilt caused by our survival and by the contrast of our security and well-being with the unremitting agony and day-to-day losses of Israeli Jews.

What truth, I wonder, can I share with Karen and with Jill that is any truth at all? Is there a way to interpret the slaughter of children that can redeem meaning from practically total absurdity?

Is there a way to rescue the hearts and the minds of my own children from the demeaning dimensions of a parochialism that arises from their loyalties, identification, helplessness, anger and fear? Is there a way for Jewish children to survive and to grow that can affirm the survival and the growth of the children that are born of my Arab sisters' pain? Is there a way to intervene in the patterns of power that force us to abstract and generalize the realities of our Semitic counterparts, and then to brutalize their abstraction? Is there a way of converting the legitimacy of group loyalty and identity into the legitimacy of group compassion and equity for our "enemies"? Is there a way of transforming the stale and unworkable assumptions of a liberal humanism that reiterates its love for all of humankind, but can do nothing to alter the human situation in all of its polarities? Is there a way of converting our professions of humanity into a philosophy of concrete relational justice that can rebalance the geography of the heart and mind and spirit as well as the geography made up of hills and deserts and canals?

I wonder what truth I can share with my daughters and my sons who, were they in Maalot today, might have died with the daughters and the sons of my peers. I wonder what I will say to Karen the next time she tells me that Arabs kill just for the sake of killing. What will I tell her the next time she whispers, "At least we could have prayed?"

(This article first appeared in the Packard Manse Bulletin. Barbara Krasner works with the Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute in Philadelphia.)

TECHNOLOGY AND SIMPLICITY

We should now give some real thought to the possibility of reforming our technology in the directions of smallness, simplicity and nonviolence. Striving for nonviolence would mean to try to work with the gentle and incredibly efficient methods of nature instead of bludgeoning nature and forcing one's way through her. Biological processes are normally far less violent than mechanical ones; prevention is nonviolent as compared with cure; recycling is nonviolent as compared with so-called "disposal." Giantism, of course, is of the very nature of violence: it violates all the laws of harmony and balance. We can also say that mass production is violent, whereas production by the masses may be nonviolent. It can easily be seen that smallness—that is, fitting the human scale; simplicity—that is, fitting the fundamentally simple requirements and interests of man; and nonviolence—that is, fitting the *modus operandi* of living nature around us—that these three belong closely together and are really three different aspects of the same thing.

The Nation, April 6, 1974
E. F. Schumacher

PAX CHRISTI-USA ASSEMBLY

The 1974 annual assembly of Pax Christi-USA will be held from August 30 (Friday evening) to September 1 (Sunday afternoon) at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. The theme of the gathering will be: **THE NEW TESTAMENT BASIS OF PACIFISM AND NON-VIOLENCE.**

For more details and registration information, write Pax Christi-USA 1335 N. St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.