

# CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXXI No. 5

DECEMBER, 1964

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c



## Christmas Epistle

Beloved: The grace of God, our Savior, has dawned on all men alike, schooling us to forgo irreverent thoughts and worldly appetites, and to live, in the present world, a life of order, of justice, and of holiness. We were to look forward, blessed in our hope, to a day when there will be a new dawn of glory, the glory of our Savior Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, to ransom us from our guilt, a people set apart for himself, ambitious of noble deeds. Be this thy message, this thy encouragement in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Titus 2. 11-15

## Protest Vietnam War Dec. 19th

Throughout the nation on Saturday, December 19th there will be a concerted action by the peace groups to end the war in Vietnam. Cooperating groups are: THE CATHOLIC WORKER; COMMITTEE FOR NON-VIOLENT ACTION; FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION; SOCIALIST PARTY; STUDENT PEACE UNION; STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY; WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE and WOMEN'S STRIKE FOR PEACE. These groups are appealing to President Johnson to declare an immediate cease fire on the part of American forces in South Vietnam, followed by their earliest possible withdrawal. Further, the cooperating groups urge the immediate convening of a conference of those nations concerned, including both mainland China and the United States, and that the Conference seek: (1) To secure cooperative action in a program of relief and rehabilitation, carried on through neutral auspices, and directed toward bringing swift and compassionate economic and medical aid to the terribly ravaged people of South Vietnam; (2) To secure an independent and neutral government in South Vietnam through free elections in which democratic, trade union, and religious forces can all have an effective voice; (3) To insure that the associated states of what was formerly French Indochina (Laos, Cambodia, and North and South Vietnam) will be freed from military intervention from the United States, China, the Soviet Union, or any other nation.

As one of the sponsoring groups of this appeal to the conscience of the American people, the CATHOLIC WORKER urges its readers all across America to join us, in your own way, in your own community, in giving a public voice to this urgent call to end the war in Vietnam.

Among the public figures who have agreed to act as sponsors of the forthcoming demonstration as we go to press are: FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.; FATHER PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.; DOROTHY DAY; PAUL GOODMAN; DWIGHT MACDONALD; LEWIS MUMFORD; A. J. MUSTE; BAYARD RUSTIN.

"The main difficulty in eliminating armaments is found in the measure of our ability to substitute some other equally strong or stronger and more efficient means of defense than that of being armed . . . It is urgent and indispensable that the people should understand the danger and take part in protests in the most active possible way against the lunatic possibilities which threaten the existence of all of us."

Danilo Dolci

"If you do not specify and confront real issues, what you say will merely obscure them. If you do not alarm anyone morally, you will yourself remain morally asleep. If you do not embody controversy, what you say will be an acceptance of the drift to the coming human hell."

C. Wright Mills



# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT  
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New subscriptions and change of address:  
175 Chrystie St., New York 2, N. Y.  
Telephone GR 3-5850

Editorial communications to: Box 33, Tivoli, N. Y.

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly.  
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office  
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



## A MEMOIR OF FLANNERY O'CONNOR

(1925-1964)

By ANNE TAILLEFER

In this popular pity [of our modern world] we mark our gain in sensibility and our loss in vision. If the other ages felt less, they saw more, even though they saw with the blind, prophetic, unsentimental eye of acceptance, which is to say of faith. In the absence of this faith now, we govern by tenderness. It is a tenderness which long since cut off from the person of Christ, is wrapped in theory. When tenderness is detached from the source of tenderness, its logical outcome is horror. It ends in forced labor camps and in the fumes of the gas chambers.

(A Memoir of Mary Ann)

Evil may be the absence of good, but good on earth is never totally exempt from evil. Rather, in its highest form, it may be the aristocratic, magnificent acceptance of misery—be it cruelty, disease or sorrow—which transfigures that particular evil and fashions out of a negation a creation. A stark, tender, fierce and short life ended this summer with the death of Flannery O'Connor, perhaps the first (lower case) catholic writer of the United States; a life that spent itself in illustrating this acceptance. Her blueprint for authorship is expressed in the following excerpt from one of her extraordinary letters, which I received when I was writing about her in French:

As to my thoughts about the spiritual state of America (or you might just as well make it the modern world) I think that this is not a Christian era but a Christ-haunted one. Modern people, having rejected Christ, are trying desperately to exorcise his ghost. The Catholic writer cannot suppose that his reader is a Christian. His job is to make the fact of Christ real to people who have sentimentalized Christ but not to believe in any Christ. They are at pains to establish a religion without teeth, a Church without Christ. Faith is really our cross in the modern world and I am concerned with how people try to get rid of it. Each of my two novels has a hero who is trying to escape Christ.

The writer who is concerned with faith in this country is better off if he is a Southerner. The South is a region where the Bible is read and believed in. This supplies the writer with a grand background upon which to see his characters, judge and compare them. The fact that Southern life is Protestant, given to a high and wild degree of individualism and enthusiasm, makes it even more interesting for the writer who is a Catholic. We see these gospel religious groping for what they have lost. The Catholic is able to see their pitiful distortions but at the same time the true core of faith behind them. It makes him a sympathetic judge. I have been de-

scribed as a writer who is "exposing the Bible Belt." Nothing could be further from the truth.

It is against this grand ecumenical background that Flannery learned to seek the kingdom of God and expressed it in two searing novels, each about a young Evangelist, shaking with fear in face of his awesome mission and trying unsuccessfully to run away from it, for each is hounded by his vocation and brought to his knees, the one gouging out his eyes never again to be tempted by the world; the other, after a hallucinatory vision of the Burning Bush, setting forth toward prison and maybe death:

He felt it [his hunger] rising in himself through time and darkness, rising through the centuries, and he knew that it rose in a line of men whose lives were chosen to sustain it, who would wander in the world, strangers from that violent country where the silence is never broken except to shout the truth . . . He knew that this was the fire that had encircled Daniel, that had raised Elijah from the earth, that had spoken to Moses and would in the instant speak to him. He threw himself to the ground and with his face against the dirt of the grave he heard the command. GO WARN THE CHILDREN OF GOD OF THE TERRIBLE SPEED OF MERCY. The words were as silent as seeds opening one at a time in his blood . . . His singed eyes, black in their deep sockets, seemed already to envision the fate that awaited him but he moved steadily on, his face set toward the dark city, where the children of God lay sleeping.

(The Violent Bear It Away)

In both books we find the absurdity of a world preoccupied with God balanced against a world emptied of all save materialistic preoccupation; they deny one another, the confrontation is grotesque. And the author, with her inimitable combination of ferocious irony and of sense of the sacred, pits the semi-literate atheist or the sensualist against the inspired prophet in a clash that welds them together.

In the short stories a quite different sort of genius comes to light. By now we have lost God. It is His absence. His all-pervading absence that cries out in every tale in situations that are atrocious and absurd and yet are daily provided us by the tabloids, if we know how to read them properly. One is tempted to think of Flannery in the terms applied by Father Hans Urs von Balthasar to Georges Bernanos' novel *M. Quine*. When the community or the sinner cannot be saved by the saint, when there is no saint left and the whole small world has been delivered to evil, it is the writer who becomes the saint. By

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# The Morality Of Thermonuclear Deterrence

By JAMES W. DOUGLASS

During last year's Military Procurement Authorization Hearings, a Senator requested that a speech relating current defense policy to the Christian just war doctrine be inserted into the record. He was quick to note, however, that he agreed only with some of the speaker's views on defense policy, not with the moral principles outlined: "You won't find them in any doctrine in any church; in fact, the Catholic Church justifies the use of force to protect life and property." Another Senator pointed out that the speech included the statement, "According to Christian doctrine the use of force to oppress evil can be justifiable under certain conditions," and added the caution: "I would hope the implication is not that under certain other conditions it would be wrong to resist evil."

The potentially scandalous but usually ignored significance of the just war doctrine for our age of total war is that it does in fact set definite, morally unbreakable limits to a just use of force so that "under certain conditions it would be wrong to resist evil." The doctrine holds that against even the most unscrupulous enemy a defense must not be made through morally evil means. Nor

between combatant and non-combatant and the obligation to preserve the rights of the innocent, rights obviously transgressed by "the pure and simple annihilation of all human life within the radius of action." Since few Protestant theologians would challenge the substance of Pius' condemnation, the methods of total war have been effectively ruled out of the Christian frame of reference.

Short of total war, that act of such evident injustice, an act of formal condemnation is almost unnecessary, the problem of specifying just limits remains. The root principle at stake in all such efforts is that one is never permitted to seek the death of an innocent non-combatant. The willful killing of the innocent is murder, in war as well as in peace. The first theologian to apply this principle with any thoroughness to the indiscriminate bombing of World War II was the Jesuit, John C. Ford, in "The Morality of Obliteration Bombing" (Theological Studies, 1944). His pioneer effort remains basic to any discussion today of the morality of nuclear bombing and deterrence.

Father Ford began by establishing beyond reasonable doubt the contemporary validity of the distinction between combatant and non-combatant. A combatant is defined by his close participation in the waging war, and despite propaganda and common assumptions to the contrary, a careful survey of the occupations in any modern, wartime state is enough to show that at least three-quarters of the population is innocent of such participation and enjoys a natural-law right of immunity from violent repression.

The second part of his article consisted in a weighing of the claim that the obliteration bombing of German cities could be justified by the principle of double effect, with the killing of the predominant non-combatant population serving as an unintended, incidental effect. His argument was in two steps: that obliteration bombing in fact clearly included the direct intent to kill the innocent; that, even if it could be considered indirect, the killing would be unjustifiable for lack of proportionate reason. Basic to the first step was the point that it is not psychologically possible to bomb predominantly civilian targets and, at the same time, to withhold the intention of killing the innocent. Basic to the second step was the point that an evil which is definite, widespread, certain, and immediate (the destruction of the lives and property of the innocent) cannot be compensated for by a problematical, speculative, future good (the winning or shortening of the war).

This limitation of means established by Ford in terms of World War II—the moral immunity of civilian areas from massive bombing—has been brought up to date by his more recent analysis of hydrogen bombing (Theology Digest, 1957). By applying the principles of his earlier article to the hydrogen bombing of cities he reaches the conclusion that such bombing is again a massive violation of the rights of the innocent and adds that "if this kind of warfare were once conceded by moralists to be legitimate, it would mean the practical abandonment of any distinction between innocent non-combatants and guilty aggressors—that fundamental distinction which the Catholic Church has taught for centuries. We would be adopting, in practice at least, the immorality of total war."

This finding seems consistent with the teaching of Pius XII and has been confirmed by the work of other moralists. One of Eng-

land's best-known Catholic theologians, Dr. L. L. McReavy, made the statement in 1958 that "in no circumstances, not even to save the Western world from being swamped by atheistic communism, will it ever be lawful to explode indiscriminate nuclear weapons of the major type on predominantly civilian centers of population." In his Easter sermon of the same year, Cardinal Godfrey affirmed this principle in almost exactly the same words. And in 1962 the English philosopher, Father Anthony Kenny, noted that moral theologians in that country had reached agreement with the principle thus stated by McReavy and the Cardinal.

If such agreement in principle is not so clearly evident among American Catholics, the foremost reason would have to be that few of them have even shown any interest in the problem. With a few exceptions like Fathers Ford and Francis J. Connell, who also ruled out anti-population H-bombs, the development of a beginning "nuclear theology" has been the achievement of the English. (One other major exception to American Catholic apathy, John Courtney Murray, S.J., has unfortunately never brought his principles close enough to nuclear war to deliver a judgment on city-destruction.) But even without much theological prompting, a few concerned policy analysts like John Moriarty and James Dougherty have acknowledged the morally binding nature of a no-city limit.

### Protestant Consensus

Among Protestant moralists the interest has been greater and a similar consensus has been gradually evolving. Dr. John C. Bennett in his volume, *Nuclear Weapons and the Conflict of Conscience*, denied that "we could ever justify the use of megaton bombs for massive attacks on the centers of population of another country no matter what the provocation." The same principle has been defended at length by the leading just-war theologian in the country, Paul Ramsey, first in his book, *War and the Christian Conscience* (1961), and more recently in the pamphlet, *The Limits of Nuclear War* (1963, published by The Council on Religion and International Affairs). Ramsey's doctrine of the just war is, in fact, little more than a complex elaboration of the single principle of noncombatant immunity and its derivative, no city destruction, which he fixes as an absolute norm.

Building on a foundation solidly established by Ford and Ramsey, the Christian theological community seems therefore to be approaching unanimity on at least one limitation of means by which the justice of a prospective nuclear war can be measured: thermonuclear weapons must never be used against population centers no matter what the provocation. Such an act involves necessarily, through its very nature, a direct intention of killing hundreds of thousands of noncombatants, most of them women and children. It is therefore intrinsically evil, and on the most enormous scale conceivable; it is a use of the greatest destructive power in man's history to accomplish mass murder. While it is true that emotional horror offers no ready answers to the problem, there remains a much-neglected role for moral imagination to supplement an analysis like Ford's. Even a second-hand experience of the scenes at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, whose bombs were 1,000 times less powerful than our now standard 20-megaton weapon, is enough to suggest that our greatest moral problem lies not so much in deciding whether we can justify such carnage as it

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## Farm With A View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the second Sunday of Advent, when Bob Stewart was driving us in the high-seated Travel-all (which one of our retreatants last summer said resembles an old-fashioned stage coach) to the 11:30 Mass at St. Sylvia's in Tivoli, Rita Corbin and Mary O'Neill looked about them and exclaimed at the beauty of the December morning scene—the sun-glinting lakelike beauty of the Hudson River, the sun-bright majesty of the mountains beyond, the snow-carpeted lawn and fields, even the trees in the woodland hung with snowy draperies, and the hemlocks, pines, and cedars looking under their hangings of gleaming, iridescent snow, all Christmasy and beautiful.

Liturgically speaking, Advent this year has come with a difference. I am referring, of course, to the new Mass in the vernacular, which was approved by the Ecumenical Council and inaugurated at the parish level on the first Sunday of Advent. Fr. Kane at St. Sylvia's prepared his parishioners for the change-over with several rehearsals during the fall. The result was really good participation on the part of the congregation.

It is true that a few parishioners remarked, as they left the Church, that they thought the new liturgy more like a Protestant service than the Catholic Mass, but this kind of reaction should probably be expected during the transitional period. For all those somewhat bewildered by the new liturgical changes, and for everyone who enjoys the catharsis of laughter, I recommend a reading of Stanley Vishnewski's short satire—"Spare Us, O Lord"—which appeared in the December 5th issue of *America*, the weekly periodical published by the Jesuits. After the clean sweep of laughter, we can all, I think, take a better view of the real good of the new liturgy—the fact that the true meaning of the Mass is at last lifted out of linguistic obscurity and made clear and accessible to all so that all can participate with the priest who celebrates the Mass.

Since the first Sunday of Advent fell so soon after Thanksgiving Day, it seemed almost the culmination of a season of thanksgiving, particularly since some of our guests—Beth Rogers and Frances Bittner, and Mary O'Neill and her three charming daughters—were able to stay over. To complete the thanksgiving note, Roger O'Neill, who will be remembered by many of our friends and readers as a former editor of the *Catholic Worker* and as one of the most active of our staff members at the old Chrystie Street house, came to join his wife and daughters—Tyrrel, five, Siobahn, three, and Branwen, eighteen months of red hair and Celtic femininity. Roger and Mary have been living at the community in Glen Gardner where Marty and Rita Corbin also lived until they moved up here so that Marty could take charge of the new Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli, New York.

Needless to say, the reunion between the Corbin and O'Neill children has been on the ecstatic side. Although Beth and Frances had to return to New York, Mary and her children, with Roger coming up for weekends, have been able to stay for a longer visit. The O'Neils are good communarians and do much to bring warmth and joy to those about them. Mary and her little daughters also add a much needed note of femininity. True, we have a few women here, but few indeed compared to the number of men. Moreover, three of our small feminine contingent—Lynn Rousseau, Beatrice Russo, and Marietta—recently left us, while men, more men, arrive every week. For the sake of a better balance in our community, I hope—and pray—that a few women, including one or more of the cheerfully dedicated, practical,

home-making type, will decide to try community living, here on this farm with a view.

We were also grateful this Thanksgiving for several food donations—a large donation of groceries from Herman Bookjans, a neighbor in Tivoli; and some sizable donations of canned goods from Our Lady of Angels Seminary in Albany and Our Lady of Lourdes High School in Poughkeepsie. It was a cause of thanksgiving, too, that Andy Spillane, who lived with us at Peter Maurin Farm but went back to Ireland last summer to visit relatives, came up with Beth and Frances and has decided to stay with us again.

We were also very grateful that Fr. Leo Neudecker, whose parish is in Rochester, Minnesota, and who is an old friend of Dorothy Day and the *Catholic Worker*, was able to spend a few days with us in November and say Mass for us. Once more I should like to emphasize that we have a chapel with the Blessed Sacrament and a room reserved for priests if any priest would care to come and visit us. It seems the greatest blessing of all to have Mass said in our own chapel.

Work, too, is something for which most of us feel grateful. The mainstays are, as always: John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter, Larry Doyle, Alice Lawrence and George, but they have many helpers. Joe Ferry, Arthur Sullivan and Fred Lindsay do much to lighten Alice's household chores. Grant Bowers is becoming a better bread baker with every baking he attempts. Peter Lumsden, Paul Rothermil, Joe Dumeniski, Steve Kaune, George Burke, and probably others have been very busy with the saw and axe, getting wood ready for the wood-burning stoves in Joe's hermitage, John's little house, Peter's room in the old mansion, and, most importantly, for the chapel in Peter Maurin House.

Stanley Vishnewski, John Sullivan, and Arthur Lacey give Marty Corbin some much needed help with the CW correspondence. Lorraine Freeman helps in the dining room and works at her writing; Lorraine recently had an article in the Bard College paper. Rita Corbin keeps busy with family, art work, and community duties. Agnes Sydney, as always, finds something to mend. Herbert Sund keeps busy in his carpenter shop in the basement; beside my bed now is a beautiful radio table which Herbie made.

Mike Sullivan, Jim Canavan, and George Burke have been busy putting up plastic storm windows to keep out wintry blasts. Michael Cohen helps out in the electronics department. Paul Lyga made a beautiful Advent wreath, and put a bright new coat of paint on Dorothy Day's room, so that her room will be welcomingly clean and colorful if and when she arrives. We miss Dorothy very much, and need her as much as we miss her, I think, though we realize that other needs must take priority over ours.

Although I have called this column *A Farm With a View* and I have spoken often of the beautiful view which so many have described for me, I have never intended that the word view should refer only to the picturesque and scenic, but most importantly should connote that ideological view which is implicit in all the teachings of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. I refer, of course, to that program of cult, culture, and cultivation, and the program of theory and action in such areas as pacifism, personalism, farming communes, cooperatives, and always, everywhere, the works of mercy. In his work as managing editor of the *Catholic Worker* and as official spokesman for the community

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### Friday Night Meetings

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

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

## CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM RITT

People come to the Catholic Worker for a variety of reasons: most come out of hunger tinged with the loneliness of the dispossessed and the disinherited and by their presence they give the lie to the myth of affluence and accentuate the grinding poverty which still exists in this land of plenty. Others, however short of fulfillment, make an effort to imitate His concern for these poor by trying to live the principles of His social gospel. A few, perhaps, come because of an acute need for purgative action in their lives, the cleansing but difficult way of service. They combine devotion with a genuine concern which demands their active participation in promulgating the principles which have stirred so many others across the years, one of which is the joyful and quiet acceptance of the rigors of voluntary poverty. Finally, I think, there are those who come because they are called (and



may their number increase): they have a desire to give their lives to God by working together with like minds and hearts to implement on a practical, day-to-day basis, the noble motives of those who founded the *Catholic Worker* over thirty years ago.

### Friday Night Meetings

As if to give impetus to many of the sentiments expressed above, over a hundred people heard William Stringfellow, eminent Episcopalian lay theologian, address one of our weekly meetings. Asserting that the racial crisis is careening toward a violent "day of wrath" in the United States, Stringfellow counseled his audience: the only way out for the white man is to take his "share of suffering as a good soldier of Christ Jesus."

Stringfellow, a New York attorney and author of five books, is a frequent contributor to theological and legal journals and author of an excellent book *My People Is The Enemy*, published recently by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. He sees little hope for achieving racial justice. "God knows," he said, "how Negroes must feel, but I, as a white man, am almost overwhelmed with the feeling that I do not want to hear anything more of it, or see anything more of it, or do anything more of it."

"I wish it would end without my being any longer or any more deeply involved. I would rather escape from what now happens to this na-

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## Joe Hill House

By AMMON HENNACY

1131 S. 1st W.  
Salt Lake City, Utah

On Thanksgiving Day we had thirty men sleeping on the floor. Three of these are young men who have been here for a week or more working at the Mormon Relief for clothing and bringing home Mormon bread and other extra food. Bob and Slim have been here for several months and help out with the housework. One young man from New England noticed that Cajun, Paul, Patricia and I fast whenever we have colds, so he began a fast to get rid of a ringing in his ears and is now on his fourteenth day. He has a quiet little cubby-hole off the kitchen, over the cellar door, and plenty of blankets, which is important when you are fasting in cold weather. We still need blankets. Almost all the other men are transients whom I have not seen before. That is what we want: folks who need a rest for a time. We also have an old sheep-herder who will probably stay until lambing time in the spring and an old man waiting for a pension, who gets the warmest blanket. Three men off the freights from California stopped me last night on my way back from the post office and asked me where the mission was. I told them to follow me. Right now four chickens the men worked for at Mormon Relief are being prepared, and they are talking about where they spent previous Thanksgiving Days. (Many of them spent them in jail.) One of my Mormon friends has just walked in with a lot of candy and cocoa. His young son is looking curiously at our men, some of whom are lying on the carpet in the front room while others sing songs about unrequited love as they prepare the dinner.

### Love, Courage and Wisdom

Paul reminded me that it was on Thanksgiving Day fifteen years ago that I wrote an epigram that I still think "came from the blue." It was while I was digging a dozen holes for planting of roses in the driveway of my friend and employer, James Hussey, who lived near Phoenix. Digging in the dry-packed stony earth was very difficult. Thinking that I might be invited in for Thanksgiving dinner, I had taken only a peanut-butter sandwich, but James went to his in-laws and I was left alone. What with my energetic breathing in the crisp air and the only noise being the mooing of a cow in the barn for her absent calf, by four-thirty I had digested the sandwich and was thinking of higher things. (This was three years before I became a Catholic.)

Love without Courage and Wisdom is sentimentality, as with the ordinary church member; Courage without Love and Wisdom is foolishness, as with the ordinary soldier; Wisdom without Love and Courage is cowardice, as with the ordinary intellectual. Therefore one with Love, Courage and Wisdom is one in a million, who changes the world, as with Jesus, Buddha, and Gandhi.

### Pig Hollow

This is the name of the "jungles" in the city of Ogden thirty miles north of here, where for many years tramps have put up shacks and lived in them. Birchers living in the wealthy suburbs have been complaining because there is interest in folk music at a certain high school. The idea is that since Joan Baez and Pete Seeger are pacifists or radicals, all folk singers must be Communists. So Utah Phillips planned a special group of songs based on Utah history, some of which he sings at our Friday night meetings. They include: "I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night," one about the closing of our first Joe Hill House, and another about the burning of the shacks at Pig Hollow. Here is the third verse from this last:

A poor man is fighting for all that he has.  
He stands with his back to the wall.

A rich man spends nearly half of his life

Chasing a little white ball.

But the rich man says that Pig Hollow must go:

"It's a place where the crooks rendezvous."

But don't you suppose if you burned down the bank

You'd flush out a scoundrel or two?

### A Man Who Never Died

On the Friday night nearest November 19th, which was the forty-ninth anniversary of the execution of Joe Hill, two young folk singers came from the University with a tape recorder to tape some of the Joe Hill songs we sing every week. One of them sang a song against the draft, and the other one about Hiroshima. For CW readers who may not be familiar with Joe Hill, here is a resume of his story:

Hill came from Sweden in 1901, at the age of nineteen, worked on boats and on shore around San Pedro, California, and up and down the coast as a transient, and was jailed in free-speech fights. From early years he wrote songs and picked out the melodies on the piano; he is said to have been an indifferent guitar player. At outdoor meetings, the Salvation Army used to try to drown out I.W.W. (Industrial Workers of the World) speeches. (I remember attending such meetings in Ohio in 1912.) So Hill would compose parodies of religious songs, the best known of which is "Long Haired Preachers," with its well-known refrain, "You get pie in the sky when you die." "Casey Jones—the Union Scab" is another of his songs that is sung all over the world. Three years ago, a girl from England who stopped in to see us said that when she worked with the Quakers in Poland one summer they had sung Joe Hill's songs.

In December 1913, five thousand ore miners went on strike at Park City, which is not far from here. Joe had worked there, and everyone knew his songs. On the night of January 10, 1914, two men held up a grocer at 8th and South West Temple, five blocks from here, and killed an ex-cop named Morrison and his son. The only witness to the killing was a thirteen-year-old son of Morrison, who said that the two killers were shorter than Hill. That same night Hill was shot in Murray "in a fight over a woman," as he told the law. It is believed that Hill had beaten the time of another man and that this man, or perhaps the girl, had shot him in a struggle for the gun. A man shot in the lung could not have walked the several miles from Morrison's store to Murray. When the officers came to see Hill, he was in bed nursing the wound. He lifted one hand to scratch himself and the stupid law, thinking that he was reaching for a gun, shot him through the hand. A street-car conductor said that a man who was bleeding had boarded his car near the Morrison store and that this man was definitely not Joe Hill. Hill's court-appointed lawyers were inept and he fired them. However, he was found guilty. Around the same time, an army officer who had killed an I.W.W. was quickly acquitted. A man who told the Seattle police that he had been with Hill on the night of the killing and could prove his innocence was kept in prison and not allowed to testify until after the sentencing. On a motion from Tom Mooney, the American Federation of Labor convention asked for Hill's release, as did the Swedish Ambassador. President Wilson twice obtained a reprieve for him. The school principals of Salt Lake City publicly applauded Governor Spry for refusing to commute the sentence. The only protest meeting was scheduled for Unitarian Hall, but the authorities cancelled it. A prominent local resident who protested the execution was Virginia Snow Stephen, daughter of the president of the Mormon Church,

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## Non-Citizens

35 Arkwright Road  
Hempstead,  
London, N.W. 3  
England

Dear Martin:

I am pleased to tell you that the Simon Community in England is growing. Anton Wallich-Clifford has opened three more houses. With the help of Christian Action, a Church of England group, he has also been able to buy a farm in the country. Anton tells me that he has to depend on Divine Providence. He says that he receives a lot of criticism from organized social workers because of the chaos in running his houses of hospitality, yet when one talks with some of the lads I meet on my visits to St. Joseph's House (129 Malden Road, London), they seem so grateful to have reached there and to have a roof over their heads.

Many of these men had walked the streets of London for weeks before they found a Simon member who directed them to St. Joseph's House. No one is ever turned away without being given a meal or a bed. Many of these men sleep in our great station's waiting rooms, in lavatories, or on benches in Hyde Park.

Some told me stories of sleeping in doorways in the West End and of being removed by the police. The Simon Community is bringing hope to men who had lost all confidence in themselves; they are the rejects of society. Help for the Simon Community is coming from many other religious bodies. Opmar House is part of the community and is run by Father William Kahle. This house, for homeless mothers and their babies, is full at the moment.

Last month, Anton presented a packed, illustrated report on homeless men to the new Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson, at 10 Downing Street. The report, called "The Non-Citizen 1964" was the result of a one-year pilot survey he and other Simon workers conducted. It contains many facts and figures documenting the tragic lives of the homeless men and women who live on the shadowy side of our "affluent" society.

I have been asked to speak on the Catholic Worker to the Westminster Cathedral Legion of Mary next month. I will talk about Dorothy's work and what she does in the States. Last month I gave a talk to the Legion of Mary group in Hempstead on "The Catholic Case Against the Nuclear Deterrent." The young priest who chaired my meeting turned out to be a member of my Catholic Nuclear Disarmament group. There were over sixty people present.

God bless you in your work. You will all be in my prayers.

Eddie Sean Linden

## Education For Peace

New York, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

One of the country's largest progressive student organizations, the Student Peace Union, has been

## THE KINGS CAME BEARING GIFTS

Were there humans fit for it,  
poetry would descend  
a swan upon the flesh;  
first gift.

The second,  
a perfect world borne off  
by a supernal bull,  
the poem gotten.

The third I cannot know  
until all heaven's bells  
nod in accord  
and pitch me into time.

Meantime, the world;  
damnation, rot, renewal,  
the unexpected  
flesh of Christ.

Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

reorganized. Headquarters are now in New York City, the center of SPU's largest region.

Closed down in Chicago in June because of a temporary financial strain and lack of adequate personnel, the SPU national office was re-established at a convention held in New York over the Columbus Day weekend. The SPU maintains its traditional broad-based peace position and continues to require of members only that they agree with the Statement of Purpose that "neither war nor the threat of war can any longer be successfully used to settle international disputes" and that while acting "independently of both East and West . . . the SPU works toward a society which will ensure both peace and freedom and suffer no individual or group to be exploited by another."

We urge all students who wish to join or remain affiliated with the Student Peace Union to get in touch with the new national office at 5 Beekman Street, New York 38.

Koget Lockard  
National Chairman

## Building Co-op

c/o Allan Egenwall  
Nordhemasgatan 31  
Goteborg, Sweden  
October 30, 1964

Dear Miss Day:

This is my third month in Sweden. I have earned my union card as a brick mason. The monthly dues are six dollars, but we don't pay if we are out of work. Unemployment benefits are about eight dollars a day for over four months. They are provided from a special fund to which both government and employers contribute. There is a shortage of skilled construction workers. The work week is forty-five hours.

The trade unions here have a seventy-year history of joining with community societies at the local level to educate working people in socio-economic matters. The Svenska Rikshyggen co-operative house building company was formed in 1941. Today this union-owned general contracting co-op has constructed ten thousand apartments and planned whole neighborhoods. It has its own architects and engineers and works to improve the quality of housing. It is financed by fees from the local housing it helps construct.

There are twelve special local development construction co-ops, which build all kinds of houses in order to reduce the cost to the consumer and at the same time provide work for their union members. These twelve co-ops are financed up to 50 per cent by the central trade unions; the local unions must put up the balance. The masons, carpenters, laborers and cement workers all belong to one union and contribute from their monthly dues to raise the investment capital. In Eskilstuna, where I worked when I first came to Sweden, over eight hundred people are employed in construction, in the office, and in their own factories.

In 1941, forty per cent of the building-trade men were out of work. So they set up the first producer co-op to build housing and sell it on the market. In New York City, we are faced with a similar problem: too many luxury apartments and not enough low-income housing. Until we set up labor- and consumer-controlled housing utility companies, we will not be able to hire people with sufficient management ability to stick it out and make the enterprise work for us.

One Sunday an American friend and I visited Father Selman Threadgill, O.M.I., in Nasby Park outside Stockholm. The Mass was celebrated in English and the room was packed with worshippers. I gave out all my CW papers.

A lot of precious information is never translated into English here. Swedish social and economic management is studied by many of the new nations. I look at the bright faces of young students from Asia and Africa and wish we would send our young Americans here

too. For example, the neighborhood leaders of Harlem and the Lower East Side should be given scholarships to study the housing system here. Ninety-five per cent of business in Sweden is either private or co-operative.

William Horvath

## 25 Years of Exile

Spanish Refugee Aid  
Room 406  
80 East 11th St.  
New York, N.Y. 10003

Dear Friends:

Again winter is starting and the holidays are coming. For us this is a joyful time. For the Spanish Civil War refugees it means lack of heat and comfort, insufficient clothing, not enough food for nourishment. After 25 years of exile, in France, 10,000 still live in misery. Can you help us make this a better season for them?

As you know, one of our main concerns is for the 1,261 old people on our rolls, who are living on starvation pensions in one of the most expensive countries in Europe. They could all ask as one of them, Sra. Josefa M., did recently: "How can two people live on a dollar a day?" She and her husband are among the three hundred families waiting for temporary help, which will cost nine thousand dollars to give. To these we must add three hundred and sixty old men and women in hospitals to whom we want to send a Christmas or New Year's gift. There is finally the Foyer Pablo Casals, where over two hundred



people gather together and are aided in their everyday needs. The expenses for the Foyer for the next six months will amount to forty-five hundred dollars.

You may remember that recently we turned our attention also to the very young. We are specially interested in gifted children among the Spanish refugees. We now have thirty children with excellent school records, each needing fifty dollars this semester to help with clothing, books, carfare and extra food.

Cordially,

Hannah Arendt.

## Cases of Conscience

5, Bynon Avenue  
Bexley Heath  
Kent, England.

Dear Friends:

Now is the time to declare openly the need for a radical change in the attitude of Catholics in nominally Catholic countries, and elsewhere, towards freedom of conscience. By this I mean that there should be freedom for all those who do not advocate violence, but merely differ in ideology from Catholics, especially conscientious objectors to military service. This is a matter of basic human rights to express one's views privately and publicly, in speech, association and the press, in all countries.

One thinks of a recent case of Catholic conscientious objection in Italy. Giuseppe Gozzini, a lawyer, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and only released, along with some other prisoners, after a Presidential amnesty. A priest, Father Ernesto Balducci, who defended Gozzini, received eight months suspended, and the editor who published the priest's

article, Leonardo Pinzanti, received six months suspended.

When the Asturian miners went on strike in Spain, repressive measures were taken against them, including humiliation, imprisonment and torture. No trade unions, other than those operated by the state, are allowed in Spain. Strikes are illegal. Free speech does not exist. Protestant denominations have only partial freedom; no open propagation of their creeds is allowed. A limited number of chapels and schools have been reopened recently. Protestants are now allowed to worship in private and are no longer forced to attend Catholic services when in the armed forces or in prison.

Neil Snelders

Ed. note: Amnesty International (1 Mitre Court Building, London, E. C. 4, England) will provide more detailed information about these and other instances of coercion of conscience by governments.

## Spanish Tragedy

Callejo de la Iglesia  
Puerto de la Torre  
Malaga, Spain

Dear Editor:

I have just read "Cooperative or Condominium" by William Horvath (September 1964), which makes me think the co-operative scheme should exist here in Malaga, where the housing situation for thousands of families is deplorable. The government, the unions and the parishes are all doing something, principally condominium, but the need for minimum adequate housing is enormous.

The tourist boom in the Costa del Sol has made a bad situation infinitely worse by attracting job-seekers from other parts of Spain. Housing prices are soaring, and the poor have no chance of competing but must wait years on somebody's list for even a new room. I would be very grateful if you could send me details of the co-op housing scheme or an address where I might get more information.

My wife and I, after six years of trying to get something going here, Catholic Worker style, at last have a clothing room for poor people. The stock comes from a Swiss group, the European Friendship Circle. We hope, with their help, to have a recuperation camp for the poor in Malaga eventually; the E.F.C. is building one at Ste. Jalle, in the south of France.

To work in Spain today is rather a difficult task with CW ideals, but we would gladly welcome any of your co-workers who would like to try or who may be visiting Spain. The needs of the poor here are quite overwhelming, but reading the CW each month helps us, perhaps more than anything else, to keep following where we believe God is leading us.

God bless you and your work.

Yours in Christ,

Kevin and Jean Ryan

## Post-Mortem

St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Friends:

This is a brief account of a short-lived St. Louis house of hospitality.

I made many serious mistakes, chiefly taking too many men in too fast instead of growing organically as a family should, and not allowing myself enough privacy and spiritual "sanctuary." The mistakes impeded fulfillment of, but did not invalidate a Christian vision of the kingdom: rich, middle-class, poor, the solitary "more sinned against than sinning" old ones, saints, poet, fools, workers, and radicals, living and working with one another in community, yet retaining privacy and freedom. And so I invited the poor to my three-room quarters in the most easterly slum in the city.

Eventually, six men stayed on, and we seven scavengers,

moochers, carpenters, thieves, finishers, cooks, and old ones formed a family. At one of our weekly meetings (I don't think any of us will ever forget or quite figure out these meetings), the boys decided that they should be allowed to drink their cherished Italian Swiss Colony in their own home, if it was really to be their own home. Well, I naively agreed, on condition that they not fight or disturb the sleep of others and that they continue to perform the various functions that I had assigned them or that they had undertaken on their own initiative. As they wobbled wine-soaked through the day and through the night, I began to realize the folly of my experiment, but by then it was too late, and anyhow I couldn't go back on my word.

I was also discovering that the West Side remained pale and stricken behind the economic wall, which is more formidable than anything the Berliners have to face. They needed lots more time, and I needed more wisdom. That is not to say that many West Siders didn't come. Most fun were Friday night fish fries, with the fish mooched by "Cos" Costello, the Mayor of Franklin Avenue, and delicately prepared by "Bum" Fry, our former seasonal hotel chef. Later, seventy-year-old "Overcoat" Spalding would splash out a stompin' good number while jamming the air with his accompanying guitar, to the delight of our curious guests.

But as time proceeded, the need for perspective and spiritual rest became predominant. Rolling out the scroll in the evolution of human relationships or Christian Anarchism is no easy artistic feat, but it is the supreme and crucial value, the "Omega point," and as exhilarating a joy as a man or woman can hope to know.

Philip Leahy

## Bombay Apostolate

Sodality House  
J. J. Road, Byculla  
Bombay 8, India

Dear Editor:

I should like to thank my friends and benefactors for all the help they have given me in running the Catholic Information Bureau, in the way of Catholic books, donations, and cards. I beg to be excused if each and every one of my benefactors has not received a personal letter of thanks. I also request that the assistance to my apostolate be continued.

Thank you so much for your kindness. I will remember you in my prayers.

Yours sincerely in

Jesus Christ,

Father J. O. Pujol, S.J.

## Threat to Family Life

Cathedral of Christ the King  
P. O. Box 32  
Johannesburg  
South Africa

My Dear People:

"Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder." These familiar words at the head of the invitation made it plain to me that I should accept. It came from the Black Sash. One usually associates that movement with public protests against injustice. This, however, was an invitation to attend a two-day forum on migratory labour. It had been organised by women who feel that the migratory labour system of our country undermines family life.

The ladies had gathered together a very able panel of speakers who put before them the history and the effects, social and economic, of migratory labour in South Africa. They heard what could be said in favour of the system as well as criticism of its effects on family life, and the economy of the country. It became quite apparent that this system is not the creation of any one political party; indeed the largest em-



# MAIL BAG + +

players of migratory labour are the mines. Nor is it opposed by all Africans. Many in the tribal areas seem to approve of the system. Yet it became quite clear that this long standing South African custom of using migratory labour is destructive of Christian family life among the Africans. Men are separated from their families for long periods. They form new temporary unions in the places of their employment. The original family is too often neglected and from the temporary unions come yet more illegitimate children to swell the increasing number of fatherless, and all too often lawless, adolescents who roam our streets. They are not only a reproach to our social system, but also a threat to its future peace. Rootless, lawless men, without family or possessions, are the very stuff out of which revolutions are made.

In view of the gravity of this social question, which touches the heart of the Christian concept of matrimony, it is the duty of all Catholics to give it their attention. We must not be afraid of the accusation that we are meddling in politics. Family life is at the heart of Christian civilization. Only on a Christian home life can a Christian civilization be built. If the future of Africa is to be Christian then Africans must have the chance of living a Christian family life. All African eyes look, in hope or anger, to the Christian South. It would seem then that either South Africa must do without Black labour, or African family life must be, not only permitted, but encouraged in our Cities.

We may feel we have not sufficient influence to change the pattern of life in South Africa. That is true of us as individuals, it may even be true of us as a Church. Yet one individual can influence many others, and the influence of the Church certainly extends far beyond her boundaries. Let us therefore use what influence we have to advance the Kingdom of God in Africa.

God bless you all.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
Monsignor C. L. Williams.

## White Mischief

36 Airline Road  
Brighton Beach  
Durban  
South Africa

Dear Dorothy Day:

The June issue of the *Catholic Worker* included a letter that was unsigned and written to you from Cairo. Living here in Durban, and knowing Archbishop Hurley personally, I thought that the enclosed letters from the readers' correspondence columns might interest you.

It is not the first time that Archbishop Hurley has been taxed with being a "political priest." The picture of him standing beside "saboteurs and bomb throwers" is more ridiculous than that of a pyramid standing on its apex. I do know that, like Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., he is a sponsor of Pax (London).

The enclosed letter should give you an idea of how the English-language papers, although attacked by the Nationalists and supporters of apartheid, are in reality standing behind the government. A very few white people here stand at the side of the Africans. Seeing the rage for an easy life and possessions, one can hardly expect anything else. This urge for self-aggrandizement has bedeviled our society ever since the first white settler, van Riebeeck, came here in 1652.

There have been a few courageous men, ordained and lay, of whom one can hardly learn the names. One is Bishop Colenso, an Anglican prelate who died in 1884. This man was hounded and slandered during his lifetime and is now practically forgotten, apart from a small town that is named after him.

That there is division among

Catholic priests in regard to our government's color policies should be clear. Race prejudice is with many of them something that has been absorbed while growing up in this country. That there are priests in other denominations who support Verwoerd does not alleviate the evil of apartheid.

The whole solution lies in education and the acceptance of the fact that we are all human beings with one common fatherhood. Violence cannot be of any assistance in this grave problem. Even if our government was utterly destroyed, their spirit of discrimination would go on.

Praying for a speedy solution in America's deep South,

T. Kloppenburg.

Ed. note: Mr. Kloppenburg encloses several clippings from the *Mercury*, a local newspaper, of letters attacking and defending the activities of Archbishop Dennis Hurley, O.M.I. One correspondent denounces him for visiting Ireland to raise funds for needy Africans and asserts that the Irish peasants are worse off than South African blacks. Another associates him with "saboteurs and bomb throwers" and urges that "these holders of sinecures in South Africa—the finest and most sought after sinecures in the world" be unfrocked if they dissent from the racial policies of the Verwoerd government. The two letters defending the Archbishop are unsigned.

## Peace Craft

Kaitiaki  
New Zealand

Dear Friends:

There has been intense opposition in the South Pacific to the French plans to test hydrogen bombs at Mururoa Atoll, seven hundred and fifty miles south of Tahiti. Much of this concern is due to a fear of any increase in the amount of radioactive fallout in the area, but there is also the realization that the French tests will increase the likelihood of testing by other nations. Australia, New Zealand, Chile and Peru have all made official protests to the French government.

In New Zealand, over eighty thousand people (ninety per cent of those approached) signed a petition asking the government to take steps to make the Southern Hemisphere free of nuclear weapons or testing. However, the government of New Zealand appears to accent the American policy statement that it would be "unwise" to ban all nuclear weapons from the half of the world lying below the Equator. Judging from the willingness on the part of New Zealand to send "engineers" to help the American war effort in South Vietnam, there is little chance that this country will begin to follow an independent policy. President Johnson may maintain that the United States has never "forced" agreement on another country, but the fact of its tremendous power certainly influences governments.

There have also been protests against the tests from Tahiti, Western Samoa, and Pitcairn Island. Recently, a nonviolent, direction-action group was formed. It is called CRAFT (Committee for Resolute Action Against French Tests). The tentative plan is to place an international team of volunteers in the area before testing begins. (Some reports say that the French plan to begin late in 1965; others say in 1966). One or more ships would be based at Pitcairn Island or perhaps the uninhabited atoll, Oeno, which is sixty-five miles north of Pitcairn, a typical South Sea Island, with a coral reef, sheltered lagoon full of fish, some coconut trees, and, most important, a supply of fresh water from a well. It is hoped that such a project, with a two-way radio connection, with the

world and international support, might persuade the French to postpone or stop testing.

The French have already hinted that they may call off the tests if the other nations agree on dismantling their nuclear weapons. They are obviously on the defensive about testing, and have been stressing the great financial gain that will accrue to the islands. Ten million dollars will be spent on the port at Tahiti, and a thousand new homes are being built there. This largesse does not seem to have made the testing of hydrogen bombs any more palatable to the islanders.

Unless a boat can be borrowed, CRAFT will have to raise funds to buy or build one, and would like to secure support from anyone interested. Inquiries about the project have come from France and England, but so far there has been little response from the United States. Anyone interested in knowing more about the protest should write to: Frank Jackson, International Secretary, CRAFT, 8 Gibraltar Road, Howick, Auckland, New Zealand.

Robert Stowell

## Dreadful Misery

Kanjirode Church  
Kundara P.O.  
Kerala, India

Dear Dorothy:

This is a humble Catholic Indian priest who speaks to you. Five boys have approached me for some



financial help for their education. They are in dreadful misery. I was inspired to make an appeal for them to the fortunate of the world through the *Catholic Worker*. I do hope some of the readers of the CW will kindly help these least fortunate of the world with some financial donations.

God will surely bless you. I shall keep those kind souls in daily prayers and Masses.

Yours gratefully,  
Father Paul Cruz

## The New Proletariat

"We have not mended our society since its mutilation by nineteenth-century industrialism. There is less poverty but no more (in some ways less) true community life. Work has become less unpleasant without becoming more significant. The gulf remains between the skilled and creative few and the unskilled and uncreative many. What was formerly called the proletariat has lost what culture it once had, and gained no true substitute. A stream of half-baked amusements hinders thought and the enjoyment of art and even of conversation. Equality of opportunity produces, not a society of equals, but a society in which the class division is made more sinister by the removal of intelligent persons into the bureaucracy and the destruction of their roots and characteristics as members of the mass. In short, a proletariat in the fundamental sense intended by Marx still exists: a deracinated, disinherited and excluded mass of people. Only this mass is now quiescent, its manner of life largely suburban and its outlook 'petty bourgeois', and it increasingly lacks any concept of itself as deprived."

—Iris Murdoch, in *Conviction* (Monthly Review Press)

## Adeste Fideles

Love and Peace incarnate  
stowed in a manger  
Whose annual coming we must celebrate  
with gift-choked stockings and factitious prayer  
to a red-suited little man  
while yet  
believing in the bond which You have proved  
goes far beyond the family  
clan  
or nation  
to all mankind  
help us renew this love  
lest a Second Coming we create  
make us hate and destroy each other  
even  
for Your Name's sake

Edward Morin

## Open Doors and Open Minds

By HERMAN BOOKJANS, JR.

"Mankind," Alfred North Whitehead has written, "is now in one of its rare moods of shifting its outlook. The mere compulsion of tradition has lost its force. It is the business of philosophers, students and practical men to re-create and re-enact a vision of the world, conservative and radical, including those elements of reverence and order without which society lapses into a riot, a vision penetrated through and through with unflinching rationality."

After the Second World War, a visionary and practical man, Mahatma Gandhi, showed the world that human conflicts on an international level can be solved through nonviolent means. Here for perhaps the first time in the twentieth century a man dared "re-create and re-enact a vision of the world" that included the use of nonviolence as a basic method for achieving political goals. He dared put the Christlike "turn the other cheek" philosophy into practice, and did not find it wanting.

Yet in our civilization, the solution of many human conflicts on all levels of existence (personal as well as international) is attempted by force and repression—a method which leads to greater hostilities and unbounded irrationalities. Most irrational approaches to human problems result in greater problems, increased hostilities, a sense of failure and frustration, and a large measure of unhappiness.

The writer, during his seven years of working with emotionally disturbed people in a "mental hospital," has noted that the use of force and repression and even the threat of force usually results in a more violent, more disturbed, and more irrational patient.

Recently the writer took charge of a maximum-security-ward in a mental hospital. This ward contains alcoholics, runaways, and some apparently violent psychotic patients. One day a co-worker asked that one of the patients, who was hallucinating about axes flying from his body, be placed in restraint. It seemed that whenever the patient hallucinated in this manner, he smashed windows and assaulted other patients. The writer decided to use a nonviolent approach instead. He asked the patient: "What is the matter?" The patient replied: "The axes are flying from my body at a hundred miles an hour." The writer said: "Just a minute, I'll get you a paddle and we'll play some ping-pong." Whenever the patient tried to stop playing, the writer would ask: "Are the axes still flying?" If the patient said yes, the writer would insist on playing on. When the patient finally reported that the "axes stopped flying," the writer put the ping-pong equipment away. Subsequently, the patient exhibited no violent behavior and no form of restraint was needed. The writer has experienced similar situations in which a nonviolent creative approach has seemed to help the patient manage his own behavior.

The institution where the writer works encourages a nonviolent and unblaming approach toward the patient. In some instances, where this attitude has not been maintained, there is a history of

smashed windows, of injured workers and patients. Sometimes it is hard to convince a worker, whose culture encourages violence, that the nonviolent approach works.

The writer remembers a young female patient, a college graduate, who, in spite of the liberal doses of tranquilizers she received, constantly smashed things on the ward. She was in restraint a good deal of the time. Then a new director came to the hospital and inaugurated the "Open Door Policy," which meant that most of the wards were unlocked. The patients were allowed to walk around the grounds whenever they chose. Within weeks after the doors opened the female patient went home; she hasn't returned since.

In the field of "Mental Health" we have come a long way. We have progressed from beating, whipping, and chaining patients to the open-door policy of our modern mental hospitals. The writer feels that what is needed now is an open-minded community—one that can react with calm acceptance to the mental patient; not with fear and hostility. As soon as our communities develop an open mind, the significance of the open door will be fulfilled and the non-violent approach will be vindicated.

## Prisoners For Peace

A number of courageous young men throughout the country are serving sentences of up to five years in prison for their principled refusal to accept military service. One of the most appropriate works of mercy that can be performed as we prepare to celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace is to send a greeting card to these witnesses to the primacy of conscience. Just sign your name; written messages are not permitted. Here is a list of those currently imprisoned in the United States. (More ambitious correspondents can obtain a list of C.O.'s in prison throughout the world from the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., New York 38).

Bram Luckom, Alan Nyssola, Jacob Stauffer, Marvin Stauffer—Federal Prison Camp, Allenwood, Pa.

Dennis Weeks—Federal Reformatory, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Russ Goddard—Medical Center for Prisoners, Springfield, Mo.

John Ross—Federal Correctional Institution, Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif.

Paul Salstrom—Federal Correctional Institution, Danbury, Conn.

Robert Switzer—Cook County Jail, Chicago, Ill.

"The simple love of country and home and soil, a love that needs neither reason nor justifications, is turned by the official apologists of the state into the demented cult of 'patriotism': coercive group unanimity; blind support of the rulers of the state; maudlin national egotism; an imbecile willingness to commit collective atrocities for the sake of 'national glory'."

—LEWIS MUMFORD



## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

tion. Yet I am certain both in my mind and in my guts that this exhaustion will not hasten the resolution—much less reconciliation of the racial crisis: it can only frustrate and compound it."

Speaking softly, but using words pregnant with meaning, Stringfellow made the following points: (1) The racial crisis is now a matter of survival, at least for a free society, and everyone in the country is involved; (2) Non-violence has not yielded results and the adherents of non-violence will not be able to maintain leadership among American Negroes; (3) A "day of wrath" is coming and which will be met by violence on the part of the white population and which will result in the establishment of a police state; (4) There is but one hope—the witness of the Cross: the white man must meet the coming Negro violence with love.

Stringfellow was almost prophetic in calling for Christian love as a solution to the racial crisis. Saying that after ten years of unparalleled dignity and humanity and restraint the Negro could only look back and see the decomposed remains of three youths, dead in an effort to register Negroes in Mississippi; the body of Medgar Evers rotting in its grave in Arlington National Cemetery; the graves of the children of Birmingham; the scars of those branded by cattle prods and maimed by police dogs; more than forty churches and homes bombed and burned; the children of Harlem living in rat-infested tenements; token integration and widespread despair, Stringfellow pointed out that the first step must be the total eradication of ghettos.

It was a sobering night at the Catholic Worker. Fortunately, hundreds of thousands will hear this magnificent address. Through the courtesy of the Pacifica Foundation (WBAI, New York; KPFF, Los Angeles; and KPFF, Berkeley, Calif.), the talk was taped. It will be broadcast over all three of Pacifica's FM stations in the near future, and tapes are available for clubs and organizations by writing to: Pacifica Radio, 30 East 39th Street, New York, New York.

Grier Dee came back after a year to engage in a dialogue with a white woman, titled "The Black and White of It." Sprinkled with levity, their words brought laughter at some points, although I felt that the subject of the dialogue called for a bit more depth and articulation: sex is not the only aspect of the racial crisis.

Arnold Johnson spoke on the McCarran Act. The questions ran the gamut, but Mr. Johnson was true to his job of being public relations director for the Communist Party. In that role, he was great. Archbishop Ioann Wendland,

Exarch of the Russian Orthodox Church in North and South America, talked to us about his church in the Soviet Union. The Archbishop, accompanied by Miss Helene Iswolsky, proved to be a provocative guest, satisfactorily answering some rather pointed questions, although Miss Iswolsky made it clear that the Archbishop did not wish to answer questions with political connotations.

### Visitors

Dr. Felix Zengotta, a self-sacrificing physician working among the poor of the Bronx, invited Ed Forand and me to dinner. When he arrived he had two of the Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld with him. With Walter Kerell acting as interpreter, we spent a most enchanting evening in animated conversation. The Brothers, Yvon Boillet and Jean-Baptiste Prat, witness the presence of Christ by working as ordinary seamen on a Norwegian ship. The brothers, who were on their way to New Zealand, were impressed by our work and told us they would be back to visit us. We hope they do.

On November 12th, at the invitation of Pax Romana, Ed Forand and I attended a reception for Monsignor Albert Giovannetti, permanent observer of the Holy See to the United Nations. Msgr. Giovannetti graciously consented to come and visit the Saint Joseph's House on Chrystie Street and address one of our Friday night meetings some time in February.

### Hoover Versus King

The CW prides itself on its relevance to the social issues of the moment. When the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation used the prestige of his position to impugn the honesty of Martin Luther King, Jr., the CW family at Chrystie Street was astonished and even angry. The Sermon on the Mount speaks of those "who suffer persecution for justice's sake" and there is no doubt here, that Martin Luther King, Jr., has been maligned by J. Edgar Hoover. We were happy to note that some Catholics condemned Mr. Hoover's intemperate and unjustified remarks, but pleased that Mr. Hoover and Dr. King sat down and discussed their differences as two men should. The arrests promised by Mr. Hoover have taken place and at least twenty-one men of the State of Mississippi are involved. One hopes that the paths of justice will not be obscured by local Mississippi authorities.

### Thanksgiving

The Thanksgiving weekend at Chrystie Street was delightful. There was ham and turkey and all the fixin's, of course; but we were particularly pleased to have Dorothy Day among us. Dorothy came down from Vermont, where she is baby-sitting for her daughter,

Tamar. Her visit made the holiday complete. I first met Dorothy through the pages of the Catholic Worker many years ago. However, it was not until 1963, while visiting New York from California, that I had the pleasure of meeting her personally. One never really knows what the Holy Spirit has in store, but when I first met and talked with Dorothy an idea of mine began to crystallize. Just twelve short months later the idea came to fruition: I joined the Catholic Worker family and am now convinced that a life of voluntary poverty, lived so eloquently by Catholic Workers, will be good for my spiritual development.

In a recent issue of Our Sunday Visitor, a stalwart Jesuit defender of the Right wrote a surprising column which can only be characterized as an outright attack on the integrity of Dorothy Day—and inferentially upon the members of the Catholic Worker family, both present and past. We were pleased to see that a recent issue of the Georgia Bulletin (Atlanta) carried an editorial, signed by the editor, Gerard Sherry, defending Dorothy Day and the work of the Catholic Worker. We are grateful to Mr. Sherry and feel that the many followers of the CW across the country will echo our sentiments.

### The Catholic Peace Fellowship

Jim Forest, a one-time Catholic Worker, is executive secretary of the newly emerging Catholic Peace Fellowship, an affiliate of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Like all social apostles, Jim is feeling the sting of the Radical Right. The Catholic Peace Fellowship's program for peace is being misinterpreted and, perhaps, deliberately distorted by the devotees of the Right. It is revealing, I think, to compare the letter attacking the CPF and Jim's temperate and balanced reply, both of which appeared in the Brooklyn Tablet. The address of the CPF: Post Office Box 455, Staten Island 2, New York.

### Reform And Renewal

Ed Forand, charged with the responsibility of keeping Chrystie Street running smoothly, is also active in the activities of Holy Crucifix Church, on Broome Street. On the First Sunday of Advent, Ed acted as a commentator at the 9:00 A.M. Mass when portions of the directives in the newly adopted Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy went into effect in the New York Archdiocese. Other members of the Chrystie Street household will be following Ed's lead in the near future. Reform and renewal, after all, must be implemented at the parish level.

### Facelifting

Through the efforts of Dennis Kuhn, a seminarian and an artist with a paint-brush, the outside of our building is undergoing a facelifting. Putty and paint and perseverance is paying off. Cooperating with "Whiskers" and other volunteers, the men have washed down the walls of the first floor, windows have been cleaned, paint has been used where needed. Mike Herniak, another volunteer, performs miracles with a hammer, some wood and nails: right now he is busy installing a new light fixture which bathes our beautiful statue of St. Francis in bright white light. We have just received a serviceable record player and intend to wire St. Joseph's House in order to provide music for the men on the soup line in Silo House and in our dining room. Chris Kearns is showing signs of an encounter with Cupid; Nicole D'Entremont is his constant companion.

There is an air of expectancy at St. Joseph's House. We are in the season of Advent. Our creche is ready; we prepare for the coming of Christ.

"The state represents violence in a concentrated and organized form. The individual has a soul, but as the state is a soulless machine, it can never be weaned from violence to which it owes its existence."

GANDHI

## Joe Hill House

(Continued from page 3)

who taught at the university. She was fired for her humane stand. As the five men poised their rifles through the window of the blacksmith's shop at the old Sugar House prison, Joe shouted: "Fire!" Before he died, Hill asked to be buried in Wyoming, explaining: "I don't want to be found dead in Utah." So our Joe Hill House is a lasting memorial in this state to Joe Hill, rebel singer and tramp.

### Speaking Engagements

A new rule permits the students at Westminster College to choose a speaker once a month for their compulsory chapel service. For Veterans Day they chose me, and my talk was taped and broadcast over a downtown radio station. These youngsters, all Protestants except for one Catholic boy, asked questions for hours, and some of them now attend our meetings. Naturally, I told of this being the anniversary of St. Martin of Tours, who around 380 A.D. refused a bonus from the Emperor and offered to go to battle without a sword or shield on the following day, because God would protect him. But before breakfast, the enemy surrendered. It is also the anniversary of the execution of the four Haymarket anarchists, which took place in 1887. So November 11th belongs not to the military but to Catholic pacifists and anarchists.

A student Methodist minister heard me at the college and asked me to speak at a luncheon of the Methodist ministers of Utah and their wives. I did so, but much prefer speaking to young folks, whose lives are not so enmeshed in protocol. Father Roger Enwood, of Provo, the Episcopalian priest who baptized death-house inmate Darrell Poulsen, and who had me speak three years ago against the execution of Garcia and Rivenburgh, invited me to address a meeting at the Community Congregational Church. It was an excellent meeting, with lively questioning. No Mormons, Quakers or Catholics were present. Provo is the home of Brigham Young University, which is larger than the University of Utah. Room and board charges are so low that poor students come from all over the country. Whether Mormon or not, they are required to sign a statement that they will follow the Word of Wisdom, which means no smoking, drinking or gambling.

### Prison Etiquette

The Poulsen case continues to drag on; a decision is awaited from the state Supreme Court. Two other murder trials are going on, so it seems that the subject of capital punishment will always be a factor in my life here. I am on speaking terms with Governor-elect Rampton and will give him a copy of my book. As I told him during the campaign, I'll picket him for Poulsen if necessary.

Two young men at the state prison at Point-of-the-Mountain recently brought suit in Federal Court, accusing the warden and prison officials of cruel and inhuman treatment. A judge came from Colorado for the trial, but the lawyer the young men had hired compromised and agreed with the prosecutor to have the case dismissed. I was present in court for several days a few years ago when four pale and emaciated young prisoners told how they had been

manacled to the floor with their arms through two sets of bars and tear-gassed. The warden and the head of the prison board admitted all this, but said they could not afford to have any revolts in the prison. Even the judge wondered how men who couldn't even scratch their eyebrows could revolt. However, nothing came of this investigation.

I have received word that my old friend Jack Baker, who picked up with Mary Lathrop and me for months in 1960, has finally been released from prison and has a job in the East.

### Concluding Words

I should like to quote a paragraph from my Christmas Message of 1962:

"Right forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne." (But you don't have to be a part of it.) People are naturally good, if it doesn't cost them anything . . . Now at Christmas time they have a faint glimmer that comes through and for the moment they really mean what they say when they call for brotherhood, peace, kindness; yet they are surrounded, and they consciously keep themselves surrounded by yes-men and lickspittles, so that nothing is ever really done that might cripple their power or decrease their revenue.

## TIVOLI

### A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 3)

here, Marty Corbin is certainly the most scholarly and articulate exponent of this ideologic view.

The other night at the Marist College in Poughkeepsie, before the assembled Newman Clubs of Vassar, New Paltz and Dutchess Community College, Marty gave a talk on the subject of *A Catholic View of Disarmament*. From those who heard him, I understand that he spoke with the assurance of one who has thorough knowledge of his subject and with the moving conviction of one who is sure of his view.

As always we have had our illnesses. Shorty Daniels finally became so helpless and ill that he had to be put in a hospital. Jean Walsh, our nurse, who has been so faithful in visiting Albert Check since he entered the hospital, will undoubtedly be as faithful in visiting Shorty.

We have our usual problems and frictions, too. Sometimes, some of those who suffer from the affliction of alcoholism succumb to their weakness and drink more than they should. Sometimes others suffering from the tension of other problems become impatient and impatient. Yet with it all, we have joy and the hope that if we persevere we may some day learn just a little of the love of God that great mystery—the moving of God.

The dew of Advent falls on new-fallen snow. May it fall on our hearts that we may be ready when the Christ Child comes to all who welcome Him. To all our readers and all our friends, we say: May God reward you for all your help and prayers for us. And may the Christ Child bless you this Christmastide and always.

## THE BOOK OF AMMON

A newly revised edition of the Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist. (Copies of the original have been unavailable for several years.) With a foreword especially written for this edition by Steve Allen. The Book of Ammon is certain to stimulate reflection and provoke controversy, particularly among Catholics. Price is three dollars, postpaid. Order from: Ammon Hennacy, 1131 S. 1st W., Salt Lake City, Utah.

## POET AT GEORGETOWN

(Daniel Berrigan, S.J.)

At the sign of the twin cannon (Ark and Dove) we waited hot August to sit in his weather who wears the world for wedding ring—the gospel boy with his singing loaves and fishes who breaks bread with the poor and summons a bird, a beggar or a blind man to light his song.

At the sign of the blue honeycomb he spiked his muse's lantern to a red maple and sat down to speak while the bright patio paled where his face was such sun. He broke us bread, and sang us hallel of the new creation until the out-leaning curious stars drowned in Potomac water. Then of that intellectual feast we gathered up twelve baskets to store against the day of lucky famine when the muse, struck lean with compassion, kneels the long bread-line with her black brother in the broken doorways of the world.

Sister M. Therese



# Flannery O'Connor

(Continued from page 21.)

his despair, fierceness and solitude, he redeems both book and reader, for he forces upon them the only possible solution, the missing love to fill the yawning gap.

From the title-story of the volume *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*, in which an infantile grandmother suddenly jumps to adulthood and external charity in the few minutes that precede her execution by an escaped convict who exclaims regretfully: "She would have been a good woman if there had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life" to "The Displaced Person," an exposition of the situations caused by racism in its deepest sense, which is poverty, the protagonists are brought to face the Last Judgment and we, the readers, have to render the sentence with our own consciences. In "The Displaced Person," a hard, mean little proprietress holds sway over poor whites and Negroes whose livelihood is in her hands. Among themselves there exists a gentleman's agreement of a kind: to do the least work possible. What the proprietress loses financially she recoups in her sense of superiority: What can one expect of such people? They are all the same. But the scene is disrupted by the arrival of the Displaced Person and his family, Poles just out of concentration camps. The newcomer becomes overseer. A man superior to his position, an ardent and skilled worker, he sets a pace that completely disrupts the lackadaisical rhythm of his co-workers. Hatred, caused by insecurity, begins to mount and the Pole tops everything by arranging a marriage by correspondence between a niece still in a refugee camp and a young local Negro. The force of the predicament is attained by the very understatement with which it is expressed, the Southerners hardly troubling to explain why it is impossible for the marriage to take place, the Pole incapable of understanding why anyone would withhold kindness, food and liberty from his unhappy niece. In dazed and semi-conscious horror both the proprietress (who had grudgingly come to admire her overseer) and the poor, black and white, watch a tractor crush the Pole to death under their eyes without lifting a finger to help him. They are all afterwards to be overcome by terror or disaster. And the proprietress most of all.

The author's style is a fantastic melange of fierceness and humor. Claudel has said that there is no tragedy without its element of comedy, and she is most keenly aware of this. But great writing does not separate the one from the other in compartments, they fuse. Perhaps all this boils down to our infinite importance to ourselves and our infinite unimportance in the face of the universe. There lies both tragedy and comedy. Because of this sentimentality is totally banished, that sentimentality that Flannery O'Connor loathed above all things.

She deems that the Puritan's dream is to attain innocence without passing through Redemption, since he seems to have forgotten the fall of man, the "happy fault" sung by the Church through its centuries. He does not want to pay the necessary price, he wants "to escape that horror powerful enough to nail a God upon a cross." If we do not accept the horror, how can we accept the love?

To her truth children bear witness, either the heart-rending little boy of "The River" or the girl-children of "A Circle in the Fire" and "A Temple of the Holy Ghost."

They know, with blind, unerring instinct, whatever may be the terrible way they take to find out. It is perhaps in the preface to *A Memoir of Mary Ann* that the writer reveals herself in the most startling manner, and it is done through a child. She imparts to us

her dilemma at being asked by the Dominican Nuns of the Rose Hawthorne Cancer Foundation in Atlanta to write the story of a saintly little girl, Mary Ann, who spent nine years in their care up to her death. With wry and point-blank sincerity she spells out her distaste for hagiography and her incapacity to write a pious, edifying tale. So she turns the tables on the nuns and advises them to write the story themselves, promising to write a preface for it. A year later, she is faced with the story which is everything she had feared, edifying, monotonous, devoid of selective taste or drama. But musing upon it, she realizes that it nonetheless comes to life; the secret of the child's soul becomes apparent. Lives of the saints are usually imagined by sweet old priests or maiden ladies whose experience is fictive; this accounts for their sentimentality. But the child who brought joy to everyone had one downy, glowing cheek and one hideous one, inflamed and distorted by a cancerous tumour. The nuns who, loving her, tended her, suffered this with her; when they taught her the story of the Passion, they witnessed hers. The effort on both sides for nine years must have been overwhelming. From what she and the nuns made of her death, a living force, Flannery's musings led her back to Nathaniel Hawthorne, the foundress' father, who, we know from his wife's diary, one day had to clasp in his arms, where it had thrown itself, a small child disfigured by a hideous sore: "If it had been my child," said Nathaniel, "if it had chosen me for a father." And the Puritan father, guilt-ridden, produced the Catholic nun who could not bear to see cancer victims treated as lepers. And musing on these things Flannery O'Connor comes to terms with truth, with its double aspect, glowing and hideous like the cheeks of Mary Ann. No doubt the Atlanta nuns may have gone to Miss O'Connor for her clear and swooping mind, her devastating outlook, but more perhaps for her body, wasted by a deadly disease carrying all this strength on crutches, her body who knew.

Her last printed work, to my knowledge, was an interracial story whose title is borrowed from Teilhard de Chardin: "Everything That Rises Must Converge."

She was one of those very few fully achieved beings who gave their all swiftly and burningly, and we must now accept our loss and admit with her that:

One of the tendencies of our age is to use the suffering of children to discredit the goodness of God, and once you have discredited his goodness you are done with Him. [The Puritans] whom Hawthorne saw as a menace have multiplied. Busy cutting down human imperfections, they are making headway also on the raw material of good. Ivan Karamazov cannot believe, as long as one child is in torment; Camus' hero cannot accept the divinity of Christ because of the massacre of the innocents . . . The action by which charity grows invisibly among us, entwining the living and the dead, is called by the Church the Communion of Saints. It is a communion created upon human imperfections, created from what we make of our grotesque state.

(A Memoir of Mary Ann)

"Our Socialist ancestors had ideals but no techniques. We are often amazed at their naivete. We have the techniques; these we can explain clearly. But we can give only a brief and largely demanded explanation of our ideals. We have reached a stage where the amount of theory is decreasing while the social need for it increases."

IRIS MURDOCH

## Thursday Nights

There's a homemade sign in the window . . . "AA Tonight at 8 p.m. Everyone Welcome."

Inside a man is standing at the front of the room talking. There are a few people sitting in straight-backed chairs listening. But here and there someone has fallen asleep.

The speaker says: "Just twenty months ago, I came through that door and attended my first AA meeting. And believe me, I was in worse shape than any of you."

The man is clean-shaven. Suit pressed. His shoes shined. He talks about his life when he was drinking, and what his life has become . . . what he hopes to become.

And people listen. The man says: "If I can do it, so can you."

A few heads nod. Others still sleep.

"Keep coming back," the man says.

The meeting closes. It's a typical AA meeting that goes on every Thursday night at The Catholic Worker, 175 Chrystie St. Speakers come from AA groups all over the city to share their faith, hope and experience with the Chrystie Street Group.

They come to help themselves. They hope that they help someone else in the process.

## Dirty War

In the past few weeks photographs have appeared in the British Press showing the tortures inflicted on Viet-Cong prisoners by troops of the Vietnam army.

In the long, frustrating war—now nearly 20 years old—in Indo-China there has, of course, always been a practice of torture by the French—but at least in the old days of the long, long war hypocrisy paid a tribute to virtue by hushing up the torture inflicted by its own soldiers and condemning the torture inflicted by the other side.

The strange new feature about the photographs of torture now appearing in the British and American Press, is that they have been taken with the approval of the torturers and are published over captions that contain no hint of condemnation. They might have come out of a book on insect life. "The white ant takes certain measures against the red ant after a successful foray."

But these, after all, are not ants but men. The long, slow slide into barbarism of the western world seems to have quickened. For these photographs are of torturers belonging to an army which could not exist without American aid and counsel.

Does this mean that the American authorities sanction torture as a means of interrogation? The photographs certainly are a mark of honesty, a sign that the authorities do not shut their eyes on what is going on, but I wonder whether this kind of honesty without conscience is really to be preferred to the old hypocrisy.

GRAHAM GREENE

(Text of a letter published in the DAILY TELEGRAPH (London) for November 6, 1964.)



# Oakland Farm Report

By BILL ESHER

In December, California's central valley is damp and cold. From Chico to Bakersfield, the wet fog will hang like a shroud over endless spaces of flat fertile land. Half a million seasonal farm workers will start the long wait which ends with the early pea harvest in March. In a hundred shack-towns the scene will be the same, as gaunt women try to stretch two days' food over a full week. This is a quiet, unspectacular kind of suffering, invisible to travelers on the giant cord of concrete binding the valley together: Highway 99, where shiny loads of '65 model pickup trucks speed past gaudy billboards proclaiming as a public service: "World Goal: Freedom from Hunger."

In September, a top-level meeting was held in Washington whose effect was to insure the continuance of the shacktowns, the long winter waiting, and the hunger. Top officials of the Departments of Agriculture and Labor met with representatives of the growers and organized labor in a closed-door session to decide what would happen now that Congress had voted down the bracero program.

It was decided that a massive imported contract-labor program in California would be carried out under the provisions of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act. It was also decided that public hearings would be held as a "prevailing wage" of \$1.25 per hour for 1965 would be paid to the Mexican contract laborers by California's corporation farmers.

Foreign contract laborers are preferred by growers because they can be mobilized and regimented more efficiently than American workers. More importantly, their mere presence tends to depress the existing wage structure to the point where American farm workers can be made to work for bare subsistence wages. This has been the function of the bracero and the wetback and the Filipino and the Chinese field laborer for a hundred years. According to the State Department of Employment, the average farm worker earns \$1,085 a year. Spokesmen for the three-hundred-million-dollar agricultural industry say they can't afford to pay higher wages. Individual farmers with whom we have conversed are convinced that anyway "farm workers are bums; aren't worth any more than they're getting."

The rigged hearing on the new

captive-labor scheme (P.L. 414) will be held in San Francisco on Monday, December 7th. We of the West Oakland Farm Workers Association will be on hand—on the sidewalk—to make our position known to the public. Most of us, feeling that the hearing itself is an insult since the decisions have already been made, will be outside. Some of our friends, however, will be inside, in order to condemn this sham ceremony.

We have seen growers refuse to pay their workers after the day's work; we have seen labor contractors cheat and lie to their workers; we have heard at least two farmers say: "The trouble with that crew of farm workers is they're not hungry enough."

The imported-labor scheme could not operate in California without the support of Governor Edmund G. Brown. He has assured us, personally and in the press, that he is against introduction of such labor. Nevertheless, he has yielded to pressure from the state's growers, and now the entire bureaucratic machinery is involved. Farm Placement Service officials and grower-group administrators are often interchangeable.

Foreign contract laborers entering the United States under the 1965 arrangements will be housed in sanitary barracks, moved from field to field in late-model passenger buses, and fed enough so that they can work at top efficiency. Although their contracts will specify \$1.25 an hour wages, doctoring pay records is easy to do and the contract workers are too poor to buy wristwatches.

Government inspections under the bracero law rarely uncovered payroll frauds, and the new import arrangement will probably not even provide for inspections. There will be no complaints and no labor trouble, because six centuries of oppression have taught the peon a forceful lesson.

And in the farm worker shack-towns of rural California, the awesome emptiness of poverty will descend for another year on a half-million unwanted people. For them, California is a mouthful of dust in the endless, seasonless despair of a useless life. This is the staggering price we pay for winter lettuce, lemons and avocados.

Ed. note: To learn more about this problem, read *Farm Labor*, Box 1173, Berkeley, California (\$3.00 a year; thirty cents a copy).

A unique and inexpensive gift that will be remembered every day of the year!

## 1965 PEACE CALENDAR AND APPOINTMENT BOOK

• A bright thread of dedication to a just and peaceful world runs through American history. Many have contributed to this tradition—from the Southwest Hopi Indians, living the good life before recorded history, to Operation Freedom, which today is extending the opportunities and horizons for the most dispossessed of our neighbors, the Southern Negro sharecroppers. Sometimes visionary and other-worldly, at other times practical and immediate, at times defensive and splintered, at others robust and well-organized—it is these expressions of one of the finest qualities in the American culture that the current WRL Peace Calendar continues to explore.

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# The Morality Of Thermonuclear Deterrence

(Continued from page 2)

does in realizing personally the proportions of the evil involved.

But welcome as it is nineteen years after Hiroshima, agreement on an absolute limitation of means is only the first step in a theological response to the nuclear crisis. Leaving aside for the moment the question what further principles must supplement this well-established limit, the irrelevance of any principle is clear without its application to the *quæstio facti*. Theological principle must meet strategic fact. Still it is at this point that theologians understandably become hesitant, approaching as they must the specialized realms of nuclear strategy and politics. Despite the crucial importance of application, the natural inclination of the theologian is instead to stop short at the door of officialdom and dispense principles to the strategists on their way into work. The danger of this prudent course, all the more evident from a close reading of the "overkill" literature, is that most strategists have a convenient, frequently emptied file for such principles. The point here is not simply a matter of good or bad will but more one of vision and awareness. It is the seeming irrelevance of moral principle to a vast military machine grown accustomed to the permissive silence of Christianity and to the autonomous demands of military necessity. Fundamentally then the question is, how can the Church make its principles felt on so profoundly important a question when the public authorities (and most Christians for that matter) interpret its present stand as a sign of unqualified support?

The most obvious way to begin to make principle relevant is for the moralist to acquaint himself with the strange discourse of thermonuclear war strategists now increasingly audible to civilian ears. The writings of strategists have reached such abundance that from this point on the kind of theological innocence which issues and ends in unapplied, and sometimes inapplicable, principles should no longer be taken seriously. A second step therefore in a theological response to the nuclear crisis is the task of making established principle meet strategic fact.

With regard to the basic limiting principle of no-city destruction, there is a central strategic element in nuclear war which seems to render the "just nuclear war" contradictory in essence and unrealizable in fact. This element is the strategic need today for a total-war deterrent or "umbrella" in order to enforce any actual limitation of means. The necessary condition for limiting war between nuclear powers is the constant mutual threat of unlimited retaliation if the limits are passed. Strategists up to and including the Secretary of Defense have repeatedly emphasized this total-war deterrent as a *sine qua non* of nuclear power politics.

## Conditional Genocide

The immediate moral problem raised by this strategic demand is its head-to-head conflict with the absolute limitation of means, no city destruction, whose practical realization is at the same time one of its goals. In order to make the absolute moral limit viable in practice, one must also make it conditional and profess a readiness to break it and "destroy an enemy society if driven to it," as Secretary McNamara put it in his Ann Arbor address (June 16, 1962), and as he and other officials like Dr. Alan Enthoven, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, have since continued to emphasize. But if the limit is morally unbreakable to begin with, it could not, of course, be waived in the end to make possible a "necessary," "punitive" act of genocide. Conditional or retaliatory murder is still murder. The prohibition against H-bombing a city

is constituted from the intrinsic character of the act and from the natural, permanently inviolable rights of the innocent. No circumstances exist or could exist in which "it might be all right" or "necessary" to commit a few Hiroshimas. The moral barrier against city-destruction and against its cumulative effect, society-destruction or genocide, is a stone wall made of a million Mosaic slabs having the individual and collective strength of the divine imperative, "Thou shalt not kill."

The only conceivable way out of this conflict between absolute moral principle and strategic necessity, short of rejecting all nuclear war, is to introduce a moral split between deterrence, or the threat of city destruction, and the act itself in execution. Since the fulfillment of the threat would clearly be immoral, our only hope of retaining the deterrent morally is to create an abyss between the threat and its actual execution. This is the argument from bluff, the argument that the West would never in fact carry out in actual war its threats of city or society destruction. If such final restraint could be legitimately assumed despite appearances to the contrary, thermonuclear deterrence would not involve a conditional commitment to the murderous methods of total war. The upper reaches of the deterrent could be considered instead as a "bluff" whose only purpose is to restrain the enemy within the same nuclear limits which we ourselves would in no case exceed.

Before considering the merits of the argument from bluff from the standpoint of the no-city imperative, one particularly loose assumption in it which is not formally at issue here should at least be noted. That assumption is that a perfectly targeted counterforce, no-cities nuclear war could in itself, apart from any higher threat, fulfill the requirements of a just war. Given, however, the increasing possibility of a large number of hardened enemy missile bases vulnerable only to the larger weapons, even an attack directed exclusively at such military targets would raise a grave question with regard to the "incidental" effects of several hundred thermonuclear explosions across a country. A huge loss of civilian life through fallout or ecological effects, however, "indirect" or "unintended," would still be unjustifiable by that just war principle of proportionality which can compel one "to suffer the injustice."

But the principle of proportionality is not so clearly established in its limits and application as is non-combatant immunity. The argument from bluff seeks principally to avoid an otherwise irresolvable conflict between the strategic necessity of a total-war deterrent and the no-city imperative.

It must be conceded that the premise of the argument from bluff, a secret rock-like resolution by the responsible officials never to carry out their public threat, is a possible one. And this is precisely where the argument derives an appearance of strength: no one can disprove its premise. One can quote nuclear strategist Herman Kahn's practical objection that "while we can probably keep the details of our war plans secret, it is most unlikely that we can keep the philosophy behind them secret," thus calling into question the perfectly kept secrecy of a philosophy of absolute restraint. According to the strategists, the effective credibility of the deterrent depends on the will to carry out the threat.

One can point out how unlikely it is that the greatest and most automatic war machine in human history, if provoked by the destruction of its own cities, would do less than retaliate in kind. But it must still be admitted that it

might restrain itself, and that its command might be prepared to do so in perfect secrecy without alarming Senators like the two quoted earlier. It is also possible that a particular thermonuclear war might not be so awful as we imagine. And after it all we might even call ourselves Christians when confronted by the results of our work. All these are possibilities. A secret resolution never to destroy cities is no less likely than the others, all of which possibilities, however unlikely in fact, we are inclined to look upon hopefully as narrow ways out of a moral impasse.

## Blind Faith

More relevant in evaluating the argument from bluff than the possibility of its premise being objectively true (and the at least equal possibility of its being murderously false) is the subjective demand which it makes upon the conscience of the individual citizen. If we concede, as we must, the bare possibility of an objectively good conscience for a few responsible officials, there remain several hundred million uninitiated participants in the West's nuclear policies, namely its citizens. The argument from bluff to be effective must maintain a purity of



intention in all those committed to an outwardly evil policy, citizens as well as statesmen. No Western leader could employ a nuclear deterrent without the support and cooperation of the body politic. A presumed right intention, held secretly by the statesman and conflicting with all outward signs, must therefore be extended somehow to the citizen confronted by the same public evidence of the deterrent as the enemy.

It is here that the basic tensions of the bluff position are most apparent. For to realize the twofold moral-military objectives of the argument, the government must be seen as presenting the American citizen and the Soviet strategist with the same factual basis for two diametrically opposed judgments, each of them so well-founded that the government is right to expect it. Both agents are given the public fact of a total-war threat: an already huge, still growing missile-bomber force far outnumbering military targets; the declared intention to use this force for the destruction of an enemy society as a last resort. On the one hand, the Soviet strategist must have the good sense to believe this threat for it to be militarily effective. But on the other hand, the American citizen must disbelieve the threat in order to make his support of it morally permissible, since it is the citizen's formal and material cooperation in a potential act of genocide which is at stake here. How then is the citizen to pass from such strong negative evidence, which serves as the basis for the Soviet strategist's fear, to a contrary belief in an underlying right intention? The answer is: by an act of faith.

From all outward appearances,

a citizen who supports such a publicly stated and reiterated policy of "destroying an enemy society if driven to it" is cooperating in conditional genocide, with no awareness of the presumably right intentions which lie secretly at its heart. The cooperation and resultant responsibility would, of course, be greatly heightened for certain classes of citizens, like a missile manufacturer or a "button-pusher." Yet in each case, according to the argument from bluff, any moral responsibility for what is potentially the most murderous act in man's history can be avoided by a leap of faith, beyond publicly stated threats, to the right moral intentions secretly animating the Pentagon's "War Boom." The argument from bluff rests ultimately on an utterly blind act of faith.

## Innocence Through Bluff

We should be careful not to deny a purely natural faith its proper place. There can be no doubt that faith in the good will of those we live and work with is an essential element in human life. This is equally true of the faith we place in elected officials. We must often rely on their judgment for the sake of order.

At the same time there are certain crucially important political issues, concerning the destiny of whole peoples, on which every citizen must pass judgment personally and with his entire moral being. The racial crisis is one of these. Thermonuclear war is another. For a citizen deliberately to make a blind act of faith in his superiors' judgment on such matters, against all objective evidence, and then go dutifully about his affairs with eyes averted, is a sin and crime that we should by now, after an abundance of Third Reich accounts, be able to recognize instinctively. Our failure to do so, and the readiness of moralists to provide a rationale for our own evasions of conscience, are suggestions enough of the moral passivity in our own society.

Apart then from the moral sophistication required for a preservation of innocence through "bluff," and which could therefore be a legitimate escape only for theologians, it can be questioned if it is this kind of faith which we need most in our present crisis. Christian citizens are right to place a proper faith in the holders of legitimately constituted authority. But as above all, Christians, they are also right to refuse support to steps professionally and obviously taken to destroy cities and societies if the "necessary" occasion should arise, and right to ground this refusal on a deeper kind of faith which must sometimes "obey God rather than men." To characterize this refusal to cooperate in genocide as being somehow a rejection of "a Christian responsibility for the secular order" is only to recall other irresponsible opponents of that same occasionally blind order who have outlived their times and the accusation. This is not so much to identify Thomas More as a Renaissance conscientious objector as it is to suggest that a Christian responsibility for the secular order goes a good deal deeper than making acts of faith in thermonuclear war plans.

The faith on which the moral defense of the thermonuclear deterrent rests is a faith against public policy, against poised weapons systems, and against a congress and electorate which would ruin any administration suspected of only bluffing to retaliate "if necessary" on an enemy society. It is a faith that the enormous facts before us are an illusion, and that the moral imperatives they thrust at us will be turned away finally by the deft shielding tactics of theologians schooled to reject instinctively any "extreme" in the name of an overbearing prudence. If prudence is practical wisdom,

however, there is some prudence in the view that neither Christianity nor democracy is well served by means which on any close inspection bear the sign of mankind's destruction. Such a prudence would suggest as well that it is the Christian who is uniquely equipped to maintain the rights of life and of conscience against the murderous "necessity" of world events and in spite of the consequences his stand may bring upon him. Genuine Christian prudence is no apology for skirting thermonuclear occasions of genocide. For the practical wisdom of the Christian is founded not on an ethics of fear but on the scandalous extreme of a cross.

**Ed. note:** James F. Douglass has studied theology at Notre Dame and in Rome and has written on the morality of nuclear warfare for the *Catholic Worker*, *Cross Currents* and *Ave Maria*. His article is reprinted, by permission, from the October 1964 issue of *Worldview* (170 E. 64th St., New York, N.Y.; \$4.00 a year), published by the Council on Religion and International Affairs and edited by Mr. James Finn, formerly of *Commonweal*.)

## Tadpoles

"It is possible that intelligent tadpoles reconcile themselves to the inconveniences of their position, by reflecting that, though most of them will live and die as tadpoles and nothing more, the more fortunate of the species will one day shed their tails, distend their mouths and stomachs, hop nimbly on to dry land, and croak addresses to their former friends on the virtues by means of which tadpoles of character and capacity can rise to be frogs."

This conception of society may be described, perhaps, as the tadpole philosophy, since the consolation which it offers for social evils consists in the statement that exceptional individuals can succeed in evading them.

Who has not heard it suggested that the presence of opportunities, by means of which individuals can ascend and get on, relieves economic contrasts of their social danger and their personal sting; that there is, as some suppose, an educational ladder up which talent can climb, and that its existence makes the scamped quality of too much of our primary education—the overcrowded classes, and mean surroundings and absence of amenities—a matter of secondary importance, or that the wage-earner of energy and brains can rise to be a manager, and that, therefore, the disabilities of the wage-workers' position are less intolerable? And what a view of human life such an attitude implies!

As though opportunities for talent to rise could be equalized in a society where the circumstances surrounding it from birth are themselves unequal! As though, if they could, it were natural and proper that the position of the mass of mankind should permanently be such that they can attain civilization only by escaping from it! As though the noblest use of exceptional powers were to scramble to shore, undeterred by the thought of drowning companions!

—R. H. Tawney, *EQUALITY* (Harcourt, Brace, 1931)

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