



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

We started out from Tivoli, New York, fifty miles south of Albany, at 9:30 this morning. Kay Lynch was my companion and driver. We arrived in Washington, D.C. just before dinner. The annual Liturgical conference was holding its opening meeting, and I had accepted an invitation to receive an award. I was to make a three-minute acceptance speech. I had accepted because our old friend Father Robert Hovda had asked me, and because I welcomed the great privilege of being with Rev. Martin Luther King, who was to give the opening address. What a tragedy had occurred since that invitation came! Dr. King had truly laid down his life for his brother. Rev. Andrew Young spoke instead, and his talk on non-violent revolution, over an hour long, held a crowd of four or five thousand people intent and sympathetic. The close of the evening was a tremendous burst of sound from the magnificent choirs of the Ebenezer Baptist Church of Atlanta and a Baltimore choir, with two soloists of thrilling quality. There was also a symphony orchestra: four poems of Father Thomas Merton had been set to music, a tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King and an inspiring call to action. The music, composed and conducted by Alexander Pelouquin, raised us all from our seats. I understand that the concert will be repeated at Lincoln Center later in the year. It was truly music which could bring the walls of Jericho down. The next day I heard the talk of Father Daniel O'Hanlon, S.J., an outstanding young theologian, whom I had met on ship going to Rome during the last session of the Council. As usual he was inspiring. Since I was anxious to get on to the South (in spite of the 97-degree heat) we left without hearing the other talks or attending the workshops.

August 22 We arrived at Conyers, Georgia, at five in the afternoon, in time for vespers. It had been terribly hot on the two-day trip from Washington, and the little guest house of the Trappist Abbey had welcome shade and an air conditioner in the kitchen, which was closed off from the rest of the house, where, fortunately, there were fans. Kay wanted to swim in the little lake near the house but was warned by one of the brothers against water moccasins. After supper, I was invited to speak to all the brothers (as both priest and brother are now called). Complains were late that night. It was a sympathetic audience and I'm sure we'll have many prayers in our present difficulties (which are many). We visited the bookshop, where Brother Hugh assured me that he was unable to sell any of my books. "People don't read the same stuff down here that they do up north," he said. Knowing how much of a rightist Brother Hugh is, I was sure he never gave a good sales talk, but probably advised people against what I wrote. But he loves us and gave me all the books of Father John McKenzie, the Biblical scholar, that I did not already have. Also a copy of Julian of Norwich and the *Cloud of Unknowing*. He is 76, blind in one eye, and is sure he is going to have a nervous breakdown. Can he really still be keeping that

harsh rule? Up at 2 A.M., Matins and Lauds and Mass at four-thirty. And the long fasts, the hard labor and the gruelling heat! It is his vocation, and his happy face shows it.

August 23 We were up at five-thirty, Mass was at six-thirty, concelebrated by the Abbot and Father Peter, with Brother Dan assisting. Brother Dan is a black and a former S.N.C.C. worker. We had breakfast with Father Abbot Augustine, and he guided us to the right road. We went away laden with books, money, lunch and loving kindness. And I must not for-



get! Was it Br. Paul who said he would send me a cactus garden, which I was not able to carry along with me? "If you give the plants a soaking every six months it is enough," he said. "You can't neglect them enough." What with my frequent trips, it will be an ideal house garden for me.

August 24 We stopped at historic Selma for breakfast at 7 a.m. The more I think of it, the more I admire the tremendous demonstration which took place here. Priests, nuns and laity, the thousands and thousands who gathered for that historic march, that supplicatory procession, will never forget it—will look upon it as a peak experience. Now, a few years later, people are apt to denigrate it, to be a bit ashamed of their own ardor, to feel that little has been accomplished, that things remain the same. But it was a great awakening for thousands of people. They embraced hardship and fatigue, exhaustion and contempt. I blessed them in my heart as we drove on.

We drove on good roads through miles and miles of dense woods, and then rolling grazing lands. Few houses, few people were encountered. And I kept thinking of the COFO youngsters, who came from colleges in the north and east and midwest and lived in shacks, literally in a wilderness. (Continued on page 2)

36 East First

By JACK COOK

The most frequent question put to me lately by visitors is, "Well, what do you think of the new house?" and my reply sometimes bewilders them; for the litany of virtues (new, clean, efficient, bright, cheerful, comfortable, secure, well-heated and illuminated) is usually followed by a lament for lost privations (not old, worn, battered with use, besmirched and soiled; nor squalid and foul smelling, insecure and vulnerable, uncomfortable and open to the elements; makeshift and clumsy, dreary and dank). These latter, the marks of indigence, gave an authenticity to our "voluntary" and others' "necessary" poverty.

The neighborhood is different also: the Chrystie Street house was in the (falling) heart of the Bowery, where around the corner were the Round House and the One Mile House; our new house (somewhat removed from the "shopping center" as Ed Brown refers to it) is set amidst a neighborhood of black and Puerto Rican families. The challenges are different here, and so is the atmosphere. Bowery men were at home in the old place; they moved as naturally as deer in a thicket; little was strange there, for the inside of the old house resembled the conditions of their minds and bodies, the streets and the places where they spent their time.

Thus it is not mere nostalgia that makes us think of the old house; rather it was the experience of a community rich in all that is human, while living amid all that was poor.

But even as one dwells on the differences in structure and environment the similarities come crashing in: Fred Lindsey, who came down from the farm for a change of pace, reported this morning, his head and hair still bloodied, that he had his "head caved in" while entering a Bowery hotel last night. And if one closes one's eyes on the first floor of the new house, one cannot really tell there is a difference; for all the sounds and voices are there: Italian Mike's coarse laughter and earthy observations; Scotty's rolling r's, as habitual as his humble request for a quarter; Arthur Sullivan's barking exchanges; Missouri Marie's gentle, high-pitched voice as she offers the *Daily News*; Paul's delight with his cat; and, to answer Dan Kelly's question in a letter from Allenwood Prison Farm, Roger still has his "cheerful smile and his gentle, 'one more guest' attitude when he works the line."

And if one opens one's eyes one finds all the familiar faces and forms in approximately the same places as in the old house: Mary Galligan graciously greeting guests at the door; Bill Harder (sans beard) taking care of his sinks; John McMullen reading the *News* in a corner; Earl Oviatt coming or going from some carpentry job in the basement or backyard; Smokey sitting over his breakfast, always in the same chair at the same table; Milly tidying up after meals; Julie's playful banter with the young people; Polish Walter and Mr. Anderson quietly at table after their work on the second floor; Walter Kerell with his Harvard Bag filled with mail; Whiskers busy with the donated cloth-

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Magnificat in Chicago

By JENNIE MOORE

A strong smell of nausea hung heavily in the vast red-carpeted lobby of the Democratic Convention Headquarters, (The Conrad-Hilton, "The world's largest and friendliest hotel"). A few hours after the stink bombs were dropped the smell was as much a part of the lobby as the elevator lines and TV klieg lights. Lackluster applause greeting a Humphrey arrival at the Hilton was accepted as normal. McCarthy followers screamed when they saw their leader, but both his support and opposition knew that he was followed but would not rule, was adulated but would not win. Smells, cynicism and sentiment were part of the game, but the week's scenario brought surprises of violence.

Directly across from the Conrad-Hilton is Grant Park. During these late August days, people rarely sat on its benches. For delegates the schedule was too strenuous for that kind of leisure. Chicagoans stayed away, although crisp air blessed their city. Their park was either empty or filled with crowds of young people vocally protesting the Amphitheatre activities in which they had no part or trust.

From a top-floor hotel window, I watched the crowds gathering, marching, listening to a speaker and rapidly disappearing in the park. The rapid shifts of movement reminded me of the movie-set of a famous battle. I could imagine Laurence Olivier in Henry V taking cover with his lancers in the little corridors be-

people, some innocent, some provocators, but none deserving the bestial technique television has shown us all so vividly. But you know this, and it is not my intention to give you yet another version of "facts," rather the feelings of someone who saw only a small part.

First the Chicago police took charge, with their helmets of an incongruously delicate blue. They seemed to be unusually large men. From both the hotel window and the sidewalk I saw no order in the police ranks. Their expressions were uniformly angry, their lines undisciplined, repelling trust. The billy clubs and holstered pistols stuck out from their bodies as though they were extra arms or legs grown for the occasion. The hotel with its clogged telephone lines, the interminable waits for services one associates with grandeur, began to seem stifling. I wondered what was across the street.

From the hotel heights it was hard to get a picture of the park's visitors. They were called hippies, yuppies, dissenters programmed from the outside, agitators, anarchists and so on. Many of the hotel residents were never close enough to give them anything but an abstract title. People persuaded each other it was crazy, dangerous, asking for trouble, to go to the park. Twice I was reminded that I had no business with that crowd, that I was a mother. Besides it would be odd to cross an armed street just to look at faces. Curiosity is indelicate.

After two nights of sporadic violence, the National Guard took over the street while the police ringed the hotel. Reactions to the Guard were less emotional; we are growing used to troops on city streets. The rows of soldiers barely moved. The faces were young, the figures often slight. One sensed control. The impassive facial expressions and drawn bayonets became obscene only when seen through the barbed-wire screens that were part of their equipment.

Regulations became arbitrary. Policemen at the hotel entrances allowed no one in the lobby who was not wearing press or campaign credentials or a delegate's badge. The possession of a Conrad-Hilton room key was not a *bona fide* if one wore blue jeans or sandals.

The last evening, after dining with a delegate friend, I was stopped near the hotel by an anxious-faced girl wearing black slacks and a tight cotton shirt. "Do you have a room here?" she asked. "Yes" I answered, wondering if she realized I felt guilty as a tenant. "Then please buy me a jar of vaseline in the hotel drug-store" she begged. Assuming my innocence, she added: "If I rub it around my eyes, it will protect me from the gas and mace."

When we returned with the jar she was grateful, and all I could summon up was uncomfortable pride that I did not accept her repayment. She walked on towards the park. In the emotion of the moment, (was that all it was?) there seemed no alternative to going where she went. We quickly lost sight of her.

Crossing the street into the park was easy enough at the intersection. (Continued on page 7)



tween the clumps of heavy trees. And when the sun shone on the stretch of green meadow I could see Tom Jones creasing across the sward on horseback.

By the second day of the Convention it was no longer a movie; Michigan Avenue between the hotel entrance and the green park had become an armed camp. There had been clubbing of young

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On Pilgrimage

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and whose teaching furthered the growth of knowledge among the poorest, so that they could pass literacy tests and register, and go to the polls and vote. A few days later I was to see Fanny Lou Hamer on television at the Democratic convention in Chicago, addressing literally millions of people. She was one of a delegation half Negro and half white. I could only think of how she had suffered alone, was cruelly beaten in prison, following her inner voice, the voice of the Spirit. What struggles Charles Evers and Julian Bond have had to go through, overcoming the fear and discouragement which is common to us all. I thought too of Marge Baroni, whom I was going to visit in Natchez, her constancy, her daily work in the Poverty Program, fighting discouragement in others, keeping the vision alive of a country where men can live like men, holding their heads high in the knowledge that they are sons of God, and brothers.

In Natchez

When I woke up this morning and began to sort out my impressions of all I had seen and heard yesterday, the tears began and I could only keep on reading the Psalms, with their cries for help to a God who does not seem to hear. Because the suffering certainly goes on, down here and up North, in Vietnam, in Nigeria, in Biafra—and everywhere. It is a sure thing that the freedom God endowed us with is a terrible gift, and He has left us to do the job ourselves: the job of ploughing through the morass of sin and hatred and cruelty and contempt that is all around us, a morass that we ourselves have made.

"Our God is a consuming fire . . . It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God." These words come to mind when I think of the situation of my friends Louis and Marge Baroni. That fire has consumed the dross of any social life for them. They no longer have any. For the last three years they have been shunned by the other white people of Natchez, the city they both grew up in. At Sunday Mass people go up to the altar rail with them and then avert their heads. "With the host in their mouths, the Bread," Marge says, "they keep their bitter looks."

It is of course because of the integration work that they have been doing. It is hard for me to write about it. Their two boys, aged eight and ten, "don't know about the shot fired a few weeks ago," Marge said. "They don't know about the threat to blow Louis up." The F.B.I. came to Louis and told him that men had been observed tinkering with his car. This was after a Negro at the

tire factory where he works had met a violent death from a bomb planted in his car. Since then Marge has driven Louis to work every day. He works six full days a week. Efficiency experts and "industrial engineers" always find ways to increase the work of each man in the plant. There is a union, however, and his job is safe.

I went on to weep over all the things I had seen the day before. I forgot about those things I had been thankful for; that we had been able to drive around with Fred Greene, Jr. a senior at Tuskegee Institute, without being shot at, that we could sit in a restaurant on the highway and have sandwiches and milk and pecan pie together. And that I had visited the clean and well-equipped offices of the Adams-Jefferson Improvement Association, which has an integrated office staff.

No, I forgot about these things. I could only feel the impact of the problem itself, which struck me with full force all that day. Of course, some gains have been made in this war which is going on at home. We had first gone to Duncan Park, a former plantation which had been left to the city for recreational purposes, and in which no blacks had set foot until recently. Now they are there.

The Mansion

On the day I visited there was a picnic going for a hundred or so Negro children, accompanied by their mothers, older sisters and babes in arms. They were all having their lunch as we came, hot dogs, cokes, pastries and pies, and they sat on benches, on the grass in a pavilion, on the swings, and even on the porch of the mansion itself. However, when the white caretaker began to hose down the porch, the counsellor called the children away, fearing that they would make a mess with their lunches. After lunch, many of the children went over to the softball field and began to play. I was glad to see that they could go beyond the picnic grounds; at first, they had seemed to be hovering on the edge of the park. But no, they had the big field for softball, and later we saw some blacks playing tennis at one of the courts. It had taken demonstrations on the part of the Negroes to integrate this park, demonstrations which the police had met with a show of force: clubs, chains, baseball bats and dogs. (The clubs and bats had been used on the demonstrators but not the dogs.)

Fred Greene was in charge of the recreation program for the summer and had opened up ten centers so that groups from all around could take turn using the facilities of Duncan Park. (Except for the swimming pool, which has been closed to both blacks and

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Reflections of a Convict

By JOSEPH P. O'BRIEN

One small idea changed my attitude towards life, mankind and self. For the first time in my life I am free of existential frustrations, of prejudice and hypercritical reactions. This freedom is a paradoxical transcendence, for in the physical sense I am not free; I am serving a twenty-eight-year prison sentence in Mexico.

I was born and raised, haphazardly, an Irish Catholic in New York City. Despite the mores and cultural influence of the Church, I grew up completely indifferent to religious and social values. At an early age I had learned to steal and to adopt a generally hedonistic attitude towards life. Following an enforced confinement in the hospital I became interested in the paramedical field and at the age of seventeen became an ambulance attendant on the lower East Side.

During World War II I was a combat medic in the 165th Infantry Division (New York's Fighting Irish, a good place for an Irish graduate of the city streets). After the war I returned to the ambulances, working in Spanish Harlem. The gross poverty, the frustrations of life and death in the city—abortions, stillbirths and deliveries in filthy tenements—the violence and utter meaninglessness of life and death soon made me a first-class pessimist. Each day I had to literally



bathe in the blood, vomit and feces of my patients. Often I would baptize the wee infants I brought into a sad, violent world—not because of any deep dogmatic belief, but as a psychological concession to their faith and in order to further our working relationship with the people. I soon realized what Virgil meant when he spoke of the "tears in things." I became convinced that there was no God, no human values, nothing but a senseless, stupid life of delusion and frustration. The indifference of the Church and its priests helped to intensify my negative attitudes. I saw no priests in the slums. I had to deliver and baptize infants, console the dying and transport the innocent victims of rats and rape to the hospital.

What Saipan, Okinawa and Japan had failed to do to me was accomplished by my service in the

slums: I was actually suffering from a form of combat fatigue! I would awake in the early hours and feel guilty about the comforts of my small apartment. The clean warm bed seemed incongruous and I knew I would have to leave the slums or suffer a mental breakdown. So I drifted around the country, working in hospitals and ambulance services from Oregon to New Jersey. And little by little I became a check artist, passing false checks here and there and living the life of a parasite. Three years in a Federal prison did nothing to help me. It only increased my sense of the futility and lack of justice and goodness in life.

In Mexico in 1956 I became involved in a homicide case and was arrested as an accessory after the fact, because I had tried to help a fellow-American escape the legal consequences of his action. Indeed, I had not even considered the legal or moral aspects of the action, for to me death was an old story; tragedy and violence could not seriously affect me. I had seen too much of these things, both in combat and in civilian life.

My friend and I were sentenced as co-authors of a premeditated murder, despite the fact that none of the evidence supported this accusation. An ex-convict is assumed to be guilty a priori; in Mexico, as in the United States, the stereotyped views are almost universal.

Problem of God

My particular turning point arrived after I had spent some five years in prison and my friend had been killed in an escape attempt. Like most inmates the world over, I had spent some time in semi-vegetation and useless self-pity. I now became interested in literature and the idea of God again began to plague me. There are so many things the old concepts do not answer. I became a student of the Bible and obtained courses from every religious sect. When one studies the Bible in this way both the inconsistencies and the grandeur of the subject-matter become apparent. I was led or pushed (by whom?) into the field of theological studies. Some inner force led me to seek books from ministers, priests and professors of theology.

Those first efforts were a near failure, because I did not have the educational preparation to comprehend the philosophical aspects of theology. I appealed to the Department of Philosophy at the University of California at Los Angeles for help and received several books, as well as advice to take the U.C.L.A. courses for pre-theological students. The departments responded warmly to my letters and I soon had the texts, including many new books, that covered the courses for theological preparation. I spent two years studying comparative religion, classical literature, psychology, history, biblical interpretation, anthropology, sociology, philosophy and logic.

After completing these studies, I wrote to the Divinity Schools at Harvard, Yale, Chicago, Andover-Newton and several lesser known schools. The reaction of the professors was wonderful, far beyond my anticipation: not one letter was ignored. I was deluged with textbooks, new and used. At present I have a library of over a hundred and fifty texts.

These doctors of theology did not spout their pet dogmatic theories or invitations to salvation through membership in the one true Church. Many offered their prayers, and priests promised that they would remember me before the altar, but all, in one way or another, expressed the desire that their donation of books would help me find myself.

It was a shattering transcendental experience to be told to "find myself." I retired to my cell and meditated on this idea. I spent many hours thinking about the

past, my varied experiences, the doubtful future of a thirty-year prison sentence, and most of all about the paradoxical idea that I must find myself, and not God. Either God was of secondary importance or the professors assumed that God and I were already known to each other. My meditations led me to the time-worn statement that Christ was manifested in every man. I turned to the New Testament and re-read the section of Matthew 25, which Phillips renders as "I assure you that whatever you did for the humblest of my brothers you did for me." This added up to a thrilling and fearful view of the existential reality. Had I unknowingly rendered unto God and had I stupidly fallen victim to the demonic influence that demanded blind rebellion and anti-social behavior?

Rationalizations are not the fruits of meditation and study. My failure was of my own doing, even if it was compounded by a ministry that had denied the things of God for the material and institutional gifts of the world. Such rationalizations could not eliminate my personal responsibility. In my own way I too had driven a few nails into the body of Christ. Instead of actually crying "Crucify him!" I had run off and sought to hide in the pleasure palaces of the world. Thus was I brought to feel the soul-shattering psychic aberration we call sin.

It is not easy to confront the stark truths of the self. One wants to run from the thoughts that arise from the depths of the soul—but to where? Had I not learned the hard way that a man cannot escape his responsibility? It was then that for the first time I stood firm (in fear, to be sure) and conquered the demonic influence. I had found myself and God.

Source of Meaning

I saw with piercing clarity that God is not an imposed supernatural being or an otherworldly meddler in the affairs of men and history. Indeed, there are no religious values that can be forced upon one. I learned that God does reside in the soul of man, that he is the Universal Logos that imparts reason and reality to one's life. This is how I learned to recognize freedom and responsibility. More, I had transcended the existential rat race and, as I learned to know myself, the ills and frustrations were washed away.

Seven years of study and daily reflection have convinced me that God and the self are one. Christ is manifested in man. The Kingdom of God is within us, more often than not hidden in the depths of our frustrations and delusions. Yet from time to time the human mask slips and one is exposed to the divine. It may be an act, a word of compassion, or some gift of life offered freely that awakens in us the courage to be, and the demonic influence is gone. It returns to haunt one, but it can be contained, and the peace and purpose of one's attitudes will help keep the divine influence uppermost.

Thus, paradoxically, my incarceration has proved a blessing. From nowhere, it seems, I have found new friends. A former Lieutenant-Governor of the State offered to prepare an appeal to the Mexican Supreme Court on an expense basis. The Supreme Court ruled in my favor and ordered a new sentence. The State, however, disregarded the wisdom of the higher court and re-imposed the same sentence, even though the magistrate stated that "it is proven only and exclusively the posterior intervention of the accused" and went on to assume that I must have known the intention of the actual deed committed by my deceased friend. As the defense points out, the judicial authorities have never proved the existence of

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Funds Needed

Since receiving Mr. O'Brien's article, we have learned that his second appeal to the Mexican Supreme Court has been returned to the State for revision and a new sentence. The exact terms of the Supreme Court ruling will probably not be known for a few months. However, Mr. O'Brien will have to raise four thousand pesos (approximately \$320.00 in United States money) for legal expenses in connection with his case. If any of our readers can help financially, we ask them to send a certified check (no cash) directly to Mr. O'Brien. He will also welcome communications from those who are interested in his story but unable to contribute money. (There is no censorship in his prison and his correspondence is apparently unrestricted.) Please direct letters to: Joseph P. O'Brien, Penitenciaría del Estado, Cd. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

Tivoli A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross—a sunbright, apple-scented September fourteenth—Kay Lynch drove Helene Iswolsky, Karl-Heinz Tseling, and me to the annual open house of the Holy Cross Monastery at West Park, New York. This Episcopal religious community is—like our own Catholic Worker Farm—picturesquely located on the Hudson River, and would be interesting to visit just from a scenic point of view. Our own interest, however, derived, I think, partly from that ecumenical concern which has long been important at the Catholic Worker, and partly just out of a neighborly desire to return the visit of good neighbors, since members of the Holy Cross order have visited us and attended our discussions many times.

The day's events began for us in a beautiful concelebration of the Eucharistic liturgy, which is surely the best way to come together in a spirit of friendship and neighborliness. Like many of our own post-Vatican II Masses, this Holy Cross liturgy was somewhat experimental, combining something of the traditional Anglican adaptation of the Gregorian with more modern liturgical modes. With full monastic participation and with the vocal assistance of the nuns of St. Helena, a sister order of the Holy Cross, and of some visiting Franciscan Friars from Graymoor, as well as of many other visitors, the liturgical effect was impressive, giving, I think, a true *sursum corda*, lifting of the heart.

Following the Eucharistic liturgy, a delicious buffet lunch was served on the lawn. There is, of course, something almost liturgical in the sharing of food; and this particular meal was made the more so by the monks, brothers, priests, and sisters, whose conversation gave something more than an added zest to the food. After lunch a documentary film about the work of Holy Cross monks and the sisters of St. Helena in Liberia was shown. This particular mission at Bolahun is located among tribesmen so impoverished that leprosy is one of the paramount problems. When one thinks of the many pockets of such destitution in the world, one hopes that the work at Bolahun will continue, and that many more such centers of help will be founded among the very poor all over the world. Sister Rachel, of the Sisters of St. Helena, who had lived and worked for several years at Bolahun, made the film experience more vivid for me by giving a graphic commentary on persons and events.

The concluding event of the open house at Holy Cross was a tour of the monastery. With the help of the guide's rather amusing narrative and Kay's comments and description, I managed to get a reasonably good idea of the monastery. Refectory, chapter room, chapel, crypt, common rooms, cloistered walks, even the laundry, became realities and seemed to me put together in a kind of architectural fusion of traditional and modern, a good kind of place for a monk to learn the monastic life in the modern world. Finally, our tour ended in a quiet and beautiful Zen garden, where we were reminded that the center of life for the monk today—as for the monk of the Middle Ages—is meditation and prayer. In this day, when so many are leaving or scorning the monastic way of life, it is good to find a monastery functioning in a vital fashion, both in relation to the Church and the world.

Here at our farm with a view,

every day seems to be open house, for scarcely a day passes without bringing a guest. Yet there are, of course, occasions which bring more guests. One such occasion was that of our annual hootenanny, which was held in late August. The success of this event was largely due to the work and planning of Mary Rose Blum and Arthur Sullivan. A group of young women who had taken first prize in folk singing at the Dutchess County fair, came to sing at the request of Mary Rose. Listening to their soft sweet voices, so perfectly blended, I could well understand why they had won the award. There was also some talent among the young men which I thought equally interesting. Finally, our German seminarian visitor, Karl-Heinz Tseling, played and sang a number of German songs. Arthur Sullivan, with some young assistants, kept circulating among the guests—there were about eighty on the lawn in front of the old mansion—distributing the cider and Koolaid and the doughnuts which he and Mary Rose had made for the occasion. Although there was a cool and lively breeze, the evening was beautiful. The singers, using the pillared veranda of our decaying old mansion as stage, faced the river, sending their song down the currents of wind to join the singing flow of the river, and flow, flow to the singing sea.

One afternoon, a few days before school opening day, the school-age children of the Day-Care Center put on a farewell program, to which we of the farm community were invited. Several of us, including Helene Iswolsky, Anne Kenny, Emily and Dunstan Coleman, and myself, attended. John Filligar not only paid the dime admission but put up some money for prizes. The children sang songs and danced. Finally, a short speech of thanks to the Tivoli Day-Care Center was delivered. One had the feeling that perhaps these children preferred the Day-Care Center to school. The Day-Care Center, for pre-school-age children will, of course, continue until the first of November, when the picking season for the migrant workers will have ended in this area. Since Marilyn Rogers' departure for her home and job in Pennsylvania, Mary Rose Blum's departure for college, and the return of the Youth Corps workers to school, the job of keeping the Day-Care Center going has fallen on Mrs. Margie Blum. Mother of fifteen children—who are, I think, the best behaved and most attractive children I have ever met—Mrs. Blum is highly trained in child care.

The end of the summer usually means the departure of most of the young people who have helped during our busy season. Among those most missed is Mike Boyle, who spent his second summer doing volunteer work with us, but is now back teaching in a New Jersey high school. This year, however, we have lost two of our most dependable regulars; Kay Lynch, who has gone to spend a few months with her family in Detroit, and Joan Welsh, who has returned to work in New York City. Both have promised to return. We shall do our best to hold them to that promise. With Fred Lindsey and Arthur Sullivan both away, the work falls rather heavily on those who remain. Hans Tunnesen is once again turning out some of his master-chef meals. Marge Hughes is not only doing some delicious cooking but baking some excellent whole-wheat bread. Monica Cornell is displaying some of that culinary talent, which Tom had always told me she had. We only wish that Tom were here to share some of these good meals with us. Monica visits him frequently and

brings good reports. She has read me some of his letters which indicate that Tom may at least get a good book out of this prison experience. The more books by men who go to jail for conscience's sake, the better.

As for John Filligar, now that the swimming season is over, he is busy trying to keep the grass cut and looking after his late garden. This week we have been enjoying some of the best corn and tomatoes ever grown anywhere. Mike Sullivan continues to do the major part of the driving, as well as the maintenance and repair work. How he does it, I can hardly understand. Alice Lawrence, who took such good care of Peggy Baird until she went to the hospital, is now her most faithful visitor. In the absence of Kay and Joan, much of the housekeeping falls on Alice. For some of the other work of house, office, errands, correspondence, paper, mail, etc., we have to thank Marty and Rita Corbin, Stanley Vishnewski, Tommy Hughes, Tom Likely, Placid Decker, Reggie Highhill, Jim Canavan, Helene Iswolsky, Henry Nielsen.

As always, we have had too many guests to remember. There have been many priests, seminarians, and members of religious orders. Among those whose names I recall are: Joe Cavallucci, Jean Keelan, Joe and Audrey Monroe, Eric Hennessey, Susie Hennessey with her husband Jorge Kell,



Geoffrey, who came to study us with the hope of doing an article. Dr. Robert Albrecht, who does research in air-pollution control for the Public Health Service, Bob Ham and family, Anne Kenny, George Monroe, Irene Tillman and Charlie Larkin, Hazen and Joan Ordway, an Australian Little Brother of Jesus.

Beth Rogers and Frances Bitner, who visit us on long weekends whenever they can, spent a full vacation with us this summer. They did their best to make it a special occasion for us as well as themselves. They came laden with gifts—candy, cookies, pumpkin bread, rolls, cake. Beth used her car to help with the shopping, trips to the laundromat, trips to the doctor, or just for taking members of the community on outings. Best of all, while they were here, one could always be sure of finding someone interesting to talk with.

As always, we have our troubles. Peggy is still in the hospital. This week she expects to undergo a very serious operation. We ask the prayers of our friends and readers for her.

There are, of course, other troubles. Some arise from our chronic financial difficulties. But most arise from the fact that we are a family of persons with problems. Sometimes these problems are very serious and make life difficult for the whole community.

Now on a September night, crickets and katydids sing louder than trouble. For a moment I shall think of September, her lushness, her fruitfulness, of sun-bright apple-scented afternoons, of evenings like cool clusters of purple grapes. The world might be saved by beauty if we had time to see, to hear, to feel the beauty God gave. But how can we think of beauty when we remember Mayor Daley and his storm trooper police? What beauty can save us from a Humphrey, a Nixon, a Wallace? O God, who gave us beauty, save us from the ugliness we have made.

The One Man Revolution

By AMMON HENNACY

This is the very year for the pacifist anarchist. Humphrey and Daley with their thugs and Nixon with his motto of "a cop on every corner"—say they are against violence, and yet they live by violence. Humphrey and Nixon, though phony, are educated men, and even though they gained their nominations by the old-time gang political method, they somehow sense that this New Day they mumble about must be emphasized in order to turn people's minds from their shady past. Wallace wouldn't know an anarchist if he saw one, yet he keeps using the word in one of its varied meanings to whip up the racist and Bircher vote. Yes, the foolishness of voting for any of these three candidates should be evident to any radical or liberal. We are having too much of Socialist and Communist power already. If the blacks want to develop their Black Power, they may in time learn the truth of Lord Acton's statement that: "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely." Tolstoy said that whenever there is a war the time finally comes when they get tired of it and some kind of a peace is made, the dead are buried, and the soldiers come home to a land that is strange to them. And then the whole silly race commences again. And so it will be no matter who is elected President.

For the first time in twenty years, no one called me a Communist when I picketed the tax office this summer. This is my eighth year picketing in Salt Lake City and people are getting used to it. Some prisoners being led shackled from court saw me and shouted "Hurrah!" The marshal grinned and said, "You still at it, Hennacy?" A young man who had just returned from Vietnam told me that I was too old to be carrying such a sign. I answered that I had earned the right to carry it by being a conscientious objector in both World Wars. He said that four of his buddies had been killed in Vietnam and that he was going back to avenge them. I wished him a safe return. Many young folks took my leaflets and stopped to encourage me. I was on the local radio station for an hour explaining my ideas, and people telephoned in to agree or disagree.

My friend Bruce Phillips, who wrote the song "Goodbye, Joe Hill," when my House of Hospitality was closed for the first time, is running for the United States Senate on the Peace and Freedom ticket. I was asked to speak at their convention and told them that as long as there are governments there will be no peace and as long as people are part of the Establishment there will be little freedom.

Darell Poulsen and three other men are in death row at the State prison, but no executions are coming up in the near future.

Speaking Tour

I neglected to say in my former articles that we visited Lee Pagano in Washington, D.C. We also visited Heathcote, Maryland, where a School of Living group is trying to start a community. In Minneapolis I spoke and picketed with two hundred other people on the courthouse steps as four busloads of inductees were being signed up. One young man refused, and that day in court two others got three- and four-year sentences. I met several nuns in civilian attire on the picket line. We also visited Father Marion Casey.

Coming back west, we stopped in Ollie, Iowa at the home of Bob and Flo Acheson, whose son Mel is doing time against the war at McNeil's Island. Chris Hayes arranged two meetings for me at St. Louis University, where I met many fine young folks. In Colorado, Eliot Wager had a meeting for me at Regis College, in Denver, and Father Charles Forsythe held one at the University of Colorado, in Boulder.

We stopped at the small town of

Larkspur, Colorado, the home of Rampart College, where we met Professor James J. Martin, who wrote a book some years ago on early American anarchism. The college occupies a new log building at the base of a mountain. They call themselves autarchists, which implies self-rule, rather than anarchists, which they think implies no rule. They do not vote and are against the war. They seemed to feel that by calling myself an anarchist I would have to explain that I was not a bomb-thrower. I replied that I of course believed in self-rule just as they did, but not in the capitalistic system, and that if I used their name I would have to explain that I was not a Bircher. I liked the people I met there, and I wish them well.

"To commit injustice and to make reparation—this is the prudence of the world. On the contrary, not to render evil for evil, is the virtuous expression of Christian forgiveness."

ST. LEO THE GREAT



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YOU
DO NOT
ENTER
PARADISE
TOMORROW
OR
THE DAY
AFTER,
OR IN
TEN YEARS.

YOU
ENTER IT
TODAY
WHEN
YOU
ARE
POOR
AND
CRUCIFIED.

LEON BLOY

The Military Chaplain as Moral Guide

By GORDON ZAHN

In his challenging discussion of the "capitulation" of German Catholicism in the 1930's and thereafter, Carl Amery includes a paragraph that touches upon the topic of the present paper. He writes

To put it crudely: in all too many cases the army chaplain was an ornament—one among the many things supplied from the national stores—and thus brought not only himself into discredit, but the truth which, of course, it was his priestly mission to proclaim. Perhaps once—at least once—the whole bill ought to be made out by an "expert" on pastoral work in the army and the question raised quite soberly as to whether the existence of this military pastoral care in itself with all its logical consequences does not cost more souls and thus cause greater pastoral harm than the abandonment of occasional "sermons on the vocation of the Christian soldier" could ever cause.

One may object that Amery understates the contribution made by chaplains to the spiritual welfare of men in the armed forces and that the issue has been raised by others, including "experts," from time to time. Still the challenging question he poses does present a fine research problem for the sociologist interested in the sociology of religion and values. The military chaplaincy can be described as a "role-in-tension" and, as such, offers a striking opportunity to discover the mechanisms by which the tensions are resolved and the direction in which they are most likely to be resolved. This article is a preliminary report of one such inquiry conducted in England by means of intensive interviewing of a selection of active chaplains in the Royal Air Force, supplemented by questionnaires mailed to retired R.A.F. chaplains. The research was undertaken with the approval of the Chaplains' Branch officials; unfortunately, subsequent developments resulted in official intervention which curtailed both phases of the research effort. Despite this, however, the final respondent group, consisting of 51 actives and 22 retireds, represents slightly more than a third of all available respondents. Needless to say, the small number precludes any claim to statistical significance for the findings reported here; but it is felt that they do provide valuable insight into the nature and operations of the chaplaincy.

A word about the "role-in-tension" formulation; in what seems to be the only comparable sociological investigation, Burchard preferred the conceptualization "role conflict" to describe different demands imposed upon the chaplain as an officer in the military establishment on the one hand and as a functionary of the ecclesiastical establishment on the other. It is felt here that this statement of the problem tends to overlook or obscure the crucial fact that the chaplaincy is a unitary role in its own right and that both dimensions are essential to that role. Logical distinctions aside, the chaplain is a military officer precisely because he is a clergyman; similarly, he is performing as a clergyman when he fulfills his military responsibilities. Since whatever "conflict" exists is built into the role itself, it is felt that the "role-in-tension" conceptualization is more apt, not only in the descriptive sense but also in its implication that the "tension" is more of a constant mode of operation. The difference between the two conceptualizations, precious though it may seem, could have a bearing upon the extent to which the individual chaplain is aware of the problems the sociologist has postulated for him.

This is important in that this

research proceeded on the assumption that such tension is structured into the role whether the chaplain recognizes it or not. Several of the questions were designed for the specific purpose of "triggering" tension. That they succeeded in doing so may be inferred from occasional spontaneous observations by respondents that they had never given these problems much thought; in some cases, even, that they previously were not aware of the moral dilemmas with which the interview experience had confronted them. This is not to say, of course, that the issues themselves are merely artifacts of the research, something outside of the experience field of the individuals involved. The approach is given a reality basis and full justification in the following published observation by no less an "expert" than the Evangelical bishop currently serving as military vicar for the West German armed forces:

The armaments policies of the Western Powers and the development of the new weapons and methods of warfare which threaten all life on earth make it necessary for the church, and above all her military chaplains, to raise anew the question of military service and to question as well whether the statements of the church up to the present—have provided answers for us today which still carry the power to bind and liberate the conscience as of yore. (Emphasis added).

To find Amery, the outside critic, and Kuntz, the responsible superior, in agreement in assigning to the military chaplain a measure of responsibility for the moral guidance of the faithful assigned to their care makes it all the more surprising that this is not recognized by the chaplains themselves as a part of their role obligations. In their statement of their three most important tasks, most of the "first mentions" were given to what might be termed functionary-type religious duties (conducting services, dispensing sacraments, preaching), and the second largest number went to broader references (giving Christian witness, setting a good example, etc.). A third concentration favored more person-directed "pastoral" duties, such as visiting the servicemen and their families, problem-counseling, and the like. Only one of the first choices was linked directly to the respondent's assigned "military" obligation and even this ("Instructing the apprentices") could be viewed as essentially "pastoral." Adding the second and third choices brought some interesting shifts: general pastoral activities gained a one-choice edge over the more specific functions and services; much more significant, however, was the emergence of "welfare and good fellowship" efforts to third place, well ahead of the "giving Christian witness and example" category of response.

Versions of Pastoral

It is clear from this that the chaplain restricts his own role-definition to the normal duties of the ordinary clergyman. While some of the tasks mentioned (preaching, teaching, problem-counseling) carry moral-guidance implications, there was nothing to indicate that these implications extended to the type of considerations introduced by Amery and Bishop Kuntz. In an effort to sharpen the focus, several questions were introduced to discover, first whether there was in fact any experience of tension between the two dimensions of the chaplain's role and, following from this, to force consideration of specific, presented as hypothetical, situations which presumably would activate the tension postulated in the underlying research rationale.

In the first instance, it developed that there was little inclination to see any possibility of conflict between the chaplain's

responsibilities as military officer and clergyman. Forty-three (84.3 per cent) rejected all possibility of conflict; of the 27 who were willing to grant it did exist, 7 put it in a purely operational context (e.g. parades scheduled at a time when church services were ordinarily held) and only 14 gave any hint of a "morality" issue (even these included such things as the official licensing of a brothel by a commanding officer or, a problem several seem to have encountered personally, orders that chaplains bear arms when venturing out among a hostile population). Should the occasion of such conflict arise, more than ninety per cent were confident that it would always, or at least usually, be resolved in favor of the religious values involved. Only four—all of them retired chaplains, interestingly enough—thought the military resolution would usually prevail; but only one of these, it should be noted, had set the possibility of conflict in a "morality" context.

A definition of the situation which recognizes little or no like-



lihood of conflict in the first place, combined with an assurance that it would be resolved in favor of religion anyway, leaves little opportunity for problems of moral guidance to present themselves—other, that is, than the ordinary moral guidance required by the sinful tendencies and dispositions ever present in the individual sense. Yet, as we know all too well, the harsh facts of modern war can make it otherwise: the specific historical situation referred to by Amery makes that clear. To touch upon this area of concern, several questions were set in the framework of problems faced by German chaplains in the Second World War. Most pertinent to the present discussion is one which asked the respondent to comment on the charge that the very fact that there were Christian clergymen serving in that role with the Nazi forces was "a scandal in the theological sense."

Predictably enough, the suggestion was rejected out of hand by almost nine of every ten questioned. The reasoning behind the overwhelming dismissal of the charge stressed the need of the individual German soldier for the sacraments and the other consolations of religion. The rightness or wrongness of the war itself was seen as irrelevant. Certainly there was no disposition to hold that the individual German Christian soldier was acting wrongly. One respondent went so far as to say,

"My feeling would be (granted the denial of all Nazism stood for) in the battle situation the presence of a German chaplain is as necessary as that of a British chaplain—The system is evil: we are all in an impossible situation. The German soldier, like the British, had ideals poured into him, and both were forced into the dreadful situation of killing one another."

The pastoral role of the chaplain, then, does not extend (at least not as these chaplains define it) to furnishing moral guidance relating to the morality of the war itself or its progress and objectives. The next question, obviously enough, becomes: what about specific acts of war as occasions of sin? Paul VI has referred to the bombing of Hiroshima as "an infernal massacre"; had such a condemnation been voiced before the event, would a chaplain have had any moral-guidance responsibilities toward the men who were given the orders to drop the bomb? A series of questions attempted to "operationalize" the tension a chaplain might be expected to experience when presented with circumstances in which the faithful assigned to his care receive orders he recognizes as immoral.

Mass Terror

Some of the hypothetical situations would not ordinarily affect R.A.F. personnel: the deliberate killing of enemy prisoners; orders to refrain from taking prisoners (i.e. killing enemy soldiers who are trying to surrender); the taking of civilian hostages and, also, the killing of such hostages as a reprisal for some forbidden action; and finally (in the interviews only) the use of torture. The focus was then shifted to issues more salient to the Air Force chaplain: a policy of civilian terror-bombings to break an enemy's morale; resort to such bombing tactics as a reprisal for similar acts by the enemy; and, most salient of all perhaps, because it involved an important episode in R.A.F. history, the charges that the destruction of Dresden in World War II was an "unjustifiable" act of "terror-bombing."

Except for the Dresden question (on which more than a third claimed an inability to answer because they did not know all the facts), this battery of questions elicited majority disapproval—disapproval often voiced in terms of horror or utter disbelief. None at all were prepared to countenance the killing of prisoners, though 4 of the 73 either "couldn't say" or failed to commit themselves on other grounds. The "no-prisoners" policy found some justification in 28 cases (41.3 per cent of those responding), nine of these coming after a probe question which tested an original rejection of the practice. The taking of civilian hostages was rejected outright in less than 30 per cent of the cases—but only six would permit the killing of such hostages and three others were prepared to resign themselves without protest were this to occur. As far as torture is concerned, 23 of the 37 interviewees condemned the practice; the others indicated varying degrees of disapproval, mixed with indecision as to whether or not it would invite open protest by the chaplain.

Once the focus shifts to their own area of operations, a greater permissiveness is the rule. The 68 responses on the "terror-bombing" issue, for example, found only 26 opposed to the point of making some kind of formal protest; two others would disapprove, but limit themselves to expressing that disapproval to their commanding officer; the others ranged from frank justification of such bombings in terms of military necessity, or as a means of shortening a war, to the seven who gave the answer, most significant to the topic being discussed here, they simply did not consider it a chaplain's prerogative

to judge or question military policy decisions.

The battery of "moral tension" questions, then, clearly revealed substantial areas of moral disapproval of the specified acts of war. If we accept the self-definition of the chaplain as a pastor in uniform, it would follow that he shares with other pastors a moral-guidance responsibility—the shepherd leading his flock away from the paths of destruction, so to speak. The problem at once becomes: how is this responsibility to be translated into action? What is the ultimate protest a chaplain will make against orders which violate the limits of morality?

The response pattern (based on 66 responses, was more restrained than the earlier confidence in a religious resolution of conflict might suggest. More than a third would restrict their protest to military channels: 5 to the commanding officer in the field; 5 going beyond to the highest military authority; and 14 would begin with a protest to his commanding officer and then turn the matter over to his own Chaplains' Branch superiors. Seven would carry the protest "outside" to some public authority, as one put it, "all the way to the top."

Twenty would be prepared to resign, fourteen without qualification or elaboration and five including some public explanation. The other saw the possibility, but put it outside of "real" consideration, saying "I had almost said 'resign,' but I would never counsel that. His protest would be so respected that his power for good would increase immediately."

The eleven remaining felt the ultimate protest would be to force the issue to a conclusion at the risk of their own personal security and well-being. Two spoke of all-out public protest in general and six specifically mentioned speaking out to the point of facing court-martial—indeed, one of these rejected the option of resignation as "the easy way out." But, and this is of utmost significance, only three proposed counselling disobedience on the part of the men receiving patently immoral orders or attempting to countermand the offensive orders themselves. (In the latter case, the respondent emphasized that he would do so even though it would be an abuse of his limited authority under the chaplain's "relative rank"; nevertheless, he felt, a chaplain could go ahead and do this and take the consequences later.)

Limited Dissent

Taken together, then, the responses to this point recognize certain potential acts of war as immoral; but this recognition is coupled with a pronounced inclination to surrender the final judgment (following whatever intermediate protests the chaplain may make "within channels") to the same military authority structure responsible for the orders in the first place. These responses were volunteered in response to open-ended questions and probes and, as such, may be taken as indicative of the type of behavior one might expect from these particular chaplains—and, if we assume their judgment is reliable, of most of their peers.

The concluding series of questions included one designed to force a knife-edge judgment: was there, in the respondent's opinion, any conceivable situation in which the chaplain might have a distinct and prior responsibility to counsel disobedience to an immoral order given to the men in his spiritual charge? Of the 68 replies, only 26 (38.2 per cent) were clearly affirmative—and one of these limited the possibility to situations in which the orders were issued by an officer junior to him in rank. Ten others granted that it was "conceivable" but dismissed it at once. (Continued on page 7.)

INCARNATION AND WAR

By PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.

For he himself is our peace. Gentiles and Jews, he has made the two one, and in his own body of flesh and blood has broken down the enmity which stood like a dividing wall between them; . . . so as to create out of the two a single new humanity in himself, thereby making peace. This was his purpose, to reconcile the two in a single body to God through the cross, on which he killed the enmity. (Ephesians 2:14-16.)

Perhaps one way of talking realistically about peace is to talk realistically about man. I recall a great Christian saying something like that in a lecture, and how profoundly moved I was to realize that what he said about man was precisely what he himself was. Man was real to him, and this gave him a gripping authority which drew his hearers into human failure, guts and heroism. They left that evening, as I did, more human than when they came.

There are not many Christians like him; indeed, there are not many Christians. One can conjecture that this is so because the typical Christian adherent has little real view of man, and little desire to sacrifice for what he does not see. To emphasize a rather obvious point, technology helps to breed in man an absurd and formidable conceit, in Christians and non-Christians alike. It imparts on the one hand, an inflated sense of individuality; on the other, a unique grasp of human interdependence. The net result of such contrasting attitudes is power to act indiscriminately for self and powerlessness to act for others—economic freedom and social slavery.

Americans therefore, Christians among them, articulate their lives from a base of pragmatic power, affluence, white supremacy and privilege. Many support genocide in Vietnam; others would, if genocide would only win for us. Dow-Jones averages cause alarm or satisfaction, but little consideration that Dow-Jones is but a facet of an economic system which flagrantly luxuriates the few against the many. Racism is fact, and very nearly desire, simply because desire embraces a political purpose which makes casualties of its racists. And all add up to privilege, which has become identified with life, since we have neither faith nor imagination to see life as otherwise. For life without privilege equals life with fear, so life must be privilege. Which is to say that fear is different, but greater.

In reaction, one needs to assert that life is something else. It must be something else, or it has no meaning, no value, no integrity. It must be something else, or it founders in an absurd quagmire into which one is sucked progressively from birth, until a high point of involvement defines one as accomplice in the sick power of the American nation-state. Like it or not, unwilling or willing, technological imperialism attempts a new definition of us — accomplices in crime. Largely, it has succeeded.

Christ in Me

The Incarnation of Christ tells us something else. As central and inviolable fact of human history, God and man met in Jesus Christ, who wore our flesh as a tent, the Fathers used to say. Consequently, God became reconciled to us, and we to him—we became sons, heirs, brothers. Such an act was at once a process completed and prolonged by every human life; as brief as his stay among us, and as long as our history. More than that, God's abasement in his Son went beyond flesh and nature to embrace condition: age, sex, skin, cult, brilliance or retardation, probity or corruption. What we are, he has become individually and corporately—such was God's covenant with us in his Son.

Paul used to exhort his Chris-

tians to "put on" the Lord Jesus, to say "yes" to what Christ had made them. Which is to say, he had first "put" them on—their poverty, loneliness, ostracism and frequent fear. Even as today.

And the human life he lived both opened and closed the definition, with latitude enough for diversity, and limit enough for unity. He even became our sin in his passion and death while still remaining God's Holy One. Our sin, in fact, killed him—it was the chalice that he first rejected and then made his own. But death to sin erupted into resurrected life—Christ was now the new man, the new creation. And Christ was (is) us.

If he is us, we are also him. And since he became us in utter freedom, since he taught us what we are, died for what we were, and rose to prove what we had become in him, we must say "yes!" We must say "no!" to what we aren't, and "yes!" to what we are—whatever the occasion demands. Pope John put it well—in essentials, unity; in nonessentials, freedom; in all things, love. Such is to be a man.

Power Elite

A large order, one might justly say—being a man is a large order. So is the end to racism, poverty and war, so is building a world of justice and peace that a truly human society might emerge. But what are the alternatives? What else is worthy of Christ, of oneself, of man? Is a Christian to conclude that at worst, he is an accomplice in the atrocities done in his name; or at best, one helpless to make any difference? If anyone judges this an oversimplification of the dilemma, it is likely that he misunderstands the political purpose of a technological society, and its tendency to centralize power.

Liberal capitalism plus representative democracy equals centralized power. Nobody plans it exactly that way, but that's how it works. Historically in our society, those who produced the most gained the most wealth and got the most representation in government. Which is to say, they possessed a kind of power whose practical translation is control.

The objects of control are those from whom power has been taken—they responded to the carrot and now find themselves under the stick. Their masters, however, became intrigued with the success of control, and consequently, they tend to use carrot less and stick more. That is to say, both classes become casualties—the first because they have been robbed of the possibility of "human option"; while the second have succumbed to the limitations of power. On the one hand, victims; on the other, predators. Both possess little freedom, both have seized servility in different ways.

What is at root in the maldistribution of power in the modern technocracy? Certainly, many philosophical and cultural influences too diverse to explore here. Yet all seem to meet a focal point in basic attitudes toward creation and goods. There is much truth in the claim that the Gospel in the "Christian" West has been subsumed by cultural realities. That is to say, industrial realities and later technocratic ones.

We begin by lacking charity towards Nature, so that instead of trying to cooperate with Tao or the Logos on the inanimate and subhuman levels, we try to dominate and exploit, we waste the earth's mineral resources, ruin its soil, ravage its forests, pour filth into its rivers and poisonous fumes into its air. From lovelessness in relation to Nature, we advance to lovelessness in relation to art—a lovelessness so extreme that we have effectively killed all the fundamental or useful arts and set

up various kinds of mass-production by machines in their place. And of course, this lovelessness in relation to art is at the same time a lovelessness in regard to the human beings who have to perform the fool-proof and the grace-proof tasks imposed by our mechanical art-surrogates and by the interminable paper work connected with mass production and mass distribution. With mass production and mass distribution go mass financing, and the three have conspired to expropriate ever-increasing numbers of small owners of land and productive equipment, thus reducing the sum of freedom among the



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

majority and increasing the power of a minority to exercise a coercive control over their fellows. This coercive controlling minority is composed of private capitalists or government bureaucrats or of both classes of bosses acting in collaboration — and of course, the coercive and therefore essentially loveless nature of the control remains the same, whether the bosses call themselves "company directors" or "civil servants." (Aldous Huxley, *The Perennial Philosophy*).

If Huxley were now alive, he would have included the military in what is now America's power triumvirate—defense (war?), business and government. In any event, what we presently have as political design in the United States (the epitome of Western capitalism) is a mass-production, mass-consumer society which now accepts warmaking as an integral operation. In a real sense, warmaking carries the wastemaking of mass-consumerism to an ultimate logic: planned obsolescence in autos, appliances, and buildings makes more rational (or irrational) the combat-waste of war material, its expenditure in training, or its phasing-out for faster and more deadly equipment. Just as certainly, warmaking helps to intimidate the world's poor, encourages them to remain our customers, sobers their rage and tendency to rebel. Injustice has a short reign unless it is sanctioned by a greater one. The greater one is the counter-insurgency we sponsor, with its increment of political science aiming at "conflict management." What, one might ask, is the life expectancy of United Fruit in Latin America without United States Marines?

Manipulating Education

At this juncture, the military, economic and political coalition stands nervous, but inviolate. To

remain so, however, it must make secure its incestuous union with two other national bureaucracies which implicitly could threaten it: education and church.

The coalition's tactic with education is simple and direct — it buys it, reminds it often of debt, and expects it to mass-produce students with anonymity and marketable skills. An analogy between corporation and university holds exact and true—assembly line on one hand, classroom on the other; mass-production, mass-education. Schools on all levels are distinctly "public-interest" in their orientation, and they are kept so by budget-management, tokenism, divide and rule tactics, etc.

But it is in higher education where the coalition most intervenes. Fifteen per cent of the budgets of colleges and universities come from federal funds, and with a narrowing group of prestigious universities, the percentage may reach eighty per cent. As a few supercorporations are favored by federal contracts, so also are a few universities. Ten universities receive thirty-five per cent of federal funds allocated for scientific research; fifty of them receive seventy-five per cent of the total. In 1965, 25 universities obtained from Washington \$880 million, out of a total of \$1.5 billion.

The coalition's treatment of the church however, may be less calculated, but it may also be more effective. As humanity moves closer to race war and/or to the unimaginable debacle of nuclear suicide, one could justly expect international Christianity to be locked in a titanic struggle with wordly powers, in order to save mankind, if possible, from its own death wish. Such is not the case—in fact, it is closer to the truth to observe that the Church moves along the same perilous road, lending its moralisms to justify the death march.

What other institution with such a mission, for example, has hated Communism more than injustice, or allowed the captains of industry

to make their own ethics, or blessed warmaking and imperialism by approval and investment, or so indoctrinated its people with the sanctity of the nation-state? When Cyrus Vance, an Episcopal layman and a Presidential trouble shooter, can lecture a convention of his church (Diocese of West Virginia, May, 1967) on the morality of our Vietnam adventure; or when Washington can expect and get talk more insanely belligerent than its own from the nation's leading Catholic prelate (then Military Ordinate, the late Cardinal Spellman), an inkling is given of the extent of government buying and churchly selling.

There is a kind of symbiosis between moralizing and propaganda—one has about as much to do with reality as the other. Both are the language of officialdom. So it is that in a society whose profound insecurities cause it to cling tenaciously to a Christian veneer moralizing and propaganda are interchangeable between church and government. Preachments on current crises preserve the flavor of propaganda, official jargon brims with virtuous fervor. The Church preaches on Vietnam "trust in our government," "support of our troops," "resistance to aggression"; the government preaches "our sacred commitments" (to Saigon), "support of 'free' men," "patience" and "perseverance." By and large, both accept the struggle against Communism as a holy war; both see our country as the indisputable champion of "Free World" peoples.

Such similarity of view is traceable not so much to a moral vacuum which the church has left and the government has entered (though there is some truth in that); or because Washington must moralize policy to advance credibility (some truth in that also); but mostly because a harmony of interest prevails, or more precisely, an interdependence of interest. In a

(Continued on page 6)

The Doomed Children of Biafra

A hard essay

They die daily,
their arms and legs like brown withered sticks,
their empty bellies obscenely bloated.

The older ones, who know what is to come,
cry themselves to death.

They die because
"starvation is a legitimate weapon of war."

It always has been.
It was in World War II
when we blockaded Europe

It is now,
when we blockade North Vietnam

But something is happening
the Church is recognizing
that war or no war
to kill the innocent is murder.
The Churches are becoming blockade busters
supporting mercy flights
with food and healing medicines for Biafra's children

At last we are refusing to accept
starvation as a legitimate weapon of war.
Can we go further and refuse to join
in the total reversal of the works of mercy
that we call war?

If we do
the doomed children of Biafra
though they already lie on their sleeping mats in mass graves,
may come to be the salvation
of our nuclear—fragile world.

MEANTIME:

High protein foods are supplied for mercy flights. Help is extended to children on both sides of the Nigerian conflict.

You can help starving children through THE WORKS OF PEACE

National Council of Catholic Women
1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.Y.
Washington, D.C. 20005

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

whites for the past two summers.) Later we visited another recreation center (was it the poorest?), merely a large dirt back yard fenced in, with a few bits of playground equipment, crowded with little ones and teenagers. But it was at least a place where the children could get together without being tormented by the police or dispersed for loitering.

Before we left the neighborhood we visited the house of a Negro woman who had spent time in Parchman penitentiary for taking part in attempts to integrate the city auditorium. She was a large, stout woman who had made her living cooking in the homes of white people. She is a good cook and had always found work until she began demonstrating, and then she had to find another way to earn her bread. She started a little home industry by skinning and roasting peanuts and was harassed by the authorities until she was finally granted a permit. You got the feeling that she would persist in whatever she did.

I stayed one week with the Baronis, and on the last night I went to the Josephite church, where Father William Morrissey,

S.S.J. has been working for years. There was a program given by the twenty-two teachers and their pupils in the tutorial program which all of them had enjoyed so much; and what a pure joy that love of learning is! There was singing and dancing and recitations. The hall was full and the windows all open and it was not too hot. But I could not help thinking as we came away that the Church, meaning in this case the white church, is not keeping step with the efforts of the state. They are not giving what they have, they are not supplementing the efforts of the young people.

And as for the state, "They expect us to make bricks without straw," Marge said, "cutting down on the whole poverty program as they have." Another friend told of how the food program in the school was limited—only one lunch to a family, the other children to do without. Only ten per cent of the poor are to be fed. The Church is leaving too much to the State.

During the depression, when we had a house of hospitality in St. Louis, parochial school children brought an extra sandwich, to be

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, 36 East First Street, between 1st and 2d Avenues.

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

packed in cartons and brought to the house of hospitality to feed our breadlines. And in the churches in Washington, parishioners brought canned goods and staples to put in large offertory boxes in the back of the church for those who needed it. It is not only that these fundamental works of mercy are not being practiced enough, but there is not enough sharing of equipment. Movies, screens, tape recorders, projectors, and other machinery.

August 31

We left Natchez today, driving north to Greenville. We were sad to part with the Baronis and with Eddie Reed, a seminarian on his way now to Louvain, who had headed the tutorial program.

Next month I will continue the story of my travels, and tell of a most interesting visit to Port Gibson, where Berry Morgan lives on an old plantation with her three children; and of our visit to Greenville, and Greenwood, and the boycott which is going on there,

the planes return empty now ecstatic since the last Big Fed himself described the fight as currency credits

the soldiers from the mostly former legion, sunning themselves, seek foreign assistance.

here there are no sounds of war, only the occasional screech of genocide.

MAXINE SHAW

36 East First

(Continued from page 1)

ing; Ed Brown's engaging rages and gestures; Wong (called "One Lung" by Italian Mike) silently watching his table as he presses (instead of rolling) a cigarette before waiting on another man.

Much of the furniture—desk, chairs, paintings, statues (the statue of our emaciated St. Francis no longer has his back to us, his face to Chrystie Street; now he kneels on a ledge in the front and faces us and our new surroundings), sink and soup oven, kitchen utensils and pots—are all in familiar places; but it is as if some supernatural hand had swept a decade of dirt and grime from the walls and floor where once they were. The fluorescent lights no longer permit shadows to lurk in corners, like some Bowery Man in a doorway. No longer must I dip the roaches from the soup, (later Jack admits to only one of two, D.D.) where they would fall from the ceiling of the old house, or idly watch them liberate a drawer or cupboard. Nor are our nostrils assailed by the sewerage overflow of the old house; instead we have the pungent aroma of soup mixing with the institutionalized odor of disinfectant.

Visitors and Volunteers

Many were the visitors and volunteers during the summer; more, surely, than I can mention. Tom Temple, Linda Glassner, and Joe Glossmeyer—all from Oklahoma—were in on much of the moving from house to house; Janelle Hongess came East for a stay of some weeks; she fasted with Bob Gilliam, Dan Kelly, and myself, summers ago in Washington, D.C. Five young men from Japan have stayed with us and shared our work. Pat Jordon, a young Franciscan seminarian, who had to be told to stop working, helped us exceedingly; especially in his ministrations to Italian Mike, who refused for a long period to recline completely—he preferred to sleep sitting up. His condition gradually deteriorated and he was much in need of the help Pat gave him. The work of caring for him was continued by our two most recent staff members, Pat May and Mike Ketchum, who now receive, to their delight, the brunt of much of Mike's wit. And Mike is better now: the sores on his legs have healed; he walks by himself now; eats heartily; there is bite in his cursing, energy in his outbursts, and eloquence in his gestures (in the Italian manner) as he describes the crease his cane will put in our heads.

Jonathan Bell and Paul Muller, both young and confronting the draft, stayed and worked with us and then returned to California full of plans and hopes. Louise Giovannetti, together with Janelle and Linda, took up the burden of the evening cooking chores during the summer. That job has been taken over by Ed Forand, an old time Catholic Worker, who has returned to us from the world of gainful employment. Hersha Evans, whose silence is as an ornament, and Mary Greve, whose sensitivity finds expression in folksong, are here to spell Ed in the kitchen and help on the paper. Nicole d'Entremont, Raona Wilson and

Nathan are more frequently with us to add their beauty to our lives. Kathy Nackowski and her younger sister visited briefly as they made their way to Salt Lake City from Turkey where they spent the summer. Arthur "The Bishop" Lacey has been with us and assumed the chores of Walter Kerell, who's been in on here-again, gone-again sort of vacation.

Begging

I suggested to Pat May, whose quick intelligence caught the irony in the scene, that we resume our fish-begging thing at the Fulton Street Fish Market. I instructed him briefly in the art, showed him to the cart, and gave him directions to the market, which is quite unlike anything he encountered in Oklahoma. So amongst the stalls of piled fish, cruising cats, and beefy, bare-armed, coarse and earthy fishermen and dealers, he wheeled his cart, crying the CW need, and met with rude rebuke from some ("That commie bunch!") and from others a silent sort of gruff acceptance. All this time a hard rain fell. He returned sopping wet ("I have no comment at this time," he said) but loaded with perch, striped bass, and full many a large blubbery catfish. He was quite turned on by that scene ("a liberated fishmonger") and it was his thing from then on. That evening, while we were all devouring with relish the results of his begging, we received a phone call from one of the fish dealers—the one who had been rude to our man, as he put it, and he had felt rotten all day and wanted to know what kind of fish we wanted. Pat and Mike returned to his stall the next Friday and were offered 300 lbs. of salmon, only some 30 lbs. of which they could take. Another dealer offered a large tin of fillet, and others contributed more fish. So back they came and we had fish for all the CW people for two days, plus a fish soup for our line; and we still had fish to give to the families on our block with the help of the lady who runs a small grocery store across the street from us. Our many thanks to the men of Fulton Street, who are close to the sea and know what need is.

And at the Hunt's Point Vegetable Market where Mike and Pat beg for vegetables (earlier in the year groups of us picketed those stalls with the Mexican-American and Filipino farm workers) they met with the same rugged generosity, stern warmth, to the point of being invited back the next day when there would be more to take away.

Finally, from Johnny Cash's profoundly human recording of a show recorded at Folsom Prison in California (perhaps only the captured and systematically dehumanized know and respond fully to the human condition) I take a line, "On Monday I was arrested . . ." and apply it to myself. A week ago today, on September 10th, I was arrested by two federal marshals, who came in during the soup line, and taken to Center Street, where I was later indicted for refusal to be inducted into the armed services. Released on my own recognizance, I am to be tried at a yet unknown date in the future.

Incarnation and War

(Continued from page 5)

largely unconscious and unarticulated display of mutual concern, both Church and state promote the national purpose. And if their immediate aims in doing so vary, the net result is substantially the same.

Therefore, in exchange for being left alone by the Church in areas of reach like "rollback" of foreign policy, Vietnam, economic invasions, C.I.A., nuclear arms escalation, the government grants immunities and privileges; tax exemptions, dispensations from military service, grants for education and subsidies for construction, and a consistent official approval. By and large, the church responds much as it is expected to do. Officially, it does let the government alone, giving as well, huge tacit support to domestic and foreign policy. And on occasion, enthusiastic affirmation. In light of events, and because of such relationships, the Church obviously cannot serve the consciences of its members, who in many cases would be more Christian without it.

Becoming Human

What is a Christian to do? To begin with, realize that one is never a Christian; one might possibly be serious about becoming Christian. In a word, one is baptized into Christ by water, spirit and life. Human life, that is. If Christ's Spirit is our spirit, then his flesh too must be ours, the flesh of all men. Living his Spirit and his flesh means joining the human race. It might also mean Christianity.

Implicit in this is a fearful familiarity with death—the death identified with injustice in oneself and in the institutions of this land. If such death is confronted, atonement and conversion ensue in oneself. And in society, social revolution. There are several reasons why this must be so; first, because Christian integrity requires both a personal and public stand; second, because one's personal stand is also a struggle for the survival of the race; third, because our society can no longer contain its own violence, inviting the fateful possibility that as it tears itself apart, it will bring down the world with it.

Politically speaking, it may be too late. (An index of the lateness of the hour is the frequent charge of utopianism laid at the feet of those who opt for justice in domestic and foreign policy. Because of such a climate, one is vastly more

utopian to believe that World War III can be avoided.)

It may be too late because an immense paroxysm is shaking the human family, much of it springing from our greed and arrogance. In face of this, one's integrity under the Gospel guarantees no political, as distinguished from moral benefit for oneself or others. For example, an act of nonviolent dissent conceived to engage proportionately our criminality in Vietnam would "turn off" the majority of Americans, and the majority of peace people.

Nonetheless, one insists on integrity as the issue, though integrity may mean coming to grips with the whole panoply of American power, simply because the Lord lived as he lived and died as he died. The senselessness of the Crucifixion ought to be seen as a lesson in rationality, and as an introduction to manhood.

"This day I set you over nations and over kingdoms, to root up and tear down, to destroy and to demolish, to build and to plant" (Jeremiah 1:10) "I am the true vine, and my Father is the vine-dresser. Every branch in me that bears no fruit he will take away; and every branch that bears fruit he will cleanse, that it may bear more fruit." (John 15:1,2) "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age, to save those who have no imagination?" (Epilogue to Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*).

ED. NOTE: This article is reprinted, by permission of the editors, from the Spring issue of *Kattalagete Be Reconceded*, published quarterly by the Committee of Southern Churchmen. This issue also contains important articles by John Howard Griffin on the racial crisis, W. H. Ferry on the failure of integration and Thomas Merton on *Styron's Nat Turner*. Four issues of *Kattalagete* can be obtained by sending a contribution of from two to five dollars, to cover mailing costs, to: Committee of Southern Churchmen, P.O. Box 12044, Nashville, Tennessee 37212.

Father Berrigan recently began serving a six-year sentence in Allenwood Federal penitentiary for pouring blood on draft records. Next month, he and eight other Catholics will be tried for a subsequent action involving the napalming of draft records. We plan to report on the trial in the next month's CW.



under the leadership of Father Nathaniel, Franciscan, and of the schools we visited, and the day we spent with Sister Peter Claver, Missionary Servant of the Most Holy Trinity, at Gadsden, Alabama, and of our visit to the Trappist monastery of the Holy Cross at Berryville, Virginia, our last stop before returning to Tivoli.

How strange it seems that I have had this peaceful trip through our usually violent south, while in Chicago 26,000 police and troops were mobilized to combat some thousands of young people, mostly students in ugly violence not only against an unarmed multitude of young crusaders, but within the convention hall itself.

"To be willing to be poor, and not to feel the hardships of poverty, is to desire the honor of poverty with the convenience of riches."

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

Military Chaplain

(Continued from page 4)

as unlikely or completely unrealistic. Thirty-two (47.1 per cent) denied that it was even conceivable.

It is important to bear in mind that this question followed those "moral tension" questions which hypothesized acts of war that violated generally held moral norms (and, in some instances, the Geneva conventions)—such things, that is, as killing enemy prisoners and civilian hostages, torture, etc. Indeed, most of those who gave affirmative answers used the subjects touched upon in the earlier questions as examples of the type of orders that might call forth such action on the chaplain's part. This raises the possibility that the interview served as an educational experience in this respect and that, had this question preceded the others, the proportion of negative responses would have been considerably greater. As it is, the fact that almost half still could not "conceive" of the possibility after the moral tensions situations had been explored suggests that the chaplain's definition of his "pastoral" role does not incorporate any real sense of responsibility to serve as moral guide in matters relating to the morality of the war itself or the acts of war his "parishioners" may be ordered to perform.

This is not to say that they see no moral-guidance responsibilities at all. Throughout the interviews—and in notations added to the questionnaires as well—frequent references were made to the chaplains' contributions in terms of building character and helping the men solve personal moral problems relating to sex, alcohol or other individual weaknesses. Sometimes, too, there were references to the occasional need to "set them straight" when they find it difficult or impossible to reconcile a Christian commitment with the type of behavior their Service duties might require of them.

Only a very few are prepared to go beyond this to matters touching upon the nature of a war or a given military policy. And these few who described themselves in such terms as "the conscience" of the R.A.F. (or of the commanding officer) were outnumbered by others who dismissed such problems with a curt "the chaplain is not a judge" or more sophisticated protestations of a limited range of responsibility and competence.

Whether the chaplain is merely unaware of—or frankly disavows—moral-guidance responsibilities beyond the individual level, the fact presents a challenging problem for analysis. To what extent, for instance, does this reflect a "selective" process which somehow operates to bring those clergymen into the chaplaincy who are less sensitive to the moral implications of military policy and purposes—or, if one prefers, less scrupulous about their violation? To what extent is this then reinforced, once the clergyman has entered the military establishment, by the setting, his associations, his experiences, etc. so that he becomes more inclined to see things "the military way" or, as one respondent jokingly put it, to "sell his soul to the company store?" One of the most moving self-evaluations provoked by the interview found a long-term Church of England "active" saying:

What happens to most of us, one tends to get a bit tough—one's sensitivities are reduced. One learns to live with things as he lives on. After 22 years of it in war and peace, a crust has been built up around one. These are problems when one sits and looks at them theoretically; when the thing happens, one is so busy and caught up with the jobs at hand, it is put to one side and only dealt with in retrospect. Perhaps we need more of a prophetic voice—one

just "got on with it." Maybe we didn't exercise the ministry we ought to have done.

That the avoidance of moral-guidance obligations relating to general military policies or specific military decisions is the best possible arrangement from the military establishment's point of view is clear; that it is equally satisfactory from the standpoint of the ecclesiastical establishment is open to serious question. For men who see themselves "first, last and always" as clergymen to ignore or reject this as an area of spiritual responsibility should be a matter of some concern for the churches which select and certify them for the chaplaincy. "Victorious interventions" were cited by the respondents, but they usually involved forcing a commanding officer to shut down a brothel he had previously authorized. Whether this was enough in a war which knew a Coventry—a Dresden—or a Hiroshima is a question that should be raised.

Or to bring it up to date: when we read of area bombings with napalm or fragmentation bombs or see the pictures of captives being tortured during interrogation, it is legitimate to ask how the military chaplain is addressing himself to these events and what effort he is making (if any) to bring moral standards and considerations into the calculations of those making the military decisions.

Recent articles mention rumors of Navy pilots seeking transfer because they object to the use of anti-personnel bombs in attacks upon military targets located in predominantly civilian areas.

Even more disturbing are the cases of servicemen facing serious penalties for refusing to serve in a war they consider immoral or to perform what they regard as immoral acts of war. These news accounts do not record the extent to which these men are being encouraged and sustained by their pastors-in-uniform. Certainly they contain no indication that they were brought to their dangerous decisions by the moral guidance given them by the military chaplain. If the findings obtained from the R.A.F. chaplains in this study have any relevance at all to the present situation, one would have to conclude that the chaplains on the scene in Vietnam are "opting-out"; that they, too, have gotten "a bit tough" and "have learned to live with things" to the point that they are not asking the questions (or, at least, not arriving at the answers) that might force them to become "more of a prophetic voice."

ED. NOTE: Dr. Zahn is the distinguished sociologist, now teaching at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. This paper was read last year at the San Francisco meeting of the American Catholic Sociological Society. Dr. Zahn's most recent book is *War, Conscience and Dissent*.

NOTES

1. Carl Amery, *Capitalism: The Lesson of German Catholicism* (New York: Herder and Herder, 1967) p. 95.

2. Fifty interviews were contemplated at the outset; after the 37th was completed, the RAF Chaplain-in-Chief requested suspension of the interviews until he and the two Principal Chaplains could review the questions being put to the chaplains. The reason given for this request was that some of the questions had made some of the chaplains unhappy. Permission to continue was ultimately granted, but the lapse of time argued against resumption; instead an equivalent questionnaire was prepared for mailing to the retired chaplains (and the 15 actives who had already been scheduled for interviews that were postponed when suspension was imposed). Since names and addresses were available through library sources, the Chaplains' Branch was not employed as a channel for the mailed questionnaires. After a promising beginning, the returns were suddenly shut down to a trickle by a letter or some other communication to the retired chaplains advising them that the mailing had no official sanction (and, incidentally, "re-minding" them that they were bound by the Official Secrets Act!). The final returns numbered 36 (14 of these the "actives" previously scheduled for interview). The religious distribution of the 73 respondents was: Church of England, 44; Roman Catholic, 8; PMUB (Presbyterian, Methodist and United



Chicago Storefront

1923 N. Burling
Chicago, Illinois 60614

Dear Catholic Workers:

After various unsuccessful attempts to get a house of hospitality going here in Chicago with Karl and Jean Meyer and others, we have now made a small beginning by renting a storefront at 2118 North Halsted. We hope to make this an open center which will be able to serve the needs of the people of the neighborhood, particularly the Spanish-speaking, to whom we wish to offer special hospitality, as they are most numerous in our neighborhood and often arrive here with understandable difficulties in adjusting to a foreign language and environment.

So we would like to make available the first basic necessities; food, clothing, friendship, as well as whatever information we may be able to gather on apartments, jobs, schools; perhaps someone will be interested in getting some English classes going.

This, then, is an appeal to all friends of the Catholic Worker in the Chicago area who might be interested in helping out with this project in whatever way each is capable of. We need furniture, a stove and refrigerator, perhaps some help with rent and other expenses, food, clothes, and of course time and ideas. Anyone interested? We're waiting to hear from you at 337-2032.

Yours for peace,
Phil and Kathy Bredine

Board), 21. There were no Jewish Chaplains in the RAF at the time of the study.

3. See Waldo W. Burchard, "Role Conflicts of Military Chaplains," *American Sociological Review* (October, 1954). Professor Burchard was kind enough to make a copy of his unpublished dissertation, "The Role of the Military Chaplain" (University of California, 1958), available to this researcher after the completion of the interview phase of the project.

4. The Chaplain-in-Chief's claim that his office had been "inundated" with protests would substantiate this most dramatically, of course. It should be noted, though, that very few respondents gave indication of such strong annoyance to the interviewer. Most of the spontaneous comments that were made were favorable in tone, often enough expressions of gratitude for providing the opportunity to consider and discuss these admittedly touchy issues.

5. Military Bishop D. Hermann Kunst in Preface to Albrecht Schuebel, *300 Jahre Evangelische Soldatenseelsorge* (Muenchen: Evangelischer Presseverband fuer Bayern, 1964), p. 8.

6. They were "hypothetical" in the sense that they were presented as such; the reader undoubtedly will recognize that they have occurred all too often in the actual conduct of past (and, lamentably, on-going) wars.

7. In all of these cases, any capacity on the part of a clergyman to justify (or even resign oneself to) practices of the nature presented in this research must be taken as an extremely significant finding. However, in the present context, this is more a problem for the moralist evaluating the manner in which a chaplain performs his role. This paper merely seeks to determine how that role is likely to be defined as it relates to the moral guidance to be provided to men at arms.

8. The "ultimate protest" question was linked to the killing of enemy prisoners, the hypothetical situation which elicited unanimous rejection. Seven were not asked the question in this particular context or gave no answer. Four others gave answers too broad or too indefinite to fit into any meaningful categories.

9. Another question specifically related to the "impact" a chaplain's protest would have, did not support his confidence, at least not when it comes down to RAF actualities. Seventeen of the 47 who were willing to make an estimate felt it would make no difference at all, not much, or only slight difference. When the same question was phrased in terms of what an RAF chaplain could have done at the time of Dresden, these answers were given by almost 60 per cent of the respondents—and none were prepared to say he could have done anything to alter the course of events.

10. Not all did so, however. A few affirmative answers brought examples that seemed to ignore the substantive morality of the military order ("any commander might go berserk") or found other less sensitive areas of concern (e.g., a command by an officer requiring a man to collaborate in a violation of sex morality). One affirmative respondent went so far as to find the possibility "conceivable" only in the sense that one must always allow for the "odd" or "eccentric" padre!

11. See especially Don Duncan, "And Blessed be the Fruit . . ." *Ramparts*, (May 1967). Other reports have appeared in the daily press, news periodicals, and journals of opinion.

Magnificat in Chicago

(Continued from page 1)

tion, although we were aware of burning eyes and a hot sneezing sensation. Once in the crowd, we were constantly approached—no, cared for. "Have you ever had gas before? Don't rub your eyes, wet your handkerchief—and put it in your mouth. I'll bring you water." And over and over again "Thank you both for coming."

The experience grows intense. I live it again. We are on the grass near a microphone. Peter of Peter, Paul and Mary is standing on a park bench talking to the crowd. "Sit down, please stay sitting. If it is too crowded, move a few feet and sit down again. Keep away from the sidewalk where a few police agitators are looking for trouble. Remember we are not looking for trouble, we are not violent." No one disobeys.

A bright-eyed, brown-haired girl turns around, looks hard at me and takes my hand. She is sitting directly in front of me "You are really here, thank you," and to my friend "Are you really a delegate? It's great you're here."

Mary, the singer, lithe, long-legged, swinging her long yellow hair as she appears on all the record covers, joins Peter at the mike. We watch her tossing her yellow hair because she knows it's beautiful. (How can she sing in that choking air?) Sentimentally, I remembered how many times I had impatiently picked up a Peter, Paul and Mary record from my living room floor. Now I was grateful to her.

She had done this night after night this week, every muscle in her long body moving; people sang with her, kept faith and time passed. (I had met her in the hotel the afternoon before when kids were being clubbed. Her face contorted, her hair still, she said to me "What can we do now? Can't you think of something that will help now?" I felt troubled that my face did not show the same agony.) In the park, the singing stops. A bearded man with a calm voice talks "If there are any delegates, ministers or doctors, will they come up and speak to us? Later on anyone can speak, now we just want people like that."

A delegate who is an Episcopal priest comes to the mike. He announces that he has something to read. His voice is harsh. "He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seat—and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich he hath sent empty away." Faces watched him intently in the choking air. St. Luke had never sounded like that before. St. Luke was wonderful.

The bright-eyed, brown-haired girl turns, smiling again and presses a tiny piece of doughnut in my hand.

We walk to another part of the park, stepping over legs and laps on the beaten grass, and always the "Thank you for coming—remember not to rub your eyes."

We walk along the edge of the sidewalk. A boy stands with his hands in prayer position high above his head. His eyes are bright and unfocused. "He's been here for hours without moving. He's meditating," someone explains.

We sit again. The man at the mike turns to face the hotel. "Turn your lights on and off three times if you are with us." Rooms blink obediently up and down the facade. The crowd in the park roars with pleasure.

From our vantage point sitting on the ground, the lights from the hotel are crisscrossed by the strands of barbed wire in front of the troops. A boy comes up and offers bread and water. "Take a big piece," he says, "it always goes further than you think."

When we leave to cross the street to the hotel, the bearded

man is back at the mike with the same reassuring voice. "We are free here. Remember, if there is any freedom anywhere it is here."

In the morning I inquired in a hotel corridor if there had been any violence as the night wore on. "No, it was calm, but there was trouble in the McCarthy headquarters on the fifteenth floor early this morning. Some say a guy threw an ashtray and beer cans out the window so the cops rushed up and beat a lot of kids." Someone shows me a smashed billy club and bloody clothes in a white plastic tub. "Evidence," he explains.

The day goes quickly. The airport is jammed with people leaving. I travel East with my son, who is a college senior. I tell him of my evening. "What so many people don't understand" he insists "is that most of the thousands in the park, the ones who were clubbed and the ones who sang and marched, are exactly like the ones who've cut their hair and played politics. Only Michigan Avenue separated the McCarthy volunteers and bearded protesters."

Later in the day we watch the evening news on television, shots of the scenes in which I had walked. These were followed by interviews of a few of those who had "cut their hair." "We lost" said one "but I'm not discouraged, I'm very hopeful."

ED. NOTE: Jennie Moore is the wife of Episcopal Bishop Paul Moore, of Washington, D.C. and author of *The People on Second Street* (William Morrow).

Reflections of a Convict

(Continued from page 2)

any motive for the crime, in fact we have shown that none existed. How I would have reacted several years ago to such treatment! Yet now I realize that the human element in the process of justice is both its strength and its weakness. In the last review of my case by the Supreme Court the five Ministers of Justice ruled unanimously in my favor, so in all probability I will be released soon. I have no fear, I know that justice will be done. I will soon have completed twelve years on the charge and no doubt the court will order my release on a "time served" rule. I have come to see the situation as a proof, a test of my own purpose and faith.

I now know what responsibility means. It is an existential call, to respond to: the self, to our fellow man, and to society. In the final analysis such responsibility is the gift (or grace, if you will) to transcend the purely existential realities and arrive at the experience of a fullness of being and the actual realization of the divine influence within the soul.

Perhaps I will return to Spanish Harlem, more mature, more willing to see the fallen Christ in the filthy city street, more compassionate and, above all, willing to serve and to see the image of God in the faces of poor frustrated men and women. Nor shall I forget the passage I re-read that day in my cell: "For I was hungry and you gave me not to eat, thirsty and you gave me not to drink, lonely and you never made me welcome, naked and you did nothing to clothe me, sick and in prison and you did not visit me." No doubt there, are other, more refined and intellectual, views of how to live one's religion, but for me that text is more than enough. It is not given to everyone to be a prince of the Church or a minister, but as an emergency medical technician perhaps I have my vocation and with it peace of mind and freedom. One man cannot change the world, but compassion and love will lessen the burden of others, as well as my own.

LETTERS

Teilhard's Vision

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Dear Editors:

Mr. Jerome Perlinski began his article "Teilhard's Vision of Peace and War" (March 1968) by asking if Chardin's thought can be taken seriously by a modern man who is horrified by the cruelties and barbarisms of the modern world. Mr. Perlinski ended his worthwhile article by affirming the relevance of Chardin's vision as the proper way to understand the modern world and secure peace for it. Chardin's vision was treated as both a truth and a necessary object of choice.

At the heart of his essay, Mr. Perlinski cast a wager: To have peace is to believe we can have it. Yet peace is not a simple belief for Mr. Perlinski. Our preconceived notions of peace, along with our reliance on economic and political means to achieve it, are insufficient. Only by transcending our narrow individualistic, class and historical perspectives are we capable of perceiving that we, as Chardin saw, are immanently, eternally and divinely part of a cosmic convergence towards unity. This unity alone will complete the mystic yearning of man, the purpose of evolution and the plan of God.

Must we believe this vision in order to make it come true? Could two world wars, unknown to their participants, unseen by their observers, unestablished by their historians, have carried within themselves the forces and seeds of the final convergence of Reality? Today, regardless of the arms race, beyond the borders and actions of nation-states, must we envision the ordained unity of Man and Creation, if we are to realize a dynamic and living peace? Where freedom begins and inevitability takes over, where will starts and vision ends, where the idea rules and power dominates are, of course, not made clear. But we must wager.

As a matter of the utmost importance, Mr. Perlinski has asked us to choose a Chardinian vision of reality. Some have found in Chardin's thought the unity of the natural, the human and divine realms. Others have found in it the unity of being and change, time and eternity. Mr. Perlinski has found in it the choice and truth of our very global existence.

Some theologians would refuse this wager because they are suspicious of Chardin's Christology. A humanist might reject it because he finds no place for either human freedom or tragedy in the Chardinian view. An historian might remain mute, seeing only confusion in treating man's contemporary history as an extension of the biological and natural realms. Some would see in the increasing convergence of peoples and the world no more than the terrifying growth of the states and their capacity to rationalize and attempt to control all out of reasons of fear and power.

Many would refuse the wager and prefer to ask questions: Isn't Chardin closer to Hegel than Augustine, more a French philosopher than a St. Paul? Doesn't Chardin's vision, asks a Marxist, have its origin and popularity in a dying bourgeoisie who seek a life-giving optimism in a vision of nature rather than admit the inherent contradictions and inhumanities of the social system which they have created? Is it more than a fad for those afraid to admit the irrelevance of their religion in the face of modern science, society and war?

I do not support the implications of all these questions, but I cannot accept the wager either. I will continue to live in the valley:

where mass society is most often the inner stuffing of a people and their projects, where the rule of nation-states are felt in all their terror and death, where one does not know what the man-made stars above carry in their orbits, where contradictions between power and values, freedom and responsibility are like those of the ancient Greeks and Christians, where few can read the past and fewer are certain of tomorrow.

Agreed: being is good, the world is with purpose, and we must live and act for peace. But if... "the choice is really between faith and non-faith in the collective and spiritual progress of humanity," I prefer to be with the suffering who know they will suffer, with the historians, who out of their concern for men and their affairs, prefer Machiavellian to Chardin, with theologians who begin and end their speculations with Jesus Christ, with anarchists, who wonder how we can transcend the nation-state system without violence and destruction. I prefer to be with the critical Perlinski, who at the beginning of his article dared to ask if Chardin was at all relevant to modern man. With the Perlinski who wrote: "The surety and confidence with which Teilhard de Chardin expresses himself in the face of the problems of war seem maddeningly and simplistically naive." Joe Amato

Political Repression

1311 Rosewood Avenue
Austin, Texas

While all our attention was focussed on the Democratic convention in Chicago, Governor John B. Connally took the opportunity to fulfill his promise to crush Texas S.N.C.C.; while he was at it, he also went after members of S.D.S. and Afro-Americans for Black Liberation. S.N.C.C. has been gaining strength in Texas and is now doing organizing work in at least seven cities around community-control issues.

In Austin, the three groups demonstrated at a gas station this summer. The owner, an open racist, refused to serve anyone with long hair or a beard. Larry Jackson, head of Austin S.N.C.C., was arrested on a trumped-up assault charge. When he was arrested, the other twenty or so demonstrators sat down. They were arrested under a Texas anti-labor law. Larry was sentenced to two years' probation and fined five hundred dollars. Many of the others are still in jail, unable to pay bail, awaiting trial.

In Dallas, S.N.C.C. led demonstrations demanding black control of supermarkets in ghetto areas. A number of people were arrested. Ernest McMillan, S.N.C.C. field secretary, and his aide have received ten-year sentences for "destruction of private property worth over fifty dollars," i.e. dropping merchandise.

Lee Otis Johnson, head of Houston S.N.C.C., has been harassed ever since he first came to Texas. Now he has been sentenced to thirty years on a trumped-up narcotics charge. His wife Helen is now on trial, charged with assault, and may receive a life sentence.

In Killen, near Fort Hood, the Summer of Support ran a coffee house which offered G.I. counselling. The Killen City Council had it closed as a "public nuisance." Fifteen people, including its head, Josh Stroud, were arrested and are still in jail.

More busts are expected. Those already jailed have been harassed by unreasonably high bail and lack of funds for legal defense. They need money—at least three thousand dollars—and our political and moral support. Recent events in Chicago and Texas indi-

cate that the Establishment is not going to permit freedom of political expression. It is vital, therefore, that we insure this freedom for ourselves. We must unite in support of our brothers and sisters in Texas.

Please wire money to Austin S.N.C.C. at the above address. Or call, in New York City: YU 9-1313. Austin S.N.C.C.

"Resist Not Evil"

By JULIAN ABERNATHY

When you are feeling through the non-resistance vs non-violent resistance question again, please consider this aspect also; non-violent resistance as redemptive activity. As a child in Alabama, I remember once—only once—looking out of the window of our school bus at the Negro kids walking to their school-shack and saying to myself, "Those kids don't have a school bus." But mostly I was never consciously aware of the situation at all, and it had nothing to say to me. Given this condition of unawareness, as opposed to an actual conscious abdication to evil, I think resistance to the evil (but not to the evil person) is a necessary part of the Christian witness, which is concern for one's brother and for God's truth.

"Do not resist one who is evil" is set in the context of a discussion of revenge for harm, and the teaching of Jesus is that one should not only not offer revenge but should offer to suffer more. Why? Because suffering evil is a good in itself? God forbid. One is willing to suffer for the Love of God, in order that the "enemy" also may enter the kingdom of heaven. Non-violent resistance fulfills this teaching, saying "If you would treat me badly, here, I am available—treat me even worse." It accepts evil for the sake of the evil person. An evil action sets up a barrier between persons, and therefore between the evil one and Christ. Revenge doubles the barrier. Non-communicative acceptance of the action may leave the suffering one in a good spiritual condition, but it does nothing for the "enemy," who is his brother. Non-violent resistance leaps over the barrier, bold in the assertion of equality and brotherhood, and humble in its acceptance of pain for Christ's sake. It is a way of keeping in touch, even at cost to one's self.

So I accept the view that non-resistance to suffering for the sake of awakening the Spirit of Love in others is the necessary background of all true non-violent resistance to evil. (That sentence makes me think that what we needed all along was a distinction between evil and suffering. Evil is sin, a defect of heart and mind, and causing others to suffer or allowing unnecessary suffering is one of the forms it takes. This is to be resisted both in oneself and in others, for Christ's sake. But one's own suffering should not necessarily be resisted: it may be made meaningful in the resistance of evil for love's sake.)

As far as opposition goes, I think this world is a school of opposites; we all need opposition. "Do you think that I have come to give peace on earth? No. I tell you, but rather division." (Luke 12:51.) Matthew 10:34 says "a sword," an image of spiritual warfare, as in Ephesians 6:12.

We have a right to be worried about the use of non-violent resistance as a mere tactic, which is to use it materially rather than spiritually, with an eye to outer results rather than inner results ("Do not judge by appearances"). Still, it is the only way which offers the possibility of spiritual awakening to both "sides." It is foolish to think the ultimate goal of loving non-violence is "good" laws, but I presently feel that a non-violent campaign can accept the achievement of a "good" law in a law-based society as a sign to shift the campaign from a mass level back to the personal level. I

BOOK REVIEW

WHILE SIX MILLION DIED: A Chronicle of American Apathy (Random House, \$6.95). Reviewed by MURRAY POLNER.

Perhaps most of us are sated with talk of the holocaust of six million Jews in Hitler's Europe. It has become a cliché and what else is new? Still, violence and the threat of violence, or simply deliberately hurting another living creature is so much a part of the human condition that sooner or later one desensitizes oneself to it, and in the end adjusts to it. The greater the outrage, the more grotesque the crime, the more do the victims become Sartre's shadows, ethereal abstractions who never really lived. The Nazis may then be viewed as an anomaly, not a corollary, as quite insane and an exception to the rule, and one day, as time and space render them innocuous, their cruelties may become the norm itself, even the starting point for future brutalizations.

Seen in this light then, enough has been written and said about the murder of the Jews. It is a devastating litany which every Jewish child knows as his birthright and which embarrasses those who would not or could not respond, much as the despair of the Negro today leaves many with a sense of shame.

Nevertheless, there are several questions about those years that need to be studied and for this reason Arthur Morse's study is welcome indeed. For above all we need to ask whether or not many Jews might have been saved. And if so, who might have done the saving? The Swedes, the Danes, and the Dutch, for example, took great risks to shield them, in contrast to the Poles, the Germans, and the Austrians. If Morse is to be believed, and I think he is, then one more culprit must be added to the list: the United States of America. Morse's theme is that the Roosevelt administration turned its back on Europe's Jews when they most needed help.

Three related events of those years are worth recalling. In late 1942, an old cattle boat, the *Struma*, fled Europe with seven hundred and seventy Jews. When they reached Turkish waters the Turks, who had never pontificated about their morality, turned them away and the British, who had, prevented them from docking in Palestine. Forced back into the Mediterranean, the ship hit a mine, killing everyone aboard but one.

Secondly, the United States immigration quota for 1943 was set at 150,000; only 23,725 were admitted, of which 4,705 were Jews. So there it was. As the crematoria smoked, as the sainted Gandhi offered wooden platitudes, as the ascetic and brilliant Pius XII turned his back, the only remaining hope was the United States, which, parenthetically, had just put its native Japanese under lock and key.

The third event took place in London. There, Szmul Zygielbojm, the Polish Jewish representative in the exiled government, committed suicide. "I cannot be silent," he wrote. "By my death I wish to make my final protest against the passivity with which the world is

don't see any point in advocating that unjust men do without any law; neither do I see any point in acting as if people could not obey laws out of fear, indifference, social pressure or training rather than love. I agree with Gandhi that all people are not willing or able to practice non-violent resistance; therefore, mass non-violence should be used very carefully and we must find ways of making it more personal.

I believe that we should stick by non-violent resistance and oppose the idea that it is only a tactic to be used for material gain or political rights. It is but one aspect of a way of life, and material and political things are but the flesh we hope to see filled with the spirit of love.

looking on and permitting the extermination of the Jewish people."

Morse emphasizes that the official American conscience was not aroused until very late in the day. The State Department "kept its cool" and remained traditionally unruffled and politely anti-Semitic. Cordell Hull (whose wife was Jewish) "developed a remarkable immunity" to cries for help. Moreover, the evidence from the British Foreign Office, the Bermuda Conference, the Evian Conference, and the Joel Brand Mission point as well to specific people within this government who refused to act.

Not until early 1944 did three non-Jews in Henry Morgenthau's Treasury office draw up an indignant denunciation of the State Department. It was entitled "Report to the Secretary on the Acquiescence of This Government in the Murder of the Jews," and shown to F.D.R., who finally acted upon its recommendations and established the War Refugee Board. But by then hundreds of thousands more were dead.

While all this was going on some, of course, did speak out. Ira Hirschmann of the W.R.B., the Unitarian Service Committee, the Joint Distribution Committee, among others, saved many. Raoul Wallenberg, a Swedish diplomat, gave out ersatz passports to thousands of Hungarian Jews and kept them from the ovens, but in the end he too wound up a victim of sophisticated murder, killed by Stalin's police.

Morse also mentions Angelo Roncalli, "the stocky son of peasants who would one day inherit the throne of Peter (and who) fought for the lives of the Jews (as Papal Nuncio to Turkey) for they, as all men, were precious to him" and the Jewish convert, Abbe Glassberg, who told Morse that most of the Jews of France could probably have been saved if "American visas and more money" had been offered. None was forthcoming, at least not when it counted.

Another question that will always remain unanswered is why they were allowed to be forgotten and sacrificed. In the same way we might ask why no one roared against the recent mass murder of hundreds of thousands of Indonesians. They were "communists," therefore they were shadows. Instead, we have spokesmen for the Johnson administration occasionally bragging about this victory, sometimes torturing history as well in adding that none of it would have been possible without Vietnam.

Possibly those philosophers are correct in telling us that under the right circumstances we are all perfectly capable of doing the other fellow in. Possibly too our strength is deceptive, and all of us are terrified victims. But if so, where does it leave us? Are there still some things that just cannot be done? Or is Coventry, Dresden, Auschwitz, Hiroshima, and Vietnam the "starting point" and the norm of behavior for all future nation-states and their docile and patriotic citizens? If so, God help us all. What Arthur Morse has offered us in this book is the chance to listen in on the death rattle of what used to pass for idealism in Western civilization. (The others don't seem to be any improvement, they just don't have the bomb or the technical efficiency yet. But wait, it may come to pass that their cruel civil wars or, say, the most recent tortures of the Jehovah Witnesses by Malawi will be a harbinger of things to come.)

All we have left is blind faith, irrational reason, or myopic optimism. I prefer Nelly Sachs:

We the rescued

beg you

Show us your sun, but gradually
Lead us from star to star
step by step.

Be gentle when you teach us to
live again.

But I have one more question:
who shall do the teaching and what
shall they teach?