

1982  
1962

Return to  
Zorc

# outlook

## BERLIN:

## CITY OF STORIES

John:  
This picture was taken  
by my son (B. DAVID)  
read his article  
on Page 6



Written, edited and  
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Duxbury, Massachusetts

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# outlook

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**divine word seminary  
duxbury, massachusetts**



Father Jim Doyle sat down at last, his head spinning with thoughts ever since he had opened the letter bearing the Provincial's official seal. He hadn't bothered to switch on the balcony lights or open any music, but just sat before the organ and thought. He breathed easier in the expanding silence, so different from the chatter that buzzed through the Chapter Room.

Mechanically his feet poised over the footpedals, feeling each one out, just as he had learned to do ten years ago. With one swish of his left hand eight of the deepest stops were opened on the first manual,

four for the second, and three for the third. The bellows whirred, the great pipes now trembling with expectation. Two years was a long time to have been out of practice, with Minor Orders and Ordination and all...But the familiar touch of ivory gave him confidence. Still he waited, waited till the silence grew so close about him that he could hear himself think. He had to start, now, with a smashing volley of G minor.

From the way the official letter lay folded on the music stand, as he played he could see the word Collegeville all too plainly written in crisp, neat letters across the top, letters which he detested, wished he had never seen. He was not mad at God, he told himself,

months afterwards. And now this. Two trunks still waiting to be unpacked, but again it was good-bye, Jim. He didn't like it; no, he never would.

Sisters Jane and Petrus, two of his high school classmates, had entered about the same time he did; was it because of him? Now they were here, they were so happy that he had come. They could never guess that he could play the organ as Sister Matilda had always foretold. How disappointed they would be when they found out that he was transferred. He hadn't seen the old gang yet, now all of them married, now waiting to see him. But he would never come. He was to make it up to his mother for the nine years he had been away; it

# Organ Solo

nor at the General Council, nor at anyone in particular but at everyone and everything in general; anyway, it didn't matter. He did not hate, for he had been taught to conquer such failings. Years ago in Novitiate he had learned to be recollected, but he wasn't sure of himself now.

Ten years ago he had started out at the seminary at Collegeville as a new student among 355 or so seminarians. Now he couldn't go back. It was ironic--the only one of his class who had Collegeville full up to his Roman Collar. Long ago he had promised Sister Matilda that some day he would be back as chaplain to St. Joe's High, his Alma Mater and lifeblood. Nine years of studies had not changed his hopes one bit; then Ordination and final appointment to St. Joe's two

## John Smyczek

would have to wait for another nine, or maybe still another.

He was panting--so fast had he been playing that beads of sweat ran down his cheeks, but he played on unawares. For a while Verdi's Requiem came to his mind, but he rendered it in triple time with blaring staccatos where soft legatos were meant to be played. Unrecognizable, unimaginable interpretation--but that's how he felt. After some time he would switch over to Beethoven or Brahms, then Verdi again as the spirit moved him--up and down the keyboard in intentional misinterpretation.

Life at Collegeville would be different. He hadn't really prepared himself to live the Common Life--to be just a number among thirty-three professors, each one a

specialist, each a recluse. Permissions would be hard to come by, comforts few, and personal contacts never. There each priest was not a teacher among men, but a teacher among teachers teaching teachers-to-be. Not to function as a shepherd of souls would in itself be most trying; there was no getting around it. And to top it off, it was generally known that once your name appeared on the faculty roster of such a reputable institution as Collegeville, it was as good as down for a life stretch.

"A religious isn't supposed to feel these things, and yet he does. This is obedience? This is detachment? Would that all despised this sham of a man as I now do and God must." After minutes of thus musing to himself, the faint red flame of the sanctuary lamp caught his eye and startled him into an awareness of where he was. But he could not stop, not till he had transposed Grieg back to a Major and ended at peace with God and at rest with himself. And little by little his music began to soften, though there was a trace of fury still trying to work its way through. At last the pipes sang forth in clear, sweet tones the "Te Deum." When the echo of the last note had died away, he resolutely switched the organ off for the last time, slid off the bench and onto the prie-dieu to pour out his soul to God in the tabernacle.

Too soon came a rush of serge from behind and a slight tap on the shoulder. Sister Petrus bent low and whispered, "Call from the Provincial. Better hurry." With a speed that was almost disrespectful in the Divine Presence, he flew down the flight of steps that led to the chapel proper. He noticed that the community of twenty-two Sisters filled the back pews, their gaze never leaving him for an instant, with eyes aglow and jaws

drooping in amazement. "My God, it must be time for First Friday Devotions. For all I know Father Provincial could've been trying to reach me for the past hour or more."

In no time flat he picked up the receiver at the principal's desk, first floor south. "I'd best not keep the Provincial waiting." So he quickly tried to catch his breath and compose his voice, then began, "Reverend Father Triscore? Sorry to keep you waiting. I suppose you're calling about my transfer?"

"As a matter of fact, I am. I've been hearing lately that you are a pretty valuable man at St. Joe's, and that your departure will leave a big gap. So I've decided to cancel your transfer."

"If it's all right with you, Reverend Father, I think I'd better go to Collegeville. I think that's where God wants me." He waited for an answer.

"Well, I think we can arrange it. Is that what you really want?"

"No, Reverend Father."

"But God does?"

"Yes, I feel sure of that."

"I understand. Well, we'll be waiting for you at Collegeville as planned. So long till then."

As he listened for the click of the receiver he could almost hear Father Triscore say, "What a wonderful religious that man is." But if he only knew. And Father Jim read the thoughts of the good Sisters; if they only knew what inspired his swan song. But no time to muse. It was his turn for Devotions and he was already five minutes late.

# Rewards

"The world I fled, not for my sake but Thine,  
As Mary fled the wrath of Herod's hand.  
I heard Thy voice and then came here to find  
Thee; yet found among Thy chosen band  
More gifts than even Sheba could produce,  
More joy than fury demons ever loose."

"I, too, who oft did in the temple pray,  
Once by an angel fair received Thy call;  
I answered, knowing not the gracious way  
Thy multitude of gifts would on me fall.  
Obedience performed in deed unseen,  
The sign of Mother Chaste and Virgin Queen."

"As Mary's spouse my duties I performed;  
The Lord was pleased; to me He did entrust  
His only Son. I fed and clothed and warmed  
Them both by work of hand as father just.  
The daily vision of Thyself did fill  
The life I lived most humbly in God's will."

"The things you've done for Me I will reward,  
For though you give, you also shall receive;  
More glory than have kings for you I've stored,  
More joy than can the mind of man conceive.  
Thy poverty and chastity for Me  
The cause of happiness untold will be."

- Albert Singleton

All the pictures  
in this article were  
taken by my son Reynold (R. David)  
while in Berlin with our  
oldest son Joe.

This is his  
story & his view  
on Berlin.

Zore



(R. David)

Reynold Zore

# BERLIN:

R. David  
Zore

The Soviet monument glared in the July sun. Two Communist soldiers, seemingly oblivious to the heat and jeering children, paced the length of the structure. This memorial to the Russian victory over the city stands, by way of special treaty, but a hundred yards from the Eastern Sector within the free zone. I gazed at it with a certain awe; for the gleaming concrete, the array of flowers, the cannons and the metal soldier gave no inkling of what they stood for; rather, the two cold "honor guards," each with a submachine gun, told the story in full.

There were other stories too.

Behind me, too, were soldiers--from the free world--not guarding a statue, but the portals to democracy. They told the silent story of the war that suggested past suppression and continued suffering. To my right two signs barked their warning: the nearer, "Achtung, nach 40 meter verlassen Sie West Berlin!" ("Attention, you will leave West Berlin in 40 meters!"), and the farther one, "Achtung, Sie verlassen jetzt West Berlin!" ("Attention, you are now leaving West Berlin!"). They meant little at that time of free intercourse within the schizophrenic city--but today they punctuate the grim story of a city-turned-prison.



My brother and I moved on for those forty meters. The famous Brandenburg Gate, now partially reconstructed, towered above us. We stopped to gaze at it. It, too, told a story: the newer mortar spoke of the old which had been blasted out of place; small holes here and there hinted at bullets that missed their living targets; the pictures on the side cried out that there would never be a Brandenburg Gate equal to the one of the past.

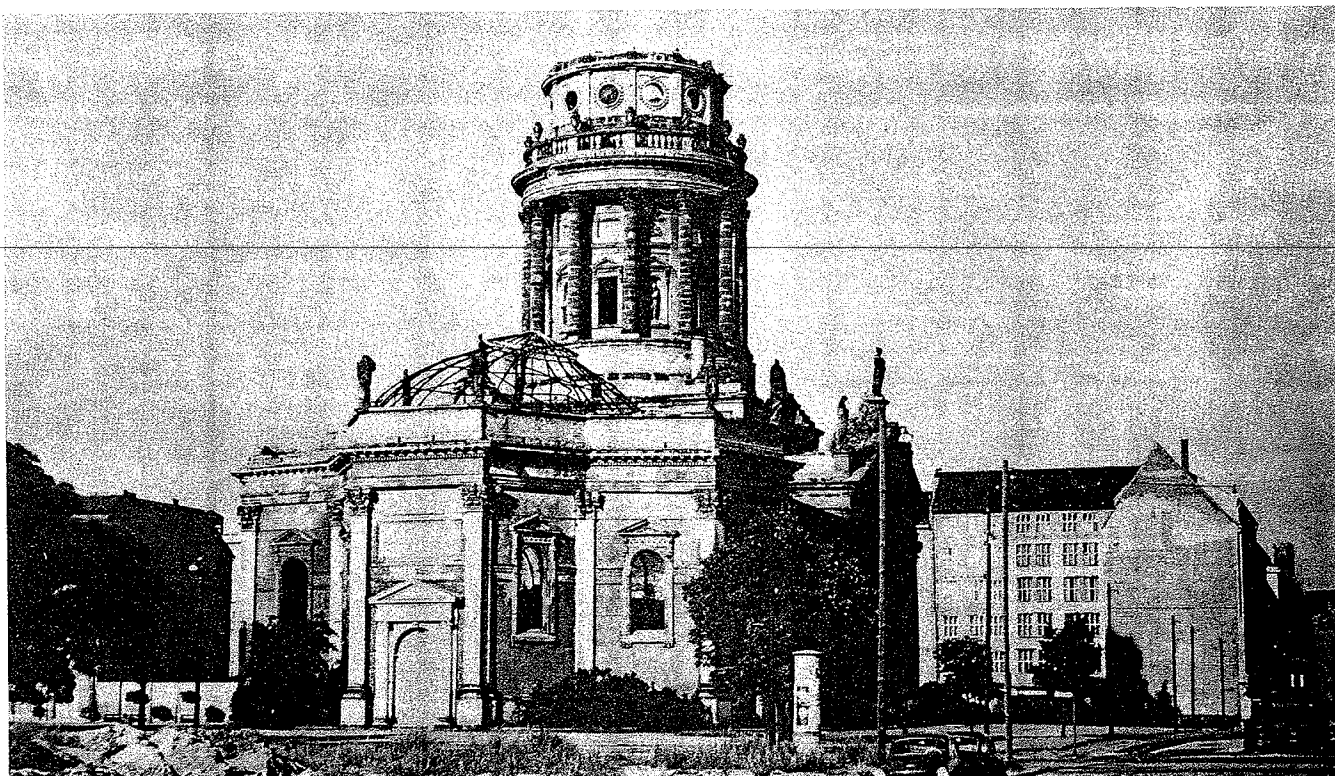
We walked farther. The guards in the East German Sector gave us a quick glance and the O.K. to pass. We were now in the Socialist world, and it wasn't hard to see a distinction.

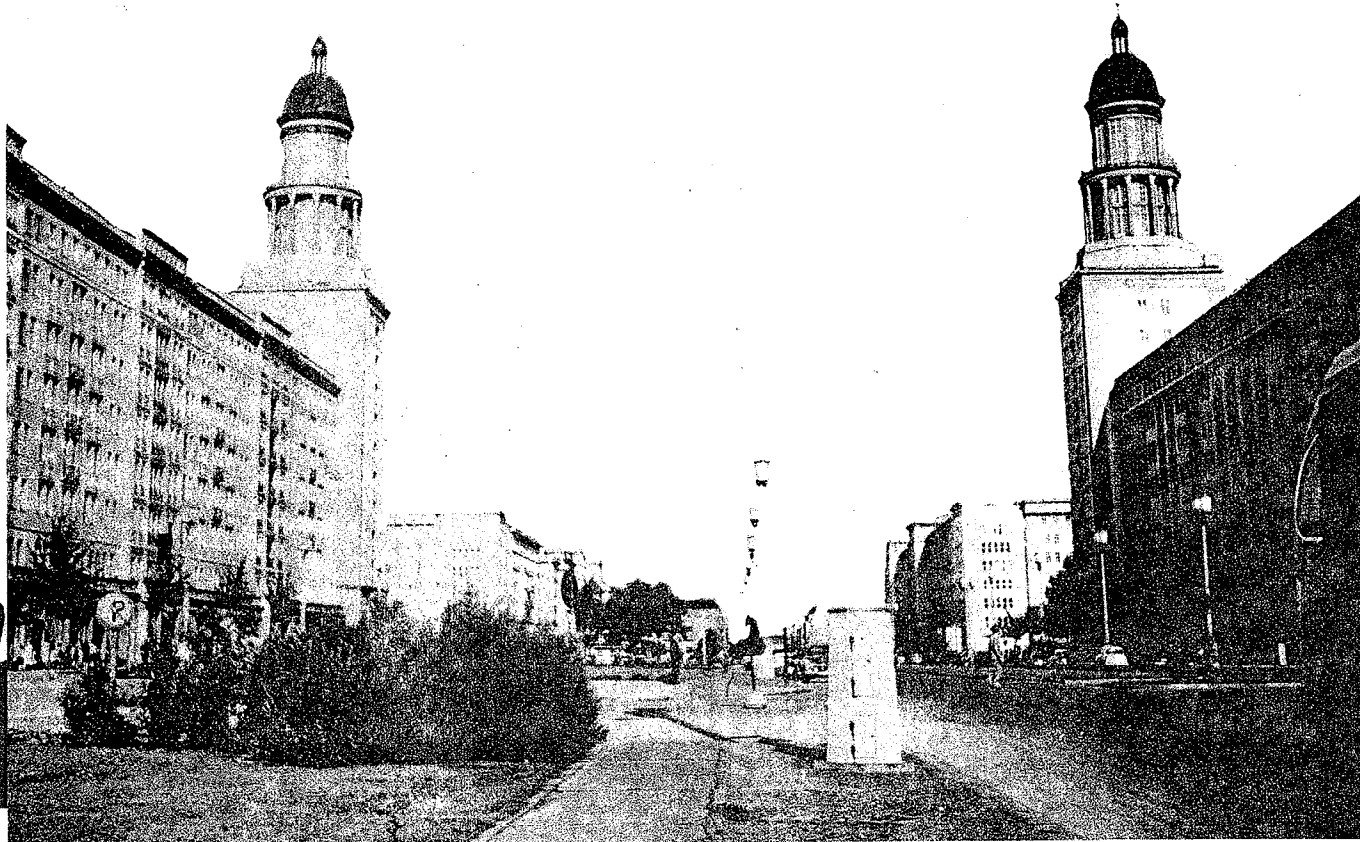
Imagine, if you will, a large green field, yet with clusters of tall buildings scattered at various intervals. Such a disproportionate arrangement is quite unnatural. In East Berlin it is so; and this is

the most interesting, yet somehow shocking fact about the city's appearance.

There is no longer any open rubble in either sector of Berlin. The West moved all debris to one area, covered it, and planted it over with shrubbery. This man-made mountain now serves as a grotesque memorial of war. Save a cathedral tower, purposely left blackened and torn as a reminder of the folly of war, the Western Sector has no damaged buildings unrepaired. The Eastern Sector, however, went about reconstruction differently. Anything left standing at war's end, stands to this day; everything flattened then was simply left on the spot and covered--and the place remains today as a vacant plot. It is not unusual to see tall buildings isolated from the rest of the city, nor to notice an ultramodern structure dwarfing the cinder of an old museum. The story such damaged buildings tell is hard to forget.

# CITY OF STORIES





R.P.

Kurfurstendam and Stalinallee, the main streets of each sector, boast of different periods of architecture, yet both were reconstructed after the war. Kurfurstendam of West Berlin, with its modern department stores, hotels and restaurants (even the Berlin Hilton), and its theatres and night clubs, is ultra-modern in design. Stalinallee, the Soviet showplace, on the other hand, is--or so it appears--a remarkable undertaking of the prewar period; however, to repeat, it was constructed after the war. But its principal impact lies in this; its motif is avowedly and

overpoweringly Socialistic in nature. Each side of the street duplicates and reflects the other, like a gigantic mirrored image. Each building has the same number of windows, the same design--even the same number of bricks--as its mate across the street. If what I say seems fantastic, what I saw was even more incredible. But there is a reason for this which lies in the heart of Socialistic doctrine: he who lives on one side of the street has no right to a better view than his neighbor on the other. On Stalinallee the doctrine is complete to the last brick.

And with all this constructed grandeur something irks the viewer--but, strangely enough, it only comes to mind slowly. What I saw was like a picture, but there was something the artist left out. What? My mind wandered, and then it dawned on me.

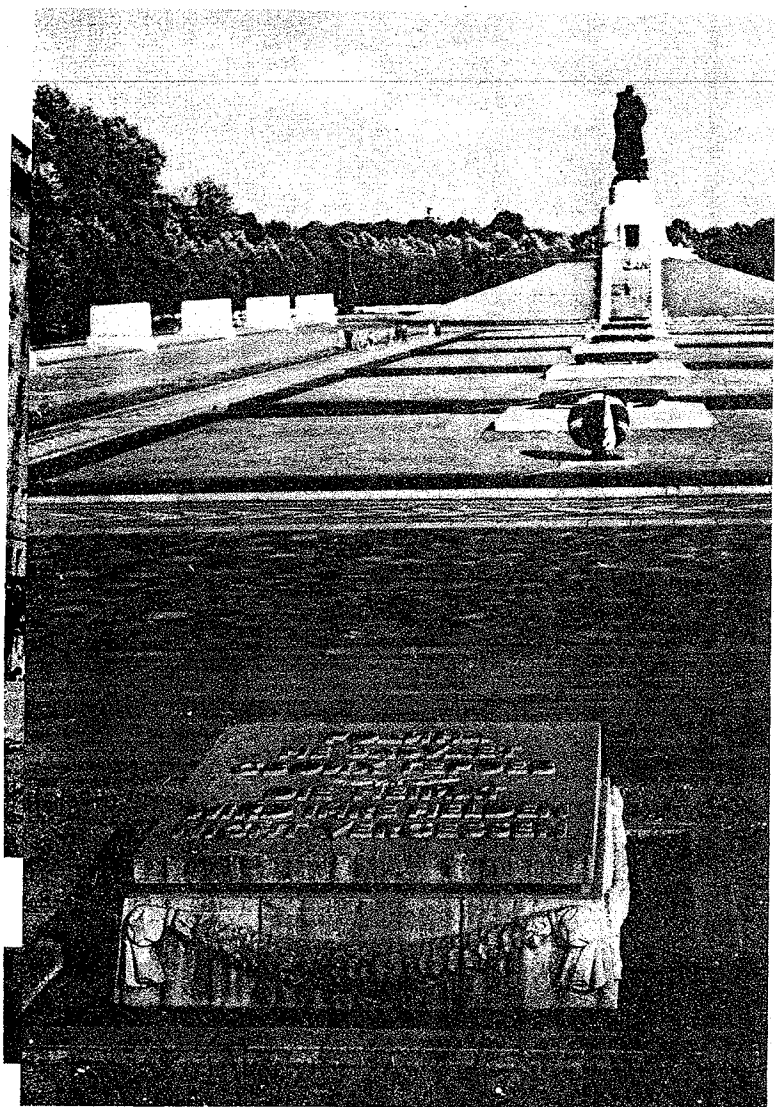
At any time of day, but especially during an afternoon rush, Kurfurstendam (or any large street in the free world) is like any crowded street in America. Cars move bumper to bumper, and people inch their way on the sidewalks. Something would seem awry if you saw but twenty cars during those two busy hours! Something would seem missing if only two hundred people filled the scene. This was Stalinallee! That was Socialism. Stalinallee is truly a Soviet show-place--but only a picture--not real life! A street of grandeur, yet stripped of a population.

Berlin's last great tale was by far the most macabre one.

In the Communist sector there is the world's largest memorial cemetery. Big and beautiful, it boasts well for the Soviet cause--but its story is not a truthful one. At the base of this rectangular park we find a statue of Mother Russia weeping for her lost children. Moving on through a row of stately pines, we are confronted by two ponderous Russian flags, made of marble, draped in mourning and pointing towards each other. We walk only a few yards beyond these, and stand at the edge of a deep step. A marble tablet honoring those "who gave their lives for the advance of the Soviet Republic" is the first to confront our eye. Further on we see three elevated concrete structures, protruding from the ground; and lastly, in the distance, a hill with a mausoleum at its top. There is no story understood at first; all is silent--until the guide speaks.

We learn, if we did not already know, that this display is





not all true. As at other Communist showplaces only part of the truth is presented. The guide, who is a free German, speaks in an ironic tone, for she is one who professes, "Es gibt nur ein Deutschland" ("There is only one Germany."). We had been led to believe beforehand that the mausoleum confines three men; one chosen from each rank of the Soviet army; in truth they were picked at random. We had been led to believe that each elevated grave holds three thousand "brave heroes" of the Soviet army; in truth there are Englishmen, Frenchmen--even Americans--buried here. This last truth our guide speaks only in German, perhaps as an intimate touch to her fellow countrymen, perhaps because the citizens of other lands would be offended. The irony in her voice made the story all the more tragic.

The city and the stories are two years behind me now. Already they have changed. Stalinallee is now Karl Marx Allee, but its story remains the same. The big story of Berlin is now written in the headlines of the world, but the little stories, such as these, the city intimates only to those who come to see her.

# AN IMAGE OF THE MISSION

**Bede Smith**



We know what the missions are. It would be hard for even the Sunday-to-Sunday Catholic to escape some realization of the Church's mission work. He could easily picture the pith-helmeted, white-cas-socked missionary surrounded like a queen bee by a swarm of gaudily smeared blacks. Each year as the mission collection rolls around he remembers the missionary's stirring sermon and simply cannot avoid the

emaciated beggar on the poster in the church vestibule holding out her dirty cup. He appreciates the missionary's work so he donates five dollars--five dollars that could have been used quite conveniently elsewhere.

This is said not to depreciate any man's generosity, for no missionary is wont to bite the hand that feeds him. But there is a better and truer image of the missions than that first romantic scene of the grass-thatched hut or the tearful orphan. With some consideration the image should fade and in its stead be sketched a quite different picture.

The first stroke in erasing the image should strike off the final "s" from missions. For there is only one mission--and that is the salvation of everyone in the world. There is only one mission to one mankind for membership in the one Mystical Body of Christ. The tone of oneness must pervade the entire picture of missions, for it is the fulfillment of this single mission that the other efforts or "missions" flow. Such is the mission in blunt oversimplification. When Christ founded His Church, He meant it to include every shade within the whole rainbow of races, and within the entire spectrum of human cultures. The awesome duty of extending His Mystical Body to encompass all He left up to the members of His Catholic Church. More specifically, as the Church rightly extends to all men, so the obligation of extending properly rests on all its members and not merely upon the dedicated few who actually choose to leave all and cross the waters. You, I, every Catholic bears his own responsibility, though he may never bear the humid heat of a rain forest or stoop to enter an igloo, even though he spends his life at a

monotonous assembly line soldering wires on TV chassis. The assembly line is his mission "field." For the mission is one, universal, far, and near.

The spirit of the Church towards individual responsibility in the total mission is more in the fore today than ever, as we witness the increased emphasis placed on lay activity, as we hear discussed the problems of lay spirituality and read of the activities of lay missionaries, of CCD, CFM, YCS, and such movements centered upon the potential of a long neglected laity. It is through co-operation in and association with such organizations that the individual layman can best accept his share of the responsibility. But organization is not the only channel. In final analysis any mission activity demands a definite personal dedication. The Catholic dedicates himself, on the firm conviction that the Catholic Church is the one true Church and with the realization of its mission to all, to do all in his power to make the Church's mission his own. Already he has done much by simply not being "ashamed" of his faith, by explaining it on occasion, by doing the numerous "little" things which quickly multiply. It makes the mission something personal.

The second stroke then should brush away the tint of the exotic. The tinge of the "far-off" and "distant" is certainly not an essential mark of the missions, and when it is subdued the real mission picture becomes more accurate. For everyone was destined for membership in the Mystical Body; to look at it differently, not only the Buddhist in his saffron robe, but the fellow in the blue coat delivering the monthly bills.

The doctrine of the Mystical Body adds a golden lustre to the

whole concept of missions. From Pope Pius XII's encyclical Mystici Corporis we have the mission splendidly couched in a small nugget when he says, "Men may be separated by nationality and race, but our Saviour poured out His Blood to reconcile all men to God through the cross and bid them all unite in one Body...Genuine love of the Church, therefore, is not satisfied with our being, within this Body, members one of another...we must also recognize as brothers of Christ... those others who have not yet joined us in the Body of the Church."

A picture complete does not consist in a mere conglomeration of colors splashed on a canvas. It is the ordered arrangement of colors that imparts the qualities of art that are pleasing to the mind and eye. Like the intricate organization of organs that make up our natural body, and like the blending of colors that make a picture, organs work together for the welfare of the body. The circulatory system does not do what the nervous system does. The eye does not try to hear, nor the ear to see. Such would be ridiculous. Each performs its own function, and it is in the harmonious cooperation of all organs that the body is healthy. (St. Paul says more of this in I Cor. 12.) Likewise with the Mystical Body. Each person must contribute to the well-being of the Mystical Body, but each within his own sphere. The clergy and the laity need not cross wires nor need the bank teller close his window feeling he is useless because he is not within the shadow of Mt. Fujiyama.

It is an unfortunate thing that when we feel good we feel good all over, but when we feel bad all over we need only feel bad in one part. When we have a bad cold the whole body goes to bed, not just

the head. In the Mystical Body, if any part suffers, the whole suffers.

The foreign missionary is a sort of skin graft for the Mystical Body. A skin graft is skin taken from one part of the body and transplanted to another. And though the treated area does eventually heal, it never regains the natural beauty of the original skin. A skin graft could never completely replace the original skin--but it is serviceable in emergencies. The mission countries are the "emergency areas" of the Mystical Body, and the missionary, as the grafted skin, goes to establish the well-being of the Body, the Church, wherever he is sent. He does this by establishing a native clergy. In the encyclicals of Benedict XV and Pius XI Maximum Illud and Rerum Ecclesiae this duty was emphasized. Says Benedict XV: "The main care of those who rule the missions should be to raise and train a clergy from amidst the nations among which they dwell, for on this are founded the best hopes for the Church of the future. Linked to his compatriots as he is by origin, character, feelings, and inclinations, the indigenous priest possesses extraordinary facilities for introducing the Faith to their minds, and is endowed with power of persuasion far superior to those of any other man." As paradoxical as it seems, the ultimate goal of any foreign missionary society is its own extinction, to establish the Church so well that the foreign missionary is no longer necessary.

If we would walk down a long gallery of art representing the abilities of the whole world, of different cultures, surely we would see a great variety in aesthetic taste. Perhaps there would be the smooth dark tones of a European Rembrandt, the bold colors of a Chinese dragon, the delicate exact-

ness of a Balinese wood-carving; perhaps the stark lines of cubistic expression, or the squat grotesqueness of an African statue. Yet in the whole gallery of world art we could recognize a basic unity, some common property of art that makes them all alike. In pure physical appearance every picture, whether painted in Yokohama or Greenwich Village, is built on the same three primary colors of red, blue, and yellow. The Church in entering any culture makes adaptations to that culture which do not change its basic unity. The Church is one everywhere. And yet, while retaining this unity, the Church does adapt to fit smoothly into different cultures, builds upon them and tries to sacramentalize whatever good is in them. In Africa an altar is designed from ivory elephant tusks. In Japan, the Madonna wears a kimono. In the Philippines, the custom of laying a cord over the head of the newlyweds is introduced into the religious nuptial liturgy. In Bali, much greater use is made of holy water because in the older pagan religions sprinkling was more important. In New Guinea, many churches are without pews because the standard position is squatting. But all these adaptations are accidental and do not alter the Church's unity nor the deposit of faith treasured and safeguarded by the Church. The attitude toward native cultures is such that we seem to be trying to implant the seed that the precious pearl of faith will be cultured in native beds.

Even the widest gap that separates a people from the Church, so historically steeped as it is in Western Graeco-Roman tradition, can be bridged in some way, for the Church was meant for all and is foreign to none. This bridge at first may be but a small thread but in time will grow into the bond of

unity. St. Paul on the Areopagus used the altar to the unknown god to bridge the gap and reach the Athenians. Perhaps the intuitive thinking processes of the Japanese helps to hurdle our "logic" difficulties with the eternal mysteries. Perhaps the Hindus' sense of God's presence and their meditative abilities fills in for our cold Western tepidity; perhaps our liturgy complements their pomp and ceremony and our ideal of hope replace their negative despair. Always there is some bond, some connecting link, which must only be found.

And in search for a link, an understanding develops of a different culture. Every culture possesses some portion of the Truth, and the rest is to be filled in and built on this portion, be it big or small. There is no need to tear down existing institutions and build from scratch when the foundation is already present. The "pagan" rises from merely being in effect a "wretch who needs our prayers" to a person with the dignity of a human being and the nobility for membership in Christ's Mystical Body.





# THE CHALLENGE OF THE FAR EAST

**Bart Gruzalski**

We often marvel at the tremendous zeal our missionaries have for converting pagans. Eagerly we listen as we are told that these missionaries are winning the Far East for Christ. Yet are they? Percentage-wise, the total Catholic population in Asia is on a decrease, despite sixteen hundred years of missionary activity.

In chemistry it may happen that two substances react very slowly--until a catalyst is added. In our own bodies, life-sustaining reactions do not take place unless biological catalysts, called enzymes, are present. And in the Catholic mission apostolate to the Orient an enzyme is missing.

In seventeenth-century China the Jesuits were fruitfully converting the Chinese by using the principle of adaptation--of living and spreading the gospel in terms of Chinese culture, as long as this culture was not in conflict with Catholic doctrine. As various other religious orders entered the

mission field, they emphasized European methods and deplored the Jesuits' earlier attempts at adaptation. In the middle of the eighteenth century, after these arguments over missiology had reached a climax, Pope Benedict XIV formally committed the Chinese missionaries to a policy in opposition to adaptation.<sup>1</sup>

The cause of papal decision was a misunderstanding of an aspect of Chinese culture: ancestor worship, a ceremony during which the Chinese kowtow before a small wooden tablet inscribed with the names of their ancestors. The missionaries who made no attempt to understand either Chinese culture or mentality labeled the rite a religious act amounting to idolatry. The missionaries who realized both the flexibility of Chinese knees, which bend before emperors, magistrates, and parents on New Year's Day, and the religious neutrality of the inscribed tablet, which is no more religious than the American flag, saw that ancestor worship was

only a civil ceremony. But through clouded misunderstanding a decree was put forth prohibiting all Catholics from attending the ceremony. The results were devastating. The Chinese Catholics who remained loyal to their religion lost identity in their families. Their missionaries were imprisoned or exiled. Two hundred years of fruitful labor by five hundred missionaries was annihilated.<sup>2</sup>

The situation was not altered until 1939, when Pius XII allowed Catholics and their priests to attend these civil services. The handicap to missionary success was removed and the Chinese Christians could be loyal to their rich culture and to the Catholic religion.<sup>3</sup>

From this example we see that the Jesuits, who adapted their methods to harmonize with Chinese culture and mentality, were not only positively successful, but they avoided the obstacles other missionary groups created by misinterpreting the motivations of Chinese behavior. This experience and others similar to it have proven that the fruits of the mission apostolate to the Orient will not appear until the missionary enters the mentality of those he wishes to convert. An understanding of Orientality, a composite of Oriental culture and mentality, must come first. It is the enzyme of fruitful missionary activity.

Early scientists, when they first discovered catalysts and enzymes, found the nature of these substances difficult to comprehend because they had no past experience with anything like them. For the same lack of experience we find Orientality difficult to fathom. Although we Occidentals--French, Germans, British, Italians, North and South Americans--are aware of differences among ourselves, we

have words to express these differences. We have shared common historical experiences; we now share a common basic culture and mentality. This entire status quo is wanting in our understanding of Orientality. With Orientals we share neither a common culture nor a common mentality, and only the remotest of common historical experiences.

Just as a biological enzyme can be made ineffective by the presence of enzyme poisons, so an understanding of Orientality can be made ineffective either by prejudice against the foreign culture, as was done in China, or by the opinion that these differences of culture or mentality are artificial, since men are basically the same. Agreed, mankind is unified. But as each individual has his own personality making him different from anyone else, so Occidentals and Orientals are really different from each other, for each has been raised in different cultural surroundings: the former in a culture based on Graeco-Roman traditions, the latter in one rooted in the ancient civilizations of China, Japan, and India.

Unlike most biological enzymes, which are only effective in specific reactions, the missionary's understanding of Orientality will permeate the entire spectrum of his mission activities. Whether building a church according to Asiatic tastes, preaching a Sunday sermon, or hearing confessions, he cannot expect his ventures to succeed unless an understanding of Orientality is present.

This enzyme, like all biological enzymes, which are highly complicated molecules, is composed of many parts, and even the vaguest understanding of Orientality should include some knowledge of the Oriental family, Oriental propierties,

and the Oriental mentality.

In the Far East the family, in the wide sense of clan, is the fundamental unit of society. Nowhere else are ties of blood held more sacred.<sup>4</sup> The main traits of Oriental society are rooted in family life. To the Oriental the duration of family name and lineage is of first importance; individuals and couples are material only insofar as they serve this purpose.<sup>5</sup>

The binding force of family life, the pragmatic element which makes it work, is filial piety. In the family, filial piety amounts to acceptance of one's proper position: the older generation has a greater claim to honor than a younger; man is superior to woman; between brothers age dictates action, honor, and responsibility.<sup>6</sup> In the West old people are expected to retire quietly backstage while the younger generation continues the drama of life. But in the Orient, the older people become, the higher their position in society and the greater the honor and respect paid to them. It is the old grandparents who are the center of family life, and no sacrifice is too great for their happiness.<sup>7</sup> This does not bring about the conflict it would in the West. In the West, each generation of sons revolts against its authoritarian fathers and then surrenders to the same unexciting life as its parents. In the Orient, adolescence is usually not a time of revolt against authority, but rather a period when the young adult becomes a responsible representative of his family.<sup>8</sup> The universal display of filial piety by Orientals is just as pronounced as our glaring lack of it.

In this system of filial piety the position of children is unique. They are the tyrants of the home,

dotting parents satisfying their every need. Every possible freedom is given to children, especially the boys, until they enter school, when the full responsibility of adult life is taught them.<sup>9</sup> This is not simply a result of paternal dotage, but a result of filial piety, which demands one repay childhood debts to one's parents by passing on the same good treatment to one's children.<sup>10</sup>

That the family is the basic unit of Oriental society does not seem foreign to us, yet when we discover that only in the family does the individual find his identity, we realize this is a distinct Oriental characteristic. Occidentals are individuals. To us what is important is that we ourselves succeed, the success of the family being only secondary. In the East people are first members of a family, their own good fortune immaterial in comparison to its prosperity. In China, for example, birthdays are celebrated on New Year's Day.<sup>11</sup> In Japan women seldom express emotion and accept whatever befalls in their femininely polite but impersonal way. They and their countrymen seem impersonal and therefore emotionless, yet their impersonality is simply emotion under control and governed by the strict code of etiquette.<sup>12</sup>

Although the couple is not the core of Oriental life, a marriage is an important event for the family. As soon as the age for marriage is reached, the family and its go-between seek out a suitable partner for the young adult. A suitable partner is not always judged for good personal qualities; though this is usually the case, social or financial benefit often holds sway. The modern Oriental can refuse the partner offered by his parents, as the parents can stop the young man from marrying a

partner of his own choice.<sup>13</sup> The Orientals defend their position saying that young people don't know the difference between love and passion,<sup>14</sup> are much too impulsive, too inexperienced, and don't know themselves as well as their parents do. Since Oriental marriage isn't for love but rather for the procreation of children and the extension of family name, who is in a better position to choose a partner for a young man or woman than his parents?

One of the evil effects of Oriental marriage is the complete subjugation of the young wife to her mother-in-law. The young wife has no greater obligation in life than to satisfy her bickering mother-in-law, who proverbially finds all matter of fault with her. It would seem that after one generation, when the submissive and understanding daughter-in-law became a mother-in-law, the situation would resolve itself. But instead, she turns her accumulated weight of grievances against her own daughter-in-law and a vicious circle of petulance ensues.<sup>15</sup>

Although the West usually gives the Oriental woman a much lower status than is really hers, still the East needs a fuller acknowledgement of the dignity of women. They have ignored the equality between man and woman while stressing woman's femininity, while we in the West have stressed the equality and toned down the differences.<sup>16</sup>

The development of the Oriental family as the basis of society, as opposed to Occidental development of the individual as society's fulcrum, can be demonstrated by briefly contrasting the cultural histories of East and West. Western governments, as a rule, have either been democratic or worked for the benefit of the individual. In the

earliest periods of our culture, as in Athens, government was democratic, while ancient Rome was known for its law and justice safeguarding the rights of the individual. European governments protected their citizens from foreign invaders, so it was unnecessary for clans to gather together for protection.

Oriental governments did not protect their citizens. China was so vast an empire that she had few aggressive enemies; Japan was an isolated island. Neither was democratic. Without any government protection people were forced to form family governments which were a protection against enemies within the country, as hunger, poverty, and thieves. The individual's welfare was now dependent on the success of the family. If one person needed help, all helped. If one became rich, all benefited. Since "if every family takes care of itself, there won't be anybody left to take care of," everyone grew calloused to the needy outside of his own family, and it became necessary to identify oneself with the family, to propagate the family, to yield to filial piety, to place the family's welfare before self--if one were to survive.

Essential to any appreciation of Oriental life is an understanding of the complicated system of obligations. When distilled, this system demands that the Oriental pay first allegiance to the nation, then to the family, and finally to himself. But Orientals prefer the concrete to the abstract, so this system of obligations is spelled out for them.

In etiquette the Oriental has the "perfect" pragmatic social system. His obligations to his nation, his family, himself, and his neigh-

bor give him clearly-defined rules of action for every conceivable situation. One shows his courage and piety by obeying these strict rules, not by rebelling against them. They are his symbols of duty and virtue.<sup>17</sup> These mutual obligations lead to definite patterns of conduct, and everyone knows what to expect and what is expected of him. Since no toes are unexpectedly stepped on, everyone can trust the world and, theoretically at least, be happy.<sup>18</sup>

An important part of the system of obligations and etiquette, especially in Japan, is the duty to save face. The concept of face, prestige and personal self-respect, is very important to the Asiatic, who may possess little more than his good name. The responsibility to keep one's reputation clear is an obligation the Oriental owes not only to himself but also to his family, for if an individual is disgraced his family is disgraced. Face-saving does not allow a man to admit of any professional failing or ignorance,<sup>19</sup> and as a result many humorous and not-so-humorous incidents occur. For instance, a taxi-driver may take a passenger all over Tokyo looking for an address which he cannot admit he does not know. Since Orientals lay such emphasis on the duty to clear one's name of personal insult, they try to arrange events so that insult need be felt as seldom as possible.<sup>20</sup> For example, an Oriental will seldom commit himself to anything definite from which he could not retire gracefully if it should turn out other than he anticipated. Etiquette is also used to avoid shame-causing situations by taking as little notice of the real situation as possible.<sup>21</sup> In important matters, such as arranging a marriage or a business transaction, disconcerting face-to-face relations are avoided by use of go-

between. As has happened, the concept of face and all its interwoven obligations, if overlooked or scoffed at by a missionary, could have eternal effects.

Etiquette, in its more elaborate ceremonies, is an exercise in mental composure, producing poise, courtesy, and self-control. Contrary to the "philosophy" of continuous activity which rules our Western world, the Orientals believe that if they slow down and enjoy the polite niceties of living, life will be more beautiful and pleasant.<sup>22</sup>

One of these amenities not directly stemming from etiquette is the Oriental appreciation of nature. They spend hours contemplating her beauty in their miniature gardens and symmetrical flower arrangements. Their reaction to nature is the opposite of ours. A Chinese would never have died at the North Pole, nor will a Japanese perish in a rocketship between here and the moon. Preferring to live in quiet harmony and contemplation with nature, Orientals do not desire to conquer her as we do. A prominent Japanese historian, Kurita Mototsugu, lists this feature of his people as the first of their penchants.<sup>23</sup>

As we have mentioned in passing, instead of broad ethical principles, as our Ten Commandments, the Oriental prefers the specific, concrete dictates of etiquette. This exemplifies an important aspect of his mentality: to rank the concrete far above the abstract. In the same vein, Orientals deplore the Western analytical reasoning which has pervaded our culture since the time of Aristotle. Their attitude is strikingly demonstrated in their literature, which lacks works of abstraction, like mathematics or metaphysics, but abounds in beauti-

ful poetical works on ethics, nature, and religious experience.<sup>24</sup> They say questions of life are solved by the heart and intuition, not by cut-and-dry rationalism. Our theology, they continue, is too systematic, too verbose, too dogmatic, too full of bickering and hair-splitting.<sup>25</sup> Religion should be intuition, vision, experience: piety connected with emotions, not faith.<sup>26</sup> They tell us they could accept Christianity as taught by Christ, for it stemmed from the East with its parables and poetical figures of speech. But it seems to have become clerical and dogmatic. This they must reject.<sup>27</sup> There is some truth to this criticism. Perhaps we have stressed logic to the neglect of emotion. Perhaps we should revive the beauty of the parable which has been allowed to lie fallow. Still, we must reply that logic has just as great a place in religion as emotion.

A greater problem than their preference for intuition over intellectualism is their abhorrence of definite truth.<sup>28</sup> Asiatic religions are very vague about their own dogmatic principles. For instance, Hinduism can shelter an atheist, a Christian, or a polytheist.<sup>29</sup> Orientals do not like being tied down in religious matters, and they shrink from Catholic insistence on definite truth. They believe that just as "many roads lead to the top of Mt. Fugi," so many religions lead to God. And if God is really as great as Catholics assert, then surely He is not so limited that they can serve him in only one religion--the Catholic religion. They live in a land of contradictions, where the new is clashing with the traditional, where opposing ideologies have been living in harmony for centuries, where

the logic of philosophy never replaced the emotionalism of poetry. The Japanese, for example, are militaristic and aesthetic, insolent and polite, hospitable and hostile to new ways:<sup>30</sup> most of them are married as Shintus and buried as Buddhists. No wonder the dogmatic truth of the Catholic Church seems too intolerant to the Oriental.

Strong family ties, filial piety, individual impersonality, etiquette, face-saving, appreciation of nature, intuition, abhorrence of the absolute and dogmatic--these are some of the outstanding traits of Orientality, and all of them are undergoing a subtle change as East meets West. It seems, however, these characteristics will remain substantially unaltered, for the period of European acceptance is gone, and the Oriental has just as much self-confidence in his own culture and mentality as we have in ours. And just as much love for them.<sup>31</sup>

Today, after sixteen hundred years of missionary activity in the Orient, the number of Catholics is decreasing in proportion to the non-Catholic population.<sup>32</sup> Even the former strongholds of Catholicism--Palestine, Syria, Persia, Asia Minor--have been conquered by the onslaughts of Oriental Islamism. Never has Catholicism attained the success in Asia that it did in Europe where culture and mentality were always a common bond between missionary and pagan. For an understanding of Orientality in depth has always been lacking, and it is the major reality factor which we must face in the Far East. Only by adapting mission methods to Orientality can we hope to win the Orient for Christ.

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"Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die."

Somehow this couplet from Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" has always conveyed to me the image of so many mechanical horsemen hurtling down to their ruin. For man, once devoid of his right to reason "why," becomes a mere senseless machine. Like a machine he acts but has no motive for acting, he performs yet he himself sees no purpose in performing.

It is a basic characteristic of our nature to reason "why" and it becomes the underlying theme of our very life. Like the theme in a musical composition the question "why" appears throughout our lives. The child in his curiosity will besiege you with "whys." The envious housewife will murmur, "Why didn't it happen to me?" The scientist will peer over his test tube and muse, "Why did this reaction occur?" And so the ceaseless questioning goes on. Everywhere man is seeking to answer the "whys" in his life and the "whys" in the nature surrounding him. Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and countless others have dedicated their lives to the question "why." Today we are pooling our intelligence and natural resources to thrust delicate instruments into space for the purpose of determining the "whys" of our surrounding solar system. And so the quest continues and man never seems to weary although his thirst is never fully quenched.

WE  
WHO  
KNOW  
WHY

Paul Morman



It seems, therefore, almost a paradox that in the midst of this incessant inquisitiveness we find only few who completely understand the "why" of their very existence. A glance at the vast multitude of the human race will reveal that a great majority of men are floundering in a void, unaware of the purpose of their existence, either because they are in ignorance or are too proud to accept the true purpose of their creation. We can vision the huge masses on the continents of Asia and Africa, the millions more on the Pacific islands. Each one of these individuals possesses an immortal soul destined for heaven or eternal damnation, yet in ignorance he remains blind to his fate. He is likened to the machine which performs without knowing the purpose. And his fallen nature is the horse which carries him headlong to ruin in the manner of that ill-fated brigade.

The millions of disillusioned on the continents of Europe, Australia, and the Americas cast an even more pathetic picture. We see these unfortunate men who have heard the "why" of their existence still remaining unconvinced. Their mental activity, dulled by sin, has become absorbed in the petty "whys" and purposes of daily life and the nature surrounding them. They are infected with this disillusion and their minds, energies, and very lives are absorbed in empty substitutes designed to replace the true

purpose of life. To miss the theme of a musical composition is a small matter of ignorance; to miss the purpose of one's life leads to personal catastrophe.

And so we see vast numbers of the human race poised at a precarious height unwary that their fallen nature is luring them into taking that tragic step which will plunge them to disaster. We who realize their unfortunate position stand from afar and look with compassion upon this scene of chaos. But is there no one who will rouse himself to aid his fellow men? The balance of their eternity weighs heavy upon us who know the "why" and true purpose of our creation. We who have inherited this gift must accept the burden of their immortal souls. We must all become missionaries! For a missionary is not one who beats his path through dark jungles and sacrifices his life to the mercy of savage cannibals. A missionary is any man, woman, or child who understands the real purpose and "why" of his existence and who is generous enough to share this knowledge with one less fortunate. A mission field can be a far-off land, the house down the block, or one's own back yard. The missionary's converts include the uncouth native, old Grandma Wilson, or Mrs. Jones next door. In each example we find the same prevalent spirit of charity, which is the characteristic mark of both a missionary and a true Catholic.

# Cat Food

Dave Barbian

There was but one witness who crept in silently and peered unnoticed into Donovan's Butcher Shop that night through the gray shabby curtains. Inside was Maurice Donovan, standing in the corner next to a large grinder stuffing meat through it. After packing the meat into a brown box, he placed it inside a large cooler at the rear of the store. Like most shopkeepers after a long day's work, Maurice had again been working overtime. The large wooden table in the middle of the cutting room was littered with bones. After removing the fragments of meat from the grinder, Maurice cleared the table and scraped it for tomorrow's business.

Nothing stirs at night, except for that one witness who slyly enters the town. Nothing happens that this one witness does not see; yet, never a word was spoken nor the least disturbance caused. He just comes and leaves--as an unconcerned bystander.

The day had been a dull one. Eighteen people came to Donovan's shop and eighteen times the bells on the door sounded their entrance. The day had been miserable, accented by a brief visit from Mrs. Theodora, an eighty-year-old widow who came in to tell Maurice how lonely she was and left sighing about her dearly departed husband. Seventeen times that same set of bells sounded their exit and then lingered motionless.

Their tinkling marked the entrance and departure of all but one of the visitors. He was an old beggar seeking a bite to eat.

Maurice Donovan, being the kind, soft-hearted bachelor that he was, showed him the way to the cutting room where a small tidbit of cheese, coffee, and bread awaited him. There was something strange about the set of knives hanging on the wall, especially the meat cleaver. Perhaps it was the brilliance of the finely-honed blades or the delicate carving of their bone handles.

The beggar didn't talk much. Soon with but a faint murmur he was gone, with a full stomach and an indelible impression of Maurice's meat cleaver which caught his slight fascination.

The next day, without noticing the departure of that one witness, Maurice returned to the fountain which he had started to build two weeks ago. He put the finishing touches on it and topped it with a small bronze statuette.

The fountain seemed rather foolish to most of the townspeople because it stood in a lot in back of the shop surrounded by an old fence that rarely let in sunlight, and especially peculiar because the fountain had no running water. But this fountain, standing four feet high, was Maurice's biggest accomplishment in Porte la Pette.

His whole life was here. It consisted of the butcher shop, Lady Fifi, and now his precious water fountain.

Lady Fifi is a brown cat who wandered into the back lot just two months ago. But Fifi was his from that day on, and ever since then had become Maurice's best friend. She was given special attention around the shop and had a box of meat just for her. It stood in the cooler at the rear of the store, and was now filled with freshly ground meat.

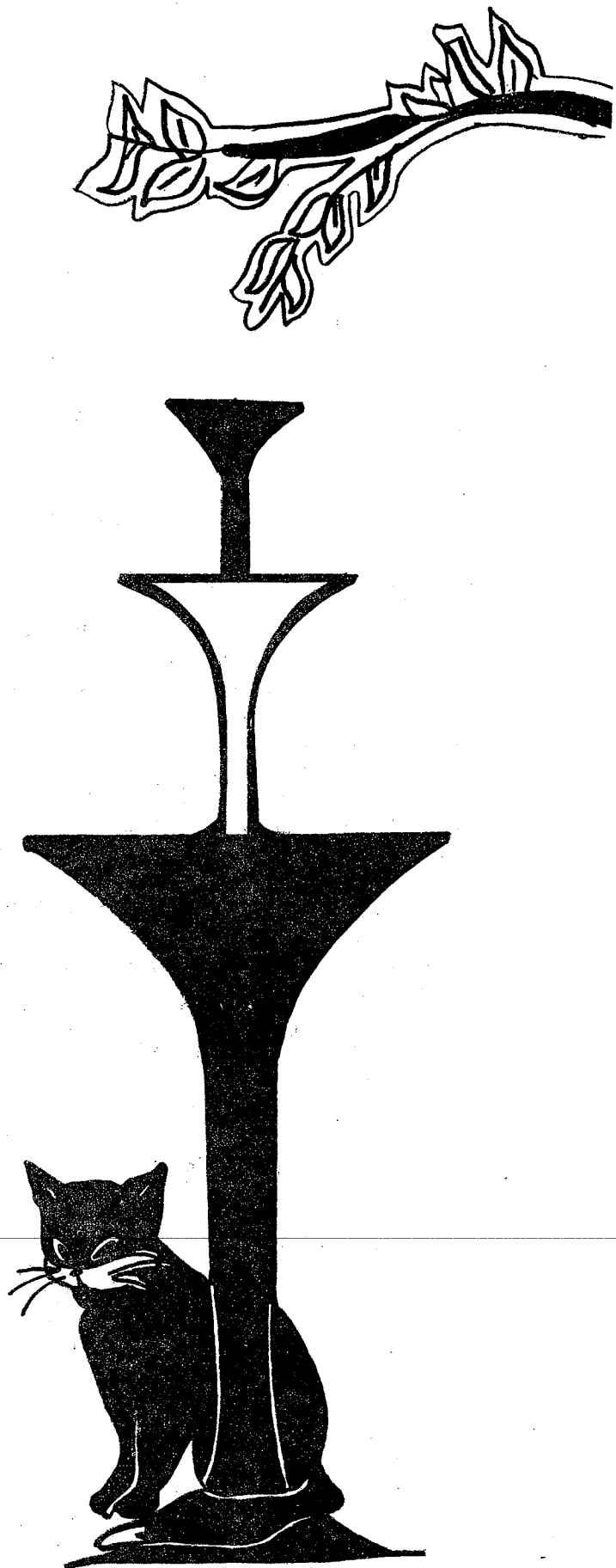
So was Maurice's life--just Maurice, Lady Fifi, and the lonely water fountain.

Many months passed and without exception that one lonely witness passed through beholding all that went on during the night.

Things never seemed to change in Porte la Pette. The same customers sounded the bells on the door announcing just another sale, just another inhabitant of the small community.

Only twice in the next four years was the daily routine disrupted. Twice since then another beggar came for what small bits of food Maurice had to offer. Both left with the same deep impression as had the first, who never gave a word of thanks to the gentle man who never turned them down.

Since that time, all but two of the other townspeople left. The silt-laden waters of the river spasmodically rose over its banks and deposited its muck in the desolate town. Each time, the flood swept from the small community a few inhabitants who felt it useless to restore their mud-clad homes. But each time, Maurice, Mrs. Theodora, and the one witness did re-



turn, for they had no other place to go but back to the Porte.

Mrs. Theodora too had gone, as did the beggars who departed without uttering a word, and with that deep-rooted impression of the meat cleaver on her mind. No one who came to the cutting room in the rear of the shop seemed able to rid himself of that one implement.

Then only Maurice, Lady Fifi, and a crumbled water fountain remained. The bronze figure stood erect no more. The flood waters had removed most of the fountain, and carried with it the remains of the bones of Lady Fifi's cat food. Still, in spite of the ever-threatening flood waters, the solitary witness kept making the regular visits, somehow still creeping in unnoticed and leaving in the same way.

The ponderous solitude of the sluggish town was once more interrupted by another visitor who wandered into the Porte. He was a young artist who was interested in the old church that stood next to Mrs. Theodora's house.

He came into town one morning and set up his easel and canvas, and with a pallet in one hand and a brush in the other, started to put on canvas the old dilapidated church. And again on the following day, the young man returned and sat alongside Donovan's shop. That was the last day his car rumbled down the streets of Porte la Pette.

Lady Fifi's box of cat food was filled once more. Maurice kept telling Lady Fifi what a nice man he was to give Fifi all this fresh meat. Once more the meat grinder

standing in the corner had the remnants of fresh meat on it and once more Maurice was busy cleaning the bits of meat off the bones and discarding them to the rear of the shop.

In about two months, Fifi's box was again empty.

The night was muggy and Maurice dreaded that he had no more fresh meat for the Lady. Finally came that one witness, as usual, creeping along the ground and up to the windows of Donovan's Butcher Shop. It crept closer and closer. It was seen crawling up to the front door. Maurice, now faced with the one witness to everything that happened, cringed along the wall and with a maddening howl dashed down the basement stairs. There coming closer still--just that one witness that until now peered through the windows unnoticed.

The witness slipped slowly through the open door and obsequiously crawled down the basement stairs to where Lady Fifi has found her next meal.

Maurice Donovan died unlike the three unfortunate beggars, the young artist, and Mrs. Theodora who left with one impression on mind, or should one say, with a meat cleaver lodged firmly in the skull. Maurice, unlike the others who provided a box full of ground meat for Lady Fifi, will just keep hanging there, leaving only one witness to it all--that silent creeping fog. Behind him, leaving only one other monument of his works--Lady Fifi, who is now toying with Maurice, but on the tantalization of hunger, will enjoy her next meal.

# Winter

A lone white bit of feathery down  
slowly sifts,  
silently settles in an earthen nest --  
the first soft sign  
before the pillows of heaven shake loose their seams  
and smother the billowy land in a  
feathery frosting.

On a hill crested with enveloping ivory  
-- ivory inset with diamonds  
that shyly blink back at the sun --  
stands an emerald fir.  
Solitary sentinel.

Maternally watched  
by the whispering pines  
that giggle as the wind passes by,  
the silver ribbon  
of a childish brook  
playfully licks  
at the ice cream cones of its rocky bank.

The wood lot is laced  
by a woven fence  
whose proudly bent back sags from the load  
of priceless jewels  
glistening on wires crystal-laden with ice;  
a drifted gully  
painfully etched by a tinsel of water;  
a rick of hay,  
piercing a pasture sheathed in white,  
that nurses a litter of rooting cows  
shivering from cold, cuddling for warmth;

A still dark night,  
the milky air,  
a leaping fire  
where cocoa warms  
a frolicking crowd;  
the weird fleet shadows that dance behind  
a passing sled;

Or the comely angel  
imprinted in the roadside drift  
by a boy going home  
from school ----  
these make Winter.

- Bede Smith

# Once A Land Serene

The sun shines bright upon the saltless sea,  
And not a ripple crawls across this place.  
The dancing vivid beams of light vault free  
Along the tranquil water's crystal face.  
Above the glass-like top, a dragonfly  
Alights upon a broken slender reed,  
And pauses short to flag the fleecy sky;  
Then flits upon a floating cottonweed.  
There is within the depths a form about  
To loose the seething hatred in his heart;  
A big and vicious lunker bass without  
An effort tears the upper world apart.

The changing earth was once a land serene  
Until the devil came upon the scene.

- George Richards

# *Our Mother*

I met a man while riding on a train one day in June;  
He talked about religion and inquired about my faith;  
When told I was a Catholic, he laughed and then he said,  
"You Catholics are silly! Can you tell me, my young man,  
Why you value Mary highly and revere here next to God?"

"You, then, are not a sinner," said I calmly to the man,  
"And have no need for worry when you come before God's throne?"  
"Oh yes," replied the man, with eyes cast down he murmured then  
"A lot I've on my slate right now and fear on Judgment Day  
The Almighty." "Ah! but what a difference!" I said,  
"You will appear an orphan and will plead your case alone.  
But I will have a mother interceding for her son."

- Albert Singleton

# Green Love

Across the way from the Homan Loan  
In a stylish diner, better known  
As the "Blue Swan Inn," an aged  
Dowager sat engaged  
In the thoughts of the specious crop that love had sown.

Her eyes were fixed where her thoughts were not,  
And would have watched the menu rot  
In her gilded fingers, if the waiter  
Had not coughed, to straight her  
Fancies towards an order that he might jot.

"Steak Dinner," she replied (quite ashamed  
That the waiter stood there lamed  
At her lack of attention) and held  
Out a tip, since compelled  
To repay his patience. For such was she claimed.

The aroma of her thoughts once more  
Drifted across the street up a score  
Of stories within the heart of one--  
With job and love won--  
Who now fills the place of her late spouse of yore.

Hope of progeny had passed away  
With the waxing years, which might weigh  
Heavily, had not her finances  
Made worthy advances  
With him, more son than husband--or protégé.

The memory of her dead man  
Meant much more than another love can;  
And even at her new wed's request  
Sought a seance, lest  
She live perversely in another's plan.

Again said the waiter, "Excuse me,  
Ma'am, complete your order and you'll lose me.  
What vegetable would you have along  
With your steak? 'Tis wrong  
For me to assume your taste." "Omit the debris."

Both time and place were made to spare  
At the studio-home of Miss Rair,  
A mantic with powers that could raise  
The shades from the Blaze  
And find sanction, or the union impair.



She entered in cloak, veil and wimple,  
Comely, without the slightest pimple  
Of cacophony in her manner  
Which might then ban her  
From the seance. The call was not simple.

She recalled the events of the day:  
That the spirit was kind and did lay  
Consent to her marriage, which alone  
Was the trouble (known  
To her and the soul she loved) she had to fray.

"Voices of the dead," had said Miss Rair,  
"Are often hazy; one must beware  
That he remain observant and list  
Only, not assist  
By talking, but only in will and prayer."

She obeyed as the medium had said.  
Yet, under the strain, she had instead  
Fainted when the words of Hades rung  
From a soul whose tongue  
Alone could function to approve the wed.

A prepared drink of Miss Rair's had brought  
Her from apoplexy, her nerves taut  
From that swoon, and eddying in  
And out in a spin  
Of dizziness, so that she now felt o'erwrought.

Still, "Love conquered All," and now that their  
Love was confirmed, and she did declare  
Her will and all the rest of her life  
As a faithful wife  
Who would pass her days with him, her spouse and heir.

Her thoughts and view dropped parallel  
Where throngs rushed in constant pellmell.  
But out of the myriad she spied  
A figure outside  
The entrance of the Homan Loan. Her heart fell.

Peering, and with effort she could make  
Out that face. There could be no mistake.  
Sense found its slot; his love felt cold,  
Irrelevant, green, and bold.  
"Ma'am, how would you prefer to have your steak?"

The words rung dry and a deadly stare  
Bore a breach through her life and her care;  
She knew, for she was cheated in love  
By that man above.  
With dying gasp she replied, "Well done, Medium Rair."

- James Heisig

# a man to reckon with

**William Burrows**



"In Forty years the Communist Party never gave me a task I turned down. And in forty years, the Communist Party has never found a single thing wrong in the things I have done." These are the words of a dedicated man, boastful but true, for NEVER has Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev acted against his party's wishes nor ceased to serve it. He is undoubtedly the most powerful man in the world and the story of his rise from a lowly tractor mechanic to chief of the Communist Party and dictator of Russia shows why Nikita Khrushchev is indeed a man to reckon with.

To the already large family of a poor peasant in the town of Kalinovka in the Ukraine (Russia's Middle-West) Nikita Khrushchev was born on April 17, 1894. As a boy he lived with his ten brothers, and counted shepherding as his first part-time job. Nikita had received barely four years of formal education at the hands of the local

priest when he was taken from school and sent to work as a blacksmith's apprentice. In 1911, nursing a grudge against the Imperial Game Warden who had stopped him in the middle of a profitable poaching expedition, Khrushchev left Kalinovka for Kharkov, following the path of countless other young Russians disillusioned by the backward poverty of the country. At Kharkov, the future ruler of half of Europe and Asia worked as a mechanic in a tractor factory and made his first contact with the fast-developing revolutionary groups.

The part Khrushchev played in the revolution of 1917 was at best a minor one. He seems to have been a member of the Red Army and to have held a small post in his local district. From the years immediately following the revolution until 1932, the year he emerged into the public eye occupying the post of Second Secretary of the Communist Party, Khrushchev did nothing

spectacular. He received few big assignments, but on his smaller ones he was meticulously thorough, earning for himself the reputation of a hard, dependable worker. In 1937 Premier Josef Stalin sent this promising young man to the Ukraine where he took charge of the Agricultural Collectivization Program. At this post Khrushchev earned the dubious honor of supervising the execution of 400,000 peasants who had dared to complain about being deprived of their land.

With the forties came war again and to Nikita Khrushchev a general's commission, a token of Stalin's admiration and gratitude for his having done so well in the Ukraine. In 1945 he returned to the Ukraine, again on a punitive expedition. The results of this assignment were twofold: first, an undisclosed number of wartime "collaborators" went before the firing squads or boarded trains for Siberia; second, Nikita Khrushchev, now along with Georgi Malenkov one of Stalin's most trusted protégés, earned a permanent berth among the highest-ranking commissars of the Kremlin. Eight years later, in June 1953, when Stalin died, Khrushchev was one of the strongest men in the USSR, but not strong enough to take the wheel by himself.

Georgi Malenkov walked away victorious from the mad scramble for leadership that followed Stalin's death, but even the most naive knew his continuing domination depended upon the support of two diametrically opposed factions: the "butter" party (which he himself led) and the old-line Bolsheviks. But Malenkov held on and for a time at least the forces advocating the production of consumer goods over war goods held sway. Not long after Malenkov ascended to power, Laventri Beria, head of the dread secret police, was executed--

a sign regarded by many as a portent of further changes.

With Beria liquidated, the stage was set for the final scene of Nikita Khrushchev's grab for the top rung. In the struggle there were two factions rather than two men. In one corner stood the old-line Bolsheviks, in the other stood Bulganin, Khrushchev and the progressives. When the smoke of battle had cleared the old-liners were in retreat, having lost their hold on state for good and barely clinging to their lives. At first the world believed a tougher line would follow this change in the driver's seat. Then, as the Bulganin-Khrushchev duumvirate took shape, the fears changed to hopes that their policies would match their benign appearances. For Bulganin's polished, suave, gentlemanly bearing surely showed an internal fairness. And Khrushchev's genial smile could hardly be anything but genuine. Together B and K, as they came to be called, toured the world during the testing years of 1955, 1956 and 1957 spreading the new message-- "Peace on earth and good will to Coexisters!" Behind the scenes though, other commissars were finding peace and coexistence hard principles to live by. The old-line Bolsheviks--Molotov, Kagnovich and clique--were sure Khrushchev and his puppet would fall and were prepared to give them a gentle push to help them out. It seems hard for us to believe now, but apparently these past masters of the arts of political infighting had carelessly neglected to note that since 1953 the Central Committee's membership had been packed with Khrushchev's own friends. This, in addition to his close ties with army chief, Marshal Zhukov, assured K of continued employment as First Secretary. And in Russia he who controls the party controls the country.

Nineteen fifty-six was an important year in the annals of party history. Stalin was successfully debunked. Hungary and Poland revolted, and in putting down these revolutions. Russia immeasurably strengthened her hold on them. The Suez debacle took place, driving a wedge between the Western Allies. Khrushchev's first attempts at nuclear blackmail proved so successful that they set a pattern for future Soviet diplomacy.

By Cold War standards, 1957 was rather quiet, but it was one of Khrushchev's most important, for through several hot days in June he met, then defeated his domestic rivals' last major attempt at a coup. On the 17th of that month K was tricked into a Presidium meeting under the pretense of deciding on speeches for a coming event. Instead, the seven attending members sprang their trap and voted six to one to remove him. All through that day K held on in a series of filibustering maneuvers maintaining that the Central Committee alone had the power to depose him. On the 18th his friends Mikoyan and Zhukov arrived on the scene. On the 23rd the whole affair was forced to a vote in the Central Committee where Khrushchev received a resounding vote of confidence and his enemies a hard rap on the knuckles. These rivals are now managing cement factories in the Urals or heading missions to Mongolia.

Without the unqualified aid of his old friend Zhukov, Khrushchev could never have forced the matter into the Central Committee and everyone knew it. This, of course, meant that Zhukov and the Army now possessed power second only to the Party's. In the USSR a situation of this kind is intolerable so Zhukov was tricked into temporarily leaving Moscow, and in his absence

the more amenable Marshal Malinovsky was installed as Army chief. Not long after, Bulganin too was cashiered and Khrushchev became the unchallenged ruler of Russia, a position which has not weakened with the passage of five years.

Khrushchev is to a degree dependent upon the Central Committee--perhaps to no small degree. That is something we in the West can only speculate about. The most recent serious test of K's hold on the reins came last year at the Party Congress, in the form of China's vocal opposition to his policies. But Khrushchev appears to have weathered the storm. In recent weeks, however, there has been an uncommon quietness in the Kremlin. Foreign policy is confused and unaggressive. There has been no rocket rattling. There are rumors that hard-line Communists have challenged Khrushchev's "progressives."

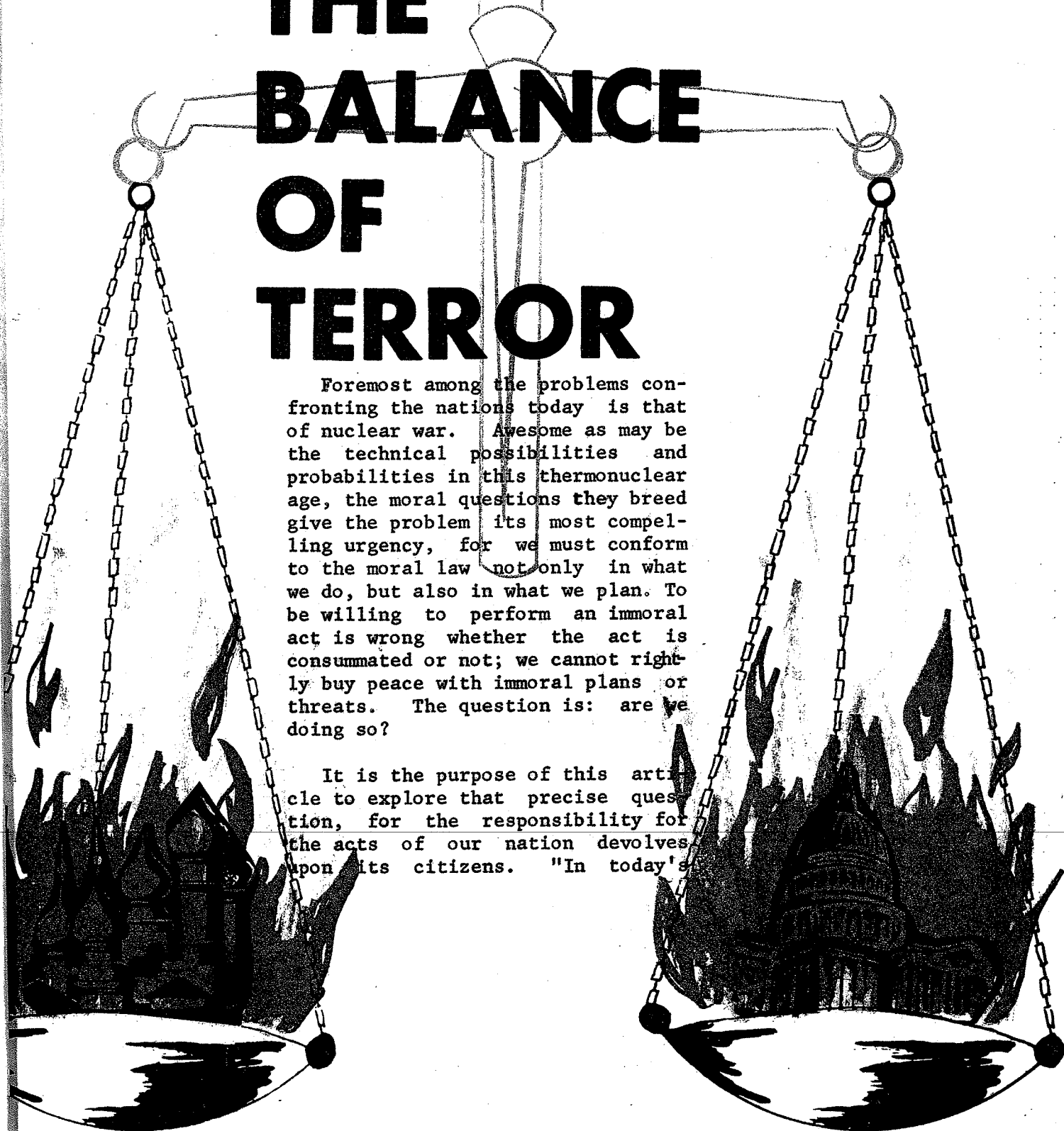
But, while we can always hope for a better future, we must live in a rather perilous "now." And one of the facts we must never forget is that our "now" is powerfully influenced by a heavy-set, balding man of sixty-eight in the Kremlin named Nikita S. Khrushchev. It has been many years since he left Kalinovka, but he is substantially the same now as he was the day he departed from there fifty years ago. Despite the fact that he is now a chief of state, his basic mentality is that of a Ukrainian peasant. He is a man of a single purpose, but a man who will use a variety of means to attain that purpose. He has the peasant's pragmatic gift for seeing things in terms of how much they are worth and the educated man's gift for disguising his actions. In Nikita S. Khrushchev we have a man to reckon with.

Edward Sullivan

# THE BALANCE OF TERROR

Foremost among the problems confronting the nations today is that of nuclear war. Awesome as may be the technical possibilities and probabilities in this thermonuclear age, the moral questions they breed give the problem its most compelling urgency, for we must conform to the moral law not only in what we do, but also in what we plan. To be willing to perform an immoral act is wrong whether the act is consummated or not; we cannot rightly buy peace with immoral plans or threats. The question is: are we doing so?

It is the purpose of this article to explore that precise question, for the responsibility for the acts of our nation devolves upon its citizens. "In today's



world," our bishops reminded us only last November, "our most obvious duty is to speak out, to make open profession of religious beliefs and moral convictions...In a world in which individual obligation is being denied, we must show the reality of personal responsibility to God for all acts and attitudes, personal accountability for self, for family, for community, for nation."<sup>1</sup>

#### THE MORAL PRINCIPLES

In part I of this article we attempted, for this purpose, to develop a "Catholic outlook" on the problem of nuclear war by bringing ourselves abreast of the current thought of Catholic moralists. In brief, our survey indicated that:

1. A war of self-defense can be justified, even today, provided it has some hope of success and does not cause more harm than good.
2. Nuclear weapons may be used where absolutely necessary for self-defense, but must be controlled, and their effects confined to the strict necessities of defense.
3. Non-combatants may not be attacked directly, although the death of non-combatants can be permitted as an unintended side-effect of the destruction of sufficiently important military targets. A bombing attack against a military target that would thus accidentally (though foreseeably) kill even vast numbers of non-combatants could be justified, it is argued, if it would save a like number of our own population.<sup>2</sup>
4. We may not make targets of cities themselves.
5. If certain of imminent attack, we may strike first in self-defense.

With these principles before us, we are ready to examine technological and military facts of life to which they are applied.

#### TECHNOLOGICAL POSSIBILITIES

The primitive A-bombs used against Japan had an explosive force equal to 20,000 tons of TNT, (20 kilotons), killing 75 per cent of the people within a mile and a half of ground zero and destroying buildings almost  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles away. The Hiroshima bomb killed 70 - 80,000 people and directly injured another 100 - 200,000, while its sister weapon caused about half as many casualties. Today's H-bombs are measured in megatons, one megaton equalling 100,000 kilotons, or a million tons of TNT. But a bomb's power increases as the cube of its blast range, and the square of its heat-effects range. The 5 megaton bombs carried by our Atlas and Titan missiles can kill, by heat alone, unprotected people 10 miles away. A 20 megaton bomb could cause concrete buildings to fall at that distance, and ignite dry wood almost 30 miles distant. At its center would be a fireball 4 miles in diameter.<sup>3</sup> Our B-52 bombers on airborne alert are reported to carry 25 megatons, on the average.<sup>4</sup>

A 57 megaton bomb was exploded by Russia in October, and a 100 megaton weapon has been threatened. Such a superbomb could destroy all buildings within a 12 mile radius, demolish frame buildings out to 30 miles, and cause lethal burns 50 miles away.<sup>5</sup>

The nuclear stockpile of the U.S. is said to exceed 35,000 megatons or 35 kilomegatons. We have an estimated 35-40,000 nuclear devices in our arsenal. Russia is estimated to have about half that, with a total capability in excess of 20 kilomegatons. If detonated, this

total of 55 kilomegatons would release about 1/8 the amount of radiation estimated as necessary to destroy all life in the DOE (Death of Earth) reaction.<sup>6</sup>

#### THE MILITARY THREAT

Russia presently threatens us with a nuclear striking force of between 75 and 100 intercontinental ballistic missiles, between 150 and 200 long-range bombers capable of

of our deterrent forces. But for us to use these forces as a deterrent, as they are being used today, we must have a morally consistent course that we can follow in case the deterrent fails, and which we must plan to follow in that eventuality. The basic moral problem lies precisely in the fact that, technologically, offensive capability has far outstripped defensive capability: there is limited defense against bombers and none a-

"Peace throughout all the earth will come to the race only when the genius of invention shall have so thoroughly armed nations and individuals as to equalize their power and render death a sure result to all combatants in the field of war. It would be a mercy to the race if some gigantic means of slaughter, cheap as well as effective, and thus within the power of every nation and tribe to possess it, could be invented, whereby a whole army at a time could be swept out of existence."

--from "The Great Industries of the United States" (1873)

reaching the U.S. with nuclear payloads, and about 90 350-mile range missiles on some 30 submarines, which could hit at least 43 of the 50 largest U.S. cities. Our deterrent forces, which Russia would have to destroy to be safe from retaliation, include over 5,000 missiles and bombers capable of nuclear reprisal. Included are 54 Atlas ICBM's (operational at the beginning of this year), 90 IRBM's (Jupiters and Thors in Britain, Italy, and Turkey), 96 Polaris missiles aboard 6 nuclear-powered submarines (4 of which are constantly "on station" in the Arctic), 600 long-range B-52 and B-58 bombers at some 40 SAC bases around the world, plus 1,100 B-47 jet bombers and 2,000 fighter bombers operating from some 200 bases, and 500 Navy bombers operating from 15 aircraft carriers deployed about the globe.<sup>7</sup>

It seems quite unlikely that Russia will risk an all-out war in view of the preponderant strength

against missiles. The practical problem is one of using these offensive weapons for defense, for war, as we have seen, is justifiable only for self-defense.

#### IF THE DETERRENT FAILS

There are two ways our offensive force could be used: either for an anticipatory strike before an attack is launched against us (we "strike first"), or as a retaliatory strike after an attack has been launched against us (we "strike second"). Preventive war, which is launched against a hostile nation that's going to attack us "someday," is one version of the strike-first concept that is generally condemned as immoral (and impractical, too, since it encourages the hostile nation to try to beat us to the punch with a surprise attack). President Kennedy has specifically pledged against a policy of preventive war.<sup>8</sup> Pre-emptive war, on the other hand, means striking first to destroy or

weaken a certain and imminent attack as it is being mounted. Not only is it moral (as we have seen) but, on the face of it, it would seem to offer the most logical answer to the problem of using offensive weapons for defense. Further, as we found in Part I of this article, the most effective use of nuclear weapons allowed by a theologian would be in just such a preemptive attack which could prevent "the destruction of my own population."<sup>9</sup>

According to President Eisenhower's Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy, a massive Russian attack on the U.S. would require some detectable buildup, perhaps lasting 4 or 5 days; force movements and increase in communications traffic (such as readying missiles for countdown, etc.) could be tipoffs.<sup>10</sup> Indeed, prior to 1958, the Strategic Air Command's ability to have a good portion of their bombers in the air within minutes presumed such a warning of at least a week.<sup>11</sup> Those who favor a policy of preemptive war hold that, thus alerted, we should be ready to strike the first blow, after giving due warning.

#### STOPPING THE ATTACK

For a little over a year now we have had a coordinated inter-service strategic bombing plan for the use of our vast nuclear striking forces. This plan, called STOP (for Single Integrated Operations Plan), lists targets in Russia, Red China, and the satellites, and calls for the delivery of some 15 kilomegaton--equivalent to 15 billion tons of TNT, and 370 times what the Allies dropped by air in all of World War II.<sup>12</sup> A 1960 summer study conference on arms control at M.I.T. has given us an estimate of the results of an 18-20 kilomegaton attack on Russia, from

which we may infer the effects of STOP: Russia's major cities and 7/8ths of their industry gone, with 85-90 per cent of their population casualties within 2 months from radioactivity. Given weather conditions such as prevail about a third of the time, half the population in places as distant as England would likely get a lethal dose of fallout; countries south (downwind) from Russia would have an even greater casualty rate.<sup>13</sup>

But could STOP stop the Russian attack? Even assuming we could launch our preemptive strike secretly, our manned bombers (still the backbone of our striking force) could be detected 250 miles away from Russia by her picket ships and Arctic radars, it is reported, giving the Soviets more than the half-hour alert they need to launch their pre-planned missile attack, not to mention their bombers.<sup>14</sup> Further, a good portion of their striking force could be sufficiently hidden in their vast and inscrutable land to be safe from attack. The development of "hardened" underground launching facilities to protect their missiles even increases the problem. In fact, it seems unlikely that we could effectively preempt, for "failure to destroy the last 10% of the defender's forces can make the whole venture an utter failure for the attacker," as the Chief Scientist of the Air Force pointed out in 1956.<sup>15</sup> It has been estimated that a preemptive attack could not prevent Russia from delivering a 2.5 to 5 kilomegaton counterattack--probably closer to 5 kilomegatons in the mid-sixties.<sup>16</sup> The sobering horror of a 3 kilomegaton attack on us (150 20 megaton bombs) was described to President Kennedy last summer after his return from Vienna: as many as 70,000,000 dying, and dangerous lingering fallout.<sup>17</sup> A 5 kilomegaton attack could kill twice that



many (75-80 per cent of the population).<sup>18</sup>

Thus, attractive as pre-emption may seem theoretically from the standpoint of morality, practical considerations alter the picture entirely:

1. "Atomic plenty has put an end to the decisiveness of surprise atomic attack," as Samuel P. Huntington of Harvard's Department of Government has pointed out.<sup>19</sup> It just won't work, many say, unless Russia falls gravely behind in the arms race.<sup>20</sup>
2. In our open society we couldn't hide preparations for pre-emption; we stand a good chance of having our pre-emption pre-empted.
3. A basic policy of pre-emption depends completely upon our intelligence effort, by no means infallible, as the Cuban fiasco showed.
4. Until our striking forces are actually in use they are the obvious targets for Russia's striking forces. Once we use them their value in drawing fire away from our heartland is lost; the Soviets may simply shoot for our cities in retaliation--to throw chaos into our society.
5. A pre-emptive attack with results similar to those we have described could not be defended on moral grounds, for it would in practice obviously violate several of the conditions previously cited for the just waging of war: our weapons would be "uncontrolled" in their effects; the attack would have little "hope of a favorable outcome"; and it would "result in more harm than good."

We should not fail to note, however, that basically these objections hinge on "incidental" factors.

The major ones could be removed if:

1. We had accurate intelligence information as to location of Soviet striking forces and their intentions.
2. Our weapons could be delivered with sufficient speed, quantity, and quality to catch their striking forces on the ground--to be effective, that is, in preventing a crippling attack on the U.S.
3. Our weapons could be delivered with sufficient precision to impinge only upon the necessary military targets.
4. Fallout could be reduced to negligible proportions.

Unfortunately, these conditions do not obtain at present, although they do not seem impossible of attainment. If pre-emption will not work as basic policy, then we have one other possibility for use of our offensive weapons -- second strike retaliation.

Retaliation depends upon our ability to prevent a significant portion of our nuclear striking force from being destroyed in a surprise attack by Russia. Some measure of security has been provided by numbers and dispersal, as we have seen. It has also resided in our ability to receive timely warning. NORAD, the U.S.-Canadian North American Air Defense Command, operates an elaborate electronic warning system for this purpose. The \$600 million Distant Early Warning (DEW) line of radar stations across Canada, plus our picket ships and Texas Towers, will alert us against bombers, still the backbone of Russia's striking force. NORAD's defense system, coordinated by the electronic wizardry of SAGE (for Semi Automatic Ground Environment), can, it is estimated, elimi-

"The 5 megaton bombs carried by our Atlas and Titan Missiles can kill, by heat alone, unprotected people 10 miles away. A 20 megaton bomb could cause concrete buildings to fall at that distance, and ignite dry wood almost 30 miles distant...Our B-52 bombers on airborne alert are reported to carry 25 megatons, on the average...Although deliberate population destruction, such as our weapons seem designed for, is immoral, the most effective deterrent would seem to be Russia's conviction that we could and would retaliate in this immoral way if she attacked us."

nate 70 per cent of an attacking bomber force. As of January 1 of this year NORAD also has the new \$ 1 billion Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS), consisting of 3,000 mile range radar stations in Alaska and Greenland which can detect a Russian missile about five minutes after launching, compute its trajectory and target, and flash a 15-20 minute warning to NORAD, SAC, and the President. Across the southern U.S. NORAD also maintains a satellite-detecting net tracking everything in orbit around the earth.<sup>21</sup>

Such warning is essential for protection of our striking forces, though those overseas can't enjoy such luxury. Once alerted for a missile attack we must move out of the target areas whatever we don't want destroyed, since at present we can do nothing to stop the missiles. Half of the Strategic Air Command's bombers are now on 15 minute alert at all times for just this reason, but once "scrambled" in an alert they automatically turn back unless they receive a special signal to proceed with an attack against Russia.<sup>22</sup> Day and night the President is shadowed by an Army warrant officer carrying the secret codes that would be used, in the fifteen minutes that would change the world, to authorize them to proceed with our retaliatory counterattack. Bombers can be turned back; missiles launched in that hair-trigger reaction can't be

--and this is the major defect of a system that depends upon warning time measured in minutes. Too, there is always the remote possibility of surprise despite all.

#### SECURITY FOR OUR WEAPONS

Therefore we have sought safety in other ways as well: by hiding our weapons, by making them mobile (and thus impossible to target for a ballistic missile), and by burying them. For the past couple of years we have kept some percentage of our SAC bombers airborne at all times (the figure stood at a dozen a year ago, but funds have been authorized to bring it up to 200).<sup>23</sup> They are loaded with H-bombs and commanded by a SAC general in a special flying command post. In addition, as of January of this year we had 6 operational nuclear-powered Polaris submarines, each carrying 16 missiles with 0.5 megaton warheads. Twenty-nine more such subs are being built (at the rate of 10 a year) or are planned.<sup>24</sup> At present they are said to be undetectable, though Russia's fleet of 250 active duty submarines could be a real threat.<sup>25</sup> By the end of this year the \$ 7 billion program of constructing underground ICBM installations is scheduled to be completed, by which time we will have 200 missiles primed and ready. Some of these facilities have already been accepted as operational; over 50 missiles were scheduled to be in place by the beginning of

this year.<sup>26</sup> (A 10 megaton bomb would have to hit within 1½ miles to put one of these underground launching silos out of action; Russian missiles capable of carrying a 10 megaton bomb are reported to be accurate within a mile.)<sup>27</sup>

In all, 135 Atlas and 108 Titan ICBM's are scheduled; the standard warhead for these missiles is 5 megatons.<sup>28</sup> Minuteman, potentially the most dependable ICBM since it is solid-fueled, should be combat-ready in June or July, and over a thousand of them are to be buried in underground silos by 1965, by which time we will have an arsenal of 1,600 long-range missiles.<sup>29</sup> Minuteman carries a 0.6 megaton warhead, which hopefully may be upped to 2 megatons.<sup>30</sup>

#### THE BATTLEFIELD SHIFTS

Just as our own strategic striking forces are thus increasing in invulnerability and resiliency, so (we must assume) are Russia's, rendering effective pre-emption even less of a possibility. But populations can be neither hidden, nor buried, nor moved fast enough to avoid vast losses; in the nuclear age they have become a nation's most vulnerable resource. An unprotected population is a strategic liability: "As the strategy shifts from an attempt to eliminate forces-in-being to a conscious attempt to disrupt society, a great premium is placed on...civil defense...In the age of the ballistic missile the

known ability of a society to withstand a severe attack will become an increasingly important deterrent," Dr. Henry A. Kissinger wrote in 1957.<sup>31</sup>

Only recently have we begun to develop some sort of realistic civil defense program, and not without strenuous objections from many big-city residents who have suddenly realized that, generally, the meaningfulness of civil defense increases the more distant one is from our largest cities: we must expect (and accept) fantastic losses in New York City, for example.<sup>32</sup>

The general consensus seems to be that nuclear war is unthinkable, that no one will win, and that it must therefore be prevented at almost any cost. (Indeed, some say at any cost, but they are a minority, thank God.) Our basic strategy must be one of deterrence--to deter anyone from breaking the peace. Now deterrence, in the final analysis, is a state of mind of a would-be aggressor: a decision on his part not to commit or attempt aggression either because it will not give him desired results or because the price he would have to pay is unacceptable. Obviously, the higher the price tag and the more reason he has to believe that this price will be exacted of him, the more is he likely to be deterred. To abolish war with certainty, it is argued, all we have to do is set the "price tag" at an unacceptable level: our strategy, then, must be

"One shudders to think of the prospect of the U.S.--its society destroyed, most of its population incinerated and many of the remainder doomed by fallout--coldly and calculatingly unsheathing its buried missiles and retaliating in kind against Russia...How could such a war be called 'defensive'? For only a defensive war is permissible...Either the deterrence-by-massive retaliation strategy must be given a secure moral basis or we must substitute another defense doctrine in its stead."

geared not to win a war (since all would be losers) but to prevent it with certainty. The problem is simplified: what price do we set? And some of the answers are brutal:

Estimates start with those who feel the deterrent is sufficient if the Soviets know they would lose their ten major cities if they attacked the United States...Next come those who believe that the Russians would be deterred if they knew their losses would be greater than those in World War II, when Russia lost about 10 per cent of its population...Then come those who tend to believe the Russians must expect to lose at least 50 per cent of their population.<sup>33</sup>

#### THE ULTIMATE DETERRENT

As Princeton's Oscar Morgenstern points out, the best deterrent would be to make an absolute technical certainty of immediate self-destruction for those nations who start a war, rather than a fair probability as at present.<sup>34</sup> Less than a decade after the Civil War one writer looked forward to the era of universal peace that fantastic weapons could guarantee: "It would be a mercy to the race if some gigantic (sic) means of slaughter, cheap as well as effective, and thus within the power of every nation and tribe to possess it, could be invented, whereby a whole army at a time could be swept out of existence."<sup>35</sup> Substitute the word "population" for "army" and you have a description of the Balance of Terror that characterizes our thermonuclear age. Atomic weapons have banished large-scale war, some believe.<sup>36</sup>

The trouble with such a theory is that it is not self-destruction that is threatened to the aggressor.

We would have to be the executors of that destruction, and, in the present state of affairs, we would have to do this in a second-strike attack that would not and could not in any way prevent or lessen the virtual destruction of our own country, perhaps even being launched after the destruction of the U.S. One shudders to think of the prospect of the U.S.--its society destroyed, most of its population incinerated and many of the remainder doomed by fallout--coldly and calculatingly unsheathing its buried missiles and retaliating in kind against Russia. Yet this is precisely the logical conclusion of such a deterrence theory, for we cannot expect to convince Russia with our threats unless we intend to carry them through.

#### THE DILEMMA

The dilemma posed is nicely drawn by Fr. Robert McCabe, an English Dominican proponent of unilateral nuclear disarmament:

If you have nuclear arms you either intend to use them or you do not. If you intend to use them then you are not relying on deterrence to justify your possession of them; if you do not intend to use them, they will not be a deterrent. In order for them to be a deterrent you would have at least to pretend by lying that you would use them, and lying we know is a sin.<sup>37</sup>

And if we intend to use nuclear weapons in this way we would, it would seem, be planning direct attack on non-combatants in a war of retribution rather than defense, a two-fold violation of the criteria for just war.

The truly frightening thing is that such a strategy of war-against-

the-people seems popularly and matter-of-factly accepted today. As one writer puts it, we should be able to say to Khrushchev, "...if you drop nuclear bombs on our cities, you know what will happen to yours'." Polaris is described in a popular magazine as a second-strike "Ivan-in-the-street" weapon; one author calmly calculates how many cities it could destroy in a second-strike "assuming four missiles fired at each city."<sup>38</sup> Our weapons seem invariably described in terms of city-destruction: "...if only one third of U.S. attackers got through, they could 'take out' 1200 cities--or eight times as many as the 150 Soviet centers that are considered worthwhile targets."<sup>39</sup>

#### FAULTY CONCEPT OF MORALITY

"Through a faulty concept of morality," the American hierarchy warned us in 1960, "Modern Man has come to imagine that sudden and drastic changes in situations change principles; that principles no longer control situations, but rather that situations change principles."<sup>40</sup> In short, the end still doesn't justify the means.

But that America is perfectly capable of carrying on war against non-combatants recent history attests. In World War II the Allies murdered over half a million non-combatants and injured about a million and a half more in Germany and Japan in attempting to force a favorable decision. Early in the war the British turned to terroristic bombing to wreck the morale of German workers when their unescorted night "precision bombing" attacks proved unfeasible. Terrorism failing, they resorted to "area bombing" to cripple German industry; as Air Marshal Harris describes it: "The aiming points were usually right in the center of the town...the objective of the campaign was to reduce

production...at least as much by the indirect effects of damage to services, housing, and amenities, as by any direct damage to the factories and railways themselves."<sup>41</sup> The July 25, 1943 attack on Hamburg killed 60,000 civilians and destroyed about three fourths of its most densely built-up part.

#### OUR OWN SHAMEFUL RECORD

The U.S., after attempting to re-introduce precision bombing into the war and failing miserably with disastrous losses, was reduced to "blind bombing" by radar to keep up operations under conditions of poor visibility during the following winter months. This technique was so inaccurate that, in one series of 14 missions, on only two did the bombs land in the area assigned. Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig and other cities were second-priority targets when weather did not allow strikes against the first-priority fuel and transportation targets the following year, the first two cities later receiving the Hamburg treatment. In all, the Allies attacked 70 cities, destroying more than half the built-up area of 46 of them. One fifth of the built-up residential area of Germany was destroyed; the bombing killed 305,000 people and injured another 780,000.

Against Japan we compiled an even more shameful record--by ourselves. After a series of fiascos in again attempting a policy of "precision bombing," we turned to "area bombing" to destroy industry by burning out the highly inflammable residential areas surrounding the industrial targets. In two days we burned out 15.8 square miles of Tokyo, including the heart of the residential district and 63 per cent of the commercial area--but only 18 per cent of the industrial area. This attack destroyed 267,171 buildings, left 1,008,000

people homeless, injured 40,918, and killed 83,793--about the same number we killed at Hiroshima.<sup>42</sup> In all, 66 cities had more than 40 per cent of their built-up area destroyed, amounting to one third of Japan's total urban residential area. A total of 330,000 civilians died and 806,000 were injured, by far exceeding the total of 780,000 combat casualties suffered by Japan during the war.

Yet in the latter half of the forties, "'Urban' bombing was accepted as a sound and proper strategy in most military and civilian circles," writes General James Gavin.<sup>43</sup> "In the pattern of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and in the philosophy of Douhet, (our nuclear weapons) were to strike terror into the heart of an enemy by razing his cities and his industries."<sup>44</sup> (Giulio Douhet was an Italian officer who, shortly after World War I, fathered the concept of strategic airpower in total war: "aerial warfare admits no defense, only offense," he wrote.) Only a year ago members of the Foreign Policy Research Institute of the University of Pennsylvania could conclude that "We appear to be adopting, without a real national debate on its implications, a single strategy, that of 'finite deterrence'--an essentially 'no defense' posture based on the assumption that nuclear war will result in mutual suicide."<sup>45</sup> In short, we had not abandoned the Douhet "total war" concept. Certainly when we equip ourselves with fleets of missiles in which each missile can do vast damage within a 15-20 mile circle, and with bombs that will set off fires within a 60 mile circle (not to mention fallout effects), a policy of genocide--if not mutual suicide--seems indicated.

The problem is drawn. Pre-emptive attack, seemingly the most mo-

ral means of defense available to us, is presently useless as basic strategy. We are left solely with a strategy of deterrence by threat of retaliation. Although deliberate population destruction, such as our weapons seem designed for, is immoral, the most effective deterrent would seem to be Russia's conviction that we could and would retaliate in this immoral way if she attacked us. One might argue that if we can admit only the possibility of legitimate retaliation against her cities (which means we can threaten it), then surely by so threatening, and by backing up our threats with the capability of carrying them out, we can make it a certainty that we shall never have to carry them out. Could the theologians unbend enough to allow us that possibility?

#### A SUGGESTED SOLUTION

One imaginative solution has been suggested by John E. Coogan, S.J., of West Baden College in Indiana:

It would seem that if we Americans maintain our stand not to begin the attack, then the U.S.S.R. in preparation for opening the war could be expected to remove its noncombatants from the likely target areas. Her failure to do so would be unknown to us: hence the death of her noncombatants would not seem directly willed.<sup>46</sup>

The theory deserves examination. Our targets would not be people, but Russia's material developments--her cities and industries--with the presence or absence of a population only an incidental.<sup>47</sup> By giving Russia the initiative we give her responsibility for taking adequate steps to protect her people from our clearly-announced retaliatory plans if she elects to

attack; the onus of condemning her non-combatants to incineration would thus be borne by Russia's leaders, since we would merely provide an automatic, promised response to attack.

#### SOME PRACTICAL OBJECTIONS

There are, however, a number of objections to the theory:

1. It seems doubtful to this writer that we are even justified in pledging never to strike the first blow, for in the face of a certain attack against us our leaders would seem morally bound to take what steps they reasonably could to lessen its effects, which includes an attempt at effective pre-emption, if possible (and, as we have seen, it could be possible).
2. It seems unlikely that evacua-

"While Catholic moral thinking seems to be catching up with the atomic age (which we passed through in the fifties), it still lags behind the thermonuclear age. 'We live today in the threatening shadow of thermonuclear destruction and theologize about the morality of war as though the spear had not been superseded by the ICBM,' Notre Dame's Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., has criticized. The morality of deterrence in its ultimate form is the fundamental problem of national security today--and yet it has hardly been considered by the moralists."

tion of likely target areas could be kept secret from us, and therefore even less likely that such evacuation would be attempted, for no matter what we pledged, Russia would still fear pre-emption and not want to risk alerting us to her plans to attack.

3. We would have to be prepared to follow through with our threat, even if the evacuation does not, in practice, take place--or our threat would not be convincing.<sup>48</sup>

4. Should the deterrent fail and

it becomes necessary to carry out our threat could we really avoid the intention of directly killing the innocent in retaliation?

5. How could such a war be called "defensive"? For only a defensive war is permissible.

Nevertheless, the suggestion does indicate recognition of the problem, and represents a definite attempt to come to grips with reality. The entire problem deserves the most careful investigation, which it has thus far failed to receive at the hands of Catholic moralists. While Catholic moral thinking seems to be catching up with the atomic age (which we passed through in the fifties), it still lags behind the thermonuclear age. "We live today in the threatening shadow of thermonuclear destruction and theologize about the morality

of war as though the spear had not been superseded by the ICBM," Notre Dame's Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., has criticized.<sup>49</sup> The morality of deterrence in its ultimate form (such as we have examined it) is the fundamental problem of national security today--and yet it has hardly been considered by the moralists. Either the deterrence-by-massive retaliation strategy must be given a secure moral basis or we must substitute another defense doctrine in its stead. Merely to say, "the problem today is to abolish war,"<sup>50</sup> is to contribute

little of value to the discussion, for our concern is about what we do between now and the time such a dream achieves reality (if it ever does). Nothing is gained by cutting contact with reality.

#### WAR IS STILL A POSSIBILITY

One cardinal fact that must be kept clearly in mind is this: no matter what form of physical deterrent we choose, it will never give certainly against surprise attack, at least in the foreseeable future. War has not been abolished; it can happen; we must plan for that contingency. The very possibility of accidental war, much discussed today,<sup>51</sup> points up the delusion of attempting to achieve certain security with an "ultimate deterrent." The mere possibility of war indicates the fallacy of a "no-defense," "no-win" strategy.

It is no exaggeration to say that, for all our vaunted retaliatory power, defense policy over the past decade or more has tacitly assumed that we would not have to fight a war of any kind, big or little, due to the effectiveness of our "deterrent forces," and this assumption has left us in the absurd position of being unable to win either kind. It has left us with reliance on one major weapon, a risky gamble in an age when a scientific breakthrough could render that weapon obsolete overnight. It has also left us with nothing but apparently immoral threats to defend ourselves with. Like Modern Man who refuses to admit that his guilt feelings could arise from the

fact that he sins--who even denies the fact that he can sin--we have wishfully closed our eyes to the real possibility of war.

(If wars are, indeed, a punishment for sin it would seem to be presumption of the highest order to think that, in our present age, war has been done away with.)

Such an unrealistic attitude is bound to cause us practical difficulties as well as moral ones. "The first object of strategy is to make tactical battles unnecessary," as General Gavin observes, but "The second object is to have one's resources so disposed as to win if battle does occur."<sup>52</sup> By admitting the possibility that we may well have to fight and by developing our strategy accordingly to survive and win the next war rather than merely preventing it, it would seem possible to have both an effective and a moral deterrent. It would mean a return to traditional strategy of deterrence: promise the enemy not that he would be destroyed but that he would lose any war he started--a strategy that has failed in the past only because such promises either were not backed up by the capability to carry them out, or because the enemy erroneously got that idea.

In Part III of this article we shall examine the practical and moral implications of such a strategy, and what the individual citizen, in meeting his "personal responsibility to God for all acts and attitudes (of) the nation," can and should do about it.

"In a world in which individual obligation is being denied, we must show the reality of personal responsibility to God for all acts and attitudes, personal accountability for self, for family, for community, for nation."

--The Bishops of the United States, November 17, 1961



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